HISTORY OF MICRONESIA

A COLLECTION OF SOURCE DOCUMENTS

VOLUME 47

MODERN TIMES

1945-1998

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Rodrigue Lévesque

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Documents 1945J

U.S. naval occupation and administration of Ulithi Atoll

J1. Some notes on Ulithi in 1944

Source: Typescript in the PSIC, Bishop Museum, perhaps written by Edwin H. Bryan, Jr.

After the attack on the Marianas there remained one final area for assault in the Central Pacific, the Western Caroline Islands. Three targets stood... Ulithi..., Yap... and Palau.

An attack on Yap and Ulithi was scheduled for October 5, 1944. Japanese air power in the Palau area was completely knocked out. The conquest of Peleliu and Angaur and the occupation of Ulithi denied the Japanese use of the Western Carolines and provided the United States with staging areas for later actions.

The Ulithi Military Government Unit of 2 officers (1 Lieutenant and 1 Lieutenant Commander, MC) and 3 enlisted men (pharmacist's mates) landed on October 7, 1944. Its principal task during the early days of the occupation was to move the natives of Mogmog, Potangeras, Falalep, and Asor Islands, scheduled for use as military bases, to Fassarai. These people, together with the 44 inhabitants of Fassarai and the 33 people of Lossau numbered approoximately 280. Military government personnel at Ulithi had no disaster conditions with which to cope and their main problem was to supply food and water to the settlement at Fassarai. On October 17 the original military government unit was detached and replaced by 2 officers and 1 enlisted man.

The "atoll area" was declared secure on October 12, and two days later Ulithi was placed under command of Commander O. O. Kessing, Chief of Staff of Captain Webb, and Military Government Officer, Lt. C. R. Mattheson. They made weekly visits to Fassarai, and semi-monthly visits to Fais. For the period January through April 1945 a medical unit of one officer and two enlisted men were assigned to Fassarai. As of January 1945, Ulithi personnel were: Lieutenant C. R. Matheson, USNR (Military Government Officer); Lt. (j.g.) M. P. Wees (MC), USNR,[1] and Chief Pharmacist's Mate F. B. Wilson (AA)(T) USNR Corpsman.

1 Ed. note: This Dr. Marshall Paul Wees wrote a book about his 5-month stay at Fassarai entitled "King Doctor of Ulithi" (New York, Macmillan, 1950).

In July 1945, the 3 military government personnel at Ulithi were: Lt. G. S. Read, USNR, Military Government Officer; Lt. (jg) P. A. Wales (MC) USNR, Medical Officer, and CSK A. M. Whitaker, USNR.

At the end of the war only Angaur and Ulithi had resident military government personnel, 2 officers and 1 enlisted man.

When occupied, the number of natives on the Ulithi Islands were 279. The number living at Fassarai beetween 1944 to August 1945 averaged about 305 at any one time. The Ulithians living at Mogmog, Potangeras, Falalep, and Asor were moved to Fassarai to make way for the construction of Naval and Air bases. They were not confined to a camp because there was no military personnel on Fassarai. Chief Merk and Chief Ueg of Ulithi, and Chief Wahal of Fais, administered the affairs of their people.

Ulithi was the showplace of the area insofar as it was an example of the "native" way of life. The military government officer stationed there was, according to the report of one inspection party, "little more than a conductor of Cook's tours and a glorified stewart's mate." Every trip to Fassarai carried about twenty sightseers and the situation became so bad that Chief Ueg complained that the natives were dissatisfied at being put on display.[1]

On Ulithi, Proclamations N° 1 to N° 4 were posted on October 7, 1944; these had to do with the stablishment of Military Government, war crimes, exceptional military courts, currency, exchange and foreign trade. N° 6, posted on January 15, 1945, announced the withdrawal of Yen currency.

[Medical help]

In 1945 medical care of the people consisted only of a weekly checkup on general health. This continued until May 1945. Treatment for yaws was insufficient. Attempts were made to better the general sanitary conditions on the island. Two species of mosquitoes, *Culex annulirostris*, which bred in ponds, taro swamps and bathing pools, and *Aedes albopictus*, which bred in coconut shells, tree holes and collectors of rain water, were both possible carriers of dengue. Breeding places were oiled or eliminated. Flies were numerous throughout the area. These included the house fly, and annoying smaller species, and other species. Inspection of water supply was made weekly. Even drinking water provided by evaporators contained some organisms. Drinking water was adequately chlorinated.

Medical personnel visited Fais twice monthly.

From September 1945 to March 1946, the Military Government Officer was Lt. George S. Read, and the Medical Officers were Lt. Robert H. Augerman, MC, and Lt (jg) Winston H. Weese, (MC).

Ulithi was the responsibility of Civil Administrator, Palau, and was administered on a field trip basis. The United States Coast Guard had a Loran station at Potangeras, and in January 1951, the Senior Coast Guard Officer was appointed Civil Administra-

1 Lt. W. F. Welch's memo dated 19 July 1945.

tion Representative Ulithi, under Civ. Ad. Palau for the purpose of providing police protection and protection of the rights of the permanent residents of the islands. After 1948, the meteorological station on Ulithi was moved to Yap.

J2. Ulithi, Caroline Islands

Source: Article by Edwin Bryan, Jr., in The American Pacific, Apr-May-June 1977

Editor's note: Mr. Edwin H. Bryan, Jr., was born in Pennsylvania in 1898. He went to Hawaii in 1916. He joined the staff of Bishop Museum in 1919. He made many expeditions throughout the Pacifid and took part in many scientific projects in Micronesia, published thousands of articles, notably for the Atoll Research Bulletin during a 20-year period. He founded the Pacific Science Information Center at the Bishop Museum where he remained even after his retirement, circa 1980. I have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance in 1983 when he gave me ample permission to quote from his works.

...

During World War II, more American naval vessels made use of the Ulithi lagoon, as a rendezvous and staging base, than any other place west of Pearl Harbor. It was known as "Admiral Nimitz' secret weapon," and helped win the war. The Japanese did not fortify the area. In fact, they had kept only one Japanese official there, to keep an eye on the local population. American forces took over the atoll during the summer of 1944, unopposed. Seebees built the runway on Falalop. It was used by Marine Wing 45 to protect the spacious lagoon and to help to neutralize nearby Japanese strongholds. Asor Island became headquarters for the Atoll Command. Sorlin Island was the base for 400 small boats wwhich served as a ferry system, specially to take shore parties to Mogmog, the "recreation" island. All of the native population was settled on Fassarai Island on the southeast curve of the atoll. Here they lived, under control of their "King", but supplied and helped by a Naval Civil Affairs Administrator and a doctor. The book by David Divine, "The King of Fassarai," is a fictionalized account of this period.

There were so many "visitors" during the war that the Staff of WVTY, the Armed Forces Radio Station, at Ulithi, produced "The Ulithi Encyclopedia", a quite accurate 41-page booklet describing "The Rock, the People, and the Nature."

Following World War II, the former Japanese Mandated Islands of Micronesia were studied intensively by American scientists. A non-combat government agency, the U.S. Commercial Co., helped the Naval Government provide for the supply and economy of Micronesia. In 1946, it made an extensive economic survey of the entire area. Experts on native life and economy were placed in each of the six districts. In addition, 20 specialists on geology, soils, water supply, agriculture and land and marine animals, with various assistants, visited numerous island groups, including Ulithi, on a Naval vessel. The 20 volumes of their reports were summarized by the Director of the survey, Dr. Douglas L. Oliver, and published by Harvard Press. The writer was a research member of the survey.

Starting immediately after that, the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council, in cooperation with the Naval Administration, which furnished transportation, made it possible for numerous American scientists to visit Micronesian islands.

...



Surrenderof Yap, on 10 October 1945. *Colonel Eto signing the surrender papers, on board U.S.S. Tillman (DD).*



Two Russian women and a boy found at Yap in 1945. *Photo by Frank Walker.*

Documents 1945K

The occupation of Yap—Letters of Frank H. Walker

Source: Letters deposited in PSIC, Bishop Museum, Honolulu.
Note: Mr. Walker lived in Lexington, Kentuchky, in 1966.

K1. First letter to Edwin H. Bryan, dated 4 October 1966

I was the officer-in-charge of **LCT 929**. As you know, Yap was bepassed after the Palau invasion and the Ulithi fiasco. After the war and on October 10, 1945, Yap surrendered. I enclose a photograph of the surrender, taken when Colonel Eto signed the surrender papers.

Five LCTs went to Yap soon after with supplies and equipment. We were loaded with timber, a road grader, bulldozers, and other construction items. When we arrived, the Japanese, the Korean workers, and the islanders were in bad shape. The islanders had nothing in the way of medical care. We on the 929 tried to treat with simple antibiotics that which we could and the liberal use of soap and sulfa powder worked wonders on wounds that were open and painful. These actions made us many friends and the natives became quite generous with fresh fruits (items which we sincerely welcomed)... We quickly ran out of medical supplies, but when we returned to Ulithi we obtained more supplies. We soon went back to Yap and set up a regular "sick call" situation.

One day a man, his wife and a baby came aboard for help. She had two large breast abscesses and could not feed the baby. We were able to get together enough condensed milk, powdered milk, syrup and pans to fix a formula for them. We used Coca-Cola bottles and fashioned nipples for them from rubber hose and the fingers of rubber gloves. At the same time I lanced the abscesses and treated them with green soap and sulfa powder and gave her a supply to use. They returned to their home and we went back to Ulithi. When we returned a few weeks later they came aboard and both she and the baby were doing real well... Her husband gave me a necklace for what I did for them.

As an amusing side incident, each time we drew rations for the LCT we had to take certain items whether we wanted them or not. One item was corned beef hash. We hated it, but we found the islanders loved it. We had a large supply on hand and I can still

picture the native man going up the trail with a case of hash on each shoulder after he had given me the necklace.

K2. White Russian women at Yap—Second letter to Mr. Bryan, undated but postmarked 6 November 1966

Two Russian women and a boy found on Yap at the time of occupation. Photo taken on October 16, 1945.

Dear Mr. Bryan,

There was a discovery of considerable interest that took place when the occupation work at Yap commenced that may be of some interest to you.

One of the days we were engaged on the disposal of Japanese ordnance the word went around that there were two white women coming down to the harbor. You can imagine the stir that news such as this caused. We immediately went to meet them and found that they were White Russians. There were three women and a boy. The inclosed picture was taken of the two younger women and the boy. They could not speak English but one of the men in my crew could speak German and so could they. As best I can remember the story, they were a mother and three children. The mother and father had fled from Russia and were on a small boat headed somewhere. A storm came up and they were shipwrecked at Yap. The couple stayed, three children were born and the father died.[1] They lived in a very near small house back in the middle of one of the islands. They cared little about whether the island was held by the Japanese or the Americans since they had been well treated. We gave them all of the linens we could scrounge up and they were delighted. Theirs were practically gone.

When I left Yap they were still there and I have no idea what ever happened to them.

I am also enclosing 6 pictures taken at Yap before the war. They were found in the ruins of one of the buildings near the harbor. I have no idea who the people are or anything about them Do with them as you see fit.

I have run upon another item you might want. It was a small carrying case made from a young coconut. The top has been cut off and is held to the lower part with string. The top slides on the string and on the other end of the string as a large cowrie shell. I have an idea it is Japanese or Korean made. It was obtained from an Oriental for a pack of American cigarettes. I realize my description is poor, but I'll be glad to send it to you for you to do with as you please.

This letter has been written in stages and since starting it I have received your very kind letter of October 24 indicating that the necklace had arrived. I am happy that it has arrived safely and that it is a satisfactory addition to the Museum. I had not thought

---

1 Ed. note: From the age of the children, it appears that this shipwreck had occurred at about 1920. In fact, they may have come to Yap aboard the Russian ship Diana, Captain Korefell (see STM January 1921). The German traveller Rittlinger met the two girls in 1934 when he visited Yap (see Doc. 1934J).

of dedicting its value from my income but if the Director can find the time to do so I would appreciate a note regarding its value.

With your permission i'll dig deeper into my old trunk and see what I can find. If at any time I offer anything that is of no interest do not hesitate to say so. I'll not be offended.

Sincerely yours,
Frank H. Walker



Japanese photo found at Yap in 1945 by the crew of LCT 929.

Document 1945L

The occupation of Nauru and Ocean Islands, by Sir Albert Ellis

Source: Sir Albert Ellis' Mid-Pacific Outposts, Chapters VIII, XVIII, XIX, XX, XVII.XXVIII, XXIX, and XXXV

[Attached]



Photo: Military History.

SURRENDER CEREMONY AT NAURU.
On the quarter-deck of H.M.A.S. *Diamantina*, Brig. J. R. Stevenson, D.S.O., reads the surrender conditions to the Japanese commander and his staff.

CHAPTER VIII

"NAURU DAY"—THE SURRENDER CEREMONY

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side."
—J. R. LOWELL.

About mid-day there were more flash signals from the *Diamantina*. She too, had been keeping fairly close in the lee of the island, with the other transport not far distant. The little *Kiakia* was more fortunate, for she had been able to moor at an inner buoy close to the reef. One of the ship's officers came down from the bridge to tell me the purport of the signal was that the surrender ceremony would be held that afternoon aboard the warship, and at 2 p.m. her launch would be alongside the transport to take Commander Phipps, Mr. Ridgway and myself over.

We were soon dashing across, and after duly saluting the quarter-deck were courteously received at the gangway by a naval officer who conducted us to the ward room. Here we met Brigadier Stevenson and his staff, also some of the warship personnel. A little chat and we soon felt quite at home. I was greeted by Colonel V. Fox-Strangways, whom I had the pleasure of meeting previously.

A hurried glimpse of the quarter-deck had shown me that preparations for the ceremony had been made.

A fairly large table was in the centre covered with a thick maroon-coloured cloth with seats at each side and both ends. Beyond and close to, were four seats for those of us who were to be present by official invitation. We were shown to them and had not long to wait.

The brigadier with his officers came to their places, he at the centre of the table, the commander of the warship and staff at his right; all remained standing. Behind them were three lines of naval ratings. Then the Japanese were brought along; their commander, Captain Soeda, with a long samurai sword in his belt, stood immediately facing the brigadier. On each side of their leader were the other Japanese officers. Behind them were two of the Australian military police in their jungle-green uniforms, and a group of army and navy personnel. The Japanese were received with grave military etiquette and similarly responded.

Brigadier Stevenson did not waste time and at once held out his hand for the sword. The Japanese commander either did not understand or did not wish to do so. There were tense moments as we waited for developments. Then the brigadier held out both hands in a very determined manner. There could be no misunderstanding. Captain Soeda drew the sword from his belt and handed it up. It was laid on the table, the position eased and all sat down.

The conditions of surrender were then read but I was unable to hear them distinctly. A Japanese rendering followed, read by an interpreter. Captain Soeda gravely bowed his assent and the signing then took place. The ceremony struck me as being most impressive, particularly in view of its appropriate setting, for the quarter-deck of a British warship is a very historical

place, with its wealth of naval tradition, handed down over hundreds of years. It is a symbol of the sea power which has been one of the main features in the Empire's growth. In future years, one of the war events associated with H.M.A.S. *Diamantina* will be the fact that the surrender of Nauru was made on her quarterdeck.

After the signing, we adjourned to the ward room where appropriate refreshments were served and a general conversation took place, all experiencing a feeling of relief that the ceremony had gone through so well. The long sword lying on the table naturally came in for a good deal of attention; we all seemed to derive some satisfaction in handling it, noting its keenness and other features, particularly the prepared shark skin with which the long double handle was covered. But if one paused to reflect on the association of these swords with recent Nauru and Ocean Island events, it caused a shudder. We were informed that the ceremony of hoisting the flag would take place ashore the following day.

I asked the brigadier if he would accept a copy of *"Ocean Island and Nauru: Their Story"* which would tell him something of the history and development of these two islands with which he was becoming so prominently associated. He thought the book would be a good memento of an important occasion; and later I had the opportunity of sending it to him aboard the warship.

It was well on in the afternoon when we returned to the *River Burdekin*. There was much activity among the troops, for a strong and well armed reconnaissance party under the command of Lieut. Colonel Kelly,

who was to be in charge of the Nauru Garrison, was preparing to go ashore. The two large engine-powered barges of 20-ton capacity, which the transport had brought from Torokina for landing the cargo, had been safely put in the water. The reconnaissance party clambered down to one of these and Lieut. Colonel Kelly was good enough to agree to Mr. Bott accompanying him. They headed in for the boat harbour, the other barge following in order to be ready for discharge operations next day. An armed guard was set over both boats that night.

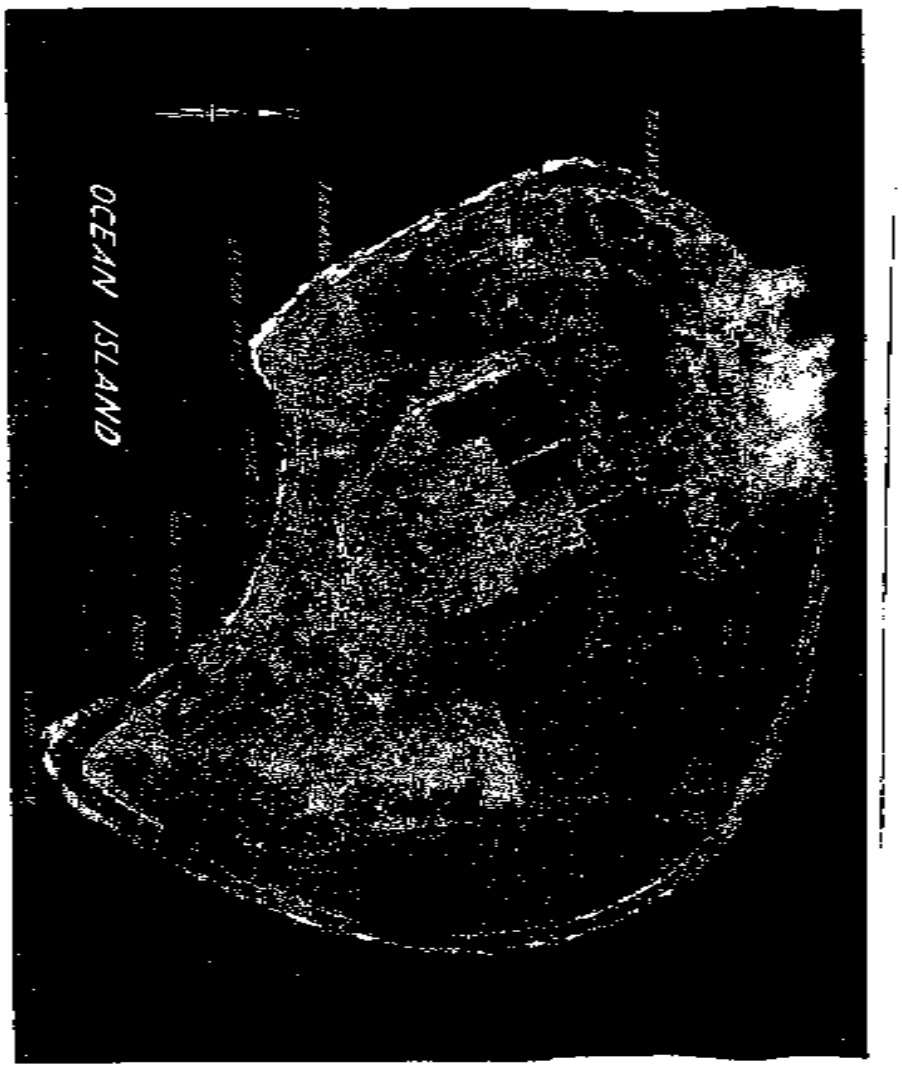
Late in the evening Mr. Bott returned with the reconnaissance party and reported that all the Japanese had retired to areas well beyond the settlement limits, in accordance with the orders which had been issued to them. There had been no clashes of any sort, and the way was thus prepared for the formal occupation of the island next day. With some gratification that was quite natural Mr. Bott said that when they had entered the boat harbour, Lieut. Colonel Kelly had courteously stepped aside and invited him to be the first European to land on the island since the Japanese invasion three years previously. It was a very appropriate honour for he had been island manager on Nauru for the Commission at the time of the evacuation, with all its worries and responsibilities.

Mr. Bott stated that he had received a very pathetic welcome from the large crowd of natives near the landing steps, and was much touched by the experience, saying that many of the natives and Chinese had tears streaming down their faces. One can well imagine this as they recognised the man so well known to them stepping out of the barge. His return in itself was suf-

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ficient guarantee that their troubles were over. Some of the natives he thought were more or less dazed by what had transpired, which was not much wonder. However, the events and the significance of this day of liberation would come home to all more and more. Surely it will always be remembered in the annals of Nauruan history, and perhaps be celebrated year by year as the day on which they were freed from the power of the cruel Japanese Marines. Freed again after three years of brutality and suffering. Yes, the thirteenth of September, 1945, will always be a memorable anniversary on Nauru.

For us, as members of The British Phosphate Commission, it was hard to realise that the event to which we had so long looked forward had at last come to pass; we were back on Nauru and the time for reconstruction had arrived.



CHAPTER XVIII

BOUND FOR OCEAN ISLAND

"I must go down to the seas again,
For the call of the running tide,
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied."

—JOHN MASEFIELD

THE mere thought of our destination gave me a thrill. Memories of past experiences crowded in, seeing that I had pioneered the operations there in 1900, and had been manager for eleven years. It had been a strenuous but successful life, for during that period our business had developed from the "struggle for existence" stage into a prosperous and very important industry. I look back on it as a time of many joys and some sorrows. And now at last, at long last, our expedition was to liberate the island from the cruel Japanese Marines; their rule of over three years had been far too long.

The plan of operations was for the *River Burdekin* to proceed to the island after calling at Nauru. She had aboard about 140 troops, most of whom were to constitute a garrison at Ocean Island, and the rest of them would be employed as a guard for another shipload of Japanese, about 600 from each island. That would clean up all the candidates for the concentration area near

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Torokina, as the remainder on Nauru were civilian Koreans who would be retained on the island for industrial purposes meanwhile. The transport had onboard a fairly large quantity of stores and equipment for the garrison, together with some plant for the Commission.

At Ocean Island she was to join up with H.M.A.S. *Diamantina* which had gone on ahead and was visiting Tarawa. The agreed time of meeting was 7 a.m. on 1st October.

The voyage from Torokina to Nauru passed without incident. I was able to do a good deal of writing in comparative comfort, for it was a decided relief to be free from the crowded decks of the last voyage, with its host of Japanese.

We arrived at Nauru on time and were soon joined by Mr. Bott and three other members of the survey party; they came off in our speedy launch *Tern* which had been overhauled and was buzzing about in good style. Mr. Cameron had remained on Nauru to push ahead with preparations for reoccupation, and particularly for the arrival of our white staff.

I was relieved to hear that all had gone well, and the efforts of a strongly reinforced hygiene squad had already brought about a change for the better in the vicinity of the settlement. There was every reason to hope that before long Nauru would be back to its usual healthy state; Pleasant Island once more.

It was necessary to take two of the large barges across to Ocean Island for landing the cargo there, and Captain Fish had decided to tow them. This could be done only under the finest weather conditions, but again we were fortunate, and the towing was successful.

Mr. Bott gave us an item of news which had a sinister sound, and caused a good deal of anxiety. The senior officer at Nauru had arranged for a high ranking Japanese to communicate by radio with their commander at Ocean Island in order to ascertain the amount of native labour available for landing the stores. A reply came through to the effect that the natives had been deported to the Carolines, and there were none on the island. We knew from reliable sources that 100 to 160 of our Gilbertese labour were there during last year, and it seemed incredible that they could have been shipped away. The daily air patrol by the Americans from their base at Tarawa was very efficient, and it was unlikely that Japanese vessels would be taking such risks in order to remove relatively few natives.

With the earliest streaks of dawn I was up on deck, eager for the day's developments, particularly to see how our settlement had fared at the hands of the enemy. Away in the distance we sighted the little warship, and soon she was flashing signals to the transport.

A little later we made out two smaller vessels; one of these was seen to be the government yacht, *Kiakia*, and she would have on board Colonel V. Fox-Strangways, the Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, Ocean Island being under his jurisdiction. With him would be Major Wakefield who was to take up his duties as acting district officer there, and Commander Phipps of our New Zealand party. The other ship proved to be the little M.V. *Maureen* also from Tarawa, and later she did us some particularly useful service.

Ocean Island in sight! Yes, there it was, well up on the horizon, looking as usual like a green mound rising

up from the deep blue sea; truly a tiny speck in the ocean. How wonderful that such value should be attached to it! Ocean Island phosphate is remarkable, being the highest grade in the world; before the war we were sending away regular shipments from there running 88 per cent. tricalcic phosphate.

We drew nearer to the warship, though our progress was necessarily slow owing to the two barges being in tow. More flash signals, and an officer came along with a message that the surrender ceremony was to take place on the *Diamantina* at 9 a.m.: we were to be early on the scene. This would permit of a prompt start being made at landing the garrison and discharging the stores; if no natives were available, this work might be difficult, and cause considerable delay to the operations.

As events turned out the question of labour was appropriately dealt with by the officers of the expedition. A strong landing party from the warship the previous day had laid down among other conditions that the Japanese must render every assistance in discharging the cargo; they were to put crews in the lighters, unload them at the boat harbour, in fact do all the work including the transfer of the goods to the Commission's large store. They were not, however, called on to work aboard the transports. Instructions were also given for the Japanese to vacate their quarters in the settlement promptly; moreover they were to clean them out and leave the houses in good order.

Soon we were entering Home Bay and our glasses were eagerly brought to bear on the settlement. It was obvious at once that the place had not suffered to the same degree as Nauru. Soon we were locating various buildings, and looking at them from a distance they

PRELIMINARY SPECULATORS AT OCEAN ISLAND, JUNE 1945.
Officers [illegible] and Sir Albert Ellis
[illegible] New Zealand Col. V. Pitt Stephenson, representing the High Commissioner
for Western Pacific, Lt. Col. Kelly, O.B.E., Occupation Force.

photo, Military Records

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seemed to be practically undamaged, but unhappily that impression was proved by later inspection at close quarters to be incorrect. In other localities we could see that the Japanese had removed buildings for their own purposes.

There was no sign of the large L.M.S. native church which had been a prominent landmark in the bay, and the only mission building still there was Pastor Rusia's native built house.

Probably the most noticeable feature in the way of damage was our two steel jetties. They had been destroyed with explosives by our own people prior to the evacuation, so that the Japanese should not make use of them. On the whole we felt very relieved that the destruction was not worse. Naturally it was a matter of comparison and after the completely wrecked state of Nauru, the lesser apparent degree of damage at Ocean Island made it a relatively welcome sight.

The human aspect, however, was a totally different matter, and as I looked through the glasses it certainly made my gorge rise to see the Japanese moving about the settlement as if they were still in possession, while not a single native could be seen anywhere. The friendly Ocean Islanders and our Gilbert and Ellice native labour, probably a total of about 2,000 men, women and children who had been left behind at the time of the evacuation had all disappeared. We knew the approximate number who had been deported but where were the remainder?

About 7 a.m. the transport *River Burdekin* hove-to at the agreed rendezvous; we were right on time. Every credit was due to Captain Fish.



SURRENDER CEREMONY AT OCEAN ISLAND.
After Commander Suzuki had given up his sword and signed his surrender, Brig. F. R. Stevenson, D.S.O., signs the surrender document.
(See Addendum for copy of this document.)

Photo: Milton Hindmarsh

CHAPTER XIX

THE SURRENDER CEREMONY AT OCEAN ISLAND

"We thank Thee, O our God, for this
Long fought-for, hoped-for, prayed-for peace;
Thou dost cast down, and Thou upraise,
Thy hand doth order all our ways."

—JOHN OXENHAM

THIS first day of October, 1945, was indeed a momentous one in the history of Ocean Island; it was crowded with events of great importance right from early dawn, when we sighted the island, to the time of returning to the transport in the evening. A short time before 9 a.m. I was impressed by a sight I had never expected to see, a Japanese barge coming out of the boat harbour, flying the white flag and going full speed towards the British warship. It was carrying Lieut.-Commander Suzuki and three of his staff. Shortly after, those of us who were to attend the surrender ceremony, several Australian Forces officers and myself, left from the transport in one of our barges.

The Japanese craft was well ahead of us, but was waved off as she drew near to the warship's gangway; we boarded her first and were at once directed to our places on the quarter-deck. The arrangements were somewhat similar to the Nauru ceremony, but there

were no seats at the end of the table and we had a clearer view. Those of us who were present by formal invitation were Commander Phipps and myself representing New Zealand, Colonel V. Fox-Strangways, representing the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and Wing Commander Richards representing the Royal Australian Air Force.

Punctually Brigadier Stevenson, Lieut.-Commander Rose and the staff officers took their seats at the table. Standing at the far end were the official interpreter and a staff officer. Behind the seats for the Japanese were two Australian Military Police in their jungle-green uniforms; near by were several groups of officers both naval and military, and astern there were three rows of naval ratings.

The Japanese were brought along shortly after; they were all in their dark green marine uniforms, wearing white gloves and well polished military leggings; they were certainly done up for the occasion, but the gloves seemed out of place, particularly in view of the blood-stained record of these people.

We all stood up, the Japanese commander saluted and the brigadier responded, then held out his hand for the sword. The Japanese handed it over without any hesitation, all of them looking grave with their customary inscrutable expression.

Again it was a very impressive scene, particularly with the background of Ocean Island only a mile or so distant, and the surf breaking on the reef. Its "murmur" seemed a fitting accompaniment to the proceedings. As previously, the quarter-deck of the warship was a most appropriate place for the ceremony.

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The surrender conditions were then read by the brigadier and afterwards the official interpreter read a Japanese translation. The four listened with their usual stoicism, and the commander bowed his assent. He took off his white gloves and signed, his officers doing likewise. Then the tension seemed to slacken. The official photographer meanwhile had been busy, also the war correspondent making his notes. One wondered if the event was reported overseas and what sort of version appeared in the press, but these Japanese surrenders had been quite numerous of late!

We were directed to the ward room and had refreshments. The surrender was discussed and all seemed to think it had passed off very appropriately.

An incident not on the programme had a somewhat humorous aspect, and the brigadier looked puzzled at the time. Near the close of the proceedings the Japanese commander through the interpreter said something to the effect that he was an expert archer, and would like to present the brigadier with his favourite bow. Whether it was a case of this weapon following his sword, or an instance of "heaping coals of fire on his enemy's head" was not clear.

The brigadier informed us that the ceremony of hoisting the flag was arranged for 3 p.m. that afternoon. I enquired as to the place chosen for the flagstaff and found that it was not far distant from where the flag was hoisted officially by Commander R. G. O. Tupper of H.M.S. *Pylades* in 1901. The brigadier was much interested in hearing this and suggested that I might confer with Major Clarkson, the liaison officer with a view of hoisting it again in the exact spot.

We went ashore forthwith, calling at the transport for other members of our party. On entering the boat harbour, we made for the landing place, and without any forethought on my part, Mr. Bott courteously stood aside for me to have the privilege of being the first of the B.P.C. personnel to land on the island after its liberation from the Japanese. There was a crowd of them on the jetty awaiting the arrival of the lighters with their loads of goods, and evidently preparations for the unloading were well in hand. As at Nauru, they looked in a fairly healthy condition, and certainly there were no signs of semi-starvation. Some of our troops were standing by, obviously satisfied with the way things were going, particularly that the Japanese were to do all the work.

There was no difficulty in locating the spot where the flag was hoisted in 1901, but it proved to be close to the site of the large machine shop which had been badly bombed and wrecked, leaving a mass of damaged material. There could be no doubt therefore that the site selected by Lieut. Colonel Kelly, who was again in command of the landing party, was much more suitable, and after all it was only 60 yards or so from the place chosen in 1901. The flagstaff was accordingly set up on the open space in front of the Commission's store, approximately in the middle of the settlement.

We found that the troops were in full occupation, and guards had been stationed at several points, especially at one of the large stores where the Japanese had deposited their military equipment. It was all laid out carefully in groups; for instance, the rifles in one area: the revolvers in another; and so forth.

The most noticeable feature from the human aspect was the absence of any native population. Right from the beginning of our operations in 1900 there had always been plenty of Ocean Islanders about, and many of our native labourers. These brown people seemed to be part and parcel of the establishment, so to say, and a very appropriate one. It was a marked contrast to the crowds of enthusiastic and excited natives who had greeted our arrival at Nauru. Later in the morning the position eased somewhat with the landing of a small company of the Gilbert and Ellice Colony Constabulary and several dozen Gilbertese who had been brought across by the *Kiakia* and the *Maureen* from Tarawa, to enter the Commission's service.

We found that the houses in the vicinity were more damaged than had appeared when viewed from a distance, most of the partitions and fittings having been removed; all were in need of considerable attention before they could be termed up to standard. However, the comparative absence of the filth that had been such a depressing feature at Nauru, and the houses having been washed out, created a general feeling that things were very much better than at the other island. The fly pest, too, was not so severe.

The vegetation about the settlement and in the neighbourhood had not suffered from bombing to any great extent, and many of the flowering shrubs round the dwelling-houses were in full bloom, all helping to confirm the favourable impression we had formed. South of the settlement and behind the site where the native village of Ooma had been, practically all the coco-nut trees had been demolished. This was obviously to give a clear range for several big naval guns,

the emplacements for which showed up very plainly in the background. Not a single native hut was to be seen, and this village used to be the largest of the four on the island.

The garrison's commissariat arrangements were naturally not very complete by mid-day, but nevertheless we managed to get a little lunch and a welcome pot of tea. It was not long before preliminary troop movements in connection with the hoisting of the flag became noticeable.

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CHAPTER XX

THE UNION JACK FLIES AGAIN

"There's a flag that waves o'er every sea
No matter when or where."

—ELIZA COOK.

As on Nauru there have been four occasions of hoisting the flag on Ocean Island, though the attendant circumstances have differed widely. These events have constituted the history of the island in an abridged form. In the description of them the developments in connection with this remarkable island can be traced. The first was on May 5th, 1900, under most modest and unassuming conditions, in fact no one dreamt that we were making history; myself least of all. Nevertheless it gave great satisfaction to two loyal British subjects to feel that on this far distant isle we were still under our own flag.

Two days previously I had landed there under instructions, with one white assistant and a couple of natives to ascertain the existence of phosphate deposits on the island, as had been suspected. At that time Ocean Island was "no man's land," the natives being a singularly poor community and their island far distant from the Gilberts. When Captain H. M. Davis of H.M.S. *Royalist* called at the group in May, 1892, to

hoist the flag and establish a British Protectorate, it was not found expedient to include Ocean Island some 250 miles to the westward. Nobody seemed to want this drought stricken equatorial "ugly duckling" and certainly never dreamt that the place would ultimately become the seat of government for the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony.

This period of isolation had continued until the time of my visit in 1900 when the natives warmly welcomed the prospects of coming into closer touch with the outside world.

When obtaining permission from the Colonial office in London for me to visit the island in order to prospect for phosphate, our London Board was also given authority for displaying the British flag; what happened therefore was under official sanction.

A small pole was set up in front of our tent and the Red Ensign was hoisted, a flag as truly British as the Union Jack. I took a photo of the camp at the time with the flag flying, and this picture appears as an illustration in *Ocean Island and Nauru: Their Story*. The entry in my diary at the time was:

"Mr. Naylor put up flagstaff at the camp, assisted by the King, and the Red Ensign was hoisted and flown." We found on further acquaintance with the natives that instead of saying "the King" it should have been "the Minister for Foreign Affairs." His duty was to contact anyone arriving at the island. There was no recognised native king.

In this unostentatious manner, therefore, the first British flag was flown, with the emphatic approval of the natives, who fully understood the significance of the event. They also knew that the Gilberts had long

been under British rule and they considered themselves the same people. They speak Gilbertese and in many cases could trace their ancestry back to the islands in that group whence their forefathers had been swept away in their canoes by the strong equatorial current.

With the discovery of the valuable phosphate deposits, a new era opened up for the island. It gradually became the scene of much commercial activity and a large amount of phosphate was shipped from there annually. Many millions of acres were fertilised from its produce to the benefit of the food supplies for vast numbers of people. The Ocean Islanders too became relatively prosperous, and useful employment was afforded large numbers of natives from the adjacent groups.

In the following year it was decided that there should be a formal official hoisting of the flag, together with a proclamation of sovereignty. For this purpose Commander R. G. O. Tupper (later Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper) of H.M.S. *Pylades* arrived there on 28th September, 1901, and with all due ceremony the event took place. A guard of honour was paraded, the officers and men being in tropical uniform, and all the Europeans resident on the island, with the whole native population were in attendance. The Resident Commissioner at that time was Mr. W. Telfer Campbell who was present, having come from Tarawa for the ceremony. The event was a very impressive occasion, particularly as the warship, the first one ever to visit Ocean Island fired a salute of 21 guns, a feature which the natives did not understand, as the noise appeared quite unnecessary, but they take things very philosophically and are never surprised at anything the white man does. Their comment was: "*Bukin tera eabati te ka rongoa,*" which may be translated "What's the big noise about?"

The proclamation read at that ceremony was framed in due course, and for many years hung on the walls of the Residency at Ocean Island, but what happened to it when the Japanese bombed and occupied the island is not known. Admiral Tupper in a book he wrote later, entitled *Reminiscences* referred interestingly to the occasion.

Ocean Island continued under the Union Jack until August, 1942, when it was seized by the Japanese after being shelled the previous night. Sergeant Major Manuela of the Gilbert and Ellice Constabulary who was there at the time, said that the Japanese hoisted their flag both at the government flagstaff at Tapiang, and at the Commission's flagstaff in the bay. The only people present on those occasions were the Japanese themselves; they did not permit the natives to attend, and so nothing further can be said, beyond stating that the island remained under the war flag of Japan a little over three years, a period of unparalleled suffering.

And now, on the first day of October, 1945, the Union Jack has again been hoisted, the good old Union Jack with its promise of peace and liberty. May the sovereignty of the island never again be disturbed.

The occasion was very colourful and impressive. As at Nauru an Australian forces' guard of honour paraded. At right angles to the section was a naval guard from H.M.S. *Diamantina,* and opposite them was a small contingent of Gilbert and Ellice Island native constabulary, a particularly well set up and well drilled force. The officers and troops of the garrison were

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grouped nearby. At the appointed time Brigadier Stevenson and Lieut.-Commander Rose with their staff arrived on the scene. The brigadier and the officers came to the salute, the guard of honour presented arms and all stood to attention as the flag was slowly hoisted.

Among the Europeans present were Colonel V. Fox-Strangways, Major Wakefield, the four members of the Commission's survey party and we three members of the New Zealand party. Something seemed lacking though, for once in the history of Ocean Island, the natives were in a marked minority.

The brigadier and commander then inspected the guards of honour, including the native constabulary. I was informed that these latter had never paraded in company with a British force previous to the occasion at Nauru, and they realized their responsibilty while fully appreciating the honour. They certainly did their part very well and gave an appropriate touch of local colour. No doubt their detailed accounts of the proceedings will be circulated native fashion throughout the Gilbert and Ellice Groups. Several of the natives were presented to the brigadier, and he was much impressed by one of the Gilbertese, Nabetari by name, who escaped from the Japanese on Ocean Island last year, and made a record ocean voyage in his little fishing canoe.

The day's momentous events closed for two of us with a tragic visit to the European cemetery which was not far distant, but that will be described later.

CHAPTER XXVII

WE TRAVEL BY R.C.S. *KIAKIA*

"For the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

—LONGFELLOW

We three members constituting the New Zealand party had been discussing the best way of returning to Maoriland when our mission was completed. Commander Phipps suggested that we should go across to Tarawa, an important air base, from which on the schedule date we could fly to Fiji via Funafuti in the Ellice Group, and then proceed either by Sunderland flying boat to Auckland, or the regular service via Santo, in the New Hebrides, to Auckland.

It was obviously a good plan, and would make our whole journey from New Zealand a round trip, instead of returning on our tracks. Also a decided advantage was that I could help our Gilbertese labour position by further spreading the news that we were promptly resuming operations at Ocean Island and Nauru, now cleared of the Japanese, so would be requiring a lot of native labourers.

The only apparent difficulty consisted in getting across to Tarawa, some 240 miles to the eastward. Commander Phipps was confident that we could go in the

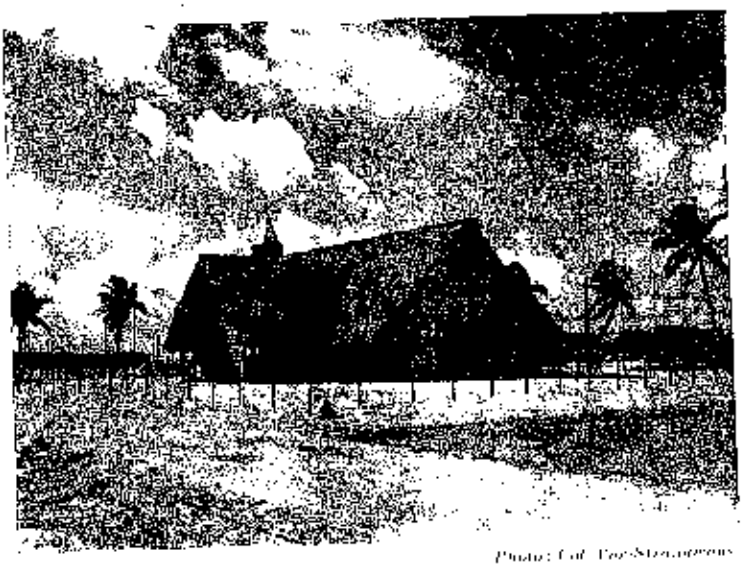


Photo: Col. Tun-Shwe-Oung

TARAWA MEMORIAL CHAPEL
Garrison Chapel, erected on the battlefield of Betio by American Seabees



Photo: Col. Tun-Shwe-Oung

THE AMERICAN ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS AT BETIO, TARAWA ATOLL
The lagoon shore where the Marines landed is only a few yards distant

Resident Commissioner's yacht, the *Kiakia*. With some hesitation I mentioned the matter to Colonel Fox-Strangways and received a most cordial invitation for our party not only to travel in the yacht but also to be his guests at Tarawa while awaiting the aeroplane. In this kindly fashion the difficulty was cleared up.

So in due course a launch called at the *River Burdekin* and we with our luggage were taken across to R.C.S. *Kiakia*. It should perhaps be mentioned that R.C.S. stands for Royal Colonial Ship, and a stout little ship we found her; she was built at Hong Kong and of teak timber. Not big, she is only 83 feet in length and 70 tons register. A vessel's stoutness consists in the work she does, and is not determined by her size. In her capacity as the principal government vessel in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony which straddles the equator, and from Makin in the Northern Gilberts to Nurakita in the Southern Ellice Group has a length of a little more than 900 miles, it will be realised that her duties are no sinecure.

Before the war there was also a larger vessel in the service, the R.C.S. *Nimanoa*, but when a Japanese naval force suddenly appeared at Tarawa a short time after Pearl Harbour, her captain and crew slipped the moorings and allowed her to drift on the reef of the atoll, in order to avoid capture. Later in the day, the enemy placed a time bomb aboard her, and she was destroyed. The small portion of hull still remaining was pointed out to me while we were at Tarawa.

We started out from Ocean Island in good style with the engine going, and passed along the coast, having an impressive view of the defences constructed by the

Japanese, mainly by walling up the canoe passages between the massive coral limestone buttresses. It was a definite relief to lose sight of these disfigurements, and to see the rough virgin coast further along where the reef edge was so jagged that it was practically impossible for a landing party to go ashore, so no defences were needed.

Even the seabirds seemed to prefer this locality, and nearby we could see some of the smaller kinds at their fishing, mainly the noddies and the white tern. I have heard the latter referred to as being the world's loveliest bird, not only in appearance with its pearly white plumage, but also by reason of its friendly manners. It seemed appropriate to have them close to us on the start of our journey, for *Kiakia* is the Gilbertese name for these little birds. I judge its origin in the native mind may be that as they hover overhead on islands where they are not molested, they chirp a note sounding like *Kiakia—Kiakia—Kiakia*, and they do it in charming friendly fashion, as if intended as an expression of good will.

It was not long before one sensed a great feeling of relief at being aboard the yacht, and I came to the conclusion that it was a reaction after the harrowing experiences at Nauru and Ocean Island. Before arriving there we had hoped against hope that some of the Europeans left behind at the time of the evacuation would be alive, or that they had been deported. But to find that they were all dead and that a number of the Chinese and a lot of the natives had similarly suffered under conditions of great brutality, was a dreadful shock to us.

The ruin and desolation at Nauru, and to some extent at Ocean Island, was also a strain on our feelings, and so the reaction on the *Kiakia* was but natural. These troubles were now behind; we had the future to think of, and prepare for.

That evening we were chugging along nicely and had reached the stage of our voyage when we were forecasting the time of our arrival at Tarawa when suddenly there was a different note from the engine room, and then the engine stopped. We were informed soon after that the tail shaft had broken. Owing to force of circumstances this had been welded after a previous break, and so the further accident was not altogether unexpected. Were we downhearted? Not at all. Had there been a fair wind, sail would have been hoisted and we would have gone on our way rejoicing.

But there was a light head breeze and no sign of a change, so it was necessary to seek assistance. Another small vessel the M.V. *Maureen* was also bound for Tarawa; some flash lamp signalling took place and she came nearer; the two captains exchanged views, and as a consequence the *Maureen* by good seamanship was brought close enough for a line to be thrown to the *Kiakia*. A tow-rope followed, and in a short space of time we were again heading for Tarawa.

A feature that impressed me considerably was the excellent atmosphere on board. I am very susceptible to atmosphere, particularly on a ship where people are necessarily thrown so much together. Here on the yacht the Resident Commissioner and Captain Cook with his one European officer made us feel absolutely at home. Everything was done for our comfort, and we relaxed to our hearts' content.

Naturally on such a small vessel, every inch of space had to be utilised to the best advantage. Being on the tall side, when moving about the cabin I bumped my head more times than I had ever done in my life before, in a like period. But one learns to be circumspect under such conditions. I never ceased to wonder at the manner in which the limited space was utilised, even to the extent of having a miniature shower bathroom. We never had such luxuries on the small craft I used to travel by in early years; of course they were not even as big as the *Kiakia*. Designing yachts must surely be an art in itself.

As was to be expected the *Kiakia* jumped about a lot while being towed in the open sea, and I found the best way for writing was to sit in my bunk with my legs over the side, using them for hanging on as the vessel rolled. After some time they became really sore, and later on I discovered quite a collection of bruises.

The native crew was mostly Fijians of good type, as the vessel had been refitted at Suva recently. Several Gilbertese were employed also. I noticed an Ellice Islander doing efficient work at signalling with the flash lamp, and heard later that he was the wireless operator. Another strapping fellow, Beneuru from Beru Island, one of the constabulary force, used to fix up our bunks, and do everything possible for us. We were to know more about him later; as it turned out he had a history. He had worked on Ocean Island with Mr. Bridges, of whom he spoke with deep respect. I told him of our recent experiences at the two islands, but he had seen quite a lot for himself while there, and the natives form their own impressions; in his case they certainly were not complimentary to the Japanese. He

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was glad to hear we were starting operations shortly and would require a lot of Gilbertese as labour.

We landed at Betio, Tarawa, the Resident Commissioner's headquarters, after a trip of nearly three days which was very good under the circumstances. We had been rendered valuable service, and the seafaring in such a small ship often turned my thoughts back to early years, but in many ways this trip was a case of travel de-luxe.

The last we saw of the *Kiakia* was several days later when we were coming down the lagoon in a launch. Another tail shaft had arrived from Fiji by aeroplane and had been speedily fitted. She was starting out on another voyage to Ocean Island and was crowded with 50 Gilbertese who were to join our labour force there, they would be invaluable when the first vessel arrived with a cargo of stores and equipment, all of which would have to be discharged while underway.

Yes, a real stout little vessel! Doing a great job of work!

CHAPTER XXVIII

TARAWA: PAST AND PRESENT—FUTURE?

"Their blood is dry,
On Tarawa,
Now 'gainst the sky
Of Tarawa
Stark stand the shattered palms."

—CAPT. EARL J. WILSON

No greater contrast in island scenery can be imagined than Betio Islet, Tarawa Atoll, as I first knew it in 1900, and the same place when revisited in October, 1945. On the occasion of the first visit I went to confer with the Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, Mr. W. Telfer Campbell, regarding the opening up of phosphate operations at Ocean Island which was to come under his jurisdiction, and the employment of Gilbertese and Ellice labour there. A small lot of Ellice "boys" had already been recruited.

Business matters were satisfactorily arranged, for Mr. Campbell was only too glad at the prospects for commercial development of the Central Pacific, also that suitable employment would be afforded for many of the young fellows. Afterwards I was hospitably entertained at the Residency. Betio was the seat of government for the Colony, or rather Protectorate, for that was its status at the time.

MEMORIAL TO 22 PATESII SUSHII [illegible] AT PETOL TARAWA ATOLL
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Government station was on modest lines, the Residency being a comfortable two storied wooden building within a few yards of the lagoon shore. In its limited grounds were a few flowering shrubs, adding to the scene. It was difficult to have much variety in that sandy soil, while vegetables and fruit trees were conspicuous by their absence. A significant term for rice was: "Gilbert Island potatoes." Communication with the outside world was at long intervals and mostly confined to a three monthly call by one of the Pacific Islands Company's small trading steamers. I was in the employ of this London concern, but associated particularly with the phosphate section of the business.

Mrs. Campbell was on Tarawa and I remember being impressed both by the manner in which everything in her department was done, and also by the degree of bravery displayed by an English woman in living at such a far distant and isolated place. She made the best of everything in wonderful spirit. There were no other white women on Tarawa at the time.

The few remaining houses consisted of two or three quarters for the limited number of officials and some rows of native built huts for the constabulary, a calaboose or two, and small buildings. A feature of the station was a low stone pier extending through the shallow water of the lagoon shore to a somewhat better depth, but not so far out as it should have been. Betio at low tide was always difficult so we considered, and sometimes visitors would have a long wade through shallow water. Our phosphate vessels frequently went there in the years that followed, sometimes in connection with labour recruiting, and also when shipping became congested at Ocean Island through bad weather.



KARUNARI [illegible]
The Gilbertese Magistrate at [illegible] who defied the Japanese and risked his head but [illegible] and his duties
(See page 195.)

The deep passage into Tarawa lagoon gave easy access to a safe anchorage.

A picturesque, well kept native village of perhaps two hundred inhabitants was located along the lagoon shore a short distance from the Residency. On all sides there was the usual dense growth of tall coco-nut palms leaning out towards the lagoon, as is invariably the case. Coco-nuts were the main feature of Tarawa as regards vegetation; there were thousands of them and little else except a fair number of the equally useful pandanus.

In 1908 the seat of government was shifted from Betio to Ocean Island owing to the growing importance of the latter with its comparatively frequent shipping connections; perhaps other amenities of tropical life had some bearing on the change.

The years rolled by and I had not been to Tarawa for a long period. Before our arrival there this time I was told that I should not know the place, and that certainly proved correct. It was changed out of all recognition. I could not even locate the site of the old residency, but the army hut in which two of us were quartered must have been within a few yards of where the large building once stood.

Landing facilities were immensely improved; a great deal of dredging had been done, and where it was once dry at low tide, there is now a good wide channel, permitting of launches and large barges going close inshore at any time of the tide. The spoil from the dredging had been deposited over a wide area on each side of the channel. I must say, however, that from the scenic point of view, the waterfront and indeed the whole of Betio is sadly altered; the Japanese and the battle are the cause of that.

We found it almost impossible to realise that this little island, a flat sandbank as it seemed, and merely a narrow strip of land not more than two miles in length, had in November, 1943, been the scene of a most sanguinary conflict, one that will live in history by reason of its momentous and far reaching effects. Probably the results of the battle of Tarawa made the Japanese realise that they had no hope of South Sea Island domination, and their policy was to put up a hard fight at their other mid-Pacific bases in order to improve their prospects in case of a negotiated peace. It is outside the purport of this record to describe the battle; some books and numerous magazine articles have been written on it containing truly vivid descriptions.

But what does Betio look like at the present time, not two years from the date of the great fight? Soon after our arrival Colonel Fox-Strangways took us for a jeep ride round the island, stopping at the various points of tragic interest to tell us details of the battle. He gave a thrilling account, the more effectively because, he being the senior British official, was present at the time; in the earlier stages as an onlooker, but as a soldier he joined in the fight and followed it to the finish.

The large Japanese naval guns in their emplacements, the blockhouse, the ruined search light, the numerous machine gun posts, extensive lines of reef obstructions and other signs of the battle are still there, and on many of these a descriptive tablet sets out the incidents associated with them. The well kept military cemeteries with their rows of wooden crosses are the most impressive feature.

This aspect is shared also by the little enclosure erected to the memory of the 22 British men in various

walks of life who had been imprisoned on Betio. Following on the first heavy attack by American aircraft they were taken out and murdered by the Japanese solely as an act of retribution. The heroic party included a devoted L.M.S. missionary, a very gallant wireless officer, the hospital dispenser, an aged retired sea captain and an elderly trader. The remainder were New Zealand wireless operators and coast watchers, young fellows who had been stationed on various islands in the Gilbert Group. The tragedy in many ways resembled what took place on Nauru and to some extent the events on Ocean Island. The Europeans concerned had fallen into the hands of the enemy because they elected to remain at the post of duty; it would have been possible for all of them to have escaped had that been their first thought.

We never ceased to marvel that on this little island, less than a square mile in area, over 5,000 dead had been buried; it seemed incomprehensible. There can be no doubt that the Japanese considered the place impregnable; following their usual practice of belittling the white men in the eyes of the natives they boasted to them that they could never be defeated there. But they did not realise the prowess of the American Marines. Tarawa will ever be classed among the bloodiest battles of the war, an epic fight, one in which the gallantry, resource and determination of the marines carried the issue to victory.

At the present time Betio is still a large American camp, though the personnel is steadily diminishing; apparently it will be evacuated before long. There are numerous Quanset huts, and many houses and huts built out of local native material, but nothing of a really

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permanent nature. What was once a dense grove of coco-nut palms is now a more or less bare area with only 50 or so palms still standing; these not only escaped the storm of shot and shell in the battle, but it is a wonder they were not destroyed earlier by the Japanese in making their defences, which almost entirely consisted of coco-nut tree trunks and sand; with this limited material it was wonderful what effective defences were made. These few growing palms are interspersed among hundreds of trunks still standing but without their crown of leaves and bunches of nuts; they are perhaps one of the main features of Betio at present, a mute relic of the great fight.

One could not but compare the conditions on this little island, practically a sandbank, with Nauru and Ocean Island which are natural fortresses with their ramparts of limestone rock and innumerable facilities for the enemy to fight among the coral pinnacles, or to go underground. In the event of a landing attack the casualities must have greatly exceeded those at Tarawa.

One of the few picturesque buildings on Betio is the Memorial Chapel; reminding one somewhat of the Torokina church. The British section of the camp is on the lagoon shore and there the Resident Commissioner and four or five of his officers reside under comfortable conditions, though the houses are entirely built of local material. They were originally occupied by the American Admiral and his staff; he handed them over to the Resident Commissioner when moving on from Tarawa. A large new building in which the government offices are located is really a wonderful instance of what can be done in this line of construction, which certainly suits the climate remarkably well. At Nauru and Ocean

Island, however, we have found that this type of house involves a great amount of upkeep and is not suited for our more expensive conditions.

The British section is well planted with young coco-nut palms; from a very shipshape flagstaff the Union Jack flies daily and this part of the island is certainly the most attractive area.

Most of Betio is perfectly flat, bare and blazing hot in the tropical sunshine; certainly most historical, but not in the least degree scenic. The long wide landing strip for aircraft dominates the picture, occupying a large portion of the island. Following on the great battle, Hawkins Airfield, as it is called, must have witnessed remarkable plane activity on the part of the American forces, for from there most of the regular reconnaissance work in the Marshalls, Carolines, Nauru and Ocean Island was carried on, and with such good effect that the Japanese airmen were blasted out of the skies and their ships off those Central Pacific Seas.

An important feature of Betio life is the jeep; they are there by the hundred; one seems to go everywhere by these useful cars—to the wharf, to the canteen, anywhere, always the jeep!

Of the future, one can speak only as a layman. It seems certain that the evidences of the great battle will gradually pass away, always excepting the tragic military cemeteries, which are sure to be well kept. The machine gun posts and gun emplacements depend almost entirely on coco-nut tree trunks for their stability, and these are already showing signs of decay. The sand which they are keeping in place naturally does not bind together, and will gradually settle down. A general levelling off process will thus go on, so far as

these defences are concerned. In a few years the probability is that only the concrete work and the big eight inch guns will remain. There will always be ample reminders that a great battle was fought on this lone islet.

It seems safe to predict that once again the coco-nut palms will be the dominant feature on Betio in the course of years; it will take time for they are slow growing in the Gilberts owing to the irregular rainfall. Even the great banks of spoil from the dredging would grow this useful and very picturesque palm, which flourishes in coral sand and shingle. One can visualise the trees planted up to the borders of the cemeteries; I judge this would be considered appropriate by those who have pathetic interest in Tarawa. Should the airfield be retained, it will probably be narrowed down to some extent in view of its more curtailed duties; this would afford growing space for many coco-nut palms and the whole area would be greatly improved.

Alternately it may be decided to keep Betio as it was after the great fight. In such case it seems likely that the government buildings would be located on the neighbouring islet of Bairiki, which is on the same reef, being separated by a shallow channel. It escaped the ravages of war fairly well, though the King George V School building was destroyed by shell fire.

Major Holland's fine house built of native material still stands, and is historical. From there he went out, alone and unafraid, to meet the Japanese Marines when they landed on the ocean beach of Bairiki. He had told the constabulary and other natives to keep among the trees in the background, thinking the enemy would be content to take him prisoner, and to leave the natives unmolested. The Japanese menaced him with their

bayonets, seized his wristlet watch, and it seemed as if anything might happen.

Glancing around, Major Holland was surprised to see a native constable close behind him, and asked in Gilbertese why he had come. His reply was to the effect that the Japanese looked as if they were going to kill him, and if so they would have to "kill me first." He kept close by Major Holland throughout the day, while the Japanese were destroying the launches, boats, canoes and other property. Constable Tato of Tarawa showed a fine spirit of devotion. He is still in the constabulary.

Several of the colony officials now reside on Bairiki which has scenic features sadly missing on Betio. Colonel Fox-Strangways kindly showed us over the island after which we had the pleasure of meeting the other officials at afternoon tea served in Major Holland's house.

Naturally the future seat of government for the colony is the subject of much local interest, and rumour has it that Abemama may be selected. A fine large atoll with good anchorage, also a useful airstrip, the island has many advantages. But the passages for ships to enter the lagoon do not compare favourably with the deeper one at Tarawa, permitting large vessels to enter without risk.

Valuable information regarding this little known colony is contained in Sir Harry Luke's book *Britain and the South Seas,* published in 1945. He mentions that while its total land area is only 400 square miles, of which one half is contributed by Christmas Island, the colony has a total land and sea area of 2,000,000 square miles; in the proportion of sea to land it is unique. Extending from Christmas Island in the East to Ocean Island in the West, the distance is 2,000 miles.

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CHAPTER XXIX

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

"Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

* * *

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law."

WHITTIER

It may be thought by anyone reading these pages that the Union Jack is the only flag that counts in the affections and respect of the white people and natives in these Central Pacific Islands. That is certainly not the case, for the Stars and Stripes also holds an honoured place with them, as well it should. One does not like to contemplate what the position would have been had the Americans not extended their activities to these latitudes when they did. At Tarawa it was therefore pleasing to see the Union Jack flying out bravely from the Resident Commissioner's trim and shipshape flagstaff while only about a hundred yards away was the Star Spangled Banner, similarly fluttering in the breeze.

That seemed to me both fit and proper, a token of mutual respect and an indication of hope for the future. With the tragic war just ended, surely the foremost thought with us all must be that the two great English-

speaking nations, Britain and America, should go forward together with similarity of purpose, the same ideals of justice and liberty, and like religious beliefs. If they do this, and keep a due sense of responsibility, there will be hope for this war-stricken world.

The white population of Betio Islet, Tarawa Atoll, is relatively small: the British Resident Commissioner and his staff of about a dozen Europeans with a dwindling number of Americans who are at present maintaining a rather important air base. It was gratifying during the few days of our stay, to see the cordial relations existing between the British and American personnel. Any possible problems, and I understand there were several during the tense early days of the war, appear to have been straightened out. If that can be done in a small community like this, surely it is an object lesson for the larger ones, and even for the two nations in general.

One evening the Resident Commissioner invited three high-ranking American officers to dinner to meet us, together with several of his senior staff. It was a happy occasion, one of the best I can remember on these Central Pacific Islands, and the American guests obviously enjoyed it too. We had repeated instances of their original lines of thought; our little national complexities were touched on in light fashion and laughed over; altogether it was a charming example of the cordiality existing on this lone Pacific isle "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." At the close the toasts of "The King!" and "The President!" significantly ended the gathering.

From the personal aspect I cannot but think that the manner in which the Resident Commissioner, himself

a soldier, took part in the big battle of Tarawa has been an important factor in maintaining these happy relations. Sharing a common danger is a great bond, indeed none can be stronger.

A pleasing example of local recognition of the friendship between the two nations was evinced recently on the occasion of commissioning the new aircraft carrier *Tarawa*. The American Commander, Major-General Julian C. Smith had presented to the warship the identical Stars and Stripes which had been hoisted on a tall coco-nut palm following the close of the great fight. The Resident Commissioner felt strongly that the Union Jack flown at the same time should not be separated from the other battle flag and he accordingly presented it to the warship so that they could always be associated together.

With his permission I quote the letter which was written to the commander of the warship, accompanying the gift. One feels that it is an historical letter: its sentiments and the circumstances are alike memorable:

"On the 23rd November, 1943, the British and United States flags were raised simultaneously over the recaptured atoll of Tarawa in the British Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony.

History has recorded the gallantry of the men of the United States Second Marine Division who carried out the assault. Skilful planning by their leaders, allied to their own tenacity and high courage, overcame a stubborn and resolute enemy occupying formidable prepared defences. Their attack was made possible only by the vigilance, enterprise and devotion of the United States Navy.

The American Ensign which, since the assault, has flown day and night over the island is to be presented to the United States ship *Tarawa*. No more fitting tribute to the fallen, and no brighter inspiration for the future is imaginable.

It is the wish of all peoples of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony that their own flag, which accompanied the United States forces into battle and which, with the American colours, is now flying over the atoll, should not be separated from its allied counterpart. They feel strongly that the association so happily begun should continue; they know too that their colours could have no better resting place than beside the American Ensign.

They therefore offer this British Union Flag to the United States ship *Tarawa* in lasting remembrance and admiration, in perpetuation of an old friendship of free peoples, and in confident hope that good luck will go with the *Tarawa* and with all who sail in her."

When further discussing this interesting event with Colonel Fox-Strangways he said that the idea of hoisting the British and United States colours simultaneously over Tarawa atoll was conceived by Major-General Julian Smith, who was commanding the American Second Marine Division. In suggesting the idea to the British Resident Commissioner, he said that there were no two flags which he would rather see together, and he hoped that the happy association now begun would continue, also that the two ensigns would remain for ever side by side. The two flags were accordingly raised on adjoining tall palm trees, where they flew day and night until the shrapnel-gashed trees became dangerous, and were removed to make way for real flagstaffs.

In view of the proximity of the blood-stained beaches of Tarawa, with war wreckage still strewn around, and the continual reminder of strife, it was natural that while we were there one should hear different opinions, both from British and American officers, regarding the possibility of World War No. 3 within the years of the rising generation. Such views were definitely and

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forcefully expressed on many occasions as regards Japan, a nation which gave evidence of the feeling among them that their armies had not been beaten, and their sole reason for a surrender, which was not actually unconditional, was obedience to the will of their Emperor that the fighting should cease. It is even said that they consider magnanimity was shown by their action.

I cannot but think the opinions regarding the possibility of World War No. 3 are largely a matter of individual temperament. Those of a pessimistic tendency may well lean to a strong feeling regarding an inevitable international drift into war when the nations will fight each other with atomic bombs.

Being an incurable optimist, I refuse to accept this view, useful though it may be for keeping at the back of our minds: "lest we forget."

I believe firmly that so long as the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes fly together, and the nations they represent remain united in their ideals, then the tragic conditions leading up to another war can, by the mercy of God, be kept in check.

With that thought in view, may our respective flags ever wave:

"O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!"

CHAPTER XXXV

THE GILBERTESE

"Give us stout hearts to labour well,
And bravely build, and truly plan,
Where brown and white as brothers dwell,
A perfect Brotherhood of Man."

—MRS. M. C. PARKER.

THE Gilbert Islanders are so frequently referred to in these records, and they figure so largely in the Commission's industry that it seems appropriate to give some particulars about them. They number in all about 27,000 and are well distributed through the group, even though the southern islands are in a drought area, making the living conditions there really strenuous at times. The need for activity and the struggle for existence has resulted in the development of a virile race, to a considerably greater degree than is the case with most South Sea islanders.

As one becomes well acquainted with them, their original "make up," and their fine traits of character are increasingly apparent. They differ in many ways from the inhabitants of other groups in the Pacific, and should form a very interesting source of study for the anthropologist as regards their origin, physical characteristics, language and habits.

The Gilbertese are Micronesians as distinguished from the more numerous brown Polynesians, and the black fuzzy haired inhabitants of the Western Pacific, the Melanesians.

The typical Gilbert Islander is a man of good stature, though not so tall and heavy boned as the Polynesian; he is brown skinned and straight haired, of fine and frequently handsome appearance with his erect carriage and independent bearing. He has a somewhat sensitive nature, but responds promptly to kindly treatment, is a quick judge of the individual white man with whom he comes in contact, and decides at once whether he likes or does not like him.

In many ways his point of view differs from ours, but at the same time there is invariably something in it. Some instances may be mentioned to illustrate this. In the early days at Ocean Island when nearly all the Gilbertese were quite inexperienced in the white man's ways, we organised sports on the first occasion of King's Birthday. The natives duly participated, but their reaction to some of the events was singular. For instance, they thought the race contests were inconsiderate and indeed impolite. A man who found that he could run faster than the others ought to slow down, so that they could all come in together, and not be put to shame by one man. That this should be done in the presence of their women folk made matters worse!

The tug of war events, when we put teams from the different islands against each other, were a definite failure. The women in particular became very excited as they urged on the teams from their islands, and did not like it at all when their men were on the losing side.

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Naturally their attitude on many matters moderates as they become more closely associated with the white man, but certain characteristics are deep-rooted, and remain much the same.

At Ocean Island once, the manager met some natives going up to the Resident Commissioner's Office and sensed that they were intending to lodge a complaint. He asked what was the matter. It was the tinned meat, their daily ration, and they showed him some in a piece of paper with gristle and bits of skin in evidence. He tasted it, told them it was very nice and continued to help himself until there was very little left. Then he remarked that if it was good enough for him, surely it was for them! They were obviously upset, however, and continued on their way; but the nature of their complaint to the Resident Commissioner had changed. They had nothing to say about the meat, it was against the manager now, for he had "eaten their evidence." Quite the wrong thing to do! In other words they had been shamed, which was much worse than anything the matter with the meat.

Their dislike of being put to shame is most pronounced, and the manner in which they deal with the event which we usually designate as "Ask Papa" is an instance. As we know, the white aspirant for a daughter's hand frequently has a very unhappy time with an unsympathetic or even irate father. It is not so with the Gilbert Islander. The maiden's father knows perfectly well when the young fellow approaches his hut what he is coming for, and has his mind made up. If the would be suitor is invited to sit down on a clean mat, he knows at once that he is in favour, and the prompt ending of his suspense naturally affects the discussion. If, however, the father points to a dirty mat and tells

him to sit there, then he knows immediately that he has no chance. They discuss casual matters in a disinterested manner, allude to the weather and fishing prospects, and the unsuccessful aspirant does not unduly prolong his visit, but his feelings have been spared.

Sometimes I made use of their sense of shame in early years when dealing with misdemeanours. When telling a native how he had gone wrong I would ask him if he didn't think the women would laugh at him when he went back to his island and they heard of his offence. He would invariably look uneasy, and reply *"tao eng"* (perhaps so) and it would have the desired effect as regards future behaviour.

It may be mentioned that they are intensely jealous for their women folk, and no one will blame them for that. The standard of morality in the Gilberts is, I consider, a high one.

In language matters too, the Gilbertese are somewhat unique, and there again the subject is one for the anthropologist. Two of their words impress me as being noteworthy. When a native is being questioned, perhaps at court, and the position is becoming involved, he pauses as if hesitating to play his last card and then ejaculates *"Ngkam!"* The meaning of this word as given in the standard Gilbertese dictionary is "I do not know, I am not supposed to know." Another authority on the language states that this one word conveys the sense contained in the phrase: "I have no concern in this matter: it is outside my affairs." *"Ngkam"*—truly a useful expression!

The other word is *"te unimane"* (literally "the old man"), but there is more in it than that. The dictionary definition is "the wise old man," and the natives apply

it to the Resident Commissioner, whatever his years may be, or to us older folk. It implies age combined with respect. The members of the *Kaubure,* or Native Council, are collectively considered worthy of the term "*te unimane.*" It is used as an implied compliment, not as a reflection on one's age.

A pleasing feature about the Gilbertese is their loyalty to Britain and the Empire, though this is not confined to them by any means; the same may be said of all the Pacific Islanders. Some of their forces have fought with much bravery and distinction. The Gilbertese were not called upon to do this, though I am sure they would have eagerly responded. They were, however, asked to form a large labour corps, and in this capacity they rendered good service at several bases in the Gilberts and at Guadalcanar.

Following the battle of Tarawa the Corps was hurriedly collected, and rendered splendid service at clearing up the battlefield under dreadful conditions. They had to wear gum boots and gas masks, which implies something of what they had to contend with. Their duties were carried out in high spirits, and at the same time they were highly practical; any Japanese articles or money they came across were retained for selling to the Americans as souvenirs; they did good business! As part of their war effort, they donated funds for the purchase of two fast motor-boats, of a type which has rendered excellent service.

Nor is their loyalty confined to matters pertaining directly to the Empire. For 45 years they have been associated with the phosphate industry, and have always rendered good service. At both Nauru and Ocean Island they have suffered grievously at the

hands of the Japanese. It would have been natural if they had said they never wanted to see those islands again; but the contrary is the case. They have already responded to the call for service in the industry, and I judge will engage as freely as ever. It is surely a testimony to the way they have been treated, both as a people and in the matter of employment.

Discussing Gilbertese affairs with the Resident Commissioner recently, I was much interested in hearing some of his plans for the welfare and development of the natives. Suitable remunerative employment stands high in this connection; he wants to see the Colony self-contained as far as possible. In matters of health, the native medical practitioners trained at Suva Hospital are proving very useful. Two more are just completing their training; others will be sent to take their places. The native nurses at Abaokoro, too, are very promising. It was good to see the usefulness of the women being recognised. Usually in the Gilberts they do not seem as capable as the men, and their money-earning efforts are mostly confined to the seclusion of their huts, where they make hats, mats, baskets, etc., from dressed pandanus leaf, at which work they are certainly very skilful.

Another innovation in which the Resident Commissioner is taking much interest is the appointment of two natives as District Officers. The matter is referred to in the *Crown Colonist* of August, 1945, thus:

"The appointment of two Native Administrative Officers in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands marks a milestone in the history of British native administration in the Pacific. The two new officers are Bauro Ratieta, a Gilbert Islander, and Penitala Teo, an Ellice Islander, and both have already taken up their new duties. The High Commissioner for the Western Pacific says

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that he has been impressed by the manner in which the new officers have entered upon their duties and responsibilities, and the favourable reception which the appointments have had."

The Resident Commissioner kindly arranged for me to see both these officers. We had met before, as they had been employed by the Government at Ocean Island, and, in fact, were there during a portion of the Japanese occupation, afterwards being deported to Tarawa. Their reaction to the further particulars I gave them was very marked. Bauro's ideas of suitable punishment for the offenders as a nation was on particularly drastic lines. They would certainly never give trouble in the future! Both men are taking their duties very seriously, and it will be interesting to see how this development progresses.

The use of natives for running the wireless stations in the Colony is now regular routine. There are about 12 of these, and the Resident Commissioner looks forward to the time when there will be one on each island, as radio communication is proving most useful, particularly in administrative matters. They carry out all the duties of the station, including running the power unit. On the *Kiakia* I was interested in seeing an Ellice Islander, Bubu by name, doing the flash-lamp signalling expertly. He is the wireless operator on the little vessel. In addition to these duties, they are shortly commencing to take meteorological observations for the use of aircraft.

Then there is the training of natives from both groups as launch engineers, coxswains and seamen for the local craft. At such work they are excellent, and more of them will be required in future.

The Colony Native Constabulary Force under a white officer is another useful employment. It numbers 75 at present, and may be increased, as Ocean Island is again coming into the picture. So far as the phosphate industry is concerned, the Resident Commissioner is very appreciative of the fact that the Commission can employ up to 1,200 young men from the two groups, and so the industrial future for the Gilbert and Ellice Islanders is assured.

While the young fellows are quite keen on going away to work and earning money to buy timber for canoe-building, fishing lines, sewing machines, etc., on their own islands the Gilbertese men can hardly be called industrious by even their greatest admirers. Here again their point of view differs from that of the white man, and to them it is extraordinary that we spend all or most of our years at work. Why should we do this, they ask, if we are not hungry? And they are adepts at stating their attitude in words that are difficult to answer.

Some years ago, one of the Catholic Fathers on Beru, burdened with a sense of the natives' indolence made up his mind to influence them by example, and at the same time to make use of their keen sense of shame. He would show them the virtues of industry.

Some distance behind the Gilbertese villages there is invariably a series of what are called *babai* pits. These are deep excavations, with water at the bottom and in them is grown a coarse species of *taro*, a nutritious native food. The tubers sometimes weigh 100 lbs. or more, but to cultivate them, much work has to be done by systematic "feeding," and once a week chopped up green stuff is packed round the roots.

The Father decided he would make a *babai* pit entirely himself. He started straight away, and day by day toiled at excavating the sand and coral conglomerate, a very hot job in that climate. The natives were concerned; they would come and offer to help, but ho, he waved them away; this was his work. They could not understand it. At last the digging was finished, and they were invited along for he had something to say. They stood around. Yes, they agreed it was a fine *babai* pit, "*Tamaroa.*" (Splendid).

And then the Father pointed the moral. If he, a white man could do the work in that hot climate, why not they? This was a home thrust and they did not like the implications; it was clearly an attack on their way of life. Some of the women were standing by too, watching every move; would the men be put to shame? There was a general feeling of uneasiness. One at least of the *Kaubure* was there and all eyes were turned towards *te unimane* (the wise old man.) In grave tones he expressed the view that *te tama* (the Father) had done well, the white man's work was good, but then, so he went on to say, they had not got the white man's food and it was that which made him strong for work. "*E Koaua! E Koaua!*" (it's true! it's true!) responded the crowd. And the good Father gave it up.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE OCEAN ISLANDERS

"With those that see God's wonders in the deep,

. . . . . .

Coco-nut islands, parrot-haunted woods,
Crisp coral reefs and blue shark-finned lagoons
Fringed with the creaming foam, mile upon mile
Of mystery . . . . . "

—ALFRED NOYES

These natives are more frequently known as Banabans, after the native name of their island, Banaba, which probably means in Gilbertese "the land of coral rock." There is every reason to think it was peopled in the first place by Gilbert Islanders who had been drifted away from their homes by the strong equatorial current, and many of their descendants can trace relationship with families in the Gilberts. Naturally there is little difference between the Gilbertese and Banabans in language and customs.

The old time Ocean Islanders were men of more rugged type than we see nowadays, the result of the hard and strenuous conditions of life on their island, particularly in drought times when they would be almost entirely dependent upon fish for their food supplies. With its limited coast line, only two miles each

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way, and the exposed nature of the fringing reef, the natives down the years became most expert fishermen; they had to go out in all weather, and when too rough for their canoes would often swim with floats beyond the line of surf, and by special and unique methods could catch fish even then.

The absence of any permanent fresh water supply too was a very serious matter with them, more important even than a shortage of food. Part of the day's routine for the women was to go down caves in the interior of the island with torches and baskets of coco-nut shells which would be filled with water from pools of soakage here and there. During prolonged droughts these would disappear, necessitating further search deeper down in the labyrinth of passages. At such times there was mortality owing to water shortage.

Within the last 50 years, the Ocean Islanders from one cause and another have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune to a greater degree than any native community in the wide Pacific. In 1900, they were probably worse off for articles of trade and more isolated than any other island people. Sharkfins and shark teeth swords of their own make were all they had for barter purposes when vessels called at their island. They had other serious difficulties too. One of the earliest records of them in Findlay's South Pacific Directory states:

"The island was probably in former times healthy and prosperous but now overcome by evils; the inhabitants 450 in number, have fresh wants which cannot be easily satisfied."

This well described their condition when I landed in May 1900, and spent three weeks on the island after finding the phosphate deposits. The bad health referred to was a repulsive malady termed yaws, and certainly

caused us a great deal of concern at the time, but it speedily yielded to medical treatment, and has never given serious trouble since those days.

In view of the very strenuous conditions of life at Ocean Island in early years, it is not surprising that the natives were only too glad to leave for other places by any opportunity that offered in passing vessels, particularly as a marked strain of adventure exists in their make-up. An old man known by us as California Joe had somehow found his way to the gold diggings there, eventually returning to Banaba in Ben Boyd's yacht *Wanderer* on her last ill-fated voyage. Another had been with Bully Hayes in the *Leonora* and could tell quite a lot about that "modern buccaneer;" others went away as sailors or labour for the plantations. When news of the phosphate discovery and better times on their island became spread abroad, Ocean Islanders flocked back in considerable numbers, particularly by two of our ships which visited Honolulu and Tahiti.

A good deal of information concerning the early life of the natives is given in *Ocean Island and Nauru* written in the light of my experience there while in charge of the Company's operations from 1900 to the end of 1911. It always appeared to me that the older men in particular were the best instances of nature's gentlemen that I had ever met. With their natural courtesy of manner, their genial hearty ways, keen sense of humour and hospitality with their slender resources, I found them from the first a very attractive people. The population at the time of my arrival was about 450, and it has steadily gone up, partly by natural increase but also through intermarriage with Gilbert Islanders who sooner or later became absorbed into the Banaban

community. Up to the present time the number of Ocean Islanders has more than doubled.

With the progress of the phosphate industry their conditions of life have quite changed. Many of them worked for the Company, earning good wages, and payments for phosphate rights and leases increased as the operations developed. Some of the young fellows were educated at King George V school at Tarawa, and were able to take more advanced positions. In a comparatively few years the natives became quite well-to-do as a community. Gone were the days of hardship and suffering, for all time, so we thought. In World War No. 1, they donated £1,000 in a lump sum to the Prince of Wales Relief Fund, and in his book *Britain and the South Pacific* Sir Harry Luke describes how they gave £10,000 (in sterling) to the war funds in World War No. 2, as a token of their loyalty. The Gilbert and Ellice Colony Government controls their finances, and very wisely sees to it that there is none of the squandering of resources so noticeable in other native communities.

The question of obtaining a future and more suitable home for the Banabans had been considered by the Colony Government for many years, partly because of their increasing numbers but also because the extension of phosphate mining operations was gradually restricting the living areas. Ultimately the place would be worked out and a large population could not live on an island consisting of bare coral pinnacles. Several years ago, after careful official investigation, the island of Rambi in the Fiji Group was bought outright for them with money from their own ample funds. Pending their occupation of the property, the coco-nut plantations were worked by one of the large copra companies on short lease. It appeared at the time that the natives might not wish to migrate for some years to come, but World War No. 2, has brought about many developments.

Following on the occupation of Ocean Island by the Japanese, another change of fortune befell the Banabans and they were soon in dire distress again. Not only did they experience the cruelty and terrorism tactics of the Japanese, but drought conditions set in before long, and food supplies ran short. Time and again one of their leading men, Rotan by name, interceded with the Japanese for an allowance of rice for his people. He was rebuffed and repeatedly struck on the face, but by his persistence he seems to have had some success. The Japanese meanwhile had deported a lot of the natives, including Gilbert and Ellice Islanders, to Tarawa, and eventually they sent the rest of the Banabans to Nauru and Kusaie in the Carolines. The only natives retained on Ocean Island were the ill-fated Gilbertese and a few Ellice Islanders who, as we have seen, were all killed by the Japanese by their own admission. Either at that time or perhaps earlier, they destroyed practically every native hut on the island; not a single Banaban home was left standing.

Then came the stirring events of the Nauru and Ocean Island Relief Expedition, and consideration had to be given to the question of repatriating all the natives who had been deported from the two islands by the Japanese, well over 2,000. This had been discussed with the Resident Commissioner on several occasions, and when we were at Suva later on, the High Commissioner, Sir Alexander Grantham and senior officers of

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the Gilbert and Ellice Colony made a strong case for the prompt rehabilitation of the natives. As regards the Banabans, the time was considered opportune for taking them direct to their new home, and arrangements were therefore made for providing them with temporary accommodation on arrival at Rambi, in addition to the settlement buildings already there.

The main difficulty consisted in the fact that our two ships *Trienza* and *Triona* were required for the work, and they with their experienced captains and officers were certainly most suitable. But the vessels already had a heavy programme in connection with beginning operations at Nauru and Ocean Island, besides keeping up phosphate supplies in Australia and New Zealand, and the position was not clear. Meanwhile it was arranged that Major D. G. Kennedy D.S.O. by reason of his long experience in the Colony should visit Tarawa, Ocean, Nauru and Kusaie to collect and prepare the Banabans for repatriation.

Fortunately the High Commissioner was visiting Melbourne about that time, and was thus in a position to discuss important details with our General Manager who shortly after was also able to visit the islands. Weather favoured the operations there, and the position with our two vessels developed better than had at first been thought possible. As a result, Major Kennedy and all of the Banabans, Gilbertese and Ellice Islanders at Nauru and Kusaie were taken to Tarawa in the *Trienza* to be ready for the *Triona,* which vessel would take them to Rambi, or Rabi, as it is frequently written. He has been good enough to send me some particulars and I quote extracts from his letter of 2nd February, 1946,

written from Rambi. They deal with events which will be regarded in future years as Central Pacific history, being so largely concerned with the work of native rehabilitation following on the tragedies of World War No. 2.

"I proceeded by air to Tarawa on the 23rd October, and, after explaining the Settlement Scheme to Colonel Fox-Strangways, proceeded by local surface transport to all the Gilbert Islands from Apemama northwards. Several Banaban families were collected from each place and brought to Bairiki Island on the Tarawa lagoon where a camp had been prepared for them. I collected, in all about 280 people in the Northern Gilberts, but this figure includes some Gilbertese friends.

On the 17th November, I left Tarawa for Kusaie aboard the M.V. *Maureen*, one of the new 60 ft. drifters which were built in Auckland for the Colony. After calling at Marakei and Butaritari, we arrived at Kusaie on 23rd November.

At Kusaie the Banabans, some 280 in all, were herded in one large camp, in Lele harbour, in appalling conditions of damp and mud. There were about 600 other Gilbert and Ellice Islanders in the camp. All had been removed from Ocean Island by the Japanese."

From our experiences at Nauru one can visualise the joy with which Major Kennedy's arrival at Kusaie in the little *Maureen* would be hailed by these natives as being the first tangible evidence of their deliverance. They did not have long to wait after the Japanese surrender.

Quoting again from the letter:

"Two days after my arrival at Kusaie I heard with great relief, that Mr. Gaze had arranged to let us have the *Trienza* to take the Kusaie and Nauru people (Banabans and Gilbertese at Nauru) to Tarawa. On the morning of the 26th, the *Trienza* arrived, with a great throng of ex-patriates returning from Nauru. Among these were 300 odd Banabans.

We succeeded in getting the Kusaie camp packed up the night before, and all the people, nearly 900, were on board before sundown, when the vessel cleared for Tarawa. I, myself, had transferred to the *Trienza* and we arrived at Tarawa on the morning of the 30th. All the Banabans were disembarked and went into camp at Bairiki. Here we now had about 1,000 people. These included Gilbertese adherents of the Banabans, whom, according to their custom, they wished to take with them.

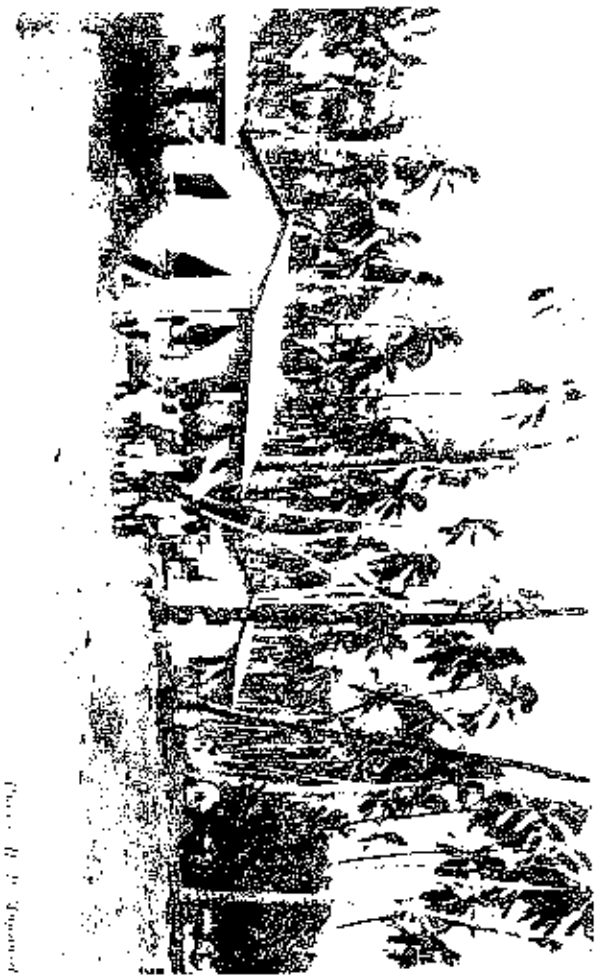
During the process of collecting the Banabans, I had, at every opportunity, held meetings and explained the Rabi Settlement Scheme. Generally, the Scheme was accepted with alacrity, if not enthusiasm. One person only objected to going to Rabi, but two days later he changed his mind."

With such an event, momentous in the eyes of the natives, it was only natural that they wanted full particulars which Major Kennedy was well able to supply; he also showed them photographs of Rambi conveying a good idea of the island.

He then refers to the voyage from Tarawa to Rambi: "As you are aware, Mr. Gaze arranged for us to have the use of the *Triona*. On the morning of 9th December, this vessel arrived at Tarawa, and by mid-afternoon, all our Banaban family, together with about 100 Ellice Islanders for Nanumea and Vaitupu, had embarked. We had pleasant weather all the way, and after dropping our Ellice Islanders at their homes, arrived at Rabi on the evening of the 14th. On the 15th, in good weather, the people disembarked at Nuku, and settled into the camp already prepared for them. This consisted of 150 tents and 12 prefabricated military huts."

The numbers of immigrants are as follows:—

	Men	*Women*	*Children*	*Total*
Banabans	185	200	318	703
Gilbertese	152	97	51	300
Totals	337	297	369	1003



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GROUP OF BANABANS AT RAMBI

Photo: H. E. Maude.

An interesting description of the island follows, supplementing the few particulars which were known to me previously:

"The island has, scattered round the coast, some 3,000 acres of coco-nut plantations. These had been planted between the years of 1880—1934. All are in good bearing. In the centre of the island is a bush clad ridge, having slopes which are not unduly precipitous. Nearly all the numerous bays and inlets round the coast are fed by small streams, and, along the northwest coast, there are numerous stretches of coral sand beach backed by sandy loam flats, planted in coco-nuts between the foot-hills and the sea.

The soil of Rabi is as fertile as that of its big neighbour Taveuni, which is known as "The garden of Fiji." Mangoes, pawpaw, and breadfruit are now bearing, and almost any tropical fruit or vegetable will grow here.

As is common with high islands, the rainfall on the southeast coast is greater than that on the northwest. Furthermore, the porous sandy loam on the northwest quickly absorbs what rain there is. Living conditions here are, therefore, much more pleasant than on the southeast coast. It is for this reason that I chose Nuku for the preliminary settlement."

The reference to the small streams is of particular interest. In past years the Banabans have always stipulated that any future home for them should have running water, and we may contemplate the difference between the routine of collecting the day's requirements with coco-nut shells in the Ocean Island caves, and the unlimited supply almost at their back doors at Rambi.

The comparison between the soil of the island with that of Taveuni as regards fertility, is impressive. The latter island is quite celebrated, and with good reason, as I could see when visiting it on my phosphate prospecting operations in the Fiji group in earlier years.

In some ways the Banabans are up-to-date and on Ocean Island in 1941, they had established a co-operative society store, obtaining some of their provisions and trade requirements through it. On Rambi wider powers are being exercised. Some of the Solomon Island labourers previously employed on the coco-nut plantations there are being retained to show how the work is done, as there were never enough coco-nuts on Ocean Island to make copra. Apparently the co-operative society will have the responsibility of carrying on the copra industry. All these developments will however be under the wise and experienced guidance of Major Kennedy as District Officer.

He further states:

"About 60 Banaban families are now employed on these plantations. The remainder are preparing to move from the camp at Nuku and take up temporary holdings along the northwest coast, where they will make their own hamlets, plant gardens, fish, and sell whatever green copra they care to cut, to their Co-operative Society at Nuku, where it will be dried in the driers, and prepared for export."

Other interesting particulars are mentioned, for instance the Fiji Medical Department has loaned a Fijian N.M.P. to deal with health matters pending the arrival of a trained Banaban who had been stationed in the Phoenix Group in a similar position.

Rambi is a scheduled port of call for an inter-island vessel, and so there is a mail service with Suva every ten days. Then Major Kennedy has a tele-radio equipment on loan from Fiji by means of which he can keep in daily contact with Taveuni and Suva. Two sea-going launches are part of the Rambi equipment and with

either of these the Government station at Taveuni can be reached in less than three hours.

The total area of the island which is the eighth largest of the Fiji Group, is 27 square miles, the length being 9 miles and breadth 4½ miles. The highest point is 1,550 feet. The island is well wooded, apart from the coco-nut plantations. The series of small bays with sandy beaches round its shores backed by coco-nut groves, with streams coming down from the hills should form ideal sites for closer native settlement.

The Admiralty chart shows extensive areas of shallow lagoon and sheltered water on the eastern side with passages through the outlying barrier reef, suitable for small steamers and sailing vessels. One can visualise the Banabans having their own cutters before long.

This would doubtless stimulate their spirit of adventure, though already they have entered on new ground with great possibilities in that respect. In the wooded country of Rambi, wild cattle and wild pigs are said to be numerous, particularly on the higher land. When the natives learn to shoot these or catch them with dogs, their food supplies will be greatly improved, apart from the excitement of the chase. In becoming acquainted with this island which is ten times the size of Ocean Island, and about five times as high, and has varieties of bird and animal life new to them, they have ample scope for exploration and adventure.

Apparently their prospects of a new and suitable home on Rambi should they elect to remain there, are very bright, and the news of future developments will be of deep interest to many.

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CHAPTER XXXIX

THE MASSACRE. KABUNARE ESCAPES!

"So that I wrote, and mourned indeed,
What all may read.
And thus, as was enjoined on me,
I send it over the Western Sea."

—E. B. BARNDON

WHEN the Japanese Commander at Ocean Island, Suzuki, glibly told how the Gilbertese and Ellice natives numbering about 160 had risen against them, and had all been shot in the ensuing fight, none of us for a moment believed him. Whatever the circumstances might be, the natives have too much commonsense for a venture of that sort against such overwhelming odds. But what could be said? They were all gone, so we thought, and the position seemed hopeless. However, once again "truth is stranger than fiction," for wonderful to say, one escaped to tell the tale, and a truly marvellous tale it is, in view of the thoroughness with which the cruel marines of Nippon had planned the wholesale execution. The sudden appearance of the surviving native at Ocean Island came under the direct notice of Major R. F. Wakefield, the District Commissioner there, and he wrote a graphic account of the whole thing for the information of his friends. He has consented to my quoting extracts from his letter

After relating something of the unique conditions at the island and his busy life there, he proceeds:—

"Last Sunday afternoon (2nd December, 1945,) while I was working in the store with several of the boys, my normally calm chief clerk and interpreter came running in, so excited that he could hardly speak. From his breathless statements I gathered that a strange man had just been found, and was being brought to me. Before I could further question the clerk, the apparition was escorted in amidst a throng of excited spectators, a yellow skinned native with completely shaven head and wild eyes. For a second after his arms were released, he stood transfixed, while his eyes took in everything in a flash. Then he poured forth a dramatic tirade in Gilbertese." One can visualise the whole scene, and Major Wakefield lamented that he did not understand the language, but he quickly grasped the situation, and tells the story in realistic fashion:—

"From his gesticulations as he dynamically demonstrated the typical positions for beheading and bayoneting I knew I had a man who had seen and knew terror. I called my interpreter and ordered "Do not interrupt, but give me the highlights." In staccato, news flash style came the vivid extracts—"He has been here all the time!—The Japs kill everyone!—The bayonet, the sword, the pistol—But he live! He come out of the *bangs-wanga* (deep hole) today! He is from Nikunau!"

At this stage one of the staff natives from the same island interjected—"It is always the Nikunaus who come through!" Evidently his people have a tradition that they stand up to times of stress and strain better than any of their fellow islanders.

Major Wakefield at once realised that the man, Kabunare by name, who had been through the ordeal was in grave danger of collapse owing to his state of malnutrition and shock, and therefore ordered him to be sent to the hospital for rest and careful nursing. He

made a good recovery and was soon in a fit state, not only to give a detailed account of his dreadful experiences, but also, with Major Wakefield, to visit the localities where the various scenes were enacted.

It seems that the natives had been divided up into sections, and had been given different duties, besides being trained as soldiers, a detail agreeing with Nabetari's statements as mentioned in a previous chapter. Kabunare's section consisting of eight men was employed at fishing, and they were out each day and part of the night. They were under the control of a Japanese who slapped their faces if they did not bring back any fish, as was sometimes the case owing to adverse sea and weather conditions.

On the day that peace was declared, all the natives were mustered at the main settlement at Ocean Island. A Japanese officer told them that the war was over, and they, the Japanese, would soon be leaving the island. The natives were afraid to show their feelings at the time, though when by themselves Kabunare's section was overjoyed. But the enemy had a very different programme for them!

To quote again from Major Wakefield's account:—

"Next day in little groups, they were dispersed. Kabunare with seven others was taken to a clearing and made to sit down. Here a Japanese officer brandishing his sword, ordered eight soldiers to tie the natives' hands behind their backs, one soldier to each man. After this was done, they were led down to the coral cliffs surrounding the beach. They were made to squat down, close together, on the edge of the cliff. Here they were blindfolded."

One can visualise the tragic scene which took place at a well known locality on the rocky coast down from

Tapiang native village. Surely it will be a place of pilgrimage for many, Europeans and natives, in the years which lie ahead, and they will tell the story with very mixed feelings.

Major Wakefield continues:—

"So bound and blindfolded and perched precariously on the top of the soft cliff, the eight boys awaited their fate. I ask "Did anyone speak?" "Yes, Falairiva said: He remembered God, and I reply, Yes, I am ready to die." Then he heard someone call out as though stabbed, and with that he [Kabunare] toppled over the cliff."

That action, evidently involuntary, saved his life, though there was still much of terror to go through, but the native's presence of mind under the awful circumstances, was wonderful. By this time it was late in the afternoon. The tide was well in to the base of the cliff, but the water was comparatively shallow.

To continue:—

"Kabunare feigned death, and gasped a little air with a lot of water, each time the waves receded. A series of shots rang out but he was not hit. He stayed there in the water some time, still bound and blindfolded, until he thought the Japs had gone. Then Falairiva's body washed close to him, he could see him through the corner of his blindfold, so he bit Falairiva's wrist to see if he was alive. Falairiva did not reply, so Kabunare knew his Ellice Island friend was dead. He got up in the water and waded over to a sharp rock where he cut the binding from his hands, and removed his blindfold. The other boys were all dead, and he knew he must hide. So in the next little bay he found a cave with jagged recesses in it. In one of the latter he hid himself. As he demonstrated the crab-wise method by which he had to enter it, and the way he could worm up into the darkness, I marvelled at the providence that provided such a perfect hideout so close to the escape point."

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Kabunare remained in the cave all night, and in the morning two bodies washed into the entrance, but he did not come out. About midday he heard a plane flying very low, and most important evidence was afforded by the fact that he heard it for half an hour. Major Wakefield knew from this that the plane was from Tarawa where he had been stationed at the time; leaflets had been dropped for the Japanese garrison seeking their confirmation of the peace news, and if they were prepared to surrender. He realised also that they were destroying potential evidence that could be used against them. Later on in the afternoon some of the Japanese came down to the beach after the plane had left, and dragged all the bodies out to a launch near the reef, which took them out to sea.

As the Japanese were still about, Kabunare remained in his hideout a second night and all next day, without food or drink. That night he decided to go inland where he could obtain coco-nuts and would have a chance of finding a cave for hiding. On the higher ground he found a suitable one with its narrow entrance well screened by bushes. Going in feet first with his head near the entrance, he could listen for anyone approaching, but at the time he was so well concealed that it was only by lying down that Major Wakefield when checking up on his evidence, could see the top of his head. A further measure that the native adopted was to arrange some dead bushes to conceal the entrance.

For three long months Kabunare made that cave his abode, going out at night for coco-nuts and water. At times he would climb an adjacent high tamana tree where he was well hidden by the dense foliage. From

the top he saw some of our vessels, but thought they might be Japanese craft. In the distance he saw the Union Jack flying from the flagstaff at the police lines, and decided it might be a Japanese trick. He heard the bugle calls, but then the enemy had bugles too; he was taking no chances. Men were seen some distance off, too far for him to realise they were natives. At last, from the tree top he saw a truck load of people not far distant, and made sure they were Gilbertese; he determined to make himself known. Not long after, he heard the jingle of bottles, and two natives passed on their way to cut toddy. He followed them and feeling certain they were his fellow islanders he called out *Kam na mauri!* (Greetings.) For a moment they had a fright at his appearance; but were soon reassured; a flow of eager questions and they were shown the cave where he had hidden. To it Kabunare expressed his thanks for saving his life! After that they all went to the District Commissioner. The result has already been told.

A snapshot has been taken of the two Nikunaus together, Nabetari and Kabunare, the latter looking several shades lighter in colour owing to his long sojourn in the cave. One speculates as to how his hair was cut short when he made himself known. Probably he found a broken bottle and would resort to their old time method of cutting hair with a bit of glass; a slow operation but he had plenty of time on his hands.

His adventures are not over, for he was speedily taken to Nauru and flown by plane from there to Torokina or Rabaul to join other natives from Nauru and Ocean Island who will give evidence regarding

certain Japanese atrocities which may not go unpunished. It is a reasonable conclusion that what happened to the rest of the natives on Ocean Island was similar to the fate of Kabunare's section, but alas! there were no further escapes. The Japanese did their work thoroughly, though the unexpected happened as we have seen. And now it is for them to explain why, as Major Wakefield says—"160 natives, with hearts of gold, were ruthlessly murdered after the known declaration of peace."

CHAPTER XLIV

HOMEWARD BOUND

"Pilot how far from home?
Not far, not far tonight.
A flight of spray, a seabird's flight,
A flight of tossing foam,
And then, the lights of home."

—A. NOYES

After a six day's wait at Tarawa, we were to move on, for the plane from the south had arrived. Thanks to the kind hospitality of the Resident Commissioner, Colonel Fox-Strangways, our stay had been greatly enjoyed, and we members of the New Zealand party will always look back to it with much pleasure. In my case, renewing acquaintance with a typical coral atoll with its interesting Gilbertese inhabitants was full of attraction.

From a business point of view alone, the visit had been well worth while. Apart from the advantages of discussing matters fully with the Resident Commissioner, I had been able to do a good deal of useful labour propaganda by telling some of our old hands and others about the immediate resumption of operations at Ocean Island and Nauru, thus stirring their interest. They were therefore to expect one of our vessels shortly on a labour recruiting trip, as in pre-war

days, and we should want plenty of men. The news of this would be passed through the Group somehow, and be very helpful. When a wave of interest in the two phosphate islands spreads through the native community in the Gilberts, there is little doubt about the success of a recruiting voyage.

A feature which surprised me greatly was the fact that neither the Gilbertese nor the Ellice Islanders seemed to associate adversely our two islands with the intense sufferings their people had recently experienced at the hands of the Japanese there. Had the natives been disposed to shun both places, we could hardly have blamed them. However, the detested enemy had been dealt with, and apparently that was sufficient. The islands would be "all the same before" in the eyes of the natives and that was good enough for them.

After an early breakfast we were all ready when the Colonel in his jeep called at our hut to take us to the plane. We had said *Tiakabo* (Goodbye) to his native retinue the previous evening and at his request had not "tipped" them; I well knew they did not expect tips, but there were things at the American canteen quite to their taste and we took a good supply of these to the mess room, including some for Tutu and "the girls" at Abaokoro. About half a dozen lined up and I made a little speech saying we had enjoyed our visit and thanked them for looking after us so nicely. Their spokesman suitably responded and expressed their thanks for our gifts.

Just before we boarded our plane, a jeep dashed up; it was our genial American hut mate, Major Hanley, who had kindly come along to bid us farewell and *bon*

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voyage. I shall always remember our early morning cups of tea together while the others were out fishing, and the chats we had about matters of mutual interest in our respective countries. Again we expressed warm thanks to the Colonel for his kindness, and at 6.30 a.m., on 12th October, we were up in the air, homeward bound.

For the second time we were travelling in a Douglas transport plane, with only two other passengers, one of whom was a Squadron Leader of the N.Z. Air Force. He had come up from the south to report on the air fields at Betio and Abemama, the large central atoll not far distant. We were soon circling down and made a good landing there.

Anyone interested in the Gilberts and their history should read R. L. Stevenson's book *In the South Seas* where he tells of his sojourn at Abemama as the guest of Tembinoka, the despotic ruler; a most remarkable individual. Stevenson's sidelights on the complex character of the Gilbertese are wonderfully portrayed, and his experiences on their islands are told graphically. One at least of the natives he mentions is still alive, Te Kop, described as "the loveliest animal in Abemama." Two pages in his book are devoted to this young fellow and their long discussion on the ocean beach, well out of the sight of the tyrant king, of whom Te Kop had a wholesome dread. Stevenson used to go to the ocean beach each day, and evidently it must have had a fascination for him, as can be easily understood.

Abemama air strip resembles a broad lane running through a coco-nut grove, a marked contrast to the war torn field at Betio, the island of blasted tree trunks. We did not see any Europeans, but natives

from a village on the lagoon shore nearby were soon out to greet us, and to hear the news. Evidently very few planes call there now, but it was a busy place after the Japanese had been dealt with. Their meagre garrison of three or four dozen men committed suicide when the American force landed.

Again we were fortunate with our route, as the deviation made by the call at Abemama put us in line with the two largest atolls in the Group, Nonouti and Tabiteuea, where I had often recruited labour in past years. The Flight Lieutenant of the plane very kindly invited me to occupy the seat next to him while flying over the two atolls and on towards the next point of call at Funafuti in the Ellice Group. Up in the air is undoubtedly the right way of seeing these lagoon islands, and I was greatly impressed both by the gorgeous colour scheme spread out below us, and by the remarkable formation of the reefs. These are truly a maze in Nonouti lagoon and it is not surprising that on one occasion the captain of a certain vessel who had missed the passage spent a whole day finding his way out. The mast head is the best place for navigating under such conditions; charts are useless, and soundings are not much good.

Favoured by clear sunny weather, we saw the two islands to every advantage; we appeared to be looking down on a long picture, extending for many miles; the lagoon waters varying from light green in the shallows to the deepest blue in the areas of greatest depth: then the long narrow strips of land, a succession of islands really, as there are numerous shallow passages connecting the lagoon and the sea. These are covered with coco-nut palms, bordered on one side by the placid

lagoon shore, and on the other by the ocean beach with its fringing reef and line of surf along the outer edge.

Tabiteuea which is some 35 miles in length has a native population of about 4,000 and is said to be one of the most closely settled places in the world for its size. We could recognise the native villages by their huge maneabas, not far from the lagoon shore, usually about the centre of the village.

Before long we were passing through the Ellice Group, the islands much smaller in size, but quite scenic gems as viewed from the air. At Funafuti we dropped down for refuelling and were very hospitably received by Captain Hill and the New Zealand Air Force officers in charge of the base, who took us to lunch, for which we were quite ready. Colonel Fox-Strangways had sent a message through to Penitala, the Ellice Island Assistant District Officer, to meet me there, and I was pleased to have a talk with him, particularly regarding the tragic events at Ocean Island following on his being deported to Tarawa. He had seen quite enough of their methods before leaving. Another well known native was the steward at the officers' mess, Panesi, a faithful Solomon Islander, who had been with Mr. J. C. Barley, a previous Resident Commissioner at Ocean Island, for many years. He is desirous of returning there, and would be very useful in a somewhat similar capacity.

Without loss of time we were in the air again, heading direct for Nausori air base some 15 miles distant from Suva. As we approached the Fiji Islands the Flight Lieutenant again kindly invited me to take the seat next to him, and so I saw the wonderful scenery of this large Group to the best advantage. It was all the



FIJIANS MAKE NEW MUD BRICKS AT RAMBI.

Photo, H. E. Maude.

Local rubble that kept their pack horses well supplied for years on end.

© R. Lévesque



more interesting as I had spent a month or so there many years before, prospecting for phosphate. One of our vessels was at my disposal, and we visited many of the outlying islands of the right formation for such deposits. Phosphate was found on two of them, but not in sufficient quantity or quality to attract us for working purposes. Apparently no further finds have been made in the Group since then.

It was well on in the afternoon when our plane dropped down at Nausori. Colonel Fox-Strangways, ever thoughtful for our welfare, had been good enough to advise the Governor of Fiji, who is also the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, of our movements. On our arrival we were met by his aide and Major Kennedy with an invitation to stay at Government House. This was most kind of His Excellency, particularly as we were travelling light, and had not anticipated such privileges. He and Lady Grantham very graciously realised the position and we were soon made to feel quite at home.

Her Excellency had arranged a dinner party that evening and we had the pleasure of meeting some prominent Suva people, including Mr. and Mrs. Maude, who no doubt regard the Gilbert and Ellice Colony more as their home than any of the numerous islands in the Pacific where they have been stationed. The kind attention given to the New Zealand party was appreciated all the more because we had not arrived at a very convenient time. Early the following morning Sir Alexander and Lady Grantham were leaving for Auckland *en route* for Australia by plane and we were to be fellow passengers. It must have been difficult to fit in the attention given to us, with their

preparators for departure. Evidently "where there's a will there's a way" applies to vice-regal circles as elsewhere.

After an early breakfast next morning, Mr. Maude and I motored out to the air base together. He was to leave for Tarawa and Ocean Island not long after, and was desirous of hearing particulars of recent events at the two phosphate islands. There were also other important matters to discuss concerning the natives and our industry. Our talks were somewhat hampered by having to hold my breath at times while our driver, a transport officer, skilfully dodged the numerous Indian and Fijian kiddies as they darted across the narrow road. When complimenting him on his exploit, after our safe arrival at the base, I expressed the view that under similar circumstances I would have run over three!

Our plane proved to be a Lockheed Lodestar, so we were very comfortably placed. We were in the air by 9.30 a.m. and this time on the last lap, heading direct for Auckland. The trip gave me ample time for thinking over the discussions held at Suva with the High Commissioner and his officers concerning plans for the future. Travelling *via* Suva had proved very useful from the business point of view, besides giving us a good plane connection for our destination. Everything had worked out nicely.

Sir Alexander and Lady Grantham were evidently experienced travellers by air. We were favoured with fine weather and perfect flying conditions; truly travel de luxe. The New Zealand coast was sighted where we were able to pick up the various landmarks, and by 5.30 p.m. on 13th October, the Lodestar circled down at

Whenuapai air base; in Maoriland once more, and glad to be back. It seemed impossible to realise that we had left Tarawa, north of the Equator only the previous day at 6.30 a.m. Certainly air travel is one of the most marvellous features of the present wonderful age.

The rapid change of climate on our return journey had not proved anything like so trying as when we had started north on 7th September, practically under winter conditions, arriving at tropical Guadalcanar late the same afternoon. That experience made us pant a bit, but it did not leave any ill effects. Under ordinary circumstances, the better plan is to travel north by sea, thus having about ten days in which to become accustomed to the change of temperature.

The closing feature of our round trip to the Central Pacific was for the three of us, Commander Phipps, Mr. Bissett and myself to visit Wellington for the purpose of reporting to the Right Hon. the Prime Minister and the Hon. Minister of Agriculture on the fulfilment of our mission. Both Ministers were interested in hearing particulars as to the position at Nauru and Ocean Island and prospects for the future. We took the opportunity of expressing our best thanks for the privilege accorded us of representing the Dominion at the surrender ceremonies, also appreciation for the excellent travelling arrangements made by the officials of the Prime Minister's Department.

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Document 1945M

Massacre of civilians at Banaba by Japanese military

Source: Article in Pacific Islands Monthly, July 1966.

Only one man survived Japanese massacre on Ocean Island in 1945

At a War Crimes Court in Rabaul on April, 27, 1946, two Japanese officers were sentenced to death for the massacre of 200 Gilbertese labourers on Ocean Island several days after Japan had surrendered in World War II.

The two officers, Lieutenant-Commander Nahcomi Suzuki and his quartermaster, Lieutenant Yoshio Nara, admitted that they knew that Japan had surrendered, and said they had deliberately massacred the Islanders because they wanted to "inflict damage on the Allies".

The chief witness against the Japanese was the sole survivor of the massacre, Kabunare, a native of Nikunau Island in the Gilbers.

Almost miraculously, Kabunare escaped the bullets and bayonets of a Japanese firing squad, and after falling over a cliff, he hid in a hole for more than three months—until meeting two Gilbertese on December 2, 1945.

Kabunare was then interrogated by Australian troops who had landed on the island on September 30, and the amazing story he had to tell was largely responsible for Lieutenant-Commander Suzuki and Lieutenant Nara being sent to the gallows.

Fisherman

An account of the Japanese officers' trial was published in *PIM* for May, 1946, and was recalled in the "Yesterday" column in May this year (p. 89).

By a coincidence, the official transcript of Kabunare's interrogation was also published recently in the Nauru roneoed newspaper, *Pinnacle Post*. It is now republished here almost verbatim because of its extraordinary interest as a human document.

Kabunare said that he was a native of Nikunau Island and was 28 years old. He had signed on with the British Phosphate Commission about 18 months before the Japanese occupied Ocean Island.

"During the occupation," he said, "I was employed as a fisherman. We fished from early in the morning until about 3 p.m., usually two men per canoe. The Japanese collected all the fish, but only occasionally gave us a little for our own use. If we did not catch any fish, we were slapped on the face.

"The names of the other fishermen were Eric, Mitire, Tuweri, Teboitabut, Baitau, Uriam, Buariki, Angkam, Aba, Banei and Maori. We all lived in one European house at Uma.

"One evening, Osakiso, the Japanese who was in charge of the fishermen, came into our house and told us that next morning we were to come back early from fishing.

"Some time after 9 a.m. next day, Osakiso shouted to us to come down and gather beside the road to the billiard room. When we got there we found all the other boys on the island there. There would have been over 100. We all paraded in five lines along the road. Sukaiso, the No. 3 commander, spoke to us through Osakiso, the interpreter. He stood upon the verandah with five other Japanese. He told us that the war was over, but that we must still work for a while, and then the Japanese would be going away and leaving us here.

Too Scared

"We were too scared to show our happiness, so just bowed our heads and went to our houses. Then we laughed and talked of the good news in our house.

"Next morning Maori and I came back very early from our fishing, about 8 a.m., because we had a lot of fish. When we arrived back all the natives and a lot of Japanese soldiers were gathered in the same place as we were gathered the previous day. Osakiso called us down to join the parade.

"We were divided into new sections. I was in the fifth group of eight men. We were marched away with one soldier in charge.

"When we arrived at the police lines on our way to our destination, we were told to sit down in a line and face the east while the soldier in charge of us asked each one of us in turn how old we were and wrote it in his book. When he had nearly finished, an officer came up with another soldier from behind us. The officer drew his sword and revolver, and the soldier drew a revolver, too, and both pointed them at us.

"They did not speak to us but called out some more soldiers. Eight soldiers came out with guns and fixed bayonets. Each soldier stood in front of one man with the bayonet pointing at his stomach.

"The soldier who had led us up then tied each man's hands with string from his pocket. My hands were tied very tight.

"A long end was left loose after each man's hands were tied which the soldiers gathered up so we could not run away. Then we walked down the track across the road and on down to the cliffs below Tabiang village.

"We were told to line up on the edge of the cliff and squat down close together. Then our eyes were tied up with cloth.

"I was the second man to have my eyes tied up. Then I could hear movement behind and felt as though the soldiers were behind us.

"Ready to Die"

"Falailiva was on my left. He said to me, 'Are you ready to die?' and I replied, 'Yes, I am ready to die'. The Falailiva asked, 'You remember God?' and I replied, 'Yes, I remember'.

"Then everything went quiet for a moment. Then I fell over the cliff. I did not try to, but just fell. Almost at the same time I heard a scream and someone fell on top of me. I think it was Falailiva.

"I heard others fall but no more screams. Then I heard a lot of shots fired. Falailiva was still on top of me and some of the bullets I could hear were close to me.

"The water kept breaking over us but I could breathe each time it receded.

"After a while I bit Falailiva on the shoulder to see if he was still alive. He did not cry out so I knew he was dead.

"I stayed about an hour in the water. I could see a little out of my left eye past the blindfold so I went over to a piece of sharp rock in the cliff where I could cut the binding from my wrists. Then I removed the blindfold.

"Then I went around all the other bodies to see if any were alive. They were all dead and I looked at each man's face. There was a lot of blood about.

"After I found they were all dead, I looked for a place to hide. I found a cave and I stayed there all night.

"The next morning I saw some of the bodies floating outside the cave. About midday I heard a plane flying low for about half an hour. I did not see it, but stayed in the cave.

"Then I saw some Japanese soldiers walking along the reef. Some came by my cave. Two of them dragged a body out to the reef then came back and dragged another body out to where there was deep water.

"I could not see them all the time and think they made other trips for the other bodies. I saw two canoes come to pick up the bodies from the soldiers and tow them out to a launch which was further out. Then the launch went out to sea.

"I stayed in the cave that night and the next day. That evening about 8 o'clock I left the cave to search for young coconuts and to find a new hiding place inland.

"While I was up the tree, two Japanese came along. But I stayed hidden until they had gone. Then I went to look for a hiding place, and found a hole above the police lines and hid there.

"I stayed in hiding in this hole until the day I met two Gilbertese on December 2, 1945 (100 days later).

"I used to go out at night and gather young coconuts, old coconuts and water."

Kabunare gave a simple explanation for not coming forward until more than two months after the Australian troops occupied Ocean Island. He said that one day he climbed a tree and saw many ships at the anchorage, but thought they were Japanese ships. He also saw a Union Jack flying from the staff in the police lines but thought it was another Japanese trick.

"Lot of Bugles"

"I heard the bugle every day too, " he said, "but the Japanese had a lot of bugles."

Describing his meeting with the Gilbertese on December 2, 1945, Kabunare said:

"One day I heard the tinkle of bottles and saw two men. The one carrying the bottles was wearing a lava-lava and I thought he was a Gilbertese, but the other I thought was a Japanese because he was wearing Japanese clothing.

"After they passed I followed them silently. When I got close up behind them I was sure they were Gilbertese so I greeted them: 'Kam na mauri'."They seemed frightened of me.

[They thought he was a Japanese because his skin was very pale from hiding away from the sun, and he had shaved his head with splinters of broken glass to occupy himself].

"They asked where I had come from. I told them I had been here all the time and I showed them.

"Then I changed from my napkins into my lava-lava which I had hidden in the hole. I thanked the hole for saving my life and then came down to the police lines and Teauoki took me to the District Commissioner."

Footnote: According to *Pinnacle Post*, Kabunare is now living on Nikunau. He is the father of Tiriona who, until last year, was employed on Nauru as a houseboy and as assistant in the trade store and messroom.

A HONEYCOMB OF CAVES

The "hole" on Ocean Island in which Kabunare hid after his escape from death at the hands of the Japanese was probably the entrance to one of the numerous caves which are a feature of the island.

In the days before phosphate was discovered on the island and water tanks were built there, these caves were of great value as a source of water to the native inhabitants, the Banabans.

Ocean Island, in fact, is so honeycomed with caverns below sea level that the ground can be felt to vibrate in heavy seas. The island is 260 feet above sea level at its highest point.

"Shoot Them All," Japanese Commander Said

Lieutenant-Commander Suzuki, the Japanese commander on Ocean Island during the war, claimed at his war crimes trial in Rabaul in April, 1946, that he did not know the war was over until August 24 or 25, 1945, although the Japanese Emperor had unconditionally surrendered on August 16. He said he had first heard of the surrender over Truk Radio, although there had been many rumours of it before that.

Suzuki said that he had given the order to exterminate the 200 Islanders on Ocean Island to four of his company commanders on about August 18.

"It was a very brief order," he said. "As far as I remember it was: 'Shoot all the natives on the island.'"

Asked why he had given the order, Suzuki said: "We had heard rumours about Japan going down. We had decided to kill them. The most important reason was an order I had received from Rear-Admiral Keiji Shibazaki... This order was to fight to the finish, and, as the natives were likely to cause trouble, to execute them all".

NOTE: At this time, there were no Ocean Islanders (Banabans) on Ocean Island. They had all been deported to other islands soon after the Japanese occupation.

Document 1945N

The Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere

Source: Current Intelligence Study Number 35—Office of Strategic Services, Research and Analysis Branch, R & A 3337S, 10 August 1945.

[Attached]

THE GREATER EAST ASIA CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE

Japanese spokesmen have variously described the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere (GEA) as "an international order based upon common prosperity" and as a device for "the development of the Japanese race." These expressions of high idealism and frank opportunism represent the range of motivation behind the establishment and administration of the GEA. Japanese scholars, businessmen, and Army leaders have injected into the GEA both the traditional Japanese symbolism of *hakko ichiu*, "the eight corners of the world beneath one roof," and the militarists' pragmatic policy of armed expansion. This fusion of motivations finds its fullest expression in the present war in the Pacific, which the Japanese have named the "holy war," or the "Greater East Asia War." Through their insistence that Japanese soldiers are fighting for the establishment of a new order in Greater East Asia, the official spokesmen have linked success for the GEA with victory for the Japanese Army. Japan's military defeat will necessarily involve the immediate failure of the GEA program, the effectiveness of which already had been limited by the underlying divergence of purpose between its idealistic and opportunistic supporters. If, however, the Japanese have had even fragmentary success in establishing a political, economic, and cultural union in Greater East Asia, and if the people of Asia do not gain security and stability in the postwar settlement, there is a possibility that a similar plan for a Pan-Asia will emerge in the future.

Insofar as it involves continental conquest the GEA is merely the latest manifestation of the centuries-old Japanese expansionist tradition. In the late nineteenth century Japanese patriotic secret societies were formed in order to promote Japanese expansion and imperialism through mobilizing Japanese finance and trained personnel for espionage and propaganda work in Asia. Early in the twentieth century, greatly under the influence of the secret societies, the expansionist tradition was transformed into the Great Asia doctrine. Although the supporters of this doctrine differed among theselves concerning the nature and the degree of desired Japanese domination in a Pan-Asia, they agreed that European and American interests in the Orient were responsible for reducing Asiatic countries to semi-colonial status. Agreeing upon a theory of regionalism not unlike that underlying the Monroe Doctrine, they created the slogan, "Asia for Asiatics." Many aspects of this doctrine were incorporated into the official foreign policy of Japan by the Konoye Cabinet in 1938. The policy was named "New Order in East Asia." When the fall of France and the Netherlands in 1940 opened to the Japanese the possibility of easy expansion into European holdings in the Orient, this policy was restated as the "New Order in Greater East Asia." Later, in

order to incorporate into this policy ideas of economic cooperation in Asia, the title became the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." In November 1942 the policy was given even fuller sanction when the Greater East Asia Ministry was established and its first minister, Kazuo Aoki, was charged with the administration of political, economic, and cultural affairs in China, Manchuria, Thailand, French Indochina, Burma, the Philippines, and the Celebes.

The GEA Ministry was established in 1942 by the dominant Army group in a maneuver designed to eclipse the power of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In a year of military successes ranging geographically from Kiska to New Guinea, the Japanese Army leaders were confident of successfully completing Japanese expansion in Greater East Asia, and they were impatient of the less militant policies of the career diplomats in the Foreign Affairs Ministry. They appointed Aoki, known to be an Army supporter, an expansionist, and a Greater Japan enthusiast, as GEA Minister. The new ministry was given jurisdiction over matters formerly directed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, excepting only "purely diplomatic" concerns. Both the GEA Ministry and the subsequently reorganized Foreign Affairs Ministry were staffed largely by undistinguished bureaucrats who could be counted upon to support the military in establishing a New Order in Greater East Asia by conquest.

With the fall of the Tojo Cabinet in July 1944, following a series of American military successes culminating in the capture of bases in the Marianas less than 1500 miles from Tokyo, the career diplomats of the Foreign Affairs Ministry regained a considerable portion of their lost power and prestige at the expense of an independent GEA administration. Mamoru Shigemitsu, who had served as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Tojo Cabinet, was retained in that post in the new Koiso Cabinet and was appointed GEA Minister concurrently. Again in the Suzuki Cabinet, established in March 1945, Shigenori Togo—another career diplomat—was given both posts. The appointment of Togo, who had resigned as Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1942 when the establishment of the GEA Ministry stripped his position of its powers, indicated that the career diplomats had completely regained their former position.

Because of its dominance by Army leadership at the time of its inception, the fundamental aims of the GEA Ministry were to provide ideological support for the conquest of the Asiatic continent and the southern regions, and to set up administrative machinery for the conquered areas. Despite this role as an adjunct to conquest, the leaders of the GEA presented their objectives in terms of the highest idealism. Even later, when the ardor of both the militarists and the more moderate GEA idealists had been cooled somewhat by the menace of increased Allied military power, the professions of idealism continued. Many Japanese, both inside the GEA movement and outside it, probably believe sincerely in working towards Asiatic cooperation, equality, and prosperity under benevolent Japanese leadership.

The fullest statement of GEA ideals is the Joint Declaration adopted by the Assembly of Greater East Asiatic Nations in November 1943. This five-point declaration, following a preamble announcing the hope of the countries of Greater East Asia of liberating themselves from "the yoke of British-American domination," reads as follows:

> "1. The countries of Greater East Asia through mutual cooperation will ensure the stability of their region and construct an order of common prosperity and well-being based upon justice.
>
> 2. The countries of Greater East Asia will ensure the fraternity of nations in their region, by respecting one another's sovereignty and independence and practicing mutual assistance and amity.
>
> 3. The countries of Greater East Asia by respecting one another's traditions and developing the creative faculties of each race, will enhance the culture and civilization of Greater East Asia.
>
> 4. The countries of Greater East Asia will endeavor to accelerate their economic development through close cooperation upon a basis of reciprocity and to promote thereby the general prosperity of their region.
>
> 5. The countries of Greater East Asia will cultivate friendly relations with all the countries of the world, and work for the abolition of racial discriminations, the promotion of cultural intercourse and the opening of resources throughout the world, and contribute thereby to the progress of mankind."

Within the framework of this announcement of intentions, the GEA Ministry set up political, economic, and cultural programs which were designed to secure the maximum cooperation from the conquered populations of Greater East Asia.

The GEA Ministry is organized in accord with the regional theory that supports the entire GEA concept. The Ministry is divided into five bureaus: the Secretariat, the General Affairs Bureau, the Manchurian Affairs Bureau, the China Affairs Bureau, and the Southern Affairs Bureau. Each bureau is charged with the administration in its own region of all GEA functions, which are defined as the execution of political affairs other than purely diplomatic affairs, the protection and supervision of Japanese commerce and Japanese nationals, the supervision of colonization, the administration of colonial enterprises, and the direction of cultural programs. GEA embassies and consulates in the various regions implement the authority of the bureaus.

In establishing the political administration of Greater East Asia the GEA Ministry gave the outward appearance of observing Article 2 of the Joint Declaration which promised mutual respect of "one another's sovereignty and independence." China, Burma, and the Philippines were "declared independent" by October 1943, and puppet governments were established. French Indochina was "declared an autonomous province." To present the appearance of respecting the political autonomy of those regions where "independence" was not granted, the GEA Ministry made a point of appointing a number of native administrators. In Java, for example, several native officials were made mayors of their municipalities. Also, the Ministry established institutes both in Japan and in the

GEA areas for training natives to be "leaders of their people." Behind this facade of autonomy and independence, however, the GEA Ministry has steadily maintained firm control of the political administration of the regions under its jurisdiction. The puppet regimes of China, Burma, and the Philippines were amenable to this control because of their dependence upon the Japanese Army for their security. The GEA Ministry in 1942 dispatched approximately 100,000 Japanese government officials to the southern regions to administer local governments. Furthermore, a number of institutes were created for the purpose of training Japanese officials "to direct local inhabitants." Somewhat less directly, Japanese already living in the southern regions were indoctrinated with the necessity for gaining the confidence and respect of the native populations. Finally, political associations modeled upon the Japanese pattern, such as the East Asia Assistance Association in North China, were established to aid in maintaining political control of the GEA areas.

Article 4 of the Joint Declaration promised that the nations of the GEA would "endeavor to accelerate their economic development through close cooperation upon a basis of reciprocity." The GEA Ministry interpreted this article to mean that the economy of the GEA should be centralized under the control of the Japanese. Accordingly, plans were made to divide the GEA into three industrial zones. The central or chief zone, comprising the Japanese Home Islands, was planned to engage in the manufacture of light machinery, precision instruments, chemical production, and the bulk of heavy industrial production. The second zone, including China and Manchuria, was to engage in certain heavy industries, mining, light metal production, and the production of power. The third zone, including all of the occupied territory of Southeast Asia, was primarily to deliver raw materials to the industrial areas but was to be permitted to engage in such manufacture as would benefit from proximity to raw materials, such as crude iron production and aluminum production. Fiscal policy was to make the Japanese yen the standard of all GEA currencies and the basis for all financial transactions. Under the direction of the GEA Ministry Japanese banks established over 200 branches in the southern regions, and 60 percent of all bank deposits in the area were deposited in Japanese-owned banks. Furthermore, the Special Wartime Corporation was established to finance and control the development of resources in the Philippines, Malaya, Borneo, the Celebes, East Indochina, and Burma.

The cultural program of the GEA Ministry has been diversified and energetic. Although lip service was paid to the policy of respecting the various cultures of the GEA, in actual practice the Ministry worked steadily to impose a considerable degree of Japanese culture upon the other members of the GEA. From the very beginning strenuous efforts were made to establish Japanese as the official language of the GEA. Large numbers of Japanese school teachers were sent overseas "to educate the younger generations of the southern regions through the guidance of Japanese culture." The GEA Ministry also arranged for the education in Japan of college and university students from the GEA. It

was estimated in September 1943 that there were 3,000 such students in Japan. At the same time the purpose of this educational program was made clear by the statement that in obtaining future foreign students "excellence in scholarship is important, but selection must also depend upon the suitability of the students to become leaders in the construction of the GEA."

In addition to formal classroom teaching, the GEA Ministry instituted a highly diversified program of cultural instruction. Cultural "institutes" and cultural "museums"—some of them, such as the one in Bangkok, luxurious and elaborate—were established for the purpose of displaying "correct" Japanese culture through exhibits, lectures, and motion pictures. Cultural "missions" made up of representatives from the GEA countries made three-month investigation tours of Japan. *A History of Greater East Asia,* a thousand-page volume requiring two years to write and edit, undertook to clarify "the position of Japan as leader of the GEA." Annual GEA Literary Conferences were held with the announced purpose of considering "practical" means for blotting out the influence of Anglo-American culture in East Asia. A GEA Musical Association, indicating the political possibilities of the cultural program, sponsored two new musical compositions, "The Burma Independence March," and "The Philippines Independence March."

The religious policy of the GEA Ministry was "to recognize all religions of Southeast Asia as they are, for the time being at least, and give them every possible aid and protection . . . while exercising constant efforts to guide them along a healthy path step by step." The goal to which this "healthy path" was to lead, according to one spokesman, was a common GEA "primitive religion" which would embrace Shintoism. For the benefit of the Buddhists in the GEA, the Japanese have emphasized that Buddhism is widely practiced in Japan. An East Asia Buddhist Research Institute was established in Tokyo and missions were sent abroad "to study the affairs of Buddhism in all parts of the GEA." The nonreligious aspects of these missions were emphasized by the announcement that one mission was to spend a year in Burma, Thailand, and the southern regions "to increase amity and cooperation among the natives."

The racial policy of the GEA Ministry was based upon the portion of Article 5 of the Joint Declaration which called for "the abolition of racial discriminations." The Ministry announced that this was to be "not mere mechanical equality," but a plan enabling "all peoples to live in contentment and peace." The dynamic idea expressed in this statement of intention, however, was put into practice on a relatively small scale. In Shanghai the foreign YMCA, formerly closed to Japanese and Chinese, was renamed "The GEA Home" and opened to "all GEA peoples." But the policy remained implicit in the entire GEA program aimed at "liberating the region from the yoke of British-American domination."

Despite the grandeur of the vision of a GEA, the popular appeal of the slogan "Asia for Asiatics," and the energy and diversity with which

the Japanese have sought to establish the GEA, the plan for joining nearly one billion people into a political, economic, and cultural union has been a failure. The most obvious source of this failure is the decline of Japanese military fortunes. Aside from the prospect of ultimate defeat, the necessity for fighting a bitter hemispheric war while attempting to establish the Pan-Asiatic ideal has been an impossible handicap for the Japanese. Military security prevented them from permitting any genuine autonomy among native populations; military necessity prohibited the establishment of any genuine economic reciprocity; military urgency interfered with their attempts to attain cultural understanding with the peoples of the GEA.

Another source of failure perhaps equally important was the lack of a unified motivation behind the GEA Ministry. The Ministry was dominated from its inception by Army leaders determined to exploit the ideology of Pan-Asia for immediate advantages. Its policy was inevitably two-sided. This dichotomy of purpose was perhaps reflected in the behavior of Japanese businessmen overseas who, despite the cautions of the GEA Ministry to be careful in their treatment of the people with whom they lived, saw in the GEA only an opportunity for economic exploitation. Also, despite their indoctrination, Japanese officials sent to administer GEA regions displayed a tendency to disregard the sensibilities of native peoples. Repeated warnings were sent out to these officials "not to show superiority even when they know they are superior." Japanese soldiers were even worse offenders in this respect and won a particularly bad reputation in Burma, where they desecrated religious shrines and mistreated Burmese ecclesiastics. Part of this misbehavior may be attributed to the inability of the average Japanese to perform the intellectual jugglery necessary to see that in conquering vast portions of the Asiatic continent and the South Seas he was fighting "a holy war" and establishing "an order of common prosperity and well-being based upon justice."

What future the plan for a GEA holds may well rest upon the degree of security and economic stability achieved in Asia after the war. The Japanese have recently been pleading that the exigencies of war forced them to exact certain requirements from the GEA member nations, but that the war had to be won in order to free the whole GEA from western imperialism. They have maintained that in the postwar world, regardless of Japan's victory or defeat, Japanese leadership in the GEA would assure independence, security, and economic stability. Although the peoples of the GEA who have been antagonized by Japanese domination during wartime may reject these promises now, they may turn to Japanese leadership at some future time if something approaching these promises is not forthcoming in the postwar settlement. Life in the GEA under Japanese supervision may seem less grim in retrospect, particularly when viewed in context with the Japanese promise of better things in the postwar world. Whether or not the Japanese are ever able to make another attempt at establishing a GEA, the dream of a Pan-Asia, an "Asia for Asiatics," will undoubtedly hold a potent appeal for the people of Asia.

Document 1945O

The Saipan Catholic Mission, by Fr. José Tardio, S.J.

Source: I believe my copy came from the TT Archives. I have edited this rough translation.
Note: Fr. Tardio arrived in the mission field in 1929. He spent one year in Truk (Tol I.), then he served two terms in Saipan (1930-35, 1937-47) and one in Rota (1935-37).

A brief account of the Saipan Mission

From the departure of the German Capuchin Missionaries in 1914 [rather 1919] until the capture of the Island by the Americans in 1944.

Because Japan had entered Worl War I on the side of the Allies, and against Germany, the Japanese soldiers forced the German Missionaries to leave the island, and for some years, Saipan was without any missionaries. When the European war ended in 1919, this island was included in the Japanese Mandate, as all the islands of the Marianas (except for Guam which had been an American possession before the war), along with the Carolines and the Marshalls.

When they took possession of the island, the Japanese military authorities called together the leading citizens of Saipan and said something like this: "These islands now belong to Japan. Have you any requests to make to the Tokyo government?" They answered: "We want missionaries, Catholic priests, either Japanese or German or of any other nation."

The Tokyo government attempted to send Japanese priests, but as these were few in number, and were needed in Japan, the Apostolic Delegate advised seeking help from the Pope. The commission sent to Rome included Admiral Yamamoto, a Catholic, and he obtained Spanish missionaries.

The first of these arrived on Saipan March 2, 1921; the first missionaries were Father de la Fuente and Brother Gregorio Oroquieta. During the first years, the authorities treated the missionaries very well, but after about 12 years their consideration was much less, and soon began a persecution of the Church; at first somewhat veiled, but gradually becoming more and more open until finally the children were forbidden to attend Sunday School and Sunday Mass.

During the week they could never come to Mass, for at the time of Mass (5 a.m.) the children were obliged to be at the Jinja, a Shinto temple, for the Taiso, which were gymnastic exercises. In school the teachers frequently spoke against the priest, against Christ and His Church, etc. One day a teacher saw a boy wearing the Scapular of the Virgin of Mount Carmel around his neck; he ripped it off and forbade anyone to wear such a thing in the future.

Other statements were: "The school is like the sun, the church like a wax candle. When our airplanes come, they will destroy the church, which is no more than a pigsty." On several occasions, I went to the teacher and asked him to permit the children to come to the church on First Fridays to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. This he granted but on the condition that they be present at the Jinta [sic] before [sic] Mass. Since the Mass now had to be at 4 a.m., this meant that those who wished to attend Mass had to rise at 3 a.m.; in spite of this condition, many came to Mass.

For many years, the Japanese had granted entrance to the missionaries who came from Spain as substitutes for the sick and dead, but from 1938 or 1939 onwards, no one was permitted to come. Things remained in this state until the war broke out in December 1941. Although in August of that year, we were forced to move out of the church, which was used as a depot for the Japanese Army, and from then on, we had to conduct all the services in the chapel of the school of the Sisters of Mercy.

The war with the United States and England began on December 8, 1941 and on the 9th the Japanese prohibited all public acts of religion. On the 10th at about 6 a.m. while I was preparing to go to the Sisters' chapel for a private mass, several Japanese policemen, and one Chamorro, came to my rectory and announced that we must all go to Government House. They also wanted Fr. Juan Pons to go, but when they saw that he could not move, as his legs were swollen and continually discharging, they permitted him to remain in the house with one boy (Fr. Pons had come from Rota on October 16th to cure his leg wounds). I and the Brother had to wait at Government House for an hour while they searched our house to see if they could find anything that would serve as a pretext to justify our detention, but they found nothing.

At about 7 a.m. the Sisters were brought to the Government House by the same policemen who had brought us, and then all of us were brought to the office of the Chief of Police; we stood, he sat, surrounded by a crowd of policemen and government officials. The Chief told us that the Father and the Brother were to be confined to their house and would not be permitted to leave for any reason whatsoever; the Sisters could go to the town of Garapan, but they could not leave the native quarter.

In order to scare us, they tried the same tactics they were accustomed to use to find out if the natives had stolen, or done anything which would deserve punishment. The Chief said that the Father and the Brother were confined to their house for some terrible things that they had done. I asked him what was this terrible thing we had done that needed correction. He seemed somewhat disconcerted, and answered: "Now is no time for discussing it. It's just because of the war. I will speak to the military authorities (they were in supreme command of the island) and I believe the detention will be brief—

a matter of three or four days." I asked if I could continue saying my daily Mass at the Sisters' school and he answered that I could. And then he dismissed us; it seemed as though he was in a hurry to close an incident that was embarrassing to him.

I continued saying Mass in the Sisters' chapel until December 23rd, 1941. That afternoon, the Brother and I were again called to Government House and forbidden to leave our rectory, even to say mass for the Sisters. And so, beginning on December 24th, Fr. Pons and I said mass in our own house. The Military authorities wished to separate us completely from the natives, as they believed we were spies, but the native policemen who were all Catholics, told the Chief of Police that this could not be done, as it was necessary to baptize the babies, bury the dead, marry couples, etc. At this, the natives were permitted to come to the rectory, but first they had to ask permission from the authorities, and get a pass for themselves and the godparents. The Sisters were permitted to come to mass in the rectory on Sundays, but accompanied by a Chamorro policeman who had to stay with them, and bring them back to their school afterwards.

On March 24th, a Japanese priest was named Apostolic Administrator of these Islands, and he persuaded the government to permit me to say one public mass a month in the Sisters' chapel; and also to permit me to visit any native who was seriously ill, provided that the family sent for me, and that a policeman accompanied me.

In October of 1942, the Governor was changed, and the new one was a bit more sensible. I went to see him and he persuaded the Military authorities to grant us greater freedom; this meant that I could visit all the sick, and say a public mass twice a month. Also, the natives were permitted to attend baptisms, and to talk with the priest without special permission from the Government.

When the American forces began the invasion of Italy in September of 1943, all the missionaries were again called to Government House and informed that in the future, there would be no public masses, and they must remain incommunicado in their houses "not because of anything we had done, but due to wartune exigencies."

On Febrary 23rd, 1944, the first American airplanes came, but they did not bomb the town of Garapan, but only military objectives. In March we were obliged to evacuate Garapan, which was now to be used exclusively by the Japanese soldiers. We were put in a tiny Chamorro house in the mountains, and the Sisters in native huts not far from us. Again in April we were obliged to leave these huts and go to a new site, where it was necessary to build houses for us. This change was made because from the first site, we could catch a glimpse of the sea, and the military authorities objected to our staying there; they believed we were spies, and they said we could communicate with the American ships which would arrive on this coast of the island.

We stayed at this new site of Chalan Galaide until June 11th, which was the first day of the shelling by the Americans; this shelling continued unceasingly until the Americans took the island. Although we were in the mountains, we were still prisoners and unable to communicate with the natives, just as we had been in Garapan. In the morning of the 11th, I had performed two baptisms and confirmations, but the American planes came over at 1 p.m. From 12th June until July 9th, I was unable to say mass; on

that day, I said an open-air mass at the concentration camp of Susupe. From the 12th to the 18th, we were confined in a shelter where we passed day and night without leaving for any reason at all.

On the night of the 18th, the Japanese police and one Chamorro policeman brought us to Mt. Tagpochau; we traveled some hours during the night, but we could not reach our destination, so we slept in a ravine. We made this change because the Chief of Police, who regarded us with a certain reverence, informed us that the Japanese soldiers wanted to kill us, for they had spread propaganda about us while we were in our shelter. On the 16th or 17th, some Japanese soldiers brought a suitcase full of plans and documents from Chalan Galaide and, unbeknownst to us, burned them in our oven.

On the 19th, although we had left Chalan Galaide, some Japanese MPs came to demand an accounting of these papers which we had burned. The natives who owned the field, the house and the oven, told them that the Father and the Sisters had not burned a single paper in the oven, but that the Japanese soldiers had done so; he and one of his relatives who was with him were witnesses to this. The enraged Japs shouted"You are a spy too, and we are going to kill you." He answered: "I am not a spy, and although you kill me, it will still be true that the Father and the Sisters burned nothing here; it was the Japanese soldiers." They asked for the key to enter his house, and when he said he had no key, they broke down the lock, entered and looked. When they left the house, they saw a bunch of bananas near the door, and they told the native they would take those too. He answered: "They are not mine, but the Father's." They shouted: "The Father is not going to live; he needs no bananas". Then they departed, and we continued our journey through the mountains.

On the 19th, the Japanese police placed us in an open field, beneath some trees, where we stayed, between two fires and in great danger, until the night of the 22nd. That night, the Father, the Brothers and the Sisters were forced to walk for about 5 hours until the police installed us in a place called Talofofo. We arrived exhausted, but were unable to sleep during the rest of the night which we passed on a steep hillside beneath some trees.

We were there on the 23rd, the most fateful day of the invasion. From about 6 p.m. we saw an American plane which broadcast that the fleet would start shelling our position. Almost immediately, 8 or 10 shells exploded near us; I threw myself on the ground and cried out without ceasing: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee." At that moment Sister Maria Angelica called to me: "Father, give me absolution, for a piece of the shell has wounded me in the back. I am bleeding freely." I absolved her.

By this time a fire had broken out on our mountain, and as the wind was in our direction, the fire was rapidly approaching where we were. "Let's get out of here," I said, and we all rose and hastened away from the fire. A young girl who was very devout and had been with the Sisters for some years with the intention of entering religion, noticed that Sister Genevieve had not moved. She thought the Sister was sleeping, so she called to her to get up and come with us, but the Sister did not answer, for she was dead. It was impossible to carry the corpse to another location, for the shells seemed to be fol-

lowing us, and we were forced to run, and take shelter on the other side of the mountain, where we found some caves in which we spent the night of the 23rd.

On the morning of the 24th, we went down to the river Talofofo and we spent the day on the other side under some trees, but it was no refuge, for a shell landed near us and killed three Japs. In the darkness of the night, we crossed the river to go to a cave of the Japanese police; it was very dark, and we frequently fell in the mud and in the river so that we were completely exhausted when we reached our refuge. The police who accompanied us now told us to seek shelter where we could, so in the night we made our way to a less dangerous spot. We passed the 25th on a hillside over against the hill where we had been the day before; there were many wounded Japs there. That night we moved again, this time to the refuge of the Jap police who brought us to Calavera, though we had to spend some three hours climbing and descending mountains. We spent the rest of the night in Calavera, and the whole day of the 26th on a hillside near the Jap cannon, where we were in great danger. The police moved us again on the night of the 26th, to a straw-roofed hut without doors or windows, where we seemed to be in less danger.

We remained here until the night of the 29th when we finally arrived at the farm of Remedios Castro, thanks to the young girl who was with the Sisters as a Postulant for the religious life; after God, we owe our lives to her. The police left us halfway there, for they were afraid, but Remedios knew the way, so we were able to sleep at her ranch that night. This was our salvation, for the police had lost sight of us, and in a short time they were unable to find us for the Americans had come between us.

From June 30th onwards, the Sisters, the Father and the Brother and one native were in two refuges which two Chamorro families (Remedios and Pedro Castro) had vacated for us. The Chamorros found shelter as they could, behind some large stones that were nearby. Here we stayed until the 8th of July when we were liberated by the Americans.

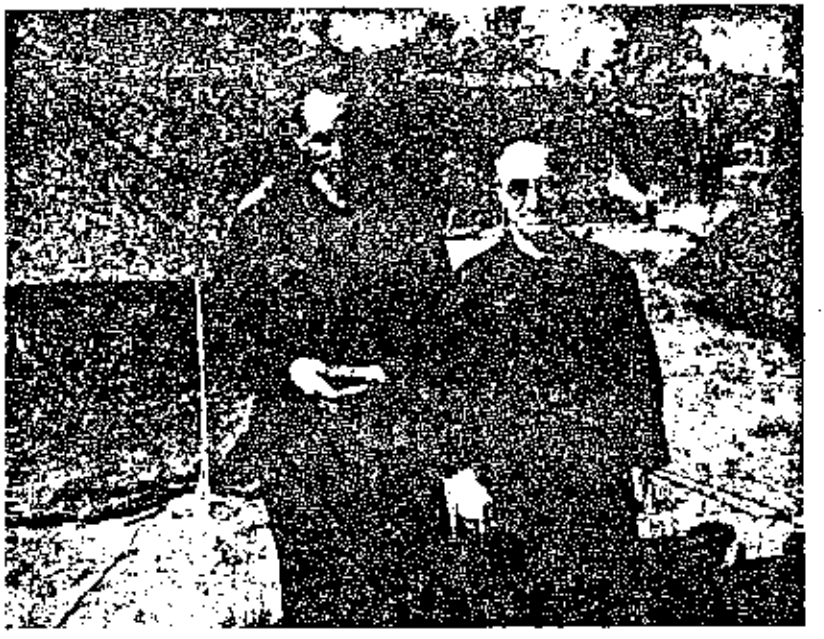
Until that day we had had some water, although it was not very good, and had to be rationed, but on that day we did not have a drop, and some of us drank salt water. About 8 or 9 a.m., the Americans came to where we were, and led us to a place of safety; they gave us whatever they had, water, chocolate, sugar, cheese, candy, etc. Then they brought us by truck to the Chamorro encampment where we received an extraordinary welcome, for all had thought us dead. There were about 3,000 natives there who had been liberated, like ourselves, by the Americans. We slept there safely, for we received every possible attention from the authorities and from every American.

Thanks to the attention and understanding we were able to recoup our shattered strength and to continue working as before for the natives, for we enjoy complete liberty in all our spiritual ministrations for the welfare of souls.

P.S. We mentioned above that the school teachers had spoken against the Church. Of the two principal offenders, one, the Director of the School, was taken to Japan for misconduct in the months of greater cold, January and February, and in a short time he began to spit blood. He wrote and begged for money from his friends and the school children, but it is believed that he died shortly after. The other was killed on June 20th during the invasion by the Americans, when a shell from one of the ships blew his head off.

A.M.D.G.

Clalan-Kanoa, March 1, 1946
José Ma. Tardio, S.J.
Missionary of Saipan



Fr. José Tardio (right) and Br. Gregorio Oroquieta. *This photo was taken in Camp Susupe shortly after their arrival in camp.*

Document 1945P

Camp Susupe, Saipan—Official record

Source: An official report entitled "Camp Susupe: A Photographic Record of the Operation of Military Government on Saipan," compiled from available sources by Military Government Section, Navy 3245, FPO San Francisco.

Note: The photos accompanying this report are unfortunately not of sufficient quality to be reproduced here. I could not get a better copy.

[Attached]

[1944-45].

This is the story of military government on Saipan. It is not the whole story, for that would include countless details and fabulous statistics. But it is the essential story. It has the feel of the times. It shows graphically the efforts of an always well-meaning, if at times mistaken, group of men, striving to preserve lives and restore the normal existence of the hapless victims of war on Saipan—and, in so doing, to serve their basic objective of furthering the military ends of the United States. The degree to which this has been possible of achievement has been considerably curtailed by the character of the operations securing Saipan and by the development of Saipan as a military base. To the men responsible for the successful prosecution of the war against Japan, military government bulks smallest in their strategical considerations. And rightly so. Yet because we are Americans, and hence will not exterminate whole groups of innocent civilians, the problem of maintaining them in such a way that they will in no wise prejudice military operations becomes an essential if a minor problem in any operation. That is the raison d'être of military government. How it has been able to operate on Saipan is the story told by these pictures.

They carry the narrative from the moment of the first bombardments to the point reached in physical and moral rehabilitation at the time of writing. They show the magnitude of destruction confronting civil affairs officers when they came ashore. They probably fail to convey the pressing urgency of providing the barest essentials for maintaining the lives of war-chastened civilians, just as they fail to show the tireless and at times desperate devotion of officers and men to this demanding duty. But what they delineate most clearly is the progress which has been made, sometimes under the most trying conditions, in the various aspects of this task. Perhaps one can sense the astoundingly high morale which pervades even the Japanese people, under conditions certainly worse in some respects than those to which they had become accustomed before war struck Saipan. The initial surprise at humane treatment has apparently given way to a realization that the military government is doing its utmost for civilian welfare. And this in turn, without compromising a strong Japanese patriotism, has led to commendable cooperation of the vanquished with the victors. In this picture of surprising felicity there are of course smudges and discolorations; but on a canvas painted under such adverse circumstances, perfection is not to be sought.

Mistakes have certainly been made. Were this not so, it would be a matter for comment, for this was the first operation in which Japanese civilians in any numbers fell under the military government administration of the United States. At times the officers of the military government have tended to submerge positive action in a welter of organization, losing sight of their basic aims. On the other hand there has been the inevitable jockeying for position, as the Japanese, particularly those of leadership calibre, have sought to find the point to which they might go without running afoul of the stern might of the United States. Too often inconsistencies of policy and action made this point hard to discover. But the general elasticity of the administration, perhaps an unmilitary characteristic, has always prevented serious trouble. Although there was at first a lamentable hesitation to give the civilians the degree of self-government, in economic and social as well as administrative affairs, of which they were clearly capable, the wisdom of this course has now generally recommended itself. One beholds the commendable retirement of civil affairs activities to the more or less supervisory functions of true military government. Whether the logical end to the process will ever be seen on Saipan is highly problematical. For the plans for the development of Saipan as a base inevitably restrict the civilian population to a closely circumscribed area. Within this, however, much can be done.

[1944]

This history of military government on Saipan can be divided into three periods: the Marine assault period, lasting from 15 June to 9 July; the emergency period, running concurrently, from 20 June to the middle of August; and the development period, in which the greatest strides were made for the material and moral well-being of the people.

Qualitatively the problem of military government on Saipan has been complicated by the existence of three major groups of civilians. Of these, the Koreans, numbering a little more than 1,350, have a special politico-judicial status as nationals of a state which will be reconstituted "in due course after the war"; the Chamorros, numbering, with the Carolinians, about 3,000, are not considered enemy aliens, but rather the rightful inhabitants of the island; the Japanese, numbering some 13,800 of whom 78% are Okinawans, (the balance being mainland Japanese) are ene-

my aliens enjoying a clear status under international law. From the start the Chamorros have been kept separate from the others, and very soon thereafter the Koreans were placed in an enclosure apart. Among the Japanese themselves, the distinction between Okinawans (largely peasants and mill workers) and Naichijin (the professional, government, and entrepreneur group from the mainland) is far more one of social and economic position. No doubt can be cast upon the essential loyalty of the Okinawans to the Japanese Empire, as among these various "national" groups individual relationships have been cordial and group relationships seldom strained. No major problem has been raised by this situation.

The first representatives of military government on Saipan came ashore during the height of the assault. They were Marine Officers and men, specialists in assault civil affairs, who had received their baptism of fire in the Gilberts and Marshalls. These seven officers and four men were attached to combat divisions and moved with the troops. Their chief duty was to handle the civilians as they came through the fighting lines, and, in the later phases of the operation, to direct the bringing in of civilians from the hills to a place of safety. These places were temporary holding camps established behind the lines. Operations dictated that they be placed at first along the beaches where maximum safety was purchased at the price of highly unsatisfactory conditions of cleanliness, quiet and sanitation. Six of these stockades were established in the first five days of the operation, five by Marines and one by the participating Army division. Of these, one later became what is now Camp Susupe. As the front moved north other temporary camps were established just behind the lines.

With the inclusion of Garapan within the territory held by our troops, another function, that of safeguarding civilian installations, records, and property, became the responsibility of the military government. An advanced station was set up in Garapan by the Marines for this purpose, and the functions were carried out by these officers and by Navy civil affairs officers. The situation which greeted these officers was completely discouraging, for Garapan was a scene of desolation and destruction. While the original plans had called for sparing the city, the Japanese use of well-constructed Garapan as a virtual fortress made its destruction by naval gunfire and aerial bombardment a tactical necessity.

Throughout the operation the rescue of civilians remained the greatest part of Marine civil affairs operations and in many ways, the most difficult. For the Japanese particularly (the Koreans and Chamorrus had been less indoctrinated by Japanese propaganda) there was only the assurance of sudden or lingering death if taken by the barbaric Americans, and many chose death at their own hands or resistance to the end. This immeasurably complicated the Marines' task in both the operational and civil affairs aspects, and certainly accounts for the unusually heavy civilian loss of life through the operation. Those who did surrender did so only in a stoical acceptance of inevitable death—and were dazed and surprised at the good treatment they received. Every effort was made to save the civilians, even at considerable risk to combat troops, and towards the close of the campaign, the civilians daily filtering behind American lines had to be numbered in the thousands.

The senior military government officer on the island during this period was Capt. G. E. Sage, USN, under whom Lt.Col. D. M. Winder, USMCR directed Marine civil affairs activities. The Navy military government personnel as it came in functioned at first under the direction of the Marine military government command, later reverting to Navy command. For a short time at the end of June, the civilian camp was placed under the direction of Lt. Col. Skidmore, A.U.S. When the island was officially declared secured on 8 July, the Marines withdrew from all but specialized military government functions and the Navy took over completely.

Much has doubtless been learned from this operation which can be useful for subsequent operations. Too often man, in working for the future, takes too little account of the past. The Saipan experience, as set forth in these pictures and comments, will never be duplicated. But if its lessons go unheeded the difficulties of subsequent efforts at military government will be needlessly enhanced. The account set forth here is in no wise a boost of things accomplished; a just appraisal is attempted. It is presented as an unvarnished account, made accurate by photography, of the good and the bad in the military government of Saipan.

Document 1945Q

Directive of Admiral Spruance, dated 12 December 1945

Sources: Admiral Raymond Spruance, "U.S. Military Government, Pacific Ocean Areas." Letter of 12 December 1945, Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas, Honolulu; reproduced in Hezel's Winds of Change.



Admiral Raymond A. Spruance,

)irective of 12 December 1945.

1. Military government in the Pacific Ocean Areas was es-ıblished by reason of military necessity to further our mili-ıry objectives, its stated mission was: to relieve the tactical ɔrces of the necessity for administering the affairs of the civil ɔopulation, to make avaiable to our forces the labor and conomic resources of the area; to maintain law and order ,mong the civilian populations; to administer emergency re-ief; and to restore the civilian populations to the highest de-ɡree of self-sufficiency that the exigencies of the military ituation would permit.

2. With the cessation of hostilities, military government continues to administer the occupied territories until such time as a permanent civil government has been provided by duly constituted authority. During the interim, it shall be the mission and duty of U.S. naval military government to give effect to the announced policies of the United States by the physical restoration of damaged property and facilities, the continued improvement of health and sanitation; the early establishment of self-governing communities, the institution of a sound program of economic development of trade, industry, and agriculture along lines which will assist them in achieving the highest possible level of economic independence; and the establishment of an educational program adapted to the capabilities of the islanders and to local environments and designed to assist in the early achievement of the foregoing objectives.

3. Military government is a command function and responsibility for its mission devolves upon the several Area, Atoll and Island commanders within the limits of their commands. The principles herein set forth are to be considered as a general guide for

the commanders concerned, subject to modifications in particular localities.

4. According to a dispatch of 28 November 1945, it was authorized and directed that certain materials, supplies and equipment be transferred to military government for present and future construction and for sale as trade goods through military government or USCC [U.S. Commercial Company] trade stores. Included within the terms of the dispatch are materials necessary for the construction of permanent government facilities such as administration buildings, schools, hospitals, dispensaries, trade stores, warehouses, and quarters for government personnel in outlying localities, such as Yap and Ponape. Area commanders are directed to review present and future needs of their areas with respect to these and similar features so that materials currently available may be collected into a building program which will be initiated when available labor and other considerations permit. In this manner it is anticipated that the need for future appropriations for island governments may be held to a minimum.

5. Concerning the sale of materials for reconstruction of private dwellings and the restoration of facilities for trade, industry and agriculture, it is recognized that the type and volume of items required will vary in different localities according to the needs of the inhabitants and their ability to pay. A letter of 1 November 1945 gave Area commanders discretionary powers in establishing sale prices of trade goods so as to offset landed costs. The same discretion will be employed in arriving at the selling price of materials intended for sale. In this connection, the Navy has been designated as the agency within the Pacific Ocean Areas to dispose of certain types of surplus property by donation to charitable institutions. In making such disposal, consideration should be given to missions, churches and similar charitable institutions for surplus materials as may be suitable and available for their purposes.

6. The current program for improvement in health and sanitation shall be continued and extended to newly-occupied areas. It is desired that the facilities of the Medical Training Center on Guam be used to the utmost for the training of islanders as medical practitioners and nurses. Instruction in hygiene and sanitation shall be included in the educational program.

7. It is desired that the inhabitants of the occupied territories be granted the highest degree of self-government that they are capable of assimilating. They shall be encouraged and assisted to assume as much as possible of the management of their own affairs and the conduct of their own government. Insofar as practicable, local governments should be patterned on the politico-social institutions which the inhabitants have evolved for themselves. Military government ordinances and regulations should give due weight to local traditions and customs. Legislation and its enforcement machinery should be held to the minimum needed for the preservation of peace and order, the maintenance of property rights, the enforcement of measures for health and sanitation, and laws respecting trade, industry and labor which are essential to economic well-being.

8. Indiscrimate exploitation of the meagre resources of the area is to be avoided. Trade and industry should be encouraged along lines whih directly benefit the inhabi-

tants by providing for their physical needs and material well-being and which are of such a nature that ultimate ownership and management can be transferred into their hands. The establishment, for the profit of aliens, of enterprises which tend to maintain the island economy at the level of cheap labor and which do not permit the islanders to enjoy the full benefits of their own labor shall not be tolerated.

9. The U.S. Commercial Company has been designated as the federal agency which is to provide trade goods, to purchase and market handicraft and copra, and to conduct other commercial enterprises as may be appropriate. This is an interim arrangement until such time as islanders in the various localities are in a position to carry on these functions on their own account. In the Marshalls, trade stores on certain atolls have been sold to Marshallese cooperatives. It is desired that this practice be continued wherever practicable.

10. In those areas in which the inhabitants are agriculturally minded, they should be encouraged and assisted in bettering their methods of agriculture and in increasing the yield. In areas where the islanders are not so inclined, consideration shall be given to the importation of trees and plants which, while requiring little cultivation, will increase the food supply or will provide materials for construction and handicraft.

11. The type and extent of educational facilities will vary in different localities according to local needs and the capabilities of the islanders. The primary consideration is a system which will benefit the many and which will assure progressive development of each community along lines which will raise their standards by improvement in health and hygiene, in methods of food production, and in the nature of the food supply, and which will equip them to conduct their own government and to manage trade and industry.

12. Educational programs shall foster and encourage instruction in the local language and history and in the arts and crafts. Instruction in the English language for islanders of all ages is a prime necessity but this is not to be considered as discouraging instruction in the local languages and culture. Vocational training in trades, skills, agriculture and home-making as suited to particular locales should be geared to the capacities of the islanders.

13. Current and prospective shortages of military government teachers demand that maximum employment be given to islanders who are now available and that programs for training additional teachers be instituted as soon as possible.

14. The establishment of agricultural experimental and demonstration projects is anticipated at a future date. These projects should be used for education in agriculture and animal husbandry. The Medical Training Center on Guam will soon be available for the training of islanders as medical practitioners and nurses. Local military government hospitals should be used for the training of islanders as corpsmen and nurses' aides. Educational facilities on Guam can be made available for the higher education of those individuals who demonstrae a capability for advanced work and who should be considered candidates for teachers and government officials.

Document 1945R

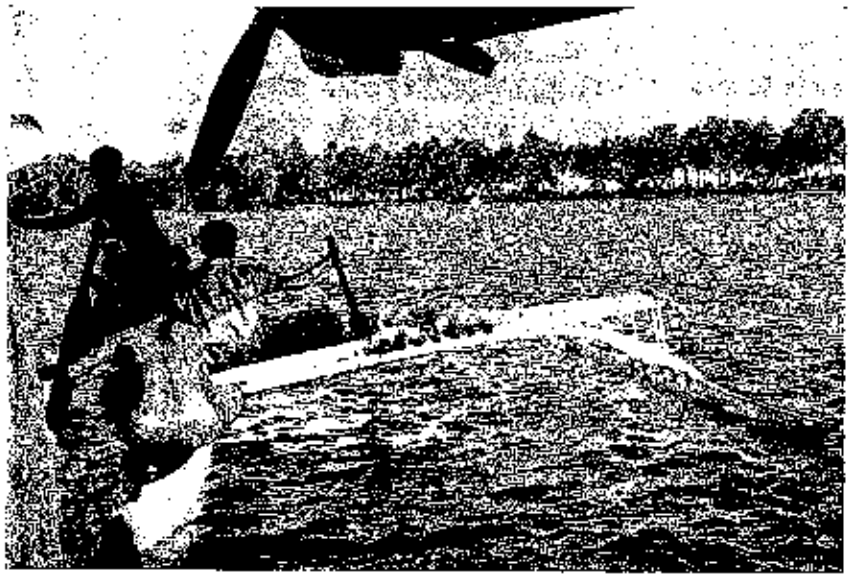
Mission to Micronesia, by Harold St. John

Source: Article in Paradise of the Pacific, April 1946.

[Attached]

Mission to Micronesi

By Harold St. John, University of Hawa



Canoe in which the scientists debarked from the navy PBM at Arno Atoll in the Marshall Islands.

IT WAS LIKE STEPPING from the twentieth century back into the eighteenth. The giant PBM flying boat furnished by the Navy for a special trip splashed to a stop in the blue lagoon of Aur Atoll in the Marshall Islands. In a few minutes outrigger canoes were racing out from the island shore. They were paddled into position under the high fuselage of the PBM, and one by one, four University of Hawaii scientists lowered themselves into the slim canoes. The paddlers bent, their muscles rippled, and their short, quick strokes into the clear blue water of the lagoon sped the canoes toward the coral sand beach. At the surf's edge, sturdy but slender dark-brown islanders crowded round the visitors. The latter had no need to glance back at the PBM to remind themselves that they were stepping into a primitive society.

The four University scientists were John F. Embree, anthropologist; Raymond E. Murphy, geographer; Harvey I. Fisher, zoologist; and Harold St. John, botanist. They were the staff of a scientific reconnaissance expedition sent to Micronesia by the University of Hawaii with the cooperation of the U. S. Navy. Sixteen islands of the Caroline, Marshall, and Marianas groups were visited on this trip which lasted from December 14, 1945 to January 5, 1946.

It was the purpose of members of the party to evaluate research opportunities on the various islands and to prepare recommendations for an expanded future program of study. These aims were fulfilled, but in addition to the constant work of scientific reconnaissance, incidental pleasures cropped up on several of the islands. One such highlight was dinner with the king of Tabal Islet, Aur Atoll.

At the invitation of King Lanwe of Tabal, the scientists assembled in mid-afternoon to find a table spread for a repast of chicken, breadfruit, rice, papaya and coconut water. The king did not sit with his guests. He stood by and saw that all went well. He provided each of the guests with a young girl who stationed herself behind each chair. Thoughout the banquet she stood and fanned with a breadfruit leaf. This was cooling and drove off the flies.

Typical native construction of pandanus thatch huts on Aur Atoll in the Marshall Islands.



Scientists Survey Central Pacific Islands Prepare Recommendations for Future Study

On the island which forms one side of beautiful Lele Harbor, Kusaie, members of the expedition witnessed a momentous Christmas celebration. During Japanese military occupation, natives of Kusaie had been enslaved in agricultural serfdom and forced to live in plantation camps and spend long days in cultivation of sweet potatoes and cassava. Now Kusaie was liberated, the last of 4000 Japanese troops had been evacuated, and Lele Island was being repopulated. One of the first community projects of these people who have long been Christians, was the construction of a thatch church to replace the one that had become unfit for use during the war years.

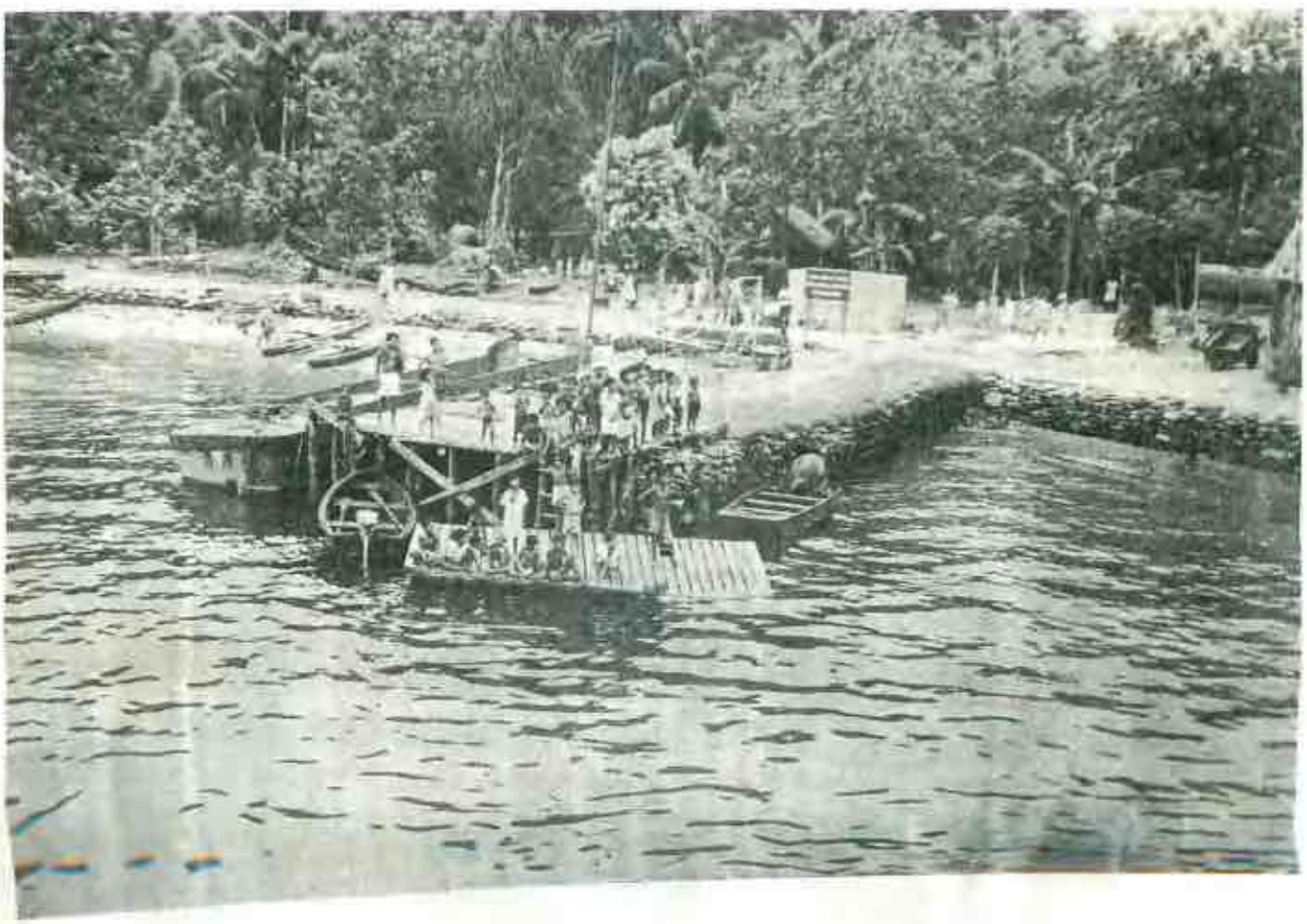
Christmas was the first important church festival since liberation, and with the added inspiration of a new church, the Kusaie islanders gathered on Lele, coming by canoe from all directions. The celebration began with a great service in the new church. Festivities continued after the service with a community banquet which was followed by a period of social conversation and rest. Early evening found many natives asleep on the ground, but activity soon resumed and serenading was to be heard throughout the village until four o'clock in the morning.

The scientific party returned to Hawaii enthusiastic over the possibilities for detailed research in Micronesia. Though some areas have been wholly devastated by war, others are well-preserved and are worthy of extensive attention. The aim of the University's proposed program of Micronesian research will be to make the social, biological and physical features of these southwest Pacific islands known to the English-speaking world.



The new church on Lele island, Kusaie, built after liberation from the Japs.

The landing pier on Lele, Kusaie. The structures at the right house officers of the military government.



Document 1946A

The U.S. Commercial Company's Economic Survey of Micronesia

Source: Official paper in various archives.

[Attached]

U.S.Commercial Company's Economic Survey of Micronesia, 1946.

The U.S.Commercial Company (U.S.C.C.) was a branch of the wartime Foreign Economic Administration, and had been active in Pacific Islands since 1942, assisting in the development of local economic resources and in the supply and support of island civilian economies. It undertook a survey of the former Japanese Mandated Islands in 1946, in order to assist Naval Military Government. Dr. Douglas L. Oliver was the Director of the survey and the specialists who participated were as follows:

Dr. Elmer Alpert, nutritionist, U.S.Public Health Service.
Dr. William R. Bascom, anthropologist, Northwestern University
Dr. Josiah Bridge, geologist, Department of the Interior.
Mr. Edwin H. Bryan, Jr., geographer, USCC.
Dr. F. R. Fosberg, botanist, USCC.
Commander E. E. Gallahue, economist, on leave from Department of Agriculture.
Mr. P. A. Gantt, animal husbandry specialist, USCC, on leave from U. of Hawaii.
Dr. E. T. Hall, Jr., anthropologist, University of Denver.
Mr. E. Y. Hosaka, botanist, University of Hawaii.
Mr. Richard Lyman, agronomist, USCC.
Dr. H. G. MacMillan, agriculturist, USCC.
Mr. W. D. Mark, mining engineer, Reconstruction Finance Corporation.
Mr. L. E. Mason, anthropologist, Department of State.
Mr. R. G. Oakley, entomologist, Department of Agriculture.
Dr. Douglas L. Oliver, special representative, Pacific Ocean areas, USCC.
Dr. K. J. Pelzer, geographer, Department of Agriculture.
Dr. A. M. Piper, water resources geologist, Department of Interior.
Mr. J. C. Ripperton, agronomist, Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station.
Mr. O. C. Rogers, soils scientist, Department of Agriculture.
Mr. R. O. Smith, fisheries specialist, Department of Interior.
Dr. H. K. Townes, entomologist, Department of Agriculture.
Mr. Howard Trueblood, economist, USCC.
Dr. John Useem, sociologist, University of Wisconsin.

Technical assistance in the field was furnished by Mr. Paul Breese, Mr. Kaoru Uyehara, Mr. Clarence Wong, Mr. Anthony Aki, Mr. Simon Provincher, and by members of the field staff of the USCC stationed throughout the islands.

Under the leadership of Mr. Richard B. Black, some of the specialists visited the principal in an LCI loaned by the Navy. Others, including all the social scientists, traveled separately according to their needs or remained in one location for the duration of the survey. (The foregoing has been condensed from the introduction to Planning Micronesia's future, edited by Douglas L. Oliver, published by Harvard University Press, 1951, which summarizes the survey.)

REPORT OF THE SURVEY:

The Reports of this survey were prepared in typescript in a number of volumes and parts. Mimeographed copies were made of certain parts; but the series was never published. A microfilm of all parts is preserved in the Library of Congress. One of the series of typescript volumes is preserved in the Library of Bernice P. Bishop Museum. The following is a checklist of these volumes and parts.

Vol. 1. Summary of findings and recommendations. 148 pp., map.
Includes discussion of the geography and human setting; basis needs and resources, including land (pp.24-28) and land use (29-38); income, institutional needs, and conclusions.

Vol.2, Part 1. Geographic summary of Micronesia and notes on the climate of Micronesia, by E. H. Bryan, Jr. 102 pages,+ various tabulations. Discusses location, topography, vegetation, fauna, areas of islands, population figures 1920, 1935, ~~1935~~, 1945; expanded notes on the Northern Mariana Islands; the climate as a whole and by areas; a bibliography of climatic data; 22 tables, 3 figures and a map.

Part 2. Gazetteer of place names in the former Japanese Mandated Islands of Micronesia and the island of Guam. The pages are not numbered. A systematic tabulation of place names by islands is followed by an alphabetical index, keyed to the tables, about 8,300 names are correlated.
Part 3. Atlas of Micronesia. Uniform scale of 1:200,000.

Vol. 3, Part 1. Mineral resources of Micronesia, by Josiah Bridge. 104 pp., 3 maps, 1 diagram, 27 photographs. Summary by kinds of mineral: phosphate, bauxite, and others; a more detailed discussion by areas: North and South Marianas, Yap, Fais, Palau, and Eastern Carolines (Truk, Ponape, Kusaie).
Part 2. Mineral resources of Micronesia, by William D. Mark. 66 pp., 4 maps, 56 photographs. Discusses: Guam minerals, phosphate and manganese deposits on Rota; copper on Yap; phosphate on Fais, Angaur, Sonsorol and Tobi.

Vol. 4. Water resources of Guam and the Ex-Japanese mandated islands in the Western Pacific, by Arthur N. Piper. 117 pp., 30 maps and photographs. Water supply on islets of atolls and barrier reefs; water resources of the "high" islands, by islands.

Vol. 5. The economy of the Mariana Islands, by Edward E. Gallahue. 101 pp. + 8 pp. appendages, 80 photographs. Summarizes climate, topography, and the economy of the people.

Vol. 6. Report on Yap, Palau, and the lesser islands of the western Carolines, by John Useem. 124 pp., 2 maps, 26 photographs. Yap family budgets (60 pp.) and Palau family budgets (42 pp.) and other statistical tables.

Vol. 7. The economy of the Truk islands, an anthropological and economic survey, by Edward T. Hall and Karl J. Pelzer. 114 pp., 12 maps, 84 photographs. Topography, climate, the people, their culture, technology, consumption and requirements, property, labor, resources (agricultural and marine), industrial resources; policy consideration, proposed economy of the future, summary of recommendations. Under land, discusses topography with respect to resources, production and transportation.

Vol. 8. Ponape, a Pacific economy in transition, by William R. Bascom. 287 pages, 226 photographs. Discusses relation of climate to effective manpower, production and resources; the same for topography. The people: population data; consumption and requirements; native consumption pattern, consumer goods, shelter, services, preferences, habits, taboos. Native requirements: principles, needs; property, its ownership and transfer; labor; resources: agricultural, fisheries, pastoral, hunting, forestry, industry. Conclusions; proposed economy of the future.

Vol. 9. The economic organization of the Marshall Islands, by Leonard E. Mason. 150 pp., 2 maps (Marshall Is., Arno I.), 55 photographs. Discusses: the land, climate, topography. The people: their population, history, cultural data; consumption and requirements; property: land tenure, by native, German, Japanese, and American administration; movable and intangible property; labr: for wages, cooperative, specialized, copra. Resources: copra, handcraft; policies and proposed economy. Documents concerning sale and transfer of Likiep I.

Vol.10. Survey of the fisheries of the former Japanese Mandated Islands, by Robert O. Smith. 72 pp., maps, 50 photographs. Field surveys (1946) by island groups: Marshalls, Carolines, Marianas; description of fisheries: bonito, Japanese tuna, sponges, pearl shell, sea cucumbers, trocus shell; by areas: Truk, Saipan beach seining; sea turtles, poison fish. Summary and recommendations; index to fish families and native names; references.

Vol.11. Report on agricultural conditions in Micronesia, by Howard G. MacMillan. 52 pp. By areas: Marshall Islands, low islands of the Eastern Carolines, high islands of the eastern and central Carolines, Western Carolines, Mariana Islands. Agriculture in relation to soils; plant introduction, quarantine and revegetation. Pests and their control (insects, rodents). Possibilities of meat and copra production; experiment stations and agricultural instruction; tree crops for island planting.

Vol.12. Report on soils of Micronesia, by Oliver C. Rogers. 21 pp.,10 photographs, generalized soil maps of Rota and Tinian. By areas: Guam, Rota, Tinian, Saipan, Eniwetok, ~~Kwajalein~~ Majuro, Truk.

Vol.13, Part 1. Botanical report on Micronesia, by F. R. Fosberg. 350 pages. Appraisal of botanical research needed; research and experiment stations; preservation of natural areas; soil conservation; forestry and conservation of timber resources; specific suggections for USCC action. Historic summary of Micronesian botany; vegetation of Micronesia by associations: mangrove swamps, strand vegetation, of raised limestone, coastal plain, lower primary forest, forest on slopes, montale rain- and cloud-forests, dwarf vegetation of open crests, grassland; summary by islands; basic economic plants of Micronesia: list of forage plants, ornamentals, weeds, native names of Micronesian plants; bibliography of Micronesian botany. (Also in manuscript: Annotated systematic list of plants collected.) Photographic supplement.

Vol.13, Part 2. Botanical report, by E.Y.Hosaka. 68 pp., numerous photographs, Itinerary, ecology of plants; future of Micronesian agriculture; specific recommendations for Guam, Rota, Tinian, Saipam, Palau, Truk, Ponape, Yap, Ulithi, Kapingamarangi, Nukuoro, Eniwetok. Annotated list of useful plants of Micronesia.

Vol.14, A. Results of an entomological inspection tour of Micronesia, by Henry Townes. 53 pp., 25 photographs. Introduction; notes on:- a destructive grasshopper, vertebrate enemies of insects, biological control of pests, effects of DDT; African snail; wild life preserves; arthropods of medical interest; Micronesian terrestrial arthropods.

Vol.14, B. Entomological observations on the Marshall, Carpline and Mariana Islands, by Richard G. Oakley, Entomologist. 82 pages. Objectives of the survey, procedure, itinerary; survey results. Entomological observations by islands, crops and species of insects:- Marianas, Western Carolines, Central Carolines, eastern Carolines, Marshalls. Discussion of certain insects found important during the survey, suggested control, quarantine procedure; suggestions for insecticidal, biological control, and quarantine; summary, conclusions, recommendations; literature cited.

Vol.15. Livestock survey of Micronesia, by Paul A. Gantt. 137 pp., 118 photographs, maps. Describes areas and notes shortage of livestock. Situation regarding hogs, cattle, poultry, goats, carabao, horses, rabbits; their feed; need for government help. Summary of livestock by islands; notes army animal disease investigation; account of parasites by Dr. Joseph E. Alicata. Gives pre-war livestock census figures.

Vol.16. Report on the Marshalls, Carolines and Marianas by Richard Lyman, Jr., Agronomist. 32 pages [photographic supplement missing]. General description of regions; past and present agricultural conditions; basic crop patterns, tools and methods of native agriculture; native handicraft; common insect pests in the Marianas; recommendations.

Vol.17. Some agricultural aspects of Micronesia, by J. C. Ripperton, Agronomist. General agricultural aspects; he considers Micronesia an economic liability. Suggests the production of fresh food and animal products for local consumption; also, of native and commercial products; the population in relation to land use; subsistence economy; need for study and research. Notes on food crops, soilage and grazing crops, physiographic classification and agricultural use of the land in Guam, Tinian and Saipan.

Vol.18. Nutrition and dietary patterns of Micronesia, by Elmer Alpert, M.D. 23 pp. Methods of study of dietary inadequacy and related aspects; Appraisal of nutritional status by areas; dietary patterns by areas. Discussion and recommendations.

Vol.19. Selected bibliography of Micronesia, compiled by the Research Section. 272 pages.

Vol. 20. Translations of selected Japanese documents. 64 pages.

- Fauna of injurious unsects by T. Ezaki (9 pp.)
- Rota Sugar Mill Agricultural Research Department, Report # 6, Rice pests on Rota.
- 12th report of Director of Rona Experiment Station. Soils of Rota.
- Well-drilling on Tinian, by Masachi Kobayashi.
- Geology of Saipan, by Kisaburo Tayama.
- Geology of Tinian, by Kisaburo Tayama.
- Saipan vegetable products, Chamorro Farmers Cooperative Association, 1945.

Document 1946B

U.S.C.C. Economic Survey—Field Notes taken in Truk by Karl J. Pelzer

Source: Manuscript in PSIC, Bishop Museum, Honolulu.
Note: This is only one of many examples of similar studies. I have selected this one because it covers many subjects of historical interest, not just agriculture.

Truk Islands

Visit to the Island of Dublon—May 10, 1946.

Mr. Sproat, USCC Representative in Truk had to visit the USCC farm on Dublon and he invited me to accompany him. All American Forces are on the Island of Moen while the Japanese have still the run of the island of Dublon, the island which was their stronghold in Truk during the war. When Japan surrendered there were some 40,000 Japanese in Truk -most of them belonged to the navy. Under the surrender agreement the J. became "Disarmed Military Personnel" and not P.O.W. This saved the U.S. Army the task of building stockades for 40,000 men and of supplying them with food. Instead the Japanese ran their own affairs, cared for their own food supply. The Japanese who worked for the U.S. Army were paid 16 yen per day. By now, about 37,000 J. have been shipped back to Japan. About 2,100 are still working for the Army and Navy on the Island of Moen and 700 are still on Dublon which has **no** American Forces whatsoever. The Japanese in Truk are under the orders of a Vice Admiral who has under him at least 3 Rear Admirals.

We used a Japanese launch and rode from Baker Dock on the northwest side of Moen to the pier of the Japanese Fourth Fleet on the northwest side of Dublon. The only other passengers were 4 Marines and Marine Captain Logan, the Assistant Provost Marshall of Moen. Logan had orders to arrest a Japanese Captain and bring him to the jail on Moen. He and his men were taken by Japanese staff cars to the Japanese Army Hospital, while Sproat and I walked for half a kilometer to the former 85th Japanese Submarine Base on the west side of Dublon.

The Submarine Base has been turned into a USCC farm. Mr. Sproat was in charge of the farm when Mr. Lyman was USCC Representative in Truk. The farm is now under care of Jap. Lt. S. Takenaka—former student of business at the University of Osaka,

for more than a year in charge of the auxiliary (emergency) seaplane base at Kapin-ga-marangi from where he and his 18 men were evacuated by seaplane early in 1945— and some 48 Trukese laborers. In contrast to the USCC farm in Guam, the Dublon farm uses relatively more hand labor and less mechanical equipment. The farm produces above all corn (USDA 34) for the Armed Forces. A great deal of the land was under sweet potatoes—the emregency food of the Japanese in Truk since May 1944 (date of the arrival of the last Japanese convoy). A great many bomb craters had to be filled in before the land was ready for planting.

Saw a large field of corn about ready to be harvested. Corn is highly appreciated by officers and men on Moen who are always hungry for fresh provisions. Corn has to be sprayed at regular intervals in order to control insect pests. Some of the rows looked very sickly and were stunted in their growth due to poor drainage. Corn cannot stand "wet feet". The corn had been planted on March 8 and was therefore just 2 months old and about ready to be harvested. Sproat and I had fresh corn for lunch prepared in the galley of the living quarters of the Commander of the old Sub-Base. The house was built in Japanese style—veranda, sliding doors—very airy. We took our shoes off before entering the quarters.

Lt. Takenaka phoned Fourth Fleet Headquarters and got a 4-door sedan for us. By car we went around the island back to the Fourth Fleet Base.

South of the USCC Farm lies what is left of the Fourth Fleet Repair Department and of the town of Porc. Drove to the dock of the Fish Cannery at Cape Chare. Cannery was heavily damaged by bombs and is completely deserted. The cold storage facilities were still in operations at the time of the surrender but the Jap. owner was evacuated in January of this year. I understand that all activity stopped at Cape Chare at that time. Native motor launch (N 67) at the pier of the Cannery. On the walls of the Cannery Japanese war slogan "Make more products".

From Cape Chare we moved sslong the south coast of Doblon past the ruins of the warehouses in which the Japs used to keep torpedoes and mines. Walked around the former Jap Seaplane Base at Nukura. Large area covered by cement and pockmarked by bomb craters which have been filled in and on which grow weeds—green patches that break the glaring white of the concrete pavement. Two old warehouses have been converted into a little museum filled with Japanese war equipment—everything from field guns to machine-guns and binoculars or torpedoes of all sizes.

Next to the Seaplane Base [the road] follows the old Fighter Base on land that has been reclaimed. The old maps show water here. Not a single oil tank survived the bombing raids.

Very little is left of Hanamachi (Flower Street) that runs along the south side of Matsu Peninsula and south of Mt. Urimogura. Nothing is left of the Trading Co. and its buildings. The Shinto Shrine on the west side of Mt. Urimogura ("Truk Ginja" or Truk Shrine) has been destroyed. Only the foundation and the avenue of trees leading up to old Shrine reminds one of it. The Shrine was burned by the Japanese after the

surrender. They consider fire sacred. Most beautiful sight with a perfect view upon Eten and Uman Islands to the south and the bay and Urikobosu Peninsula to the north.

On Hanamachi (Flower Street) were the restaurants and amusement places for the Japanese soldiers. Korean girls were the entertainers.

Came upon an area heavily infested with African snails, a dangerous pest introduced by Germans, according to statements by old Trukese.[1] Others seem to think that the Japanese were responsible for the introduction of the snails which were consumed especially by Okinawans.

Visited Nantaku Farm (Farm of the South Sea Development Co.) at the head of the bay between Matsu and Urikobosu Peninsula. In the low country the Japanese grew swamp cabbage, on the slopes sweet potatoes, cassava, pinapple, bananas, papaya. I noticed also kapok, soursop, lime, elephant grass. All of the farm land and the buildings have been abandoned. The buildings are rapidly surrounded by tall grass and bushes and in a few months one will have difficulty in getting to the buildings. Farm employed some 80-90 laborers—Koreans and Trukese.

From Nantaku Farm we returned to the Fourth Fleet Dock and from there by Japanese launch to Moen. On the way back we passed the launch of the Japanese chief of Staff, Vice Admiral Hara. He was sitting in a little canvas armchair on deck of his launch. We passed within 100 feet but he did not move his head; instead he stared in the direction of Dublon.

Besides Hara are on Dublon: Rear Admirals Sumikawa, Asano who was Commander of the 41st Garrison, Kojima in charge of transportation, and Morita in charge of the Boat Repair Department.

Visit to the island of Udot—May 11, 1946.

Trader Lindsay, USCC, planned a trip to Udot and I made arrangements to accompany him. At Military Government Headquarters we learned that Commander Duke planned to go to Dublon and that there was a Mr. Hackett of the Joint Board of American Protestant Missions who wanted to visit the group of German missionaries on Udot. The four of us plus Mr. Moses, Atoll Chief, one Japanese interpreter who was born in Gilroy and lived later in San José, California, and a Trukese interpreter, started out on this trip. We dropped Commander Duke and his Japanese interpreter in Dublon and arranged to pick them up again four hours later—which allowed us an hour each way between Dublon and Udot and two hours on Dublon.

We landed at the south side of Udot near the house of the Chief Aystar who is one of the important men of the Atoll—relatively well off as his houses and other property on Udot show. At present he receives a salary of $30.00 a month, the Atoll Chief, R. T. Moses, receives $40.00. School teachers receive $15.00 and policemen $12.00. Aystar's house near the dock had just been rebuilt. His houses like most or probably all Trukese had been torn down during 1944 and 1945, the material had been hidden (lum-

1 Ed. note: Incorrect. The Japanese introduced them on all islands where they resided.

ber and corrugated iron). During the last months of the war most of the Trukese hid in the mountains where they were relatively safe from strafing airplanes.

Called on Chief Aystar who invited us into his house buiilt in Japanese style.[1] Mr. Lindsay showed him models of baskets and pocket books woven in Yap which are of better quality that those made at present in Udot. Great discussion between chief, interpreter and the women in the Aystar household; the result was that the women thought they could produce as fine a piece of workmanship as Yap. We will see if that is true during the next few weeks.

Mr. Aystar's daughter (26 years old) is married to Justo Aflague, a Guamese with approximately 20 years residence in Truk Atoll, who is now working for USCC. During the war Justo was in jail for some time as the Japanese did not trust him. Aystar's sister is married to the Okinawan Huruten Koutoku (37 years old). Koutoku bought from the Japanese Waki a coconut oil press which was originally on Dublon as a part of a soap factory. This press was moved to Fala Beguets to avoid destruction during air raids. Waki sold the copra press for 30,000 yen[!] to Koutoku who paid 2000 yen down. As Koutoku had lived 13 years in Truk he was told that he could stay in Truk and he planned to open business again. He was all ready to purchase copra from the Mortlock Islands, extract the coconut oil and make soap. He had the approval from Military Government and USCC was interested in the project. But there came the order to repatriate all Okinawans and among them was Koutoku who left his Trukese wife behind.

Chief Aystar and Justo are anxious to assist Mrs. Koutoku in the business.

According to Lindsay 1 ton of copra gives 2 drums of coconut oil (1 drum has approximately 50 gallons). Two drums of coconut oil will make 2,000 cakes of laundry soap. There is enough potash, caustic soda and salt on Fala Beguets to keep the soap factory going for one year.

During the war all the soap produced in Truk was sold to Japanese Navy. Natives were not able to buy soap on the open market. Black market price was 1 yen for a cake of soap that sold for 30 sen before the war.

It takes from 5,000 nuts to make 1 ton of copra. One man cannot collect more than half a ton of copra a month (or rather the nuts for 1/2 a ton of copra). It takes another week or 1-1/2 weeks to extract the coconut meat. At present it pays a Trukese more to work for $0.40 a day and 1 meal for the U.S. Navy than to make copra which is hard to sell. USCC pays $40.00 for copra in the Marshalls. Koutoku had planned to opay $60.00 for a ton of copra. I do not know whose idea it was but I would not be surprised that Lindsay had decided that at a market price of $0.10 a cake of soap the soap factory should pay $60.00 for 1 ton of copra.

Mr. Wheeler, the new USCC Trader is very much opposed to the idea of paying $60.00 for copra that is to be used locally for soap when USCC does not offer more than $40.00. Everybody with copra to sell would of course want to sell his product to

1 Mr. Aystar is half Marshallese and half Chinese. Mrs. Aystar is half Australian and half Trukese.

the soap factory. I suggested that soap should be sold for less than $0.10 a cake if that price would give too large a profit to the soap manufacturer who bought his copra at $40.00 a ton.

There is no doubt a considerable market for soap in Truk Atoll and the surrounding islands. The soap can be manufactured in Truk. This would keep that much money in the islands and would give opportunities for employment. Lindsay estimates that Truk Atoll requires about 4000 cakes of laundry soap, the surrounding islands would need easily another 1000 cakes. (USCC sold about 9,000 cakes of soap during a course of 6 weeks; some of this is still in the retail stores.)

There is also a market for toilet soap; this too could be manufactured in the Truk Islands.

Need for more careful planning on part of USCC is quite apparent. Mr. Chambers, Assistant to Mr. Schwartz in Guam sent to Truk: 540 cases of matches each containing 50,000 books of matches valued at $8,640. From February to May USCC Truk sold 8 cases. Sproat plans to keep 32 cases and to send 500 cases back to Guam. According to Wheeler, Schwartz suggested writing off of the matches but Sproat still wants to send them back.

2,000 small wartime scissors of inferior quality that are supposed to sell at $0.30 each when daily wage in Truk is $0.40. So far USCC sold 2 scissors. Scissors but no cloth!

10 gross of shaving cream but unfortunately the people of Truk do not or do not have to shave.

40 cases of soap each priced at $16.00. The cases have to be sold unopened as there are no bags available to retail the soap.

Visit to the Islandss of Fala Beguets—May 13, 1946.

Captain Gilbert, the new commanding officer of Truk, issued a new order which requires a written request each time we want to leave Moen by an American or Japanese boat. This delayed our departure for Fala Beguets somewhat.

Lindsay, Wheeler, Justo Aflague, Albert Hartman and myself went on this trip. We stopped at Udot for about an hour for refreshments and, above all, in order to take Chief Aystar with us to Fala Beguets. Main purpose of the trip: copra press on Fala Beguets—left by Huruken Koutoku to his wife, a sister of Aystar and aunt of Justo's wife.

Fala Beguets is a small island between Udot and Tol—closer to Tol but under the jurisdiction of the chief of Udot. Fala Beguets has two villages: Saputiu and Beniaman.

Landed at a stone pier on the north side of the island. The western part of the island consists of a mangrove swamp that stretches for the whole length of the island. Near the pier I noticed that the mangrove had been cleared; the mud had been piled up in little hills which are to be planted with sweet potatoes. I did not inquire if this is a general custom or if the Japanese taught that. A road surrounds the higher land of the island and skirts the mangrove swamp of the west side.

Lindsay, Wheeler, Justo and Aystar went into a long conference about the copra press. The hydraulic press itself is of German make and came from Hamburg. The hydraulic press had been taken apart by the Okinawan but he was dragged away before he had a chance to put it together again. Question: Is there somebody in Truk besides the American engineers who can put the machine together and keep it in running contition? Justo and Aystar seemed to think that there are two Trukese who worked for such a long time with the Japanese in the soap factory that they will be able to run the factory.

Wheeler had the following conditions to make: USCC supplies the copra and takes over the soap output. Wheeler threatened that the factory would be closed if a single pound or cake of soap would go directly to the people! He overlooked the fact that the press in Fala Beguets would only extract the coconut oil from the copra but the soap would be made in Dublon. He was "kicking in" a door that was already open.

What a contrast between Lindsay and Wheeler. Lindsay is always anxious to give the Trukese every advantage possible whereas Wheeler is always worried that the Trukese natives will be spoiled. He is a former Marine officer who spent several years in the Pacific. Took the course in Malay at Columbia University. (He knows Sapin, Claire Holt). Lindsay is easily enthused over a situation especially if he sees in it a possibility to give the Trukese a "break" whereas Wheeler goes "by the book" and wants to see the order from Guam or Washington that gives the authorization.

Went with Albert Hartman, my interpreter, southward from the Koutokus' establishment. Came upon a young Trukese, Ramet, 20 years old, secretary of the island. I questioned him about the effect of the war upon Trukese agriculture, i.e. upon agriculture of Fala Beguets. He stressed the destruction of coconut trees and breadfruit trees. Tried to get exact figures and he mentioned that he had data on pre-war stands at home. I sent him for his material and he came back with his note book which turned out to be quite a find. He had the names of the different fields belonging to his *ainang* [clan].

...

Most of these trees were cut down according to Ramet, but he promised a careful count of the number of stumps. Ilok who owns most of the land of Ramet's family was married to a Japanese, Kibe Teijiro, who went back to Japan in 1943.

Ramet had also a census of the livestock population of F. B. which I will copy on my next visit to the island. I made arrangements with him for another visit.

During 1944 and 1945, F. B. had a Japanese garrison of 600 men. Many Japanese gardens are still recognizable, especially the cassava, sweet potato, and bean patches.

Groups of people were working along the road; a man and a woman were grating coconut (*puiker taka*); another group was busy with extraction of tapioca from cassava roots (*faire tapioka?*)

Visit to the Islands of Dublon and Fefan—May 14, 1946.

Accompanied Lindsay and Wheeler on their trip to Dublon where they visited the old soap factory of Mr. Waki on the north side of Matsu Peninsula in the village of

Ellen. Very little is left of Ellen village which was quite extensive a settlement according to the pre-war maps of Dublon. We came past Cape Urimo and moved through the narrow channel between the coral reefs. We landed directly off the soap factory. The factory and the neighboring boat-repair yard had been bombed and the present installations are considerably smaller than the pre-war ones to judge from the old foundations. Waki's house too had been hit and he had rebuilt a small Japanese house with a little Japanese garden behind the house. A short distance from the house is a large bomb crater filled with rubbish and water. The soap factory is in working condition but lacks the most essential raw material: coconut oil. The oil has to be extracted from copra by the copra press in Fala Beguets, provided the hydraulic press can be put together again and somebody can be found to run the machinery, and provided copra can be bought within the Truk Atoll or on some of the outlying islands.

Wheeler and Lindsay made a survey of the quantities of potash, soda, and saalt, and the other requirements. Wheeler came to the conclusion that the soap works could be kept in operation for about 25 days. After that new raw material will have to be obtained from the outside. Speedy ordering of new supplies is necessary. Even then the soap works might have to be closed for a while due to lack of raw material besides copra.

Noticed that quite a number of the old inhabitants of Ellen village are busy with the reconstruction of their houses. Many of them are living at present in very primitive shacks and huts.

From Ellen village we went by boat to the Island of Fefan and we landed at the pier of the village of Mesa where Albert Hartman has his store and where he is a teacher. Mesa lies across from Dublon and had an important Japanese garrison force during the war. Hartman's sister and brother-in-law live in Mesa just at the foot of the pier. He showed us the bake-oven where members of the family were baking white bread in large forms that had been obtained from the U.S. Army or Navy. According to Lindsay, a Seabee gave a helping hand in the construction of the oven but Albert insisted that he and his brother-in-law had built the oven but that they had obtained the cement, the hinges and the iron door, etc. from Lindsay. I learned that the oven bakes at present only for the Hartman family and their friends (I don't know how many people that includes). Prior to the war, Karl and Albert Hartman had a store and a bakery in Dublon which catered to the towns people of Dublon. Albert mentinoed that they used to bake about 100 loaves of bread and cake and other sweets. He admitted, however, that the Trukese as well as the Japanese are not bread-eaters. He mentioned that his family (German grandfather) had been accustomed to bread. Karl Hartman, Albert's cousin, is about 66 years old while Albert is 36. I will try to find out if Karl used to bake during the German regime. That may be the answer to this business of the Hartman family. Lindsay is, or at least was, very enthusiastic over the possibility of establishing bakeries throughout the Central Carolines. He did not realize that the Trukese are not generally accustomed to bread and that it would be a rather expensive habit for them to acquire as the flour would have to be imported.

Mesa village had a large school which was hit by a bomb. The village houses were all torn down when the bombings became a daily routine and the material was hidden in caves. Families crowded together in small huts built in clusters of breadfruit trees where they were protected against detection by planes. Many of the families seem to have lived for quite some time in caves. Quite a number of the houses have been reconstructed since last September, others are in all stages of construction. The village lost most of its coconut trees along the seashore and lies there rather desolate looking and without the charm of a Trukese village that has a setting in a coconut grove. None of the old boat-houses is left which are mentioned by the earlier visitors. The Japanese took most of the sailing canoes and outrigger boats away from the Trukese and attempted to confine the villagers to their respective islands. They discouraged inter-island traffic and did not allow islanders to leave Truk Atoll because of the possibility that the islanders might be picked up by American submarines and give us valuable information about the conditions of the Japanese forces in Truk and above all about defense works.

The community house of Moen is at present also the school house. Next to the community house *(ut)* lies a rather large building which housed the Japanese kitchen where the food for the garrison was prepared. House has been taken over by a Trukese family which occupies one section of the old cook-house.

Came upon two women who were hanging seaweed on lines to dry. Learned that this seaweed contains a fiber which can be used for the making of small hand-nets used by women when they fish in shallow water.[1] This net is called *epino*. Two of these nets are used by a woman- - one in each hand. The nets are moved towards each other until they touch each other which provents the fish from escaping.

According to Lindsay, the villagers of Fefan and Uman produced large quantities of vegetables for the Japanese on Dublon and even now the Japanese D.M.P. (Disarmed Military Personnel) buy large quantities of vegetables and fruit from the Trukese or exchange them against canned or dried fish of which they have still more than they can use. The American Forces in contrast do not consume local produce. During the first 6 months it was forbidden to use locally-grown produce as the Japanese had used night-soil in their fields. Of course, the use of night-soil did not affect such fruit as bananas or papaya but the mess officers seem to prefer the use of dehydrated vegetables or of canned vegetables to fresh locally-produced vegetables—it involves less labor to use supplies shipped in from the U.S.A.

Visit to the village of Tunuk, Iras and Mechitiu, Island of Moen—May 15, 1946.

1 Ed. note: The same practice existed in the Marianas at contact; the weed in question is called *Jo-o* in Chamorro.

Albert Hartman and I drove across the causeway from USCC headquarters to the village of Tunuk which lies either side of the eastern end of the causeway. Father Hernandez built his church a few hundred feet from the eastern end of the causeway. Most of the houses of Tunuk are very primitive shacks quickly thrown together since the end of the war. The village grew because of the removal of the population of Falo Island.[1] These people were related to the Tunuk villagers and moved to Tunuk when the U.S. Garrison wanted an island for recreation purposes. On Sundays the chaplain takes a group of men to Falo Island where they swim and have a picnic. As the island is [now] entirely uninhabited the chaplain has no problem to keep his men under control and prevent them from mixing with the "gooks".[2]

The village chief (*Samon kis*) of Tunuk is a man by the name of Opun. Immediately east of Tunuk lies the village of Iras. Iras is located on land that belonged originally to Tunuk while Iras occupied the land of the present airport (North Field). The Japanese removed the village of Iras from its old site in 1939 or 1940 when they began the construction of the airfield. The village chief of Iras is Kutun.

The village of Mechitiu, east of Iras was also relocated by the Japanese. It was situated in the old camp area of our Forces when they first reached Moen and in the area where USCC has its warehouses and offices. Mechitiu village was moved in 1941. (Both these data need checking with the village, or island chiefs). The village chief of Mechitiu died May 14, 1946. Artie Moses, the Atoll Chief, lives in Iras and Albert, the chief of Moen (*Samon lap*) lives in Mechitiu.

All of the villages of Moen, and as a matter of fact of the other islands in Truk, are lined up along the coast. The names of the villages of Moen are: Tunuk, Iras, Mechitiu, Penieseele, Penia, Noman, Mosor, Unepis, Inkanap [rather Epinup?], Uitap [or Uichap], Neua [or Neoua], Moen, and Lepukos which was moved to Moen village.

The name of the village of Moen was first learned by a missionary in the last century who thought the people were giving him the name for the whole island.[3]

The three villages of Tunuk, Iras, and Mechitiu are rather crowded as a result of the war. The houses are in poor conditions, many of them are makeshift affairs as building material (lumber, corrugated iron, and thatch) are scarce.

I noticed small groups of men who were carrying large wooden bowls filled with food. I inquired and learned that the village of Penieseele was celebrating the reconstruciton of its community house *(ut)*. I followed the men and reached the village in a few minutes. The *ut* is located under a big mango tree across the road from mangrove belt that separates the sea from the road. The road skirts the mangrove swamp and the

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1 Ed. note: An islet lying just north of the north side of Moen.

2 Ed. note: A derogatory term "used during World War II at many widely separated stations to refer to natives." (ref. Word Study, May 7/1, 1951). The slang word was also used during the Korean War to refer to native Koreans, and elsewhere (ref. Dictionary of American Slang, by Wentworth and Flexner, 1967).

3 Trukese call Moen, Uona [or Uola?].

village houses of Tunuk, Iras, and Mechitiu are all, with very few exceptions, on the island-side of the road.

Large quantities of coconuts, bananas, fish, sweet potatoes, tapioca, octopus, squid, etc. had been brought together to the *ut* for the feast of the village.

I noticed only a few women who were cooking some tapioca and rice; most of the work connected with the feast was done by men. Mats had been spread out over the raised platform of the *ut*. The "table" was set in horseshoe shape. At the head were twelve G.I. trays prepared for the village chiefs of Moen who had been invited. Each tray had helpings of tapioca, bread, breadfruit, crackers, rice, salmon. Beside each tray 4 to 5 bananas, a glass for boiled water, and a fork.

To the right of the village chiefs were the places for the lesser figures: teachers, preachers, policemen, village secretaries , etc. and to the left were the places for the other villagers. The plates for the teachers, etc. were better than those for the third group; so was the food. I inquired and found that only men were to participate in the feast; the food that is not consumed on such an occaion is divided among the families of the village and visitors.

The feast was started by the teachers, preachers, etc. The village chiefs had not yet arrived. Suddenly there was silence and i heard a voice praying. Everybody was lowering his head and closing the eyes. Penieseele is one of the Protestant villages on Moen, whereas Tunuk has a Catholic community.

Thursday, May 16, 1946.

Climbed with Albert Hartman from the old Officers Mess Hall above Mechitiu to a ridge called Neniman ("Place of Birds").[1] Excellent view down upon the inlet (Bou) between the old Mechitiu and Tunuk, Falo and the reef islands. The ridge has been heavily fortified by the Japanese. We came upon numerous caves, communication trenches and regular trenches. The Japanese garrison on Neniman was trying to take care of its supply problem.

We reched a steep cliff formed by basalt and moved along the foot of the cliff when we came suddenly upon large caves, each of which had 5-inch guns placed there since 1942. According to Lt. Ponsar of the Bomb and Mine Disposal Echelon the interpreters of air photos had not spotted these guns. The guns had been brought up over a road coming up from Mechitiu village site; the road had been constructed for this purpose. The whole slope leading from Neniman down to the former site of Mechitiu was practically completely covered with sweet potatoes and cassava. Many of the coconut trees had been cut down and the trunks had been used for the fortification of the reef in front of old Mechitiu—an area which the Japanese thought might see an invasion. On the outer edge of the reef they had placed mines. There followed a line of obstacles built out of coconut trunks. There followed a line of iron bars set into the coral which were interlaced with barbed wire. Behind the barbed wire another series of mines. The

1 Ed. note: Recorded as Car. 16-C3a, Nanimo, in Bryan's Place Names.

whole slope leading up to Neniman was covered by pill-boxes which could cover every part with their machine guns. All of this was a part of the defense system of Mt. Tolachau, the most characteristic landmark of the Truk Atoll. (Achau means stone, rock. Tol means mast of a ship. Hence Tolachau = rock mast.) Tolachau dominates the airfield and the northwest corner of Moen. The airfield was started by the Japanese some time in 1939 or 1940. It has been greatly improved by the 29th Seabees in recent months and is now a very important link of communication between Truk and the outside world. At present three planes come in every week—two from Guam and one from Saipan.

We came upon a patch of *Kä* (kind of taro) which had been recently cleaned. The patch had also some papaya of poor quality and cassava, about 12 months old. As a result of the activities of the Japanese during 1944 and 1945 the Truk Islands have at present more than sufficient food. As a matter of fact, they have a great surplus of root crops, most of which go to waste. They could be used to fatten pigs but unfortunately the pig population of the islands was greatly reduced. However, in certain strategic areas the Japanese disturbed the traditional economy of the Trukese greatly because they cut down so many of the most important trees—coconuts and breadfruit—so that some villages depend upon the help of neighboring, more fortunate, villages.

Both, May 14 and 16, were very stormy, especially the nights; heavy rains that drove with great force through the tents. I thought the storm would take the roof of my tent away. It must have been a part of a typhoon that passed at some distance. May 16 went by without any sign of the LCI that carries the Economic Survey Mission.

May 17, 1946—Friday.

I spent the morning in the native hospital which is run by 5 American doctors and 1 dentist, all of whom are attached to Military Government. One of the problems of Truk is yaws which attacks especially small children. Infants and small children are frequently completely covered with great open wounds. Provided the children are brought in regularly for treatment, yaws can be cleared up completely within a few weeks. Problems: Parents with several children can hardly afford to bring children to Moen because of the fare that the boat owners charge. The boat owners are usually the chiefs of the islands. Military Government supplies them with oil (free of charge) so that they can come to the bi-monthly meetings. It took several months before the doctors learned the reason why so many of the patients did not return for repeated treatment. The Chief of Tol, for example, charged $1.00 for a trip to Moen and back.

Besides yaws, there are many cases of dysentery, especially "amoebic" dysentery. Then there are venereal diseases. There is hardly a person in Truk who has not all kinds of parasites in his intestines.

At noon Mr. Paul Gantt arrived from Guam and brought the latest news about the LCI—she is in dry-dock in Eniwetok and will be delayed for several days.

In the afternoon we learned that the first copra had arrived from the Island of Nama. It came in on a small native motor-boat owned by Captain Tatau of Nama whom I had

met for the first time on the Island of Uman. The boat was at Love Dock (Trukese call it Uisilo). Wheeler, Lindsay, Sproat, Gantt and I went to the boat to look at the copra which is to supply the coconut oil for the first soap to be manufactured since the end of the war. On the way Gantt mentioned that USCC Guam was paying $50.00 a ton of copra (i.e. short ton). Trukese figure in metric tons. Wheeler had criticized Lindsay several times for the suggestion that a metric ton should bring $60.00 and he found out to his embarrassment that Guam was paying $50.00 for a short ton, so that the price difference was negligible. In order to save his face Wheeler declared in a very condescending way that he would pay $40.00 a ton and a bonus of $5.00 for each ton as it was the first copra coming into Truk from the outside since the end of the war. The captain raised, however, the question of who would pay the transportation cost for the copra. Wheeler insisted that the price would have to include these costs which was visibly disturbing to the Trukese. At that point I began to question them how much oil they used and how much labor was involved.

The boat used 4 drums of Japanese oil (diesel) bought before the end of the war for 36 yen a drum, or $9.00 a drum if we take the pre-war exchange rate; 2 drums of American oil at $18.00 per drum.

The crew members, 10 men (2 mechanics, 4 sailors, 3 "Steuerleute" [steersmen] and 1 cook); length of trip: 3 full days. Therefore, fuel costs $72,00, plus labor costs $12.00 equals $84.00.

The cash outlay was therefore $84.00 whereas Mr. Wheeler was effering $100.00 for 2.6 tons of copra. I learned that in peace-time this boat captain used to bring 15 tons of copra on each trip while his payload this time waas only 2.6 tons as USCC had only asked for 2 tons of copra! He left another 6 tons of copra on Nama as he had no order for that amount. Great consternation among the USCC businessmen. It was finally decided that the oil had to be suplied and that the costs had to be charged to the rehabilitation of the soap industry on Truk. Tatau raised then the question of who would pay the costs of transportation from Moen to Fala Beguets and the copra mill. Mr. Wheeler's reaction was that that too had to come out of the captain's pocket but learned from the Captain that he had been asked to bring copra to Moen and not to Fala Beguets. Wheeler is a typical high-pressure salesman, former manager of a Packard [automobile] Agency in New York, during the war a Major in the Marines, who is trying to buily the Trukese and is constantly giving commands.

Trip to village of Moen, Neoua, Uichap, and Epinup—May 18, 1946.

On May 17, I was able to get a jeep so that I am no longer depending upon employees of USCC when I want to see something on the Island of Moen. I drove with Albert Hartman along the west side of Moen past the camp of the Japanese D.M.P.s to the village of Moen which has given the whole island its name.

We watched a group of women who were fishing with *epino* of the type that I had seen in Fefan. Some 15 women formed a large circle and moved towards each other, each one holding two nets and stretching the arms out as far as possible. As they moved

they lowered their arms slowly until they finally touched ech others' shoulders and were able to scoop the entire circle which they formed.

We came upon a man who was replacing the leaves of a *mar* pit. At the time of the breadfruit harvest every Trukese preserves a certain amount of breadfruit by pounding it and placing it between leaves in pits that they dig into the ground. About once a week they take out enough breadfruit preserve (*mar*) to take care of one meal. From time to time they replace the leaves (of the banana), cover the *mar* and weigh it down with heavy stones. The man whom I watched was from the Island of Tol. He was staying with some relative and he helped with the chores of the day. The man had had an accident with a gasoline lamp which had burned him badly. He was waiting for transportation home.

Drove beyond the village of Moen through Neoua, past the old Japanese seaplane base, past the caves in which they used to store explosives and in which they used to repair planes, to the village of Uichap on the southeast coast of Moen. Uichap had a Catholic church which was torn down by the Japanese. Uichap is one of those villages of Moen which suffered quite a bit from the war because the Japanese cut down a large percentage of its trees. Beyond Uichap lies the village of Epinup where the Japanese had large storage tanks for drinking water which was pumped through pipes along Epinup Dock into Japanese boats. The Epinup Dock had also a narrow-gauge railway. An American bomb hit the dock and put railway and pipe out of commission.

A villager by the name of Fabian (Fapian) asked me to help him as the Japanese had cut down most of his trees. I asked him how many trees he had owned before the war. He could not remember but he had kept records in a notebook which he fetched from his house.

—Fabian has owned 250 coconut trees and 150 breadfruit trees;

—Clara, Fabian's wife: 150 coconut trees and 80 breadfruit trees;

—Santiago, Fabian's son: 180 coconut trees and 30 breadfruit trees.

The family now lives on sweet potatoes and cassava mainly and occasionally gets coconuts and breadfruits from relatives.

In the afternoon I visited Albert [Meilo], the Chief of the Island of Moen and learned from him the names for all major landmarks, mountains, bays, villages, etc.

According to Albert, the Trukese had only village chiefs prior to the German time. The Germans introduced the office of Island Chief; the Japanese too had village as well as island chiefs; the Americans introduced the office of an Atoll Chief. The Atoll Chief is elected by the Island Chiefs and Artie Moses was twice elected for periods of 3 months.

Albert mentioned that the Island Chiefs do not like this innovation as they object to interference in the affairs of their island. There seems to exist quite a bit of rivalry between the different islands. Each one has its characteristics, its own specialties, quite frequently there exist minor differences in dialects from island to island.

Chief Albert comes from the village of Moen; now he lives in Mechitiu. I asked him about the arrangements between the village of Tunuk and Iras and Mechitiu the two of which are now located on land belonging to Tunuk. The Japanese forced the village

of Tunuk to take care of the other two villages. However, the fruit trees still belong to the original owners who share the harvested fruit with the household living on the land. The villagers of Iras and Mechitiu do not pay for the land that they occupy. Iras villagers have no chance to get their land back [on account of the airfield] but Mechitiu hopes that the Economic Survey will give them their land back. They go back and forth between the present village site and the old fruit groves and garden patches. Quite frequently one sees a whole family trek the two to three miles from the house to the old mango tree near which the house stood formerly.

The Truk Atoll has a number of old traders who used to buy coconuts, copra, and other products from their "countrymen" and sell to them Japanese-made goods and foodstuff such as rice, canned fish, coffee, tea, etc. Among these traders are Karl and Albert Hartman, the two Nedelics. Nedelic and his brother used to own the boat that brought the first copra from Nama to Moen since the end of the [First World] war. In 1930 they sold their boat to a Japanese company (Nanyo Ishi in Dublon). This company later sold the boat to Nanyo Boeki. The latter sold the boat to Captain Tatau of the Mortlock Islands in September 1945. Tatau paid 50,000 yen for the boat.

In the days when Nedelic owned the boat he used to travel to Mortlock 6 times a year and bring a full load (15 to 16 tons) each time.

Names of the villages of Uōna (Moen Island).

Our maps do not give place names. I spent Saturday morning with Chief Albert Meilo going over the map and writing down all the names of the villages on the Island of Uōna, as the Trukese call Moen. The names of the villages are:[1]

Muän
*Nekupos [rather Nepukos]
*Irás or Irrás
*Méchetiu
Tunúk or Tunnúk
Péniesené
Pénnia
Némuen or Neamuän (on Sapuk Peninsula)
Mesár (on Sapok Peninsula)
Népinom (on Sapuk Peninsula)
Uínipis (on Sapuk Peninsula)
Néuech (on Sapuk Peninsula)
Núkenap
*Peítiu
Epinúp
Uíchap
Kéuo

1 The asterisk indicates those villages that were relocated as a result of the war.

Population data for the Truk Atoll—Trukese only.

Island	Adult Males	Boys	Adult Females	Girls	Total
Udot	279	117	264	126	796
Moen	620	388	529	254	1,791
Tsis	37	24	41	20	122
Fefan	287	197	350	198	1,132
Tol	894	375	806	421	2,497
Fala B,	65	29	63	18	175
Parem	53	12	39	12	116
Pis	60	15	70	16	161
Tarik	7	10	8	4	29
Ramalum	76	16	89	31	212
Dublon	236	144	135	134	649
Uman	314	145	589	136	1,184
Total Truk	3,208	1,272	2,983	1,370	**8,653**
Central Car.:	1,870	1,134	2,128	999	6,131
Total native population, Truk + Central Carolines:					**14,784**

Visit to the Island of Pis—Sunday, May 19, 1946.

Left Baker Dock 8:45 a.m. for Udot Island where Wheeler wanted to pick up the sample pocketbooks which he had left with Chief Aystar. Reached Udot at 10 a.m. Left for Pis after a stop of about 15 minutes. Went around the western end of Udot and headed straight north towards Pis. Passed one small uninhabited island which looked so inviting that we decided to stop there on our return trip and have a swim there.

Reached Pis, a small reef island at noon. Approached the island from the lagoon side where there is a small dock. Pis, an oval-shaped island with some 60 houses (information given by sanitation officer of Military Government) and a population of about 150 people.

A clean-swept road surrounds the whole island. Road is covered with fine clean coral sand and lined with coral rock. Densely covered with vegetation: coconut trees of all ages, many breadfruit trees, a few papayas, quite a few pandanus, frangipani, and a number of strand trees that I did not recognize. Under the trees a dense stand of grasses, ferns, small bushes and quite a number of root crops (Kā and wet taro).

A large percentage of the houses were old-type Trukese huts which are very low and made of thatch. Two openings at opposite corners of the rectangular structure. No windows, so low that one can hardly stand up in most of the huts. Part of the floor covered by sleeping mats where the family rests. No furniture; only a few boxes or suitcases obtained from the Japanese. No utensils to speak of. The cooking is done outside the house on the beach. Most of the houses are lined up on the lagoon side of the island. Counted only 5 houses on the ocean side.

A few of the houses were built along a Japanese pattern, raised platform of wooden planks, wooden walls, corrugated iron roof, sliding doors and windows with glass. Saw one house that had a few samples of Trukese carving.

The *ut* is used as meeting house, school-house and boat-house—at least there was one outrigger canoe in the *ut*. A blackboard had an English lesson written on it. Educational officer of the Military Government started a school in Pis as the islanders were rather anxious to have one. A young girl is the teacher. So far she has had only a very limited number of lessons in English. Lt. Commander Elbert spent half an hour with her going over the latest lesson which is supplied in mimeographed form by Military Government.

Met the Chief of the Island—an old man whose ear-lobes were cut in the old Trukese manner. He has to use a cane. He wore an olive-green coat and a G-string. Invited us into the *ut*. He was told that Wheeler and Lindsay wanted to buy mats and shells.

Small groups of men and women were sitting near fires on the beach busy with the preparation of fish. They were cutting them open and putting them out in the sun after they had been rubbed with salt. Others they wrapped in breadfruit leaves and baked them in their stone ovens. Shallow pits get a layer of firewood which is set afire. On top comes a layer of rocks which are heated. When they are really hot the fish or root crops or whatever is to be baked is placed on the hot rocks. A layer of small hot rocks comes on top. The whole will be covered with leaves and allowed to bake until the food is done.

Fish that is wrapped in leaves and baked is supposed to keep for 3 to 5 days. If it begins to smell and cannot be eaten, it may be baked once more to prevent spoiling. Fish that is to be eaten immediately is baked without the leaves wrapped around them.

The island is several feet higher on the *luv* (ocean side) due to the action of the breakers that have thrown up a wall of coral rocks. The land drops gently towards the center, rises then once more slightly to ridge (hardly noticeable) and then the land drops very gently towards the beach on the lagoon side.

Found a grave that had a little roof about 1 foot above the ground made of corrugated iron.

Most of the women wore only loin-cloth [when] around their houses but when they came to trade their handicrafts every one had put on her best dress. Dresses are made of very cheap material which looks like cheesecloth as mosquito netting. Actually it is fabric that was made in Japan especially for export to the Mandated islands. It cost only a few sen per yard. A few of the men had been able to obtain G.I. pants and shirts, but many of them wore only Japanese-type G-strings. Women carry their children on their hips the way Filipinos or Malays do. Only once did I see a woman carry a child in Japanese fashion [astride her back].

On the whole I had the impression that Pis, due to the its isolation is much less influenced through contacts with outsiders--Germans or Japanese. It seems to come closer to the old Truk than anything that I have seen so far in the atoll.

People are anxious to get rice, clothing, sugar, and a few other things, especially tobacco. They have no motor-boat, only one or two sailboats and then outrigger canoes. Saw quite a few boat-houses on Pis—something that has disappeared from most of the islands.

Left Pis at 2:30 p.m. Ran into a heavy rain. It stopped raining by the time we reached the little uninhabited island about half-way between Pis and the high islands. We swam for half an hour while our boat drifted as there was no anchor aboard. Another heavy rain came up and we had a hard time getting back to our boat. The Japanese crew finally caught on, started the motor and came to collect us. It would have been difficult for us to reach the boat that was steadily drifting.

Trip to Sabuk with Chief Albert Meilo, Albert Hartman and Meilo's Secretary—Monday, May 20, 1946.

When I saw Chief Albert Meilo of Moen Island on Saturday I made arrangements with him to accompany me to Sabuk Peninsula and the lighthouse as I wanted to check the place names that he had given from a point that gave us a good view.

When we passed Artie Moses' house, little Fritz Hartman came running out of the house anxious to see his father. He climbed into the jeep and insisted to come along. He was sent back to put on his pants when I told Albert that the little fellow could come along.

Drove through Penisene, Penia and Mesor until we reached the dock of the lighthouse. From there we climbed up to a flat upland area below the lighthouse.There we left the jeep and climbed up to the lighthouse. All around signs of Japanese defense activities: pill-boxes, caves, gun positions. Patches of Japanese gardens everywhere; around the lighthouse itself ornamental shrubs. Climbed up to the tower and checked the place names of the points (peninsulas, villages, ridges, and mountains) that we could see from Sabuk lighthouse.

The Japanese had a strong garrison on Sabuk Peninsula to guard the radio station that lies on the saddle between Sabuk and Uitipoen.

I learned from Albert the meaning of Fone (corrupted to Fala or Falo). It means "silent" or "quiet". Father Hernandez calls Falo Island the Island of Rest. Fala Beguets should really be Fono Penges, ie.e. silent cross.

Each island in the Truk Atoll had a teacher and a policeman, both Japanese, in peacetime. The center of administration was Dublon which had a large office of the Civil Administration. The school on Moen was located on the west side. When the Japanese began to fortify Moen they moved both school and police station to the northeast side between Peniesene and Penia. Children were obliged to attend school for 3 years. The best ones were then sent to Dublon for an additional 2 years. On Dublon they were housed and fed in a dormitory.

Under Japanese direction the villagers of Penia cleared a large mangrove swamp and dug drainage ditches and used the soil to build up long ridges on which sweet potatoes could be raised. At present the villagers do not use this swamp land anymore as they

have all the land that they need. As a matter of fact, there are large areas still under sweet potatoes and cassava which were planted by the Japanese garrison.

Along the beach of Iras, Mechetiu and Tunuk there are quite a number of Japanese sailboats and motorboats which cannot be used without considerable repair; but there is nobody among the Trukesee who can repair a boat.

Climbed Mt. Tonaachau—Tuesday, May 21, 1946.

Albert Hartman and I drove in the jeep to the central tower of the airfield and began the climb to the top of Tonachau ("mast of rock"),[1] the sacred mountain of the Trukese, which lies in the northwestern corner of Moen. The two bays of Bou and Iras make a peninsula out of the land on which Tonachau lies. Japanese sweet potato patches clear up to the ridge that runs from Tonachau north. A few coconut trees and a great deal of sword grass, or cogon, which is taller than a man. Paths lead through the grass which look like tunnels. It is terribly hot within these tunnels. Reached the ridge Neman and was admiring the view down upon Bou Bay and Tunuk when the ground under me gave way. I stretched my arms out in a reflex motion and caught myself. I had fallen into a Japanese defense position. I could not see what was at the bottom of the hole nor how deep it was. I found a support for my feet and was able to get myself out of this cave or whatever it was. From then on I moved most cautiously. Took several photos from the ridge and then we began the steep climb through cogon grass and over a steep rock wall to the peak of Tonaachau. The Japanese had a defense position on the top and had cut steps into the rock and had placed a railing so that one can pull oneself up the rock wall. Krämer mentioned in his book that Tonachau cannot be climbed; now it is no problem.

Magnificent view from the top of Tonachau upon the north and west coasts of Moen. Uitipoen and Chukumong out of the view toward the southeast side of the island.

Checked place names with Albert Hartman and took severral panoramic views of the northwestern section of Moen.

Noticed that both cassava and sweet potatoes were greatly affected by insect pests which must have reduced the yields of both of these crops.

Learned from Albert how to open a coconut without a knife or any other kind of tool. We pounded the nuts until the husk came off; after that it was very easy to open one of the "eyes" of the nut and to get at the water.

On the way down Albert told about the fight between the chief of Fefan and the people who have all kinds of complaints against the Chiefs. Some of the people seem to object to the Chiefs who were appointed by the Japanese. Many of them seem to have abused their power and some of them still do so.

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1 Ed. note: Earlier he said Tolachau. Both are possible transcriptions, given the exchange of the letters 'l' and 'n' due to dialect variations.

Scattered information on agriculture.

Men prepare the fields.
Men cut down trees and bushes.
Men harvest breadfruit and coconuts.
Men plant taro.

First ripe breadfruit has to be presented to the chief. At the beginning of the breadfruit season the chief announces a big feast: *Umui samol*—feast of the chief. *Samol* is chief, *Um* is cooking, *Umui* is feast or feasting.

The breadfruit is brought to eating house *(ut)* on large plates made out of *tamana* wood (Trukese word for it is *rokit*). The plates themselves are called *sepi*. On that occasion people sing the *emuir*, the song of the *umui samol*.

Sweet tuba is prepared and it is called *agi*.
Sour tuba is prepared and it is called *agumal*.
Breadfruit is preserved in the old style: *mar* or *obot*.

Taik [curcuma] which was once the most important product of Truk and was sold all through the central Carolines to the people of coral islands is no longer made as the people under the influence of the Germans and Japanese have given up the custom of painting their body with this yellow dye. Formerly the people of the surrounding islands would come to Truk with their weaving products and would exchange them against *taik*. Today the people of Truk pay for the incoming goods and receive money for the merchanside bought by the visitors.

According to Lt. Commander Elbert the Trukese recognize many kinds of breadfruit trees. I saw a breadfruit tree with unserrated leaves on the way to the old Japanese radio station on Moen. It is called "breadfruit from Ponape". Elbert also mentioned that there are many different kinds of coconuts. Furthermore the Trukese distinguish between stages of ripening.

In order to regulate the consumption of coconuts the chiefs declare a tabu on coconut trees from time to time. During this *rinu*, nobody may eat coconuts. This is true apparently during the breadfruit season when food is plentiful.

All of the Truk islands lost a large percentage of their coconuts and breadfruit trees. In some instances more than half of all trees were cut down by the Japanese in their search for lumber and their need for timber for defense purposes and their need for cultivable land. Land under sweet potatoes produces more calories than land under coconut trees.

Trukese names for varieties of coconuts:

Nu sessen (nut is sweet but small; nuts do not ripen all at the same time; tree produces many nuts).
Nu nap (nuts are very big)
Nu muin
Nu chu
Nu cha, par (ripening nuts have a reddish tinge)

Nu arau (green nuts)
Nu ón (yellow nuts)
Nu puóch (white nuts)
Nu múu
Nu puiniech (nuts are reddish inside)
Nu umum (a variety that produces many nuts)

The Trukese recognize **nine** stages in the growth of a coconut:
1) *kurup*—nuts are tiny up to about 3 inches across;
2) *tap*—green coconut with water not yet sweet enough to drink;
3) *soumesekurup*—green nuts almost ready to drink;
4) *sou*—green, best drinking coconut;
5) *souman*—nuts beginning to turn brown;
6) *nanput*—nuts are brown with some firm meat inside;
7) *choinesening*—only a little water left;
8) *cho*—very hard meat inside the nut.

Pandanus leaves are used for weaving. *Fach* or *fatr* is pandanus.
Fachira or *fatrira* is the kind the fruit of which is edible.
Fachoninen or *fatroninen* is the inedible pandanus.

Pon is a wet field used for **taro** cultivation.
Neman is a term with many meanings; one of them is dry or upland;
Kä, ke or *puerik* is upland taro or dry taro, harvested after 12 months.
Oni or *ot* are both wet and dry taro, harvested after 8 months; leaves are eaten but have to be boiled twice.
Puna is a wet taro-like plant which, according to Albert Hartman, takes 3 years to mature; very slow growth.
According to Lt. Commander Elbert, Trukese people distinguish the following kinds of *ot*, or taro:
chuna—dry only;
chimok—wet only;
saua—wet only;
feis—dry only (from Fais);
ot palau or *oni palau* (initroduced by Japanese from Palau);
otocha—wet and dry, red;
otefich—wet and dry;
otopuoch—dry;
otokaka—dry, red.
There is also a variety called *munu*, a dryland taro which is not very good.

Lt. Commander Elbert listed 54 different kinds of breadfruit. He prepared the list for the Botanists and we will attempt an identification of the trees, if that is possible during the stay of the Economic Survey Mission. I keep the list in a file that I have with me in the field.

I also have a list of 22 different kinds of bananas for the Economic Survey Botanists to work on.

* * * *

Thursday, May 23, 1946.

The Technical Section of the Economic Survey came ashore and divided into small groups each filling one jeep. Sproat and I had not been able to obtain passes for the members of the Survey as the Captain insisted on seeing Trueblood prior to the issue of the passes that are needed when one wants to leave the Military Reservation. For this reason the E.S. group climbed Tonachau which gives a good view over the northwestern corner of Moen.

Trueblood, Provencher, MacMillan and myself drove to the USCC office. On the way we passed Commander Duke who asked us to be in his office at 10:30. While the other spent the time in the USCC office I followed Duke to the Chiefs' meeting because I had heard about rumblings in Fefan and I was told that the meeting would take up the problems of Fefan. Albert Hartman who is secretary for the Island of Fefan was in the meeting although he had been told to be ready to interpret for the Survey. He did not want to miss this all-important meeting and I could not blame him.

I heard the end of Duke's speech on what he expected from Chiefs. They are to be the leaders of their people whom they are to treat fairly and justly, whom they are not to oppress and to exploit. Main charges against the Chief of Fefan are: use of island funds and funds that he obtained from individuals for his own financial adventures; proposing to women of his island and threatening them when they refused to respond; appropriating Japanese houses that were located on other people's land.

After lunch I went to the Provost Marshall and waited until the passes for the E.S. had been written and signed. Accompanied Fosberg, Oakley, and Townes to Tunuk, Iras, and Mechetiu where they collected both plants and insects.

Ipomoeum reptans—water morning glory was introduced by Japanese and is used as food.

Morinda citrifolia—a small tree that probably came from Melanesia; found throughout southeastern Asia and the Pacific. Source of dye stuff which is contained in the roots. The over-ripe fruit is used as medicine for treatment of the urine- genital system (Malaya, Hawaii) and in Indies for treatment of swollen spleen, liver, beri-beri, haemorrage and coughs. I will try to find out if *M. citrifolia* finds any medicinal use in Truk.

In Mechetiu we watched two men pound steamed cassava roots; the pounded roots or rather the pounded mass is dropped into milk that has been pressed from coconut

meat and it is mixed with it and pressed into round balls which are ready for consumption. This dish is called *kon*.

Near former Japanese camp site we found *Cassia tora*, the seeds of which may be roasted and used as substitute for coffee. Several Trukese informants told me that *Cassia tora* was used by the Japanese as a coffee substitute which explains its present distribution in Truk.

Another plant found in areas planted by Japanese is sorghum the grain of which was used for the making of a porridge. Will check this with Japanese interpreters.

Visit to Tol—Friday, May 24, 1946.

Realizing that the LCI skipper would never dare to take his boat near any of the islands in the western part of Truk Atoll, I suggested to the Field Director of the E.S. to arrange for the use of the LCT whose skipper, Williams, had travelled all over the Atoll and who knew the waters and the reefs. We obtained the LCT for a two-day trip to visit Tol and Udot.

Left Baker Dock at 0800 Friday morning and arrived at the jetty of Fasan in the Bay of Tol shortly before 1100. Rain all the way, poor visibility, and very light conditions for recognition of the reefs by sight. We ran on a reef just before we reached the jetty, tried to get off but failed, moved the jeeps to that side of the LCT that was not stuck and prepared to flood tanks in order to lift the boat off the reef when Trukese came from the shore in large number (80-90). Somebody suggested jokingly that they push us off the reef. The interpreters transmitted the thought and in a few minutes they all lined up along the side of our ship and began to push. Before we knew the boat began to move and after some 10 minutes we could move again as the Trukese had pushed us off the reef. Reached the jetty, I dropped the ramp and drove our jeeps ashore.

Group divided. Alpert and Hall took Justo, the Guamanian as interpreter, while Fosberg, Townes, and I took Albert Hartman and the son of Chief Upuini with us. Called on Kaercher the German [Liebenzeller] Missionary who just moved to Tol and was given the permission to use the former Japanese police station as living quarters for his family. We told him of our plan to climb Mt. Uinipöt.[1] He had never been on top of this highest mountain of Tol as the Japanese did not permit it and he told us that he would like to accompany us.

Started out from the shore shortly after noon. First we passed through dense stands of coconut palms, breadfruit trees and bananas between which are growing upland root crops. Everywhere signs that both Trukese and Japanese had lived on the slopes in the protection of the tree groves during the war when living in the lowland along the shore became too dangerous, because of bombing and straffing. Many of the Japanese houses are now occupied by Trukese or they are being torn down and the material is being used for the reconstruction of the villages along the shore of the island. Shelters and houses that had been constructed from palm leaves and thatch are slowly falling to pieces and

1 Ed. note: Now called Mt. Tumuital, 443 meters (Car. 16 M(3)c-2 in Bryan's Place Names.

are rotting. Large areas had been planted to sweet potatoes and cassava. The sweet potatoes are rapidly checked by *Paspalum conjugatum* and other grasses that grow 3 feet and higher. When we reached approximately the 750 feet contour line the coconut and breadfruit stands came to an end and we entered the primeval mountain rain forest with its tall big trees, vines, lianas, epiphytes, ferns and mosses, its insects and birds. The forest is dense and very moist—constantly soaked in water and dripping. Movement slightly easier than on the lower and middle part of the slope where the grass was so high.

Reached the saddle west of the peak of Mt. Uinipöt and moved along the saddle until we reached the peak which has a little plateau. In a tree on the northern edge of this plateau the Japanese had an observation post. The ladder leading up to it is completely rotten and can no longer be used.

In the middle of this level tract of land on top of Mt. Uinipöt lies an old defense wall which was probably built by Trukese as an refuge area for women and children during times of warfare—rather frequent—but during the last war the Japanese used a part of this old stone wall to build air raid shelter for the unit of Mt. Uinipöt.Old garden with sorghum, *cassia tora*, red pepper, sweet potatoes, cucurbites, papaya. High stand of *Paspalum conjugatum* is choking the old garden. Light-loving trees too are coming back and in time the trees that make up the mountain rain forest will come back as there is still enough of the old primeval forest left to serve as seed supplier.

Descended along a different trail which was considerably more difficult as we had to move over two or three 30 to 60 feet high cliffs and rock slopes which were very wet. The Japanese had built ladders but these ladders were so rotten by now that they were constantly breaking. We had to slide down on the seats of our pants trying to get support from the 4-foot poles that one of the Trukese guides had cut. That fellow was wearing a breech cloth and nothing else—a very sensible idea in this dripping forest. My clothes were completely soaked and had not a dry stitch on me.

On the way back we passed the old school site. Only the foundation and the old cement water tanks are left. Site is rapidly taken over by bushes and grasses.

Came too late for the dance performance of the villagers of Fasan and other neighboring villages.

After supper, Sproat, Provencher, and I returned to the Kaerchers and we stayed there overnight. The two pressure lamps that the Kaerchers own were both not working and Sproat tried for two hours to repair them so that we would have better light.

Kraercher offered a room to any member of the E.S. who wishes to stay for several days in Tol. Hall and I will take him up on it. Mr. and Mrs. Kaercher feel apparently that they have received so much help from American officers that they would show their appreciation in a practical way. He speaks Trukese very well and would be able to interpret for us.

Trip to Udot—Saturday, May 25, 1946.

Left Tol 0800 and went by boat (LCT) to Udot. Again we had difficulties reaching the jetty. It took a great deal of maneuverring and help from a group of Udot people to get us ashore. We were told that the LCT would leave the jetty at 1500 and split into groups each of whom followed its own program.

Oakley, Townes, myself and Albert Hartman went to the old Mission to look at the fruit trees planted by Miss Zuber who was some 36 years in Truk and who planted many of the oranges and limes on the mission land. Trees are badly affected by insect pests. From there we went to the north shore of Udot, called on Miss Dederer of the *Liebenzeller Mission für energisssche Christentum* who showed us pictures of their stations in Truk, Mortlock, etc. before the war. She had also a picture of Prof. Krämer who wrote "Truk" and "Inseln im Truk" on the basis of his expedition of 1907-09

Hiked along the north shore collecting plants and getting Trukese terms for them. Climbed over the ridge that runs through the island and returned along the north shore to the jetty at Monua.

Names of the villages on Udot:

Monua [J3 in Bryan's Place Names];
—Menitu [J4};
—Penia [J1];
—Fonoma (Spanish Mission) [J2];
Tunnuk [J5]; and
—Uonip [J6].

Stopped for a few minutes at the Spanish mission. Fosberg talked with the Jesuit Father who does not know English. Father told us that the Japanese cut so many coconut and breadfruit trees because they needed more foodstuff that these trees produce. Land that is planted with sweet potatoes and cassava, sorghum and the other crops that the Japanese planted produces more than if it were under coconut and breadfruit.

Were 15 minutes late and the skipper fo the LCT had ordered the removal of our gear as he did not want to delay departure any longer.

Reached Moen—Baker Dock—shortly before 1700.

Sunday, May 26, 1946.

Day was badly broken because of the military request to have a group picture taken of the personnel of the E.S. Unfortunately the Field Director agreed to 12 noon which meant that we could move far from the Camp in the morning or in the afternoon.

Gantt, MacMillan and I drove along the west coast of Moen, passed the South Airfield and then along the southwest shore to the village of Uichap where we left the main road and drove up the ridge towards Mt. Chukumong. Every sign of Japanese wartime agriculture: sweet potatoes, cassava, *Colocasia* in a swampy area. Large areas of coconuts and breadfruits were out. At present no sign of replanting of coconuts by Trukese. What are they waiting for? Assurance of a market for their copra? Maybe we, i.e. Mili-

tary Government is employing too many Trukese of Island of Moen so that there is not the labor available to plant coconut trees.

On the way back we met the geologist of the E.S., Piper, whom I had told about the Japanese waterpoint near Epinup on the southwest side of the island. He had to return with us for the picture and was very much annoyed, to have his work interrupted at such an inconvenient hour.

After lunch I drove with MacMillan past the peninsula of Sapuk and the old Japanese radio station up to Mt. Uitipön. Uitipön gives an excellent view over the greater part of Moen and helps one to grasp the major structure of the island. MacMillan realized that he had underestimated the size of Moen by driving always along the shore but never getting an overall view. Numerous Japanese guns and searchlight equipment still up on Mt. Uitipön.

On the way back I bought some papaya from a Trukese family that lives on the slope leading up to Uitipön from the peninsula of Sapuk. House located under a very large mango tree. Big breadfruit trees, many coconut palms, bananas, papaya, cassava, etc. around the house. The head of the family speaks some English. He asked us to take his son to village of Penia where he wanted to see a baseball game.

Visit to Fefan Island—Monday, May 27, 1946.

Technical section of the E.S. spent Monday, May 27 on Fefan. We landed at the jetty of Mesa village which is located in the northeastern part of the island. The group split up as follows: MacMillan, Gantt, Hosaka, Oakley and Rogers hiked from Mesa to the jetty of Sapote in the southeastern corner of the island where they were picked up by the launch at noon. Dr. Alpert and Hall stayed right in Mesa village and interrogated informants and examined a group of children. Townes, Fosberg, and myself spent two hours cutting an ivory nut tree (*coelococcus*); Townes collected the insects of the palm while Fosberg selected material from the palm and got it back to the boat. After that we hiked over the ridge that runs north-south through the island, climbed Mt. Chukusou, and met the boat at the jetty of Foujuen which lies just below the Mission of the Spanish Jesuits.

The boat had brought Alpert and Hall on the one hand and Gantt, MacMillan, etc. from Mesa respectively Sapote to Foujuen [or Foudjuen] from where they hiked to Ununo leaving the boat for those of us who came across the ridge from the east coast.

By 4:15 p.m. the whole group was together again and on its way back to the LCI.

The Japanese built a road from Mesa village up to Mt. Chukuesu and Mt. Chukuchap, and installed defense positions and AA-gun on the saddle between the two mountains. Notices three 8-cm (3-inch) dual-purpose guns on a little level section of the saddle between Chukuchap and Chukusou. In addition, they had a search-light on Chukuchap and radar equipment on Mt. Iron.

Fosberg and I spent some time on the saddle between Chukusou and Chukuchap and the village of Mesa and Sanuk (above Foudjuen). The Japanese had cleared the slopes, cut many of the coconuts and breadfruits in order to get space for sweet pota-

toes and cassava. These clearings have been invaded by *Paspalum conjugatum* and *P. orbiculare. Paspalum congugatum* provides apparently a quick cover which cuts down erosion and it takes over the sweet potato patches. The *Paspalum conjugatum* patches are being invaded by *Acalypha, Premna, Macaranga, Glochidion, Hisbiscus tiliaceus* which start the second growth forest.

—*Macaranga = tup* [in Trukese]
—*Glochidion = afor*
—*Hibiscus t. = sinifō*
—*Premna = nior umukau*

On top of Mt. Iron and Chukuchap there are remnants of the original mountain rain forest, especially on the steep slopes and right on top and immedaitely below.

The commonest tree in these remnants of the rain forest is the *rakit—Calophyllum inophyllum* [palo maria] which is an important source of wood. The Japanese depleted the *rakit* stands seriously and it may be recommendable to do some reforestation work with *Calophyllum inophyllum*

Although the Japanese built a road from Mesa up to Chukuchap there were only trails down to the west coast of Fefan. On the slope we passed many buildings that had been put up by Japanese soldiers. They were usually surrounded by banana plants or they were located among clusters of breadfruit trees which gave protection against airplanes. Many caves had been dug. Some of the Japanese houses, especially those on the lower slope had been taken over by Trukese; those higher were being taken apart and the material was carried down to the villages which the Trukese are trying to reconstruct.

Broad mangrove swamp south of the Catholic Mission at Foudjuen. We passed a group of Trukese who were rolling a big water tank towards the mission. They were being supervised by a kind old Spanish lay brother of the Mission. The Mission itself suffered badly during the war; the Japanese removed all the roofing and timber and used it to construct their buildings up in the hills when air raids became frequent and it was no longer safe to live down along the coastal plain. It will take the two lay brothers and the priest a long time to rebuild their Mission. Before the war there were several Spanish Nuns at Foudjuen who ran a girls' school. At the beginning of the war the Nuns were taken to Ponape where they are at present but they are anxious to return to Truk and they plan to start a school in Moen which is becoming rapidly the most important island in Truk due to the establishment of American Headquarters on the island.

The Mission had quite a number of fruit trees: soursop, lime, orange, and, of course, many banana plants.

Visit to Numuin [Nomwin] Island, Hall Islands—Wednesday and Thursday, May 29 and 30, 1946.

Commander Duke who is in charge of the M.G. Unit at Truk asked the Field Director of the E.S. to include the island of Nomuin in the Hall Islands in the Survey itine-

rary and bring back Artie Moses, the Atoll Chief of Truk who was stranded in Nomuin but was badly needed in Truk.

The **LCI 983** received orders from Captain Gilbert, Commander Truk and Central Carolines, to proceed to Nomuin and take along on that trip three natives who belonged to the boat which had taken Artie Moses to Nomuin and who had returned to Truk in a sailboat in order to get help. The orders included as additional passengers Lt. Commander Elbert, who wanted to visit Nukuoro while the LCI was to proceed to Kapingamarangi, Albert Hartman—my interpreter—and myself.

We left Moen Island at 9000 and passed through N.E. Passage by 11 a.m. I was sitting on one of the gun decks and taking notes on the information that Elbert, Hall and myself could get out of Albert Hartman when I happened to look up and glance in the direction of Moen or rather in the direction where Moen should have been, on our left and slightly behind us, but instead I found that Moen was to our right and that we were moving in a southerly direction. I commented on this to Hall and Elbert. Hall left us to consult the gyro-compass which showed a course of 169 degrees. Hall got a hold of Trueblood and the Skipper who in turn gave orders to swing the LCI around and set the course at 345 degrees. This was an example of the type of navigation practiced on board the LCI 983.

By 2:30 the Nomuin Atoll came in sight and by 3 p.m. we entered the lagoon and finally dropped anchor offshore of Nomuin. A native sailboat took most of the members of the E.S. ashore. At the foot of the jetty where we landed stood Artie Moses, the Atoll Chief of Truk and a number of Nomuin Islanders. Women and children remained in the background. I introduced my colleagues to Mr. Moses and we walked over to the men's house or *ut* where Mr. Moses and his companions had been living for several days while waiting for help. The *ut* lies immediately to the right of the jetty when one comes in from the sea and to the left lies the house of the German missionary who happened to be on the island of Ruo in the Murilo Atoll.

We learned from Moses that Alauan, the Chief of Nomuin, was on Moen. (As soon as we got back to Moen I called on Alauan and obtained a great deal of information from him and his companions which I will work into the notes on our visit to Nomuin as if it had been obtained right on the spot).

Nomuin is the western of the two atolls which form the Hall Islands. There are some 30 islands scattered at quite regular intervals along the reef of the atol which has a triangular shape. Most of the islands are small and uninhabited; the four largest islands lie on the southeastern rim of the atoll: Nomuin, Elin, Fananu and Igup. Nomuin is the southewestern one of these four islands. It is about 1 km long and 800 meters wide. Height: 3-5 feet. The island is flat and built up of coral sand and coral rock. A reef surrounds the island and it is especially well developed on the ocean side of the island.

Nomuin has a population of 154 persons who belong to 6 *ailangs* [clans]. (The Nomuin Islanders pronounce the letter 'l' very distinctly in contrast to the Truk Islanders.)

Ailang [clan]	*Pilim (Totem)*
Sapulupi	Seui, Matou, and Poko (Chief of Nomuin belongs to this clan)
Achau	Seui (fish)
Sor	Pueas (fish)
Puäreka	Puäpue (turtle)
Pol	Meu (fish)
Moch	Namar (fish)

Each *ailang* has its chief who looks after the interests of his *ailang* and is the liaison man between the *ailang* and the island chief. Whenever there is a need the island chief calls the *ailang* chiefs together for a meeting.

Nomuin has 4 villages:

—Sapotiu—western or lower village;

—Lukan—middle village;

—Leman;

—Sapotä—eastern or upper village.

Each village has control over a section of land which runs from the lagoon side of the island to the ocean side. The only land of the island that is owned by all villages together are the wet taro and *cyrtosperma* pits in the center of the island, especially behind the village Sapotä. Otherwise the land is owned by *ailangs* who distribute it among their members.

Ocean side = *illük*

Lagoon side = *mesor*

The sandspit on the west side of the island is called Piemulä. It has only low bushes but no trees.

The east end of the island is called Lepousük.

The taro swamp (artificial) is called Lepölelap.

The church, the *udd (ut)*, missionary's house are located in the village of Sapotiu.

The island has one large boat-house which had at least 6 boats most of which can transport 5 to 6 people.

Boat-house = *Uten ua*.

Firewood house = *Imuen amut*

Living house = *Imuen aremas*

Men's house = *Ut* or *Imuen muan*

Menstruation hut = *Imuen uo* (no longer used; missionary influence)

Cook house = *Imuen um*

Chief Alauan of the clan Sapulupi was preceded by his father, Kaiser, of the clan Sor who ruled Nomuin in the German period. Kaiser was preceded by Remot of the clan Achau. Kaiser was appointed by the German administrators who thereby interfered with Nomuin *adat* which calls for chiefs out of the same clan.

Economy.

Nomuin produced before the war 2 tons of copra a month or 24 tons a year most of which was produced on uninhabited coral isalnds owned by the Nomuin Islanders. The coconut trees of Nomuin itself are primarily used to produce drinking nuts, tuba or *ati*, i.e. palm wine, and coconut milk. In the morning as well as in the evening the men climb the coconut trees to collect the sap that has collected in the coconut shell suspended under the flower that is being tapped. The palm wine is carried home in large bottles that were obtained from the Japanese (old sake bottles). These bottles are hanging very often on the wall of a house and any member who is thirsty takes a sip.

Besides copra, the people of Nomuin sold:

—mats (large ones for 6 yen and small ones for 3 yen)

—coir twine of 100 fathoms for 1.60 yen

—coir rope of 16 fathoms for 10.00 yen

—fish (1 foot long, 0.25; 2 feet, 0.50 yen)

—turtle for 30.00 yen

—chicken for 1.00 yen (wartime: 20 to 30¥)

—pigs: live weight, 1 kg = 1¥ (Nomuin sold an average of 8 pigs a year with an average weight of 50 to 70 kg.)

—octopus, from 0.30 to 0.50¥ a piece

—shells - *to* (was sold by the bottle at 2.50¥)

" - *sim* (sold for 0.10 to 0.30¥)

" - *amue* (a large shell, sold 0.50 to 1.00¥)

—trumpet shell (triton, sold for 0.30 to 0.50¥

—conch shell (helmet, sold for 0.30 to 0.50¥

—orange-colored cowries (from 25.00 to 30.00¥; in German times from 20.00 to 30.00 Marks).

Number of livestock before the war and now:

Type	**Before war**	**Now**
Pigs	36-40	none
Goats	20	none
Chicken	400	160 approx.

Although there were no Japanese troops on Nomuin during the war, the island was stripped by troops coming from Truk and Ruo Island in the Murilo Atoll.

Number of sailboats: before the war, 4; now, 2.

Number of outriggers: before the war, 44; now, 15.

Each *ailang* has a boat-builder, although every man of the island knows the principles of boat-building. Best boat-builder belongs to the *ailang* of Puärcka. Should the chief ask him to build a boat for him, he would not be able to refuse to do so but he would feel honored by the request.

A five-man canoe was priced at 50¥

A ten-man canoe was priced at 100¥

Should the boat-builder be paid in trees, each breadfruit tree would be valued at ¥8.00 and each coconut tree at ¥4.00.

The Nomuin Islanders know how to build sailing canoes, although they prefer Japanese-built sailing boats. During German times a sailing boat that could carry 10 persons cost 300 Marks. A sailing boat that could carry 20 persons cost 300.00¥ The two sailing boats presently owned by Nomuin Isalnd were bought from Japanese. The price of the bigger one (40 persons) was 2,250.00¥; that of the smaller one (12 passengers) was ¥1,200.00.

Nomuin Island lost a large number of coconut trees because of the need for lumber in the air raid caves and shelters and because of the need for food—i.e. the heart of the palms was consumed.

The Japanese paid 15 sen per kg of copra or ¥150.00 per metric ton.

An average family of 6 persons needs at least 6 breadfruit trees and 30 coconut trees for its livelihood.

Nomuin is densely covered with plant growth; most outstanding are coconut palms, breadfruit trees, taro, *cyrtosperma*, and *alocasia (kä), Crataeva nurvala (éfuch)* which is eaten raw with coconut meat, papaya, and a few bananas, *gnotum gnemom* (a woody vine the seeds of which may be eaten; it is called *ruké* in Hall and *rukuruk* in Truk), pandanus (*fech*).

I obtained the following names for breadfruit varieties: *Oneas* (fruit contains seeds); *Pénpät; Seuan; Mörus; Achepar; únike; mcísop; nipuani; ünnüpuin; animmuôr; tinnae.*

I obtained the following names for *Cyrtosperma* varieties: *Simitel* (introduced from Mortlock Islands); *fanál* (or *fanal*); *mannukou; seri, pauöl.*

In contrast with the Truk Islands the men of Nomuin do the fishing. Only the pounding of the breadfruit is done by the men, while the women do the cooking. Men collect also the coconuts and the sap of the coconut palm. In Truk, however, men do the cooking—.on Wednesday and Saturday—while the women do the fishing or at least most of it. Fishing in the lagoon of Truk is somewhat easier than fishing around the Hall Islands where most of the fishing seems to be carried out outside the reef. However, I shall do some more interrogation on this point.

Notes taken during conversation with Albert Hartman on board the LCI 983--May 29, 1946.

[Trukese customs]

Each village has an *ut*—[Father] Bollig spells it *udd*—or house of the men, which is usually located near the house of the chief. Formerly, single men had to sleep in the ut. Up to the age of about 15 or 16, the boys slept in the house of their parents.

Puberty: *fansoun a pop-te; uman ika fefin.*

Canoes were placed in the *ut* provided the chief gave permission; war canoes had to be placed in the *ut.* Women were not allowed to come near the war canoes and had to stay away from the *ut.*

Fefan once had a war canoe which could carry 200 men. Some men are still alive who saw this giant boat. Uman had a boat that could carry 120 men.

Young men were not allowed to bring girls and sweethearts to the *ut* but took them into the bush.

If the marriage of a couple was opposed by the parents, they would elope (*kasu*) and live in the bush for a while and were supplied with food by friends. Finally, the family would give in and the lovers would return. Elopements led frequently to war.

Sufen (?) means to timidly cringe before superior or chief. Girls must *sufen* in the presence of their brothers but not of their fathers. They must cover their breasts; in the old days, they did this by throwing a poncho-like piece of cloth—*mitinimuar*—over their head which fell over front and back. These garments were woven and had designs around the neck. Sisters and brothers may talk to each other but they may not sleep in the same house.

Formerly the Trukese had menstrual huts. The word for menstruate is *nonukun*, i.e. living outside or away. If the woman is married, the husband carries food to the hut; otherwise, she is supplied by her sister's husband. Women too may bring food. Men bring taro, breadfruit, and coconut dishes as men take care of these crops and prepare dishes made from the plants. Women, however, bring fish as they do the fishing.

During the menstrual period no woman may go fishing or she may be struck by the God of the Sea. Now they do not go because the doctors warn against it.

Both men and women must abstain from intercourse for two or more days prior to fishing; otherwise, they will be struck by the *Anu neset*, or God of the Sea.

Anu nap or *Alu lap* is the "big good god" to whom the Trukese used to pray and to whom they made offerings.

Sope = spirit.

Pun (?) = spirit, soul, reflection.

Mana or *manoman* = power of magic type.

Ponnu = expert in astronomy, meteorology, magic, navigation, sort of weather priest.

In olden days every district had an *itang* [expert], besides the chief.

An *itang* learns the *itang*-lore from a relative who is an *itang*. Knowledge is carefully guarded as it gives power and prestige. During the period that a man is introduced into the world of *itangs* he has to stay in the *ut* and he cannot eat with other people; his only companion is the old *itang*; his fire may not be used by others; he eats only *tukusis*, i.e. breadfruit prepared in a special way; eats only twice a day at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. He may not have sexual relations with women.

He learns the story of his island and other surrounding islands, of the *ailangs* [or *ailangs*], divination, to send messages by use of leaves and grasses. He studies the geography and topography of other islands so that he can plan a campaign without ever having been on the island against which his village is fighting.

The present chief of Nomuin is an *itang*, as is Albert Meilo, Chief of Ueno [Wona, Uola, or Moen]. Albert Meilo's father was *itang* of Ueno.

Hierarchy: Itang (who can be at the same time Chief);
then Island Chief (*samon nap* or *samol lap*);
then Village Chief (*samon kis* or *samol kis*);
then Clan Chief (*samon ainang* or *samol ailang*).
then the People, or *aramas.*

The old system that a man belongrd to a different clan than his own children and that he is to look after the children of his sisters caused emotional stress. When the Germans came in they introduced patrilinear system and changed inheritance laws—a change which was welcomed by many Trukese. The breaddown of social institutions began with active German colonization.

The Germans introduced the office of Island chief in order to reduce the number of Chiefs with whom they would have to deal. The Japanese continued this office. Both Germans and Japanese removed from office incapable chiefs or those who did not seem to be loyal and who were in opposition and who did not carry out oorders. In place of such chiefs they appointed men who were capable, ambitious, and loyal but who did not come from the clan of the old chief.

Acculturation was apparently a rapid process, e.g. houses, clothing, tools, trade goods.

Some Trukese curses:

Muas seni imom = Rotten (stinking) from your mother (only said by men in absence of women).

Pumuom semom = Your father is your husband (only said by women).

Punuom mongeom = Your husband your brother.

Pumuom inom = Your wife your mother.

Punuom fefinem = Your wife your sister.

—A fear of incest is expressed in these curses.

Visit to Pis Island—Monday, June 3, 1946.

I had requested a boat for the E.S. for Sunday but due to somebody's fault—maybe Commander Duke, maybe Commander Wilson—we did not get the authorization in time to obtain a Japanese boat from Dublon. For some reason the Japanese boats return every night to Dublon and unless arrangements have been made beforehand the boats stay on Dublon on Sundays.

Postponed the trip to Monday. Obtained the authorization. Requests have to be made up in triplicate and signed by Commander Duke of Military Government. Requests are submitted to Wilson, the Executive Officer who then writes out the authorization which the boat dispatcher needs before a boat may leave Baker Dock.

Were ready to leave for Pis by 8 a.m. Our boat was MG 48, a small single-engine motorboat with a crew of 4 men and an officer. Lt. Ota was a student of Economics and Law in one of the Tokyo universities prior to the war. Speaks English. Has been in

Truk for 3 years. For one year he was commanding officer of a small garrison of 80 men on the reef island next to Pis where the Japanese had 25 AA-guns and a 15-cm gun to guard the North Pass. Food was brought to this island twice a week.

Reached Pis shortly after 10 a.m. Lt. Ota told the Pis Islanders that we needed 2 men to give Fosberg the native names for the plants that he collected. I worked with Fosberg all day writing down the Trukese words for the plants that we found.

Hall tried to use Lt. Ota as interpreter but found that the knowledge of Japanese available on Pis was rather limited. One needs on Pis a Trukese interpreter but Albert Hartman had gone to Fefan and had not yet returned by the time we left Moen.

Smith, Aki, and Ensign Miller of the LCI went fishing while Oakley and Townes collected insects. All of us found Pis to be a high-yielding island.

Pis is consederably richer in plant life than Hall which reflects its proximity to the high volcanic islands.

[Trukese names for plants][1]

I concentrated on the collection of the Trukese names for the plants that Fosberg collected. Obtained the following names:

Baringtonia	*kun*
Premna	*umukam*
Piper	*éres*
"Ti"[in Hawaiian]	*tin*
Polyscias	*atónichen*
Polypodium	*tíchi*
Nephrolepis	*amäre* (a fern)
Crataeva	*ápuch* (*éfuch* of Nomuin)
Acalypha	*manou* (a *Euphorbiaceae*)
Calophyllum inophyllum	*rékit*
Papaya	*kipau*
Hodyetis	*sing*
Thespesia	*pönö*
Cordia	*anikat*
Centella	*nikótokot*
Vigan	*uönuka*
Paspalum	*fetiu* (a grass)
Manisuris	*fetiu niap* (a grass, family *Gramineae*)
Fimbristylis	*pukér* (sedge, family *Cyperaceae*)
Acanthaccae	*enénion*
Stachytarpheta	*sagúura*
Peilotu	*aneodjua*
Cyperus	*nikannon*

1 Ed. note: Due to bad carbon copy, the exactness of the Trukese words in not guaranteed.

Lime	*niman (?)*
Clerodendron	*ápuech*
Soulamea amara	*maras*
Mirabilis	*meribisa*
Tobacco	*suba*
Terminalia	*asas*
Euphorbia prostrata	*kichich*
Grimna(?)	*sip*
Messerschmidia	*chen*
Pemphis	*-ñgi*
Guettarda	*mosor*
Camavalia	*ónuka* or *óruka*
Scaevala	*nôt*
Wedelia	*atnot*
Pisonia	*mok*
Terminalia	*sin*
Morinda citrifolia	*nóbur*
Callicarpos	*kutu*
Ficus tinctoria	*aü•n*
Dorris trifoliata	*unenipot*
Hernandia	*akureng*
Hedyotis	*sing*
Pittesperum	*airenges*
Triumfetta	*kiuin*
Fungus	*seringan anu* (Devil's ear)
Fleurya	*ansilitnu*
Dryopteris	*amäro*
2 breadfruits	*óneas* (has seeds), *unubun*
Asplenium nidus	*nuk* (birdsnest fern)
Bruguiera	*ong* (mangrove)
Calophyllum	*uäniu*
Cassytha	*tik*
Pertulasa quadrifida	*chiukis*
Ipomoea alba	*afamach*
Glochidion	*efor*
Kimenia	*ano*
Ipomoea	*ruke* or *ruge*
Achyranthes	*niköke*
Dioscorea bulbifera	*apúreka*
Ixora	*atiu*
Pumpkin	*pakin*
Frangipani	*seur*

Sea-grass	*muchmuch* or *anot*

[Other words are:]

Lizard	*mepearäch*
Trail, or road	*an*
Bowl	*sébi*

Informants: Alauan, Chief of Nomuin; Uolebat, Chief of Falalu; Timoli, Assistant of the Chief of Ruo; Albert Meilo, Chief of Ueno.

...

Interrogation of Chief Pol of Ruo [Murilo Atoll]—June 6, 1946.

Pol belongs to the *ailang* of Sor. He was preceded by Robi, his half-brother who had the same father but a different mother. Robi's *ailang* was Uito.

Ruo has approximately 93 people who have approximately 17 houses. There are 3 villages on the island: Lalio in the west, Kasalei in the middle and Leini in the east.

Names of ailangs	No. of persons	Pieces of land
Sor	8	12
Uito	5	11
Sapenupi	22 approx.	11
Lukfalu or Lukan	11	10 approx.
Uisusu	7	10
Souefeng	30	8

Ailangs	Totems
Sor	Arresilin (fish) or Liorchilin (Trukese word for this fish)
Uito	Lepech (squid)
Sapolúpi	K'u (porpoise)
Lúkfalu	Arrosilin
Uisúsu	Lepach
Somefeng	Lepach

When the numbers of an *ailang* eat the totem of their *ailang* they may not share the meal with some member of another *ailang*.

The two most important *ailangs* of Ruo are Sor and Uito, the latter supplied the *itang*. Robi was *ailang* and *itang* at the same time. Since his death Ruo has had no *itang*.

Each piece of land has a name; the pieces are of different size and it is difficult to obtain much information on the relative amount of land owned by the different clans.

Each *ailang* of Ruo has an *ailang* chief. Chief Pol is island and *ailang* chief of Sor at the same time.

Land is either owned by *ailangs* or by individuals. Every *ailang* has a certain amount of land over which the *ailang* as a whole exercises control. In addition to the *ailang* land each member may hold some land as an individual but he cannot dispose of this land

without consultation of his clan brothers. The *Cyrtosperma* pits or patches in the center of the island are held by the *ailangs*. Pol estimates that the *ailangs* of Sor and Uito together control at least 50% of the island land.

A new *ailang* could establish itself if a man from Ruo married a woman from a clan that was not found on Ruo and would bring his wife to Ruo and would give her some land with the approval of his own *ailang*.

(Artie Moses and his son both married women of *ailangs* that were not on the Island of Uman before.)

Economy.

Ruo produced before the war 1-1/2 tons of copra a year. Chief thinks that the same amount can be produced now.

In addition Ruo produced and sold the same type of products as Nomuin: sleeping mats, coir twine and rope, fish, turtles, pigs and chicken, etc.

Animals	**Before war**	**Now**
Pigs	10	none
Goats	none	none
Chiicken	200 approx.	100
Ducks	100 approx.	20 approx.

...

[Arrowroot, *mokemok*]

Artie Moses did not know that the Hall Islanders cultivate arrowroot or *tacca*—the Trukese do not cultivate the plant but use the wild root. Moses mentioned that arrowroot is very good and a favorite dish:

Chelaruor: Root is rasped or grated. Meal is thrown into water and agitated until the water is charged with the starch, poured through a cloth which allows the starch to pass but retains raspings. After this the starch is allowed to settle and water is poured away. Fresh water is used until all bitterness is gone. Then hot stones are thrown into starch and turned until it thickens. Dish is very much like a pudding according to Moses.

Chelctakku: Mokemok starch is mixed with milk and most of coconut, wrapped in leaves (breadfruit, for example) and roasted in open fire.

...

Tol Island—June 10, 1946.

Left Moen for a week. Plan to spend this time in Tol Island. Japanese launch took us to the old island jetty of Tol at the foot of which lies the old Japanese police station. The building is now occupied by the family of the missionary Kaercher.

In the afternoon Mr. Kaercher took me to the old Mission land Bethanien. Nothing is left of the buildings which included a church, a school for boys preparing to become preachers, and the house of the missionary. The Japanese placed their cemetery on the mission land, converted a large part of the land to sweet potato and cassava fields, swampy places are covered with *Ipomoea reptans* which was introduced by the

Japanese and was used by them as vegetable and in salads; Okinawans fed it to pigs together with fish heads.

Looked at some of the Trukese houses and huts along the road. Quite a number of the houses were reconstructed out of material of former Japanese houses; sliding doors and windows, built-in cabinets, etc.

In the village of Unife we talked for a long time with Andreas, who is *samon kis* of Unife... There was an open fire in one corner of the house. Over it was hanging from the ceiling a little platform made of wire on which the food is kept. It protects the food against rats.

Mother and two daughters were filling bottles with tobacco that had been dried and shredded. This tobacco is sold on the low islands outside the Truk Atoll, where there is not enough land available for the planting of tobacco. The people of the low islands may pay for this tobacco in coconut coir which Trukese cannot make because of a tabu.

Andreas had a fruit in his hand that I did not know. Asked for the name and got some information on Trukese medicine: *ekipuin.* It is the fruit of *kun.* It is cut and chewed and the chewed pulp is placed at the entrance of hole where a *lepach* (squid) is hiding. The squid tries to get out of its hole and is caught. The *ekipuin* is rather bitter and the mouth has to be rinsed with saltwater. The bark of *kun* is scraped and placed in a bowl. Saltwater is poured over it, hot stones thrown into water which causes steam to rise. A person who has been diving and who feels sick in his stomach or has the feeling that he has to vomit bends over the bowl and lets the steam come up against his stomach. This is supposed to cure him. He may not return to the sea for 2 or 3 days nor may he eat any seafood.

The leaves of *sieuinen* are pressed and placed into a bowl or coconut shell, Water is poured over them and hot stones are thrown into water. Steam is supposed to cure head-aches. He who prepares the medicine may not work for two days.

Additional names of "Sou rong"

Sou auarauar = "Medium", i.e. somebody who can ask dead persons—who can let dead persons come.

Sou asoma = Somebody who receives the offerings of the first fruit—usually the *samon kis.* The *samon kis* distributes the offerings that he receives among people of his *.inang* and may give some to the *ainang* of his wife.

Sou asoma= "He who can call dead". *Aso,* to call; *ma,* dead, deceased. The offerings which are brought to him are probably offerings to the spirits of the dead members of the village.

Muanasor = Man who has power—somebody who is capable of speaking in a village meeting, somebody whose standing allows him to criticize other people.

...

On the way back we met a young man who had been elected to be *samon kis* of Fason, the village in which the Kaerchers live. The old *samon kis* was removed from his office because he went after other women although he is married. Upuini, *samon*

nap of Tol, gave the villagers three candidates. Every grown-up villager, men and women, had the right to vote by writing [the name of] their candidate on a slip of paper. The new chief had been Secretary before to the old chief and had supervised Trukese laborers during the war when Trukese had to work a great deal for the Japanese.

Noticed a house under construction and learned that it is being built by a member of his community who has two wives. The Missionary will not allow the three to participate in the communion. The first wife has no children and as the man was anxious to have children he took a second wife. The three live together without any difficulty.

...

Tol Island—June 11, 1946.

On the previous day Artie Moses sent us a note saying that he would go to Pata and Uomei the following morning. So, at 8 a.m. Hall, Kaercher, the German Missionary, and I walked to Chief Upuini's house where Artie Moses was staying but we found that he had passed us on motorboat which we had met but only heard because of the broad mangrove swamp. On the way to Upuini's house we passed the *Oror en Ochang* (jetty of Ochang, named after the Ochang Maru, an Okinawan fishing boat which used this jetty prior to the war) and found the people of Faup, Faupo, and Amachang doing their weekly stint of labor for the "land". Women were carrying stones from the hillside down to the jetty and men were standing in the water and laying the stones in order to widen the jetty. We heard that Chief Upuini realized that the Oror en Ochang was not as wide as the former main pier of Tol, i.e. the Oror en Lafeneng or the Oror en Fason. This realization came when the E.S. came to Tol and brought jeeps along. The Japanese too had trucks on Tol but at that time they used the Oror on Lefenong which lies in front of the Japaanese District Office which is now occupied by the Kaercher family.

When we found that Upuini and Artie Moses had gone by boat to Uonei (Wolei) we retraced our steps for a few hundred yards and began our hike to the Oror en Lepikau. First the road took us through extensive mangrove stands. The Japanese had constructed a few ditches through the mangrove which allow quicker drainage at low tide and boat movements through the mangrove to the high land. Large parts of the swamps were drained by Okinawans during the war. The muck had been hilled into long ridges on which the Okinawans raised sweet potatoes and vegetables.

Reaching the upper part of the Bay (Lebunom) we walked along a boat canal which was constructed by the Japanese at the narrowest point between Tol and "Oksi". A short stretch of about 200 yards had to be blasted out of the rock. This canal separates Tol from Oksi so that Greater Tol consists of 4 islands: 1) **Tol** proper separated from 2) **Polle** Island by the canal Leaut and from 3) **Oksi** by the canal Ledudu. Oksi and 4) **Pata** are separated from each other by a mangrove swamp which is traversed by a boat channel. The Japanese built a road through the mangrove swamp from Oksi to Pata which crosses the boat channel by means of a little bridge.

We passed two places where Okinawans burned charcoal by using the mangrove swamps as source for their raw material. charcoal was sold to the Japanese on Dublon

(Toloas) for their little stoves. We passed also two little salt-works where Okinawans used to boil seawater. On Tol there are also two old Japanese sawmills—one of them seems to be in pretty fair condition—only the belting is missing.

When we reached the *.ut* of sApitiu we found that our visit had been announced. A large number of people, especially children and men had come to the *ut.* A table had been covered with a table-cloth. There were some chairs which were brought out of the *ut* when we dicided to wait near the beach for Artie Moses and Upuini whose boat had just come in sight when we reached Sapitiu. However, the boat did not land at Oror of Lepikau but crossed Lenom en sou and landed at the Oror en Sapikä just across from Oksi on the island of Pata. A rowboat came and told us that the two Chiefs had decided to visit Pata first and asked us to follow them in the rowboat across the Bay Lenom en sou. By that time the villagers of Sapitiu had brought us lunch and we decided that we could not disappoint them. It consisted of *kon en mai* which had been put into coconut milk. The dish was very tasty and I enjoyed it. With it we had coconut water and some very delicious bananas of the type that only *itangs* were allowed to eat in the pre-European days. While we ate, children crowded around watching every movement but they were sent away by the village policeman who reminded them that they were not polite.

When we arrived at Sapitiu we noticed that there were a group of women fishing on the reef with their *epino* or hand nets. We told the men that we wanted to take some pictures of the women and the latter were called and told to come closer to the place where we were sitting. Both Hall and I took some pictures of the women who in contrast to the low coral island women do practically all the fishing. I gave Maria, the wife of the *samon kis* of Sapitiu, who led the fishing party a package of cigarettes which she divided among her companions. Some men brought the women some breadfruit and sat down in the water and ate the breaddfruit from some leaves dipping the food into the seawater in order to get some salt. They also cracked some shells and ate the animals raw as a sidedish to their pounded or steamed breadfruit (*.kon en mai*). I took a few more pictures of the luncheon session of the village women.

After that we went by boat across to Pata Island where we found the chiefs in the *ut en Fanu* of the island, i.e. the main gathering or community house of the island. A table and some chairs had been placed in the middle of this large and new *ut* which had some Japanese construction features (one *tis*, for example, had been changed so a roof covering the entrance to a Japanese building). Artie Moses, Hall, Albert Hartman and myself took chairs around the table. Chief Upuini and the village chiefs of the Pata villages and their secretaries stood at some distance near the edge of the *ut* and answered our questions.

The villagers were squatting on the ground under the entrance part of the building and spoke only when asked. Their behaviour reminded me very much of Javanese villagers during a meeting in front of the house of a Javanese Wedana.

The Japanese appointed a *samon en fannu* for Pata who represented a link between the village chiefs and the isalnd chief. He is a sort of District Chief. They appointed a

man who spoke Japanese quite well and who was at the same time preacher of the Protestant community on Pata. His name is Benjamin. Each one of the five villages of Pata has a *samon kis* in accordance with the usual Truk pattern.

Chiefs estimated the copra production of Pata prior to the war at 40 to 50 tons. Pata had three Okinawan fish factories which cooked and dried and smoked fish after heads and "bauchlappen"[1] had been cut off. Heads and "bauchlappen" were either sold to the Trukese who made soup out of them or they were fed to pigs which were kept by every one of these Okinawan fishing establishments. The Okinawans employed only their own countrymen in the fishing teams but employed Trukese men for the cutting of firewood used for the boiling of the fish prior to the drying. Trukese women used to carry the fish from the boat to the fish works where they helped in the cleaning and preparation of the fish. In return they received the heads and "bauchlappen" of the fish. Trukese women complain now that they do not have as many fish as they used to have when the Okinawans were drying fish on every one of the islands and in most instances in every village. Most of the Okinawan fishing companies built their own piers or jetties which are usually named after the boat that landed there regularly. The lands on which the Okinawans had their fish works were usually bought. They used to pay a yearly sum of money to the Chief of the Island. Those Okinawans who had been in the islands for more than 10 years and who were anxious to stay permanently because of their family ties all declared their willingness to become Trukese in the sense that they would place themselves under the village and island chief and would be willing to accept the same rights and privileges as their Trukese neighbours.

In Japanese times, the Okinawans stood above the Trukese in the social and political scale but they were treated as second-class Japanese by the latter. Their children did not go to the school for natives but to the Japanese school of which there was one on every major island in the Truk Atoll.

At present there is not a single pig on Pata but before the war there were an average of some 85 pigs on the island: 10 in Sapitä, 20 in Lukaf, 40 in Epin, 10 in Poukochau and 5 in Etiemar.

Names of the chiefs of Pata and number of houses

Village	Chief	Number of houses
Sapotä	Aipuech	15
Lukaf	Niuedi	15
Epin	Eram	17
Poukochau	Ibung	6
Etiemar	Ochi	6

Secretary gave as total population 416, but a breakdown by villages accounts only for 397. Sapotä, 90; Lukaf, 73; Epin, 129; Poukochau, 56; and Etiemar, 49.

In four of the five villages of Pata the Protestant Mission received land as gift which is being used to support the native preachers. The preacher may harvest the trees and

1 Ed. note: German word meaning "entrails."

the crop is considered part of his salary as is the house that he may live in with his family. Church, house of the preacher usually located on the land that was presented to the Mission by some villlager. According to Kaercher the Mission prefers today to buy the land outright in order to avoid future fights with the family of the person who otherwise would present the land to the Mission.

According to Trukese custom, men do not sleep with their wives several days prior to fishing trips, canoe races, wrestling games, or similar competitive exercises; to this list have added in recent years: baseball, foot racing, jumping and other types of sport that were introduced by the Japanese. Whenever such an occasion comes up the chiefs announce that all men who are planning to participate have to sleep in the men's house, or *ut*. Such nights are exploited by some of the villagers who are carrying on affairs.

Artie Moses and Chief Upuini left Pata shortly after our arrival and we arranged to meet them later at the Oror en Lepikau.

[The famous cave of Fein]

We decided to visit the famous cave of Pata which leads through Mt. Trukokis from the village of Sapotä to the village of Lukaf. The cave is approximately 150 feet long and 21 to 30 feet wide and high. Either entrance lies considerably higher than the middle section of the cave. Hundreds of bats spend the day in the cave clinging to the ceiling. A strong draft moves through the cave. The villagers of Sapotä and Lukaf used the cave as an aair-raid shelter as did the Japanese who used a ship's ladder to reach the cave from the ridge above.

According to an old story, two turtles—Uinichen and Uinimon—are responsible for this cave. The people of Sapotä used to make breadfruit *kon* on the other side of Mt. Trukokis and used to carry it around Mt. Trukokis along the coast. Every time they came around Ululan, Sapotä, a ghost who lived on Uonei could see them and intercepted them before they reached their village and took the food away which they had prepared for their chief. The name of this ghost was Oneniap. Two turtles saw this for a while and decided to help the chief of Sapotä. They began to dig at 4 p.m. one day and by 6 a.m. the next morning they met halfway as each had started from the opposite point. They returned to the sea but the people were able to reach sapotä and Lukaf respectively without being seen by people or ghosts on Uonei. The name of the cave is Fein, or storehouse.[1]

After we passed through the cave, Chief Lorenz invited us to walk with him along the northwest shore of Pata through the villages of Lukaf and Epin and promised to have a canoe take us from the Oror en Epin to Ledudu from where we would be able to walk back. Kaercher and I accepted the offer while Hall and Hartman returned to Oror en Sapotä in order to keep the appointment with Moses and Upuini. As it turned out, the motorboat broke down and the group had to be taken by canoes through the canal between Pata and Oksi to Ledudu and beyond to the Oror en Ochang.

1 Ed. note: Bryan's Place Names says that this natural cave is now a road tunnel.

I enjoyed the walk along the beach of northwest Pata immensely. The villages turned out to be very untouched and much more Trukese than anything on Moen or Dublon. Immediately below the cave lies a large *Cyrtoosperma* field which belongs to some of the people of Lukaf. The boundaries between the different sections of such a wet field are called *kunel*.

Came upon 5 large fish-ponds which are shown on the map but the symbol showing them is not explained so that I had been wondering about them. These fish-ponds, two long ones on either side of the row and three somewhat shorter ones were dug by the people of Pata under the instruction and leadership of Okinawans. The ponds belonged to the Japanese who were the only ones allowed to get the fish. People were paid for the work at the rate of ¥1.00 for men and ¥0.70 for women. Now that the Japanese are gone the fish-ponds are considered community property of the villagers of Pata.

Saw the best outrigger canoes in the *ut en wa* [boat-house] of Epin. One of them was built for 12 men. Boats were painted and carved. Richly-carved ornaments are tied to the bow-pieces or *mop*. These ornaments are called *achin* and are made of wood from the *pulupun* tree. Four men took one of the boats out of the boat-house and took me and Mr. Kaercher to the canal Ledudu. Boat moved very rapidly and seemed very stable. Both of us sat on the platform or *madöng*. The boat had bailing-scoop which is called *Mum*. Whenever the boat had to move to the right or starboard, the man in charge of the boat called several times the word *fanguä*, and *sanä*, if the boat was to move to the port side or to the left.

Left the boat at Ledudu and walked again along or through the mangrove belt that accompanies Lebunom and Lenom.

One of the most imposing features of the mangrove areas are the sections that were drained by the Okinawans and cleared and then ridged by throwing the muck up into long hills or ridges. All of this work was done by the Okinawans when it became impossible for them to continue their fishing on the pre-war scale as they were no longer able to export the finished product. At the same time there developed this demand for vegetables and starches in the Truk Atoll due to this influx of 40,000 Japanese that were brought in by the Japanese Army and Navy. Whole mangrove areass and hill sides were converted into fields. On Tol I saw at least 4 extensive swamp areas that had been converted into fields and now they are being slowly checked by grasses, ferns and the first trees. Saw one large papaya grove on the way to Sapitiu.

When we reached the Oror en Ochang we met Artie Moses and Upuini who had had to return by canoe from Sapitiu because the motorboat had developed engine trouble, the third boat of the island was out of commission by now. All of the engines in these boats that were owned by Japanese or Okinawans are too old and there ar not the mechanics available among the Trukese that can repair these engines when they develop service troubles. It will be just a matter of months and every motorboat in these islands will come to a standstill. There is another problem: fuel. These Japanesse boats burn low-grade diesel oil in their slow-speed one-cylinder engines. At pressent, there is still some of this Japanese fuel available but the prospects for additional supply is very slim.

Our high-octane gasoline cannot be used in these Japanese engines of the type that we find in these motorboats.

...

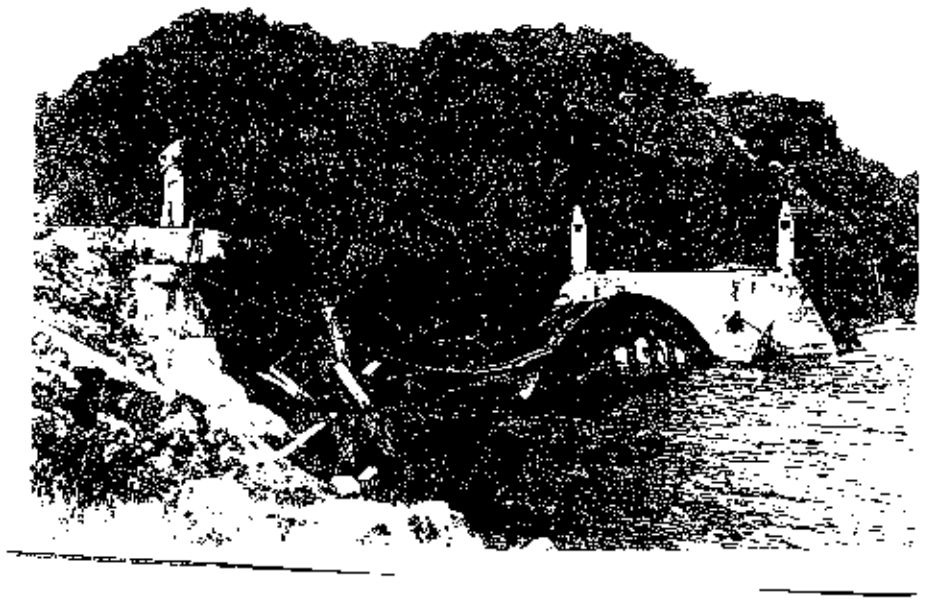
June 15 (?), 1946.

Technical Section of E.S. departed 3 p.m. for Guam on a Navy Bomber (PB4Y2 N° 59588.

...



Koror.—Site of former Marine Products Experimental Station.



Koror, July 1946.—Bombed bridge blocking navigation.

Documents 1946C

Various news items published in 1946

C1. Japanese work as Seebees on Formidable Truk

[Newspaper clipping attached]

C2. Marshall Islands Trader Recalls Adventurous Years After Shipwreck

[Newspaper clipping attached]

10—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Monday, March 25, 1946*



"HANDLE-BAR CHARLIE" WAS THE NAME marine occupation forces on Truk gave this Japanese colonel. Note how the colonel dwarfs the Japanese naval officer at his side. Of 40,000 Japanese troops on Truk, all but 2,000 have been repatriated.

Japanese Work As Seabees On Formidable Truk

The once formidable island of Truk, which at its peak strength held more than 40,000 Japanese troops, is now so thoroughly Americanized that it even has a Japanese Seabee battalion.

Delighted to be permitted to use American construction equipment, including the marvelous bulldozer, the Japanese Seabees are an industrious if not always expert crew.

# # #

Lt. Col. Lyman D. Spurlock of Lincoln, Neb., who recently came here from Truk, where he commanded a marine occupation detachment, said the Japanese were willing workers, but—

"One day I saw one of their truck drivers pull the wrong lever and dump a truckload of them onto the ground."

# # #

All but approximately 2,000 of the Japanese troops have been repatriated, said Col. Spurlock, who was one of the first Americans to set foot on Truk after the surrender.

Enemy installations on Dublon island were so thoroughly bombed, he said, that hardly a building was left standing.

Even so, Col. Spurlock continued, the enemy garrison on Truk represented a powerful force.

# # #

"The Japanese had more troops than at any place south of the Bonins," the marine officer, a veteran of Guadalcanal, said.

# # #

"It would have required at least five divisions to take the island. They had installed navy guns so as to cover every landing beach. Many of their installations were in caves hewed out of solid rock, where bombs couldn't touch them."

The natives of Truk have proved cooperative enough, Col. Spurlock said, but they cooperated equally well with the Japanese.

# # #

"They like us," he said, "but apparently they liked the Japanese too. When the Japanese staff left, some of the natives came down and waved them goodbye with tears in their eyes."

Col. Spurlock, now attached to the fleet marine force as assistant operations officer, plans to bring his wife and two children here.

"If," he says, "I can find a place to live."

Marshall Islands Trader Recalls Adventurous Years After Shipwreck

KWAJALEIN, Marshall Islands (AP) - In a U. S. navy hospital on this atoll once owned by the Reich, an 80-year-old German is waiting for the scourge of the South Seas to tear away the last breath from his aching lungs.

"I never thought I'd go this way," complained Carl Hahn, who 53 years ago aboard the Ponomia out of San Francisco was shipwrecked on tiny Ailuk island in the Marshalls.

Between that stormy night when the Ponomia piled up on a reef, and the day last December when advanced tuberculosis forced him to bed, Hahn has lived 53 adventurous years as a copra plantation operator and Marshall islands trader.

He has lived through occupations by Germany, Japan and the United States and apparently got along well with all three, although the navy regards with jaundiced eye his claims to U. S. citizenship by virtue of service aboard an American ship. In any event, Hahn now is aged, emaciated and utterly harmless and the navy is easing his final months of life.

It is doubtful if Hahn, a native of Kiel, foresaw any glimmer of the strange paths his feet would travel as consequence of the Ponomia's disaster. His only thought was to reach Ailuk, looming dark behind the roaring surf.

The ship was totally wrecked but the entire crew survived. They set out next day in the ship's boat for Likeap islands, 15 miles to the south. Not long thereafter the captain and crew caught passage to Samoa.

Hahn remained behind. He had the promise of a job on the coconut plantation owned by the Capelle, prominent Portuguese family who played prominent roles in developing island trade. Besides, half-caste Elisa, 15-year old daughter of Capelle and his native wife, had smiled on Hahn.

Hahn and Elisa were married in little more than a year. Before long, Hahn had built two boats—five tonners — and was pushing a lively trade in the Marshalls.

He had shipped out of Kiel as a cabin boy at 15 and during the next 12 years touched almost every country. Although settled at Likeap, he still felt the call to travel and several times shipped out on extended voyages. The last one was in 1914, when he went home to Germany by way of the United States and attempted to return by Japan.

The Japanese, our allies in that war, were wary about permitting Hahn to sail for Likeap. But he finally convinced the Japanese he was only a planter.

His wife, now 70, still lives on Likeap where the 600 natives regard them as island hierarchy. Their only child died.

Hahn thinks the Germans were the best administrators.

"They never interfered with the natives' domestic life but left the power with the chiefs," he observed.

The Japanese, Hahn said, didn't bother him at first, but as they began building defenses they commandeered Likeap natives "40 or 50 at a time and treated them cruelly."

Americans had better tighten up on the natives," he added. "The Americans are too free. The natives don't respect them."

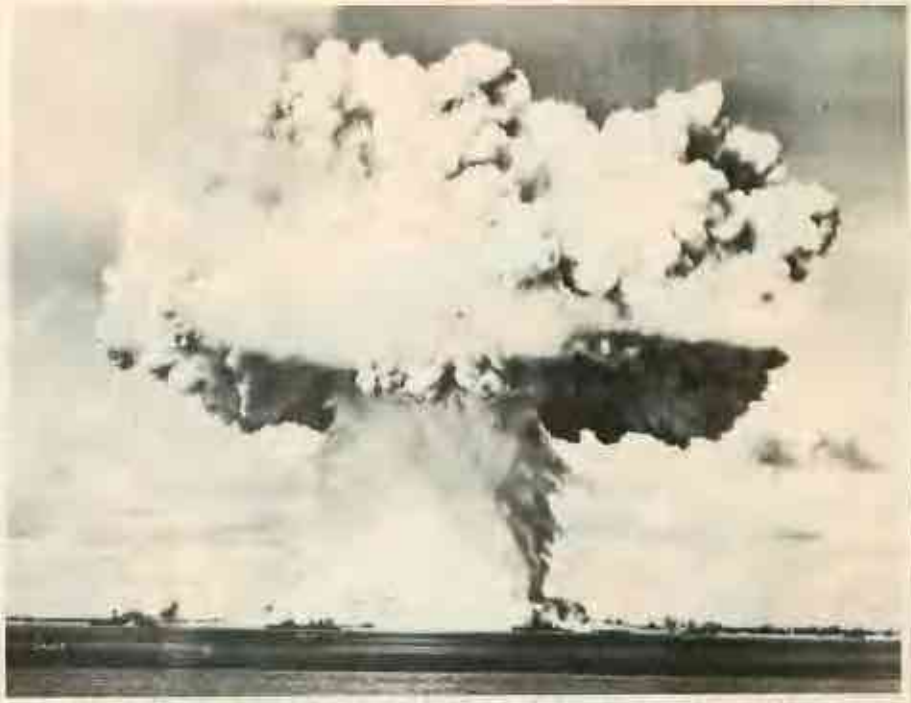
Dispatches from the frontiers of science

Three decades ago British novelist and scientist C.P. Snow published an explosive diagnosis of western society. In *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, Snow charged that the West's intellectual life was splitting into two mutually uncomprehending camps: scientists and the literary intelligentsia. On the one hand, scientists were alienated from their own cultural traditions; on the other, artists seemed unable to interpret the changes wrought by science. A generation later there are still few scientists who can write layman's prose and only a handful of writers capable of explaining—and interpreting—the achievements of modern science. As a result, the appearance of a new crop of readable science books is a cause for celebration, even when the harvest is of uneven quality.

Among the season's most outstanding science books is *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* by Richard Rhodes (General Publishing). Rhodes, a physicist, provides a lucid, definitive account of the bomb's creation, from the pioneering work of McGill University's Ernest Rutherford—who brought nuclear fission within man's reach—to the Second World War race to develop the bomb and achieve total victory over the enemy. In Rhodes's retelling, the story reads like a thriller. Early in 1943 a Norwegian commando squad closed in on the Nazi-occupied Norsk Hydro's plant in Vemork, where German atomic bomb researchers were experimenting with a heavy-water reactor, on the road to creating a German bomb. The commandos damaged the facility—and with it, Germany's hope of winning the race.

Ultimately, *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* is about the struggle between short-term gain and long-term moral responsibility. Even before the bombs known as Little Boy and Fat Man were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, some insiders, including soldiers like Gen. George Marshall, sensed that atomic energy would change the face of the world forever. Rhodes ends his account with a call for world scientists to regain their relinquished role of informed influence and bring light to a world living in the bomb's shadow.

But the portrait of scientists that emerges in Gary Taubes's *Nobel Dreams: Power, Deceit and the Ultimate Experiment* (Random House) may undercut such hopes. Italian physicist Carlo Rubbia won the Nobel Prize in 1984 for leading a European team that discovered the subatomic field particles named W and Z. But according to Taubes, the brilliant Rubbia is essentially no different from obsessive hustlers in other fields. After winning his Nobel, Rubbia trampled subordinates in his attempt to capture a second award with a related experiment. (He failed for lack of proven data.) Taubes makes a valiant attempt to bring human drama to the arcane world of high-energy physics, examining the attempt by Einstein's successors to recreate matter as it existed 15 billion years ago, when the universe was created. But Taubes defeats himself with impenetrable writing. "In such an event," he writes at one point, "just before a quark and an antiquark hit, the quark, for instance, would split off a gluon, which the theory of the strong force allowed for naturally."



Explosion of U.S. atomic bomb at Bikini Island, 1946: changing the world forever

Some science writers are successfully guiding laymen through another little-understood world: human instinct. Now author Jeremy Campbell, Washington correspondent for the *London Standard*, joins their ranks with *Winston Churchill's Afternoon Nap: A Wide-Awake Inquiry Into the Human Nature of Time* (General Publishing), a wide-ranging and delightful explanation of the new science of chronobiology, or the relationship of humans to time. The title comes from the late British prime minister Winston Churchill's practice—even at the height of the Second World War—of slotting a nap into his hectic schedule. Campbell says that Churchill napped because in early afternoon the upper hand in the contest for biological control often reverts to the ancestral clock—one that developed hundreds of thousands of years ago as humanity's ancestors retreated from the early afternoon heat. With such anecdotes, Campbell shows how 20th-century men and women are still moved by the fundamental rhythms they inherited.

Finally, a book of essays that is essential medicine for the nuclear era: *The Future of Immortality and Other Essays for a Nuclear Age* (Fitzhenry & Whiteside) by eminent American psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton. Four of the essays deal with doctors who served the Nazis, experimenting on fellow human beings. By a mental process Lifton calls "doubling," the medics convinced themselves that they were decent citizens doing an important job—repressing the knowledge that they were actually engaged in murder. Does the modern world, in which nuclear weapons are considered normal, have more in common with the Nazi doctors than it would ever dream? Lifton offers no direct answer, but readers of his penetrating book will doubtless supply their own.

—GEORGE TOMBS, DON CUMMING, S.G. PERRY, JOHN BEMROSE

Documents 1946E

Operation Crossroads—Atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll

Introductory notes.

In proparation for atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll, its 160 inhabiants were moved first to Rongerik, and later to Kili Island.

The atomic bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki are referred to as "nominal" bombs, and they released as much energy as the equivalent of 20 kilotons of TNT.

Two tests were carried at Bikini with a Nagasaki-type bomb by a joint Army-Navy task force in July 1946. These two tests were given the name of "Operations Crossroads".

A total of 90 surplus and obsolete Japanese and U.S. ships were anchored in the lagoon and aerial bombs detonated above them. The first test was called **Test Able.** Within a half-mile radius of "ground zero", a destroyer and two transports sank immediately, a destroyer capsized and a cruiser sank the next day, a light aircaraft carrier was seriously damaged, not only by the immedaite blast, but also by the fire and internal explosions that followed. In addition, two battleships and a cruiser had their superstructures destroyed.

Some animals had been placed aboard some vessels; they were either killed immediately or seriously injured.

The second test was called **Test Baker** and it took place on 25 July. This test was an underwater test, the bomb being detonated 90 feet below the surface. Five ships sank immediately and three submarines also, but less damage was caused to ships than in the previous aerial test.

After this project, more atomic tests were later carried out at Eniwetok Atoll and they were kept secret. Three tests took place there in 1948, four in 1951 and at least two in 1952. Then, thermonuclear tests also took place with hydrogen bombs at Eniwetok on 1 and 26 March, and 6 April 1954. The first of these explosions was felt 200 miles away and is said to have had a capacity of 12 megatons of equivalent TNT.

[Figure: Facing page: A page from Time magazine, July 1946]

Operation Crossroads—Support and Target Vessels

[Lists attached]

Support Vessels

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
(a) *Force Flagship* (carrying Vice Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, Task Force Commander)	
MT. McKINLEY (AGC-7)	Capt. W. N. Gamet
(b) *Target Vessel Control Group* (part of Task Group 1.2, commanded by Rear Admiral F. G. Fahrion) (see appendix 5)	
FALL RIVER (flagship) (CA-131)	Capt. D. S. Crawford
(c) *Technical Group* (Task Group 1.1, commanded by Rear Admiral W. S. Parsons)	
ALBEMARLE (AV-5)	Capt. E. H. Echelmeyer, Jr.
KENNETH WHITING (AV-14)	Capt. A. R. Truslow, Jr.
CUMBERLAND SOUND (AV-17)	Capt. H. R. Horney
WHARTON (AP-7)	Capt. V. F. Gordinier
AVERY ISLAND (AG-76)	Comdr. D. E. Pugh
BURLESON (APA-67)	Capt. C. L. Carpenter
HAVEN (APH-112)	Capt. A. C. Thorington
BEGOR (APD-127)	Lt. Comdr. R. K. Margetts
LCT-1359	
LSM-60	Comdr. H. A. Owens
(d) *Transport Group* (Task Group 1.3, commanded by Captain W. P. Davis (Navy))	
GEORGE CLYMER (APA-27)	Capt. M. M. Bradley
BAYFIELD (APA-33)	Capt. J. C. Landstreet
HENRICO (APA-45)	Capt. J. B. Williams
APPLING (APA-58)	Capt. H. W. Howe
ROCKBRIDGE (APA-228)	Capt. W. H. Truesdell
ROCKINGHAM (APA-229)	Capt. G. P. Enright
ROCKWALL (APA-230)	Capt. C. H. Walker
SAINT CROIX (APA-231)	Capt. C. E. Carroll
BOTTINEAU (APA-235)	Capt. H. B. Edgar
BEXAR (APA-237)	Capt. C. C. Ray
ARTEMIS (AKA-21)	Comdr. M. E. Selby
ROLETTE (AKA-99)	Capt. M. Durski
OTTAWA (AKA-101)	Comdr. A. K. Ehle
APPALACHIAN (AGC-1)	Capt. J. B. Renn
BLUE RIDGE (AGC-2)	Capt. C. R. Criddle
PANAMINT (AGC-13)	Capt. W. B. Ammon
LST-817	Lt. (jg) J .A. Scott
LST-881	Lt. (jg) J. M. Scott

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
(c) *Navy Air Group* (Task Group 1.6, commanded by Rear Admiral C. A. F. Sprague)	
CV-38 SHANGRI-LA	Capt. W. D. Cogswell
CVE-117 SAIDOR	Capt. T. U. Sissons
AVP-49 ORCA	Comdr. J. D. Shea
DD-834 TURNER	Comdr. E. B. Rittenhouse
DD-835 C P CECIL	Comdr. W. Outerson
DD-882 FURSE	Comdr. C. J. Heath
DD-883 N K PERRY	Comdr. N. E. Smith
(f) *Surface Patrol Group* (Task Group 1.7, commanded by Captain E. N. Parker (Navy))	
DD-368 FLUSSER	Lt. Comdr. W. R. Laird
DD-692 A. M. SUMNER	Comdr. J. W. Howard
DD-693 MOALE	Comdr. R. P. Walker
DD-694 INGRAHAM	Comdr. F. A. Brock
DD-722 BARTON	Comdr. H. P. McIntire
DD-723 WALKE	Comdr. T. F. McGillis
DD-724 LAFFEY	Comdr. O. D. Waters, Jr.
DD-725 O'BRIEN	Comdr. H. E. Day
DD-770 LOWRY	Comdr. E. S. Miller
DD-781 R. K. HUNTINGTON	Comdr. M. Thompson
(g) *Service Group* (Task Group 1.8, commanded by Captain G. H. Lyttle (Navy))	
DIXIE (AD-14)	Capt. J. C. Goodnough
COASTERS HARBOR (AG-74)	Comdr. A. C. Harshman
CHICKASKIA (AO-54)	Capt. W. M. Searles
SEVERN (AO-(W)-61)	Capt. M. H. McCoy
ENOREE (AO-69)	Comdr. W. C. Cross
TOMBIGEE (AOG-(W)-11)	Lt. J. R. Davidson
POLLUX (AKS-4)	Comdr. D. A. Crandall
HESPERIA (AKS-13)	Comdr. H. B. MacLeod
AJAX (AR-6)	Capt. J. R. Clark
PHAON (ARB-3)	Lt. W. F. Horstkamp
TELAMON (ARB-8)	Lt. F. B. Schwenneker
CEBU (ARG-6)	Comdr. D. B. Candler
CREON (ARL-11)	Lt. Comdr. H. T. Smith
SPHINX (ARL-24)	Lt. (jg) H. G. Salisbury
FULTON (AS-11)	Capt. A. R. St. Angelo
SIOUX (ATF-75)	Lt. W. H. Moore
CHOWANOC (ATF-100)	Lt. Comdr. F. C. Ziesenhenne
LIMESTONE (IX-158)	Ens. J. H. Richter
ARD-29	Lt. J. B. Warner
ATA-124	Lt. (jg) F. H. La Pierre
ATA-187	Lt. E. B. Terrio
LST-388	Lt. (jg) P. H. Sullivan
LST-861	Lt. J. T. Gordon
YC-1009	

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
YF-385	
YF-733	
YF-734	
YF-735	
YF-752	
YF-753	
YF-754	
YF-990	
YF-991	
YF-992	
MUNSEE (ATF-107)	Lt. J. Buday
WENATCHEE (ATF-118)	Lt. T. P. Pierce
WILDCAT (AW-2)	Comdr. R. N. Newton
QUARTZ (IX-150)	Lt. (jg) R. K. Ritzett
YO-132	
YO-199	
YOG 63	
YOG-70	
YW-92	

(h) *Salvage Unit* (Task Unit 1.2.7, commanded by Captain B. E. Manseau (Navy))

PALMYRA (ARST-3)	Lt. Comdr. R. H. Drazell
PRESERVER (ARS-8)	Lt. C. B. Hiner
CURRENT (ARS-22)	Lt. H. F. Gindling
DELIVER (ARS-23)	Lt. F. F. Sharp
CLAMP (ARS-33)	Lt. Comdr. S. D. Frey
CONSERVER (ARS 39)	Lt. Comdr. C. H. Rooklidge
RECLAIMER (ARS-42)	Lt. J. S. Lees
CHICKASAW (ATF-83)	Lt. Comdr. F. H. Matthews
ACHOMAWI (ATF-148)	Lt. C. H. McCullar
WIDGEON (ASR-1)	Lt. A. F. Hamby
COUCAL (ASR-8)	Lt. J. E. Reid
GYPSY (ARSD-1)	Lt. Comdr. C. S. Horner
MENDER (ARSD-2)	Lt. Comdr. A. V. Swarthout
ETLAH (AN-79)	Lt. L. E. Marsh
SUNCOCK (AN-80)	Lt. L. G. Hickle
ONEOTA (AN-85)	Lt. (jg) J. B. Birtch
SKAKAMAXON (AN-86)	Lt. (jg) M. F. Root
ATA-180	Lt. E. R. Weaver
ATA-185	Lt. R. B. Leonnig
ATA-192	Lt. (jg) A. Morris
ATR-40	Lt. A. J. Roberts
ATR-87	Lt. R. E. Ward
LST-1184	
LCT-1420	

(i) *Despatch Boat and Boat Pool Unit* (Task Unit 1.8.3, commanded by Comdr. J. G. Blanche)

SAN MAROOS (LSD-25)	Comdr. J. G. Blanche
GUNSTON HALL (LSD-5)	Lt. Comdr. W. H. Barchmann

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
PRESQUE ISLE (APB-44)	Lt. B. F. Caver
PGM-23	Lt. (jg) E. A. Clark
PGM-24	Lt. (jg) J. W. Ferrill
PGM-25	Lt. (jg) J. T. Moss
PGM-29	Lt. (jg) N. C. Thomas
PGM-31	Lt. (jg) J. L. DeBlock
PGM-32	Lt. (jg) G. A. Oberle
LCI-977	Lt. (jg) H. P. Cohn
LCI-1062	Ens. H. W. Phipps
LCI-1067	Ens. E. R. Nutter
LCI-1091	Lt. L. F. Koch
LCT-1116	Lt. L. F. Koch
LCT-1130	Lt. (jg) J. D. Simmons
LCT-1132	
LCT-1155	
LCT-1268	
LCT-1341	
LCT-1361	Lt. (jg) P. M. Mitchell
LCT-1377	
LCT-1415	
LCT-1461	Ens. J. T. Jans

(j) *Medical Unit* (Task Unit 1.8.4, commanded by Captain E. P. Creehan (Navy))

BOUNTIFUL (AH-9)	Capt. D. M. Mackey
BENEVOLENCE (AH-13)	Capt. E. P. Creehan

(k) *Survey Unit* (Task Unit 1.8.5, commanded by Captain C. B. Schiano (Navy))

BOWDITCH (AGS-4)	Capt. C. B. Schiano
JOHN BLISH (AGS-10)	Lt. F. A. Wodke
JAMES M. GILLISS (AGS-13)	Lt. E. E. Simms
YP-636	Lt. C. D. Bailey
YMS-354	Ens. E. J. Litty
YMS-358	Ens. C. M. Clancy
YMS-413	Ens. V. P. Finos
YMS-463	Ens. R. H. Zisette

(l) *Evacuation Unit* (Task Unit 1.8.7, commanded by Lieutenant G. H. Gromer (Navy))

LST-871	Ens. M. B. Fletcher
LST-989	Lt. G. H. Gromer

Target Vessels, Test A

(Note: all target vessels were under the general command of Rear Admiral F. G. Fahrion, commander of Task Group 1.2)

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
(a) *Battleships and Cruisers* (Task Unit 1.2.1, commanded by Captain W. Deweese)	
ARKANSAS, BB-33	Capt. W. Deweese
NEW YORK, BB-34	Capt. L. H. Bibby
NEVADA, BB-36	Capt. C. C. Adell
PENNSYLVANIA, BB-38	Capt. C. H. Bushnell
PENSACOLA, CA-24	Capt. D. J. Ramsey
SALT LAKE CITY, CA-25	Capt. J. Conner
NAGATO, Japanese BB	Capt. W. J. Whipple
SAKAWA, Japanese CL	Capt. H. L. Stone
PRINZ EUGEN, IX-300	Capt. A. H. Graubart
(b) *Aircraft Carriers* (Task Unit 1.2.2, commanded by Captain N. M. Kindell)	
SARATOGA, CV-3	Capt. O. S. MacMahan
INDEPENDENCE, CVL 22	Capt. N. M. Kindell
(c) *Destroyers* (Task Unit 1.2.3, commanded by Comdr. L. W. Sedgwick)	
LAMSON, DD-367	Lt. Comdr. H. H. Ellison
CONYNGHAM, DD-371	Lt. Comdr. F. W. Bampton
MUGFORD, DD-389	Comdr. M. Harvey
TALBOT, DD-390	Lt. Comdr. B. W. Spore
MAYRANT, DD-402	Comdr. M. H. Busas
RHIND, DD-404	Lt. Comdr. D. M. Sharer
STACK, DD-406	Comdr. E. A. Shuman
WILSON, DD-408	Lt. Comdr. R. H. Pauli
HUGHES, DD-410	Comdr. D. S. Bill, Jr.
ANDERSON, DD-411	Lt. Comdr. J. J. McMullen
MUSTIN, DD-413	Lt. Comdr. J. C. Mathews
WAINWRIGHT, DD-419	Comdr. L. W. Sedgwick
(d) *Submarines* (Task Unit 1.2.4, commanded by Comdr. R. A. Waugh)	
SKIPJACK, SS-184	Lt. Comdr. F. J. Coulter
SEARAVEN, SS-196	Lt. Comdr. R. C. Smallwood, Jr.
TUNA, SS-203	Lt. Comdr. G. Jacobsen
SKATE, SS-305	Lt. Comdr. E. P. Huey
APOGON, SS-308	Lt. Comdr. J. W. Johnson

Ship	*Commanding Officer*
BENTUDA, SS-335	Comdr. R. A. Waugh
PARCHE, SS-384	Lt. Comdr. H. G. Reaves
PILOTFISH, SS 386	Lt. Comdr. R. B. Laning

(e) *Landing Craft* (Task Unit 1.2.5)

LST 52	Lt. (jg) C. E. Boggs
LST 220	Lt. (jg) J. O. Marzluff
LST 545	Lt. (jg) S. L. Voiler
LST 661	Lt. W. F. Marlow
LCI 327	Ens. R. P. Lemke
LCI 329	Ens. R. C. Hayes
LCI 332	Ens. W. F. Zartman
LCI 549	Lt. (jg) W. F. Fergusen
LCT 745	
LCT 816	
LCT 818	
LCT 874	
LCT 1015	
LCT 1078	
LCT 1112	
LCT 1113	
LCM 1	

(f) *Merchant-Type Ships* (Task Unit 1.2.6, commanded by Capt. W. H. Standley, Jr.)

GILLIAM, APA-57	Capt. D. F. Williamson
BANNER, APA-60	Comdr. W. L. Kitch
BARROW, APA-61	Comdr. J. E. Kendall
BLADEN, APA-63	Capt. L. S. Mewhinney
BRACKEN, APA-64	Comdr. C. S. Lee
BRISCOE, APA-65	Capt. W. S. Rodimon
BRULE, APA-66	Lt. Comdr. A. B. Taylor
BUTTE, APA-68	Capt. A. R. Montgomery
CARLISLE, APA-69	Comdr. E. T. Goyette
CARTERET, APA, 70	Lt. Com. J. L. Hunter
CATRON, APA-71	Capt. E. B. Ellis
CORTLAND, APA-75	Comdr. J. L. Haines
CRITTENDEN, APA, 77	Capt. P. C. Crosley
DAWSON, APA-79	Capt. D. D. Humphreys
FALLON, APA-81	Comdr. W. W. Sackett
FILMORE, APA-83	Capt. L. E. Divoll
GASCONADE, APA-85	Capt. A. S. Carter
GENEVA, APA-86	Capt. P. J. Neimo
NIAGARA, AP-87	Capt. W. H. Standley, Jr.

(g) *Concrete Drydocks and Barges*

YO-160
YOG-83
ARDC-13

Document 1946F

Farewell to Bikini, by Carl Markwith

Source: Article in The Natioanl Geographic Magazine, July 1946.

[Attached]



Chief Juda and his wife in photo taken by U.S. Navy on Bikini in March 1946. Juda died of cancer in 1968.

Farewell to Bikini

By Carl Markwith*

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

ABOUT the middle of February, 1946, modern civilization suddenly overtook the natives of Bikini Atoll in the Ralik Chain of the Marshall Islands.†

These brown people had progressed to using kerosene lanterns and a few imported steel hand tools, introduced by missionaries. Thanks to the Japs and our own armed forces, they were familiar with many kinds of airplanes, but ships were something that passed far at sea, if at all.

A few could read and write their simple language, and Juda, the local chief, could speak and understand a little English. The outside world they knew little about, and cared less.

Then the U. S. Navy decided that Bikini was the place to test the atomic bomb, and almost overnight the natives found themselves in the Atomic Age.‡

The first inkling the Bikinians had of this was the arrival of Commodore Ben H. Wyatt and his staff to gain their consent to the test and to arrange for their evacuation to safety on another island in the Marshall group. After much discussion, Juda arose and spoke for his people. He signified that they would be happy to cooperate.

The arrival of the Navy Hydrographic Office survey ships *Sumner* and *Bowditch* in Bikini lagoon a few days later inaugurated what is now known as Operation Crossroads. Their crews of scientists, naturalists, and engineers began surveys of the lagoon, catalogued and classified animal and vegetable life, and started clearing a channel to the beach for landing and evacuation craft.

Pioneers Sail for New Home

LST 1108 arrived and took about twenty of the native men to Rongerik, their future home, about 125 miles to the east. This group was paid by the Navy to help a detachment of Seabees under Lt. Comdr. Harold W. Grieve, of Commodore Wyatt's staff, erect temporary tent housing and provide a water supply for the main body which was to follow.

None of this had much effect upon the islanders remaining on Bikini until the arrival, on March 2, of a Navy photographic team from Washington, D. C., under the direction of Comdr. Frederick A. Spencer. I had the good fortune to be one of the motion-picture sound men in that crew.

Bikini, as I first saw it from the air, was something to remember. I'd been seeing South Sea islands as they looked after both we and the Japs had had our innings—hot, dirty heaps of coral overrun with military installations, roaring with gasoline engines, reeking of Diesel oil, and almost completely treeless.

Bikini Island was a long, narrow crescent of gleaming sand, well grown with palms and other vegetation and framing one side of a lagoon of incredibly blue and green water. As our PBM taxied across the lagoon to its mooring, a small outrigger canoe dashed past toward the beach, where sailing outriggers were drawn up and boys played in the water.

When I commented that the setting might have come out of Nordhoff and Hall's stories about the South Seas, one of the sailors in the whaleboat alongside said, "Naw, you mean the National Geographic."

Whaleboat Transfers Supplies

We and almost 3,000 pounds of gear were finally transferred by whaleboat to the deck of the *Sumner*, which was to be our base of operations for a week. The rest of that day was spent in getting settled in quarters and checking over the mass of equipment necessary for making sound motion pictures. Officers and crew of the already overcrowded *Sumner* gladly made room for us.

Early the next morning, Sunday, March 3, some of the crew gave us our first taste of what they called "duckin'." With their assistance, we loaded ourselves and the inevitable boxes and cases into one of those wonderful seagoing trucks known as a DUKW, or Duck, which was bobbing at the foot of the quarter-deck sea ladder. The coxswain—or should I say driver—cast off and literally set us on the beach (pages 98, 100).

* The author, now on leave from the National Geographic Society, is a Photographer's Mate, 3d class, U. S. N. R. He visited Bikini and Rongerik as a member of a Navy photographic team.

† See Map of the Pacific Ocean with 73 Island Insets, supplement to National Geographic Magazine, December, 1936.

‡ See "Our New Military Wards, the Marshalls," by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Magazine, September, 1945, especially map on page 329; "Hidden Key to the Pacific," by Willard Price, June, 1942; "American Pathfinders in the Pacific," by William H. Nicholas, May, 1946; and "Your Navy as Peace Insurance," by Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, June, 1946.



Photographers from U. S. S. *Sumner* Go "Ducking" in Bikini's Lagoon

An amphibious DUKW, now known around the world as a "Duck," carries them shoreward from the Navy hydrographic survey ship in background. The *Sumner's* scientists and engineers did advance mapping and supervised clearing of coral from landing points and anchorages before the arrival in the lagoon of Joint Army-Navy Task Force One for the atomic bomb tests.

Only one of us got damp. He was so incautious as to sit down over the vent from an automatic bilge pump. The laugh that went up when that pump started to work gave us all a good start for the day.

As the Duck climbed up the beach, Chief Juda and the town crier met us with a cheery good morning and rode with us the length of the village to the site of the final open-air church service. Most of the other villagers were there ahead of us and sat around watching while we went through the organized confusion that always precedes the making of a sound motion-picture sequence.

There was the usual discussion over camera and light angles, the concealment of microphones, the placement of "stars" and "extras," with much peering through a viewfinder and a great deal of shouting and running about.

Finally the Duck was jockeyed into place (that sailor driver could back a tank into the average garage with room to spare), the sound camera mounted on the bow, "mike" lines buried in the coral, the minister instructed to screen the one mike from the camera with his body, and the second mike suspended in a palm tree. We were ready to "roll 'em."

Palms "Scream" into "Mike"

The setting was idyllic, with a native hut of palm and pandanus leaves against the green lagoon in the background and the natives sitting on palm-fiber mats at the feet of their minister in the shade of the whispering palms.

Did I say *whispering* palms? To the human ear it may sound like a whisper, but to the recorder's "mike" it is a shout. Davis, wearing the earphones, instantly renamed them "screaming palms," and so they remained until we left.

The islanders had carried on a desultory conversation among themselves, paying only

slight attention to us. When actual shooting began, they followed instructions from Commander Spencer and Chief Photographer's Mate Woodward, relayed through our interpreter, to the best of their ability. All were interested and helpful—for two takes.

When it was decided to do it all a third time, there were some smiles and discussion, but when we started the "just once more" routine and followed that with close-ups, they decided we *were* crazy and began to wander off, muttering.

If the poor minister didn't already know his service by rote, he did when we finished (pages 103, 104).

After noon chow aboard the *Sumner*, Lincoln, the assistant cameraman, and I cornered the crew's interpreter, James Milne, a native of Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands, and hopefully tried to learn the local language.

In a half hour Jimmy had given us the alphabet, with instructions for pronouncing each letter, and a glossary of words that would be most helpful in placing the natives for cameras and mikes.

We had been met with a smiling hello from almost every native on the island and decided to return the favor in Marshallese; so, upon returning to the beach, I tried out my "Yok-we-yuk" on the first elder I met, carefully pronouncing each syllable. He laughed heartily and came back with a lot of other words and something that sounded like "Yokyuk."

I tried again and soon had a crowd, all trying to help. We finally compromised on "Hello" and I made a strategic withdrawal to await further instructions. Lincoln fared little better.

An hour with Jimmy that night enabled us to make ourselves understood without too much amusement when we tried again the next morning.

The islanders exhibited keen delight in our efforts to learn their language. They laughed a good deal at our blundering, but tried to help. A request to *Jouj em ji jet* ("please sit here")—got a much quicker response than if relayed through Jimmy. *Kommol* (thank you) from one of us for some small service never failed to win a smile and a *Kin jouj* (literally "we please" or "you're welcome") in return.

Hungry? Prospect the Cooking Pit

As the moving-picture crew progressed through the various phases of native life, we gained a fair insight into the lives and personalities of the Bikinians. They are a friendly brown people, small in stature but beautifully formed, and apparently very healthy. They loaf and sleep during the midday heat, but are active enough in the early morning and after 3 p.m.

Food from the sea and reefs, the palms, pandanus (screw pine), and other plants, is prepared on a series of community fires built in pits just above the beach. The fire is allowed to burn down to coals, and then the food, wrapped in leaves, is buried in the coals, covered with ashes, and left to cook and keep warm until late the next day. Anyone feeling hungry just digs around in the heap until he finds what he wants.

Like most small boys, those of Bikini always seem to be hungry—at least they were always either eating or prospecting the cooking pits.

Thirsty? Drink Coconut Milk

Water for drinking and washing is caught on large sheet-iron-covered racks arranged to drain into covered concrete storage tanks (page 109). However, there are plenty of green coconuts to be had for the picking, and most prefer to satisfy their thirst with the milk from these.

The fruit of the pandanus, when chewed, yields a mildly acid juice which also is a good thirst quencher. The dense brush that crowds in from the windward beach provides taro root and edible fruits and berries.

Sprouted coconuts contain a ball of what looks like wet cotton and is called *yu*. This is eaten raw and has a rich nutty flavor. When cut off right at its juncture with the outer shell, the shoot from the same nut yields a soft nutty core about twice the diameter of a pencil and several inches long. This also is eaten raw and is considered the greatest delicacy to be found in the islands.

Fishing is done with spears and also with small handmade seines much like the modern gill net. Fish are surrounded and drummed into the meshes, or the net is run out in a crescent from shore, and then both ends are pulled in together, bringing the fish along.

Some fish are eaten raw. All are killed as soon as caught by severing the spinal cord just back of the head.

The fisherman simply bites in with his teeth and hangs on until the fish stops wiggling. Some of the younger boys are quick enough to catch with their hands the fish trapped in the tide pools.

Because they are a circumspect people, the islanders had a high time laughing and pointing when any of us went swimming, with or without our trunks.

Island etiquette reserves the lagoon beach



Navy Photographers "Invade" Bikini by Duck to Film Final Scenes on an Island Which May Be Blasted from the Earth

Here the amphibian makes slow time overcoming a coral ridge just at the surf line. More impatient members of the party, including the author who made this picture, got wet to the waist jumping into the surf and wading ashore. Those who remained soon landed high and dry.



Carrying the Message to Bikini! U. S. Navy Officers Tell of the Proposed Transfer of the Islanders to a New Home

Here the historic scene is reenacted for the benefit of Navy sound cameramen. Commodore Wyatt is seated on the palm bole, left foreground. When the proposal was made, Chief Juda responded that the Bikinians were very proud to be a part of the undertaking, and would move elsewhere (page 97).



Island Boys Mastered the Game of Darts in Short Order

After a few days of practice, they were able to give pointers to Chief Bos'n's Mate Dillon, of the *Sumner*. The board and darts are part of the recreation equipment landed on Bikini for U. S. Navy personnel assigned to the bomb tests.

with its clean sand bottom for the women, and requires the men to use the sea beach behind the barrier reef. This outer lagoon is almost completely covered by coral outcroppings of all sizes and degrees of sharpness, making it a very dangerous place for the uninitiated white man.

The well-developed native sense of humor led to much merriment for all hands. Chief Bos'n's Mate Dillon, of the *Sumner*, had a full set of store teeth, and when he took them out in front of a group of small fry he nearly created a riot.

Some left in a hurry, but most howled with laughter and then demanded an encore from every white man around. They were much disappointed to find that most of us could not comply.

Chief Photographer's Mate Woodward is a very excitable man. When things don't go to his liking, he is apt to explode into picturesque profanity.

Both the language difference and the speed with which we had to work contributed to frequent misunderstandings.

At such times Woody's words tumbled over one another in an almost continuous stream, adding to the confusion and delighting the natives with whom he was working. After one of these outbursts, Jimmy confided to



Jibaj, Bikini's Minister, Reads from His Marshallese Prayer Book

Sound motion-picture equipment records the church service. The congregation is seated on palm fronds before the reading table. Jibaj wears a cast-off military coat and his prized gold-rimmed spectacles, which he keeps in place on his broad nose by a piece of white cord tied around the back of his head.

some of us that the islanders had asked him if he spoke English.

A Monocle Creates a Sensation

Jibaj, the minister, wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and some of the younger men wore Navy-issue sun goggles; so those of us who wore glasses came in for no special attention. Woody was different. He had a monocle which he used only for close-up work. The first time he screwed it into his right eye to check a lens setting he created a furor. The islanders pointed, whispered, and giggled, and then followed him around to study this phenomenon.

Less than an hour later I saw a couple of the devilish little boys imitating, with pieces of tin, Woody's method of adjusting the monocle. Fortunately, Woody has as good a sense of humor as the rest of us and laughed heartily.

The island form of government is, apparently, an ideal arrangement. Juda is chief and arbiter, not king. He is assisted by some of the older men and the minister, who is much respected. The chief is selected by the others for his ability as a leader and holds his post only so long as the majority is satisfied with the results.

Through the chief, the Bikinians are responsible to the king of the Ralik Chain of



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In Bikini Cemetery Islanders Gather for a Farewell Ceremony Before Departing for Rongerik Atoll

Their minister, standing, repeats a simple Congregational service, committing to the care of God the bodies they must leave behind. Navy sound cameramen recorded the touching scene on film. Many of the villagers, camera-conscious by this time, insisted on facing the photographer instead of the minister.

Islanders Turn the Tables on the Author, Inviting Him into the Family Circle for a Photograph

One girl primps, others deliberately pose. The hut is a combination of imported Jap-sawed lumber, island palm poles, and thatching. Much of the side thatching has been removed for transport to Rongerik.



The Belle of Bikini Forgets Coquetry to Play Darts

She made eyes at U. S. sailors and giggled and blushed when they spoke to her. Here she joins island boys in a game of marksmanship. Island youngsters developed surprising accuracy in tossing the feathered darts (page 102).

the Marshalls. Family seat of this chieftain, who holds his post by right of inheritance, is on Ailinglapalap Atoll, which was held by a small Japanese garrison during the war.

In the event of the Bikini chief's death, he may be succeeded by his son or another member of his family, but only with the consent of the rest of the population. Apparently, instead of formal elections, everyone just agrees and that is that. Simple, just, and efficient.

Home building is a rather simple affair, too. The builder just picks a spot to his liking that does not interfere with any previous choice and sets a few palm posts in the sand. To these he notches and ties beams for the floor and carries the framework for walls and roof up to the desired height.

Meanwhile, the women of the family have been cutting and drying palm and pandanus leaves and plaiting them into matting for the walls and the flooring, which is of small round poles.

The rather steeply pitched roof is thatched with dried palm fronds, which do a good job of keeping out the weather.

Openings for door and windows are framed of small palm poles and hung with more of the beautifully woven matting, arranged so it can be rolled up and fastened out of the way. Some of the wall panels are made from single palm fronds, plaited to do the same job as a modern Venetian blind, letting in light and air and keeping out sun and Peeping Toms.

At several points around the village, usually close to the large concrete water tanks, were small tentlike structures of closely woven matting, which were not anchored down. Jimmy explained that these were the cooking houses, dragged over the open fire by the cooks in the event of a cloudburst.

Back in the brush at the edge of the ravine that ran the length of the island were little thatch enclosures used for sanitary purposes. Most of these were unroofed. Almost in the center of the village and right beside the main "street" was a rather dilapidated hut which Jimmy told us was the local house of ill fame.

Islanders Clever with Their Hands

We found the Bikinians to be very clever with their hands in the use of palm and pandanus fiber for building, ornamentation, fishing gear, and other purposes.

Palm-fiber cordage is made both by braid-

ing and by rolling and comes in many sizes. Both palm and pandanus leaves are used for weaving and plaiting. Juices extracted from berries and roots are used for dyes, which are soft and blend well with each other.

Woven Bracelets at $1 Each

Among the decorative articles made by the natives are bracelets, woven of palm, pandanus, or both, and varying in width from half an inch to three times that. As many as four colors were woven into some versions, and the geometrical patterns were well designed and executed. We were fortunate enough to buy some of these at the Military Government price of $1 each.

After watching the girls making these and learning that each one required about three days of continuous work, I wondered who was taking advantage of whom.

We were not able to obtain any of the woven cigarette cases that match the bracelets, because everyone was too busy preparing for the move to Rongerik to bother making them.



From Dyed Pandanus Fibers She Weaves a Cigarette Case

The fibers are tightly twisted, then woven into shape over a wooden form in precise geometric patterns. This work ceased soon after the author's arrival because of the rush to leave the island, and the cases became unobtainable.

The windward, or sea, beach abounded with shells of all shapes and sizes, which the men collected and the women polished and strung on palm cord to form necklaces. Some of these necklaces were of rare beauty, but they seemed to be made only for trade goods, as I seldom saw them worn with any but everyday clothes.

Here Clothes Are No Problem

Clothing seems relatively unimportant to the Bikinians in their day-to-day living. The women usually wear the long, shapeless cotton-print gown introduced by the missionaries, adorned with native jewelry and such odd things as GI jackknives and discarded GI identification tags.

The men sport a strange array of garments ranging from blue-serge trousers and white waiters' coats to tattered dungarees and battered sun helmets. The younger children wear no more than mother demands, usually nothing at all. Shoes are highly prized and are worn until they fall apart. However, they are not necessary, as no one seems to mind the sharp coral and burning sand. Actually, walking in the yielding stuff is easier barefoot than with shoes, if soles are not too tender to stand the gaff.

Perhaps the most highly developed native craft is construction of sailing outrigger canoes, ranging from 15 to 25 feet.

The hulls are built of two palm logs. The lower one is carefully tapered lengthwise to form the almost knifelike keel, and is dug out to a thickness of about one inch. The ends of this log are formed to match the tapered ends of the upper log, which is much longer and larger, hollowed completely through the center, and fitted to match the recess in the lower one.

The joint between the two sections is carefully fitted and the sections then fastened together with finely twisted palm-fiber cords passed through holes drilled near the seam.

An ingenious toggle arrangement on the inside of the hull permits tightening these cords whenever necessary. The seams are calked with a cottony fiber obtained by beating dried pandanus leaves, and the swelling action of the water makes a nearly watertight joint.

Some bailing is always necessary, perhaps because the boats are hauled out on the beach in the blazing sun when not in use. One or two of the hulls we saw had been constructed with planking for the upper section, and we saw an occasional nail used to reinforce the cordage or to repair a break.

The outrigger booms, float, and decking are all carefully mortised together and secured with the palm-cord lashing. Standing and running rigging is of palm fiber in an assortment of sizes, but the sails we saw were of canvas. When furled, the sails are protected by a waterproof cover of pandanus matting.

Boats That Sail from Either End

These craft are so designed that they will sail equally well from either end. The mast is stepped in a sort of universal joint. Adjustable stays are used to control its angle to the beam and its rake aft.

The throat of the lateen-rigged sail is attached to that end of the hull which is most convenient in relation to wind and course to be made good. Instead of turning the canoe through the wind, the islander simply unhooks the sail, transfers it to the other end of the canoe, and refastens it. In less than a minute the craft is headed in the opposite direction.

This reversing operation is complicated and requires the finest kind of teamwork. It begins with a great deal of shouting between the helmsman and crew and some hasty scampering about. When everything is ready, a single command is given and the yards are loosened, walked around the mast, and refastened in the new position. The mast is set at a new angle and the boat is off on her new course.

After watching this performance, we found it easy to understand why fat men are unpopular as crewmen aboard these canoes, which have a maximum beam of about 18 inches.

Outrigger Outraces Whaleboat

Commander Spencer wanted some close-up footage of an outrigger in action; so part of the camera crew set out in a whaleboat and the rest photographed the launching from the beach. Almost as soon as they hoisted sail, the native crew discovered that they could overtake and pass the motor whaler at will. They were delighted and began to show off at a great rate, grazing coral heads and the whaler's stern and in every way proving themselves good sailors.

The performance continued until they became careless and had to be fished out after capsizing. Before the canoe had been entirely bailed out, the sail went up again and there was a race with the powerboat for the beach. The outrigger won easily.

The island school had been housed in the government building which, with the church, had been dismantled and taken to Rongerik. As a result, school was suspended until after the move, and the brown youngsters were really enjoying the unexpected holiday. The minister and some of the other older men supervised the study of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

I saw several printed prayer and hymn books at church services and there were books in several of the homes.

Arithmetic must have taken a thorough hold, for all knew how to count and the value of American money. If the brown children are as apt at their three R's as at picking up English words and phrases from the Navy crews working on the islands, they must be a delight to teach.

Each night during our stay aboard, sound motion pictures were shown on the afterdeck of the *Sumner*, and the captain nearly always saw to it that some of the natives were present. I tried to interpret the expressions on their faces as they sat there in the dark, completely engrossed. What must they have thought about a Roy Rogers western, a Hollywood bedroom farce, or Mickey Mouse in technicolor.

When I questioned Jimmy about this, he shrugged and asked, "How can I explain it to them?" I still wonder if they were able to connect the antics of the camera and sound crews in daylight with the enormous shadows and booming sound they witnessed at night.

One reaction to the white man's doings that

we all observed was their complete awe when LST 1108 returned from Rongerik and pushed her blunt bow up on the beach. Despite their visits to the *Sumner* and the fact that 1108 had been there before, they just couldn't bridge the gap between the 25-foot outriggers and this enormous "canoe" with her bow towering above them.

Jimmy proudly boasted that he'd seen even larger ships, but they took the wind right out of him by refusing to believe.

Not to be outdone, young Lincoln explained that New York skyscrapers were as high as three LSTs laid end to end. Even Jimmy couldn't accept that one, and there was much laughter and fun about Lincoln's "long talk."

Despite their awe, none of the natives had any fear of the ship, and as soon as her tank ramp was down they swarmed aboard to look around. In fact, the children would soon have overrun the ship if there had been no guards to stop them.



Bikini's "Old Oaken Bucket" Is Made of Tin

But rain water from the concrete cistern still tastes good. Cisterns on the island are covered with sheet-iron racks which collect the rain and channel it into the tanks. This water serves for drinking and washing.

One by one, other ships had been joining the *Sumner* in the lagoon, and their officers came ashore to watch the fun, each with a camera of some description.

Islanders Become Movie Actors

From a commercial newsreel team that had preceded us by a week, the islanders had learned the meaning of a camera. The young girls were especially susceptible and giggled and posed as soon as a lens was turned their way. However, by the third day of our stay, there were so many photographers around, all shooting at once, that the girls hardly knew whom to pose for. As soon as one of the professionals settled on an angle, several of the amateurs fell in around him, and after much discussion of exposure, film speed, etc., there was a fusillade of shutter clicks.

When it came time to film the final ceremony at the little cemetery above the beach, there was more than the usual amount of trouble in placing the cast. Everyone wanted to face the camera and be in the front row (page 104).

The villagers had assembled at the cemetery in response to the town crier's call on a conch shell. Jibaj, the minister, was wearing his prized gold-rimmed spectacles on the end of his somewhat flat nose and carrying his prayer book (page 103).

When I had made sure that the microphone, concealed in shrubbery in front of his station at the central grave, was operating

Household Goods Go Down to the Sea on Moving Day upon the Strong Heads of Bikini Women

Their husbands helped with advice and noisy supervision. Some bundles weighed more than 100 pounds. The woman in the lead carries her baby, too. Heavier equipment was transported to the waiting LST in the *Summer's* Duck (page 153).



Waiting for the Moving Man—Belongings of a Bikini Family Are Ready to Go Overseas

Packing and moving, annoyance to elders everywhere, were an exciting adventure for the island children. Small boys were permitted for the first time to ride on the Duck, atop loads of equipment, en route to the LST. They had the time of their lives (page 113).



When He Opens That Box, His Audience Will Feast on K Rations

In their haste to sample something new, some of the villagers lost the keys for opening the small containers. The boys solved that difficulty by unpeeling the tin ribbons with their teeth! An unusual sight is the islander taking care of the baby. Such a job, and nearly all other work on the island, is delegated to women. Chief occupations among the men are fishing and loafing.

properly and had helped to get some of the others in position for the camera, I had an opportunity for a few shots with my own camera and a chance to observe the native finery.

Sashes and Flowers Being Worn

The women were wearing ankle-length gowns of some fine flower-print material. Most wore a sash around the waist, and some of the dresses had puffed shoulders, somewhat like the butterfly dresses of the Philippines.

Nearly every woman had a flower in her hair, and there were leis of all descriptions. Others wore numerous strands of the cheap glass trade beads which are so much less beautiful than the native jewelry worn with everyday clothes.

Jibaj and one of the other elders were the only men in dark clothes. Nearly all of the others were in spotless white and had flowers around their necks or a single blossom in their teeth. The children, completely clothed for the first time since the church service on the Sunday we arrived, were uncomfortably clean and showed it.

The cemetery had been cleaned of dead leaves and trash and the graves freshly decorated with flowers and fresh palm fronds. The Jap beer bottles which decorated the tops of some graves had been carefully polished and realigned.

Farewell to the Dead

When everyone had been placed to suit the cameramen, Jibaj took up his station and made a short address, led a responsive prayer, and gave a brief benediction, committing the departed to the care of God. It was very simple and very effective. The only jarring note was the necessity of doing the whole

thing twice for the benefit of the sound camera.

While helping to pick up mike cable after the ceremony, I noticed one of the younger men in an earnest conversation with Jimmy, which, from their gestures, seemed to involve me. Investigation disclosed that Laiboci wished Jimmy to ask me if I had enough film to spare for a shot of himself and family at the grave of his sister. We all moved down the shore to the grave where they grouped around the headstone and I made my shots (page 116).

In the usual rush there wasn't time to go into the reason for the request, but the expressions on the faces of that family were so sincere that I suddenly found there was an unusual amount of dust in the air.

Duck Serves as Moving Van

About noon of March 6 the natives began loading their possessions aboard the 1108. The *Sumner's* Duck went into the village and returned with a strange assortment of boxes, bags, and bundles from which protruded all sorts of household gear.

The top of each load was covered with at least a dozen naked and grinning brown boys, all having the time of their lives. Until now they had been kept off the Duck to prevent accidents.

The Duck was driven up the ramp into the tank deck and unloaded there. Each succeeding load brought more strange articles which had not been in evidence when we were working around the village.

Several loads of dried palm and pandanus leaves for home building on Rongerik were followed by a ton or so of palm matting and a whole load of corrugated sheet iron, salvaged from the rain-catching racks to be re-used for the same purpose.

Moving went on until almost dark without filling more than a small part of the cavernous tank deck or greatly reducing the piles on the beach.

On one return trip the Duck took ashore numerous cases of K rations, which were distributed to each family according to need.

These cases are put together to stand the roughest kind of handling and the rigors of tropical heat and rain and are almost impossible to open without either a crowbar or dynamite. The villagers had neither, but the outer cases stopped them for only a few moments (page 112).

The watertight cardboard and foil wrappings of the individual packages were more difficult, and their exertions over them were good material for the motion-picture cameras.

In the haste to open the packages, some of the keys for opening the cans inside were lost in the coral. This worried no one for longer than it took one of the boys to discover that he could peel the ribbon out of the cans with his teeth. They all tried it with more or less success, to the delight of the assembled cameramen.

They had seen the candy packages before and made short work of them and their contents, but the little cellophane packages of lemon powder were something else. Jimmy finally got the idea across by telling them that the powder would taste somewhat like lime juice when mixed with water. It was the best we could do, because Jimmy had never seen a lemon, either.

By dark the entire village was strewn with discarded K-ration wrappers of all kinds and a lot of unopened envelopes of the lemon powder. Apparently, they cared even less for it than most of us did.

During the day, we of the motion-picture crew had moved our gear from the *Sumner* and were to spend the next two days and nights aboard the LST 1108.

After the nightly session of cleaning and checking cameras and typing picture and sound dope sheets, we gathered on the bow ramp to watch the officers and the natives hunting hermit crabs on the beach. Officers wanted them for fish bait and the natives wanted them for food.

Early Thursday morning the rest of the islanders' belongings were brought aboard, and the crew of the LST hoisted the outrigger canoes over the side and made them secure on the main deck.

About 2 P. M. the last of the natives came aboard, and the crew started preparations for getting off the beach with the tide.

Battle of the Aerosol Bombs

When the tank ramp and bow doors had been closed and secured, the bos'n's mates started issuing aerosol bombs, those wonderful dispensers of sudden death to insects. The brown children learned to operate the bombs immediately and quickly developed a new use for them. Soon the enclosed deck was swarming with children, each with a bomb and trying to catch his companions from behind with the spray.

The air became cloudy with the vaporized poison, and if there was a fly or any other insect left alive, it wasn't their fault. The only pest we found on Bikini was a swarm of what looked like common houseflies, many of which had come aboard with the native gear.



A Deep-voiced Member of Bikini's "Amen Corner"

At church services, this villager gave the minister encouragement and approbation in resonant tones. His Sunday attire includes dark woolen trousers, a blue denim shirt, and a highly prized Navy mess attendant's jacket with safety pins substituting for buttons. He was especially proud of his sun glasses.

There were no flies on Rongerik, and the Navy hoped to prevent the transfer of breeding stock.

The captain of the 1108 had provided paint, and some of the outrigger owners spent the early afternoon painting the hulls of their boats. The rest of the villagers congregated on the main deck to watch and comment. Soon several groups were singing and gradually all joined in.

The ramp connecting the upper and lower tank decks had been lowered, and the younger generation had a lot of fun scrambling up and down this and over the rest of the fore part of the ship until we backed clear of the sand about 3 P. M.

As the ship turned to head out into the lagoon, the natives lined the port rail and began to sing a song of farewell. Until now, none of them had shown much emotion over leaving, but as the island dropped on the horizon their faces became very solemn, and some of the women sniffled when they thought no one could see.

Within an hour 1108 was wallowing in the open sea, on course for Rongerik. Until we had secured our gear against the motion of the boat and any possibility of water damage, we had little chance to see how the natives were taking their first voyage on a large craft.

Unique Motion of an LST

We were working in the forward section of the lower tank deck and had some difficulty getting accustomed to the inimitable motion of an LST. I looked aft just as the ship hit one particularly heavy sea and saw the whole structure bend in a series of waves as the swell passed under us. The others, Davis and Lincoln, had seen it, too, and we hastily finished lashing and went on deck—for air.

I was the only one who had any real difficulty with seasickness, and mine was such a light case that I soon was able to enjoy the pitching and rolling and observe the natives. Except for one about three months old, none of the children seemed to mind at all. Some really enjoyed it.

Most adults were too busy with food for the family and accommodations for the night to be worried for long, but several women and two of the men became very ill. Jimmy had expected some of the women to be upset, but was much surprised when the men were affected, because they were all such excellent sailors and had spent so much time in canoes in all kinds of sea conditions. The water was not rough, according to 1108's crew, but for me it was rough enough.

For chow, the mess cooks carried huge kettles of rice and stew down to the lower deck for the Bikinians. After supper we settled down on our side of the barrier and they on theirs to watch a moving picture.

Arrival at Rongerik

Everyone turned in early and got as much sleep as 1108 and the Pacific would permit. There were so many strange noises ringing through that echoing steel hull that I won-



Biggest Mystery of This Strange Device to Young Bikinians—It Rings a Bell!

Each time Hugh N. Davis, production sound mixer of the photographic unit, typed close to the end of a line and the carriage warning tone sounded, these onlookers searched for the source of the sound. Cameras and microphones soon became commonplace to island youngsters, but the typewriter's loud clacking, its mysterious use which they couldn't comprehend, and above all, its bell, held their interest.

dered what the brown people thought about our mode of transportation as compared with their own.

Shortly after breakfast on March 8 a shout went up from the foredeck, and the natives all crowded the rails to get a look at an island off the bow. It was the first of many small islands and reefs we passed as we crossed the lagoon toward Rongerik Island itself.

There was much excited chatter as we headed in toward Rongerik's beach, but this soon gave way to disappointment when it was found that the tide was wrong for a landing and that we should have to wait until late in the afternoon.

I was fortunate enough to be able to go ashore with an advance working party and some of the officers and cameramen. Rongerik, I found, was not as large as Bikini but had a much wider beach, with deeper water and much heavier vegetation. The palms were not only more plentiful but yielded much larger nuts than those on Bikini. There were also plenty of pandanus trees and along the sea beach a profusion of hibiscus.

A quarter-mile away to the southwest and connected by a sand bar that could be waded across at low tide was another smaller island. This was a nesting ground for a multitude of sea birds, which at Bikini had been conspicuous by their absence.

A few yards inland from the beach were the first of the wood-framed, plywood-floored tents erected by the advance party of natives and Seabees. Much of the thick brush had been cleared away, but there was still an enormous amount of work to be done before the site would be as attractive as the one at Bikini.

Tent Ready for Every Family

Commander Grieve explained to Juda through his own interpreter that each family was to choose its own tent and that Juda was to mark the name of the owner beside the entrance with the red crayon provided. Soon each of the tents bore a name, such as Juda, Jonjen, or Laiboei.

Juda and Jibaj settled down on the floor of the chief's tent to associate each tent with the plots indicated on the chart provided by Commander Grieve. They were making little headway until Jimmy came along to help.

The rest of the islanders began to help the advance party, clearing away and burning



A Bikini Family Says Farewell at the Grave of a Loved One

Laiboei, left, helped the Navy photographers who filmed the village ceremonies in the cemetery (page 104). Upon its conclusion he asked the author to make this photograph of the burial place of his sister.

brush and mixing cement for the new water-storage cisterns.

About 5 P. M. the 1108 came in to the beach, and unloading began. Men, women, and children poured down the ship's ramp, loaded with everything they could carry, while the assembled photographers, myself included, rushed about trying for the best angles against the setting sun.

The Return to Kwajalein

There was no Duck to help this time, so all the heavy gear was left aboard until morning and only immediate necessities taken ashore. Even so, the beach was soon littered with the natives' gear, and they were moving about in the glare of the floodlights long after dark, trying to get settled for the night. Until nearly midnight there was a steady trickle of them back and forth between ship and beach.

During the evening, word was received that a plane would arrive at 10 o'clock the following morning to take the motion-picture crew back to Kwajalein. Commander Spencer was to proceed immediately from Kwajalein to Washington, taking with him all the film that had been exposed.

There was so much packing to be done in the short time remaining that I was unable to get ashore again until it was time to transfer our gear to an LCVP waiting on the beach to take us to the plane.

Jimmie, our interpreter, who was to leave with us, had spread the word that we were departing, and a sizable group of Bikinians—now Rongerikans—stopped their home building to see us off.

As good-byes were being called back and forth, I found myself wishing that I could say, as I had each time before, *Kim naj drol ilju*—"We shall return tomorrow." I refrained, because there would be no returning for me—nor perhaps for them. Civilization and the Atomic Age had come to Bikini, and they had been in the way.

Documents 1946G

Two letters from Likiep, by Bishop Feeney

Source: Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. Letters from Likiep (New York, 1952).

[Attached]



Bishop-elect Feeney blesses his people as he leaves Likiep for his consecration in the United States.

Letters FROM LIKIEP

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., D.D.

WE MEET OUR PEOPLE AND OUR PROBLEMS

If the history of Likiep is ever to be written, then it had better be soon, since there is no diary or written records that might serve as a source of genealogical or other material. The last living court of appeal belonging to the passing generation is old Freddie Capelle. Freddie is the fifth son of Adolph Capelle, German, who with José de Brum, Portuguese from the Azores, formed a partnership to import and export coconut oil, and came to Likiep in 1883. Freddie's mother was Limenwa, sometimes called Sofia, and like her father and mother before her, Limenwa was born in Ebon, southernmost of the Marshalls. Freddie does not recall where his father was born, maybe Hamburg, but he is not sure, and the pale blue

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eyes wander out over the lagoon and beyond to a mystical Germany that Freddie himself never saw.

"Anyway," he says, "it is on the tombstone in the cemetery," and Freddie points "over there."

It would not be characteristic of Freddie to wave. Pointing is more explicit. In its own way, it carries determination and Freddie does nothing without determination. He even wears a determined hat, a wide-brimmed, high-crowned straw, which he clamps on his old gray head with a purpose. If he takes it off, it is a signal that he is willing to relax for a moment. But do not be deceived, for it is only the relaxation of a martinet. If he puts it on, it is a signal for action. It is such a hat as the Knickerbocker Dutch used to wear in the dells and around the knolls of Sleepy Hollow, and for all I know, may be just like the one which Rip Van Winkle laid carefully down by his side when he settled in for his catnap, knowing full well it would still be erect when he awoke twenty years later. It is a tall hat—about six inches high—not soft but blocked stiffly in shape as though forever. That is why, when Freddie is laid to rest in his native Likiep by the side of his adventurous family, a craftsman should set his hat in enduring bronze and lay it reverently at the head of the flat stone slab that will be his tombstone. The Cardinals' hats hanging in the cathedrals of the world are a symbol of what

old Freddie has been in his own way and within the orbit of a layman's influence to the folk of Likiep.

Last Friday at three in the afternoon Freddie, unannounced, paid me the honor of a visit. Off came the hat as he informed me with a military nod: "I came to visit you."

Freddie talks English and German and Marshallese. He learned German from the German clerks in his father's store on Jaluit but sometimes the clerks were American and then he learned English. Freddie is not Catholic. Be that as it may—Freddie has a sense of honor and gratitude. Why else had he come to visit me? The Catholic priests had given his people all they had of the things that count. Back in the early years of the century, German Fathers of the Sacred Heart had built this very house and the verandah where Freddie and I now sat. And the bell presently roped to the beam just under the zinc-sheeted roof once hung with dignity in its own private bell tower, "there," Freddie said, "halfway between the front of the house and the lagoon."

I rose and inspected the bell and in Latin I read: *"S. Joseph ora pro nobis, 1908."*

"And there," pointed Freddie, with a quick switch in his chair, "there stood the chapel and beyond (in the house whose framework alone is now standing) lived the Sisters. And in between

the convent and the chapel was a school for girls. And on the other side of the priest's house a school for boys."

In other words, on the inner side of the coral-bordered path that fronts the Catholic House and runs parallel with the lagoon, and extending along a stretch of more than one hundred yards, there were in the days of Likiep's glory and in this order: 1. Convent; 2. Girl's School; 3. Chapel; 4. Priests' House; and 5. Boys' School.

Because he knew we had come to resurrect this ancient heritage of learning and religion, Freddie was here to pay his respects. At the moment, however, he was more important to me as the only visible authority on Marshallese, and as he had interrupted me while preparing my first sermon in his native tongue I impressed him into service on the spot as a prefect of reading and accent. This much he endured patiently. Why not; had he not already survived two occupations? Yet when I tried him on the theology behind the words, (an explanation of the last Gospel of St. John) he suddenly reached for his hat, confirming a fast growing suspicion that while Freddie normally lifts the hat, the hat itself has been known to repay the favor and to lift Freddie himself out of impending difficulty.

Only gradually have I come to discover that Freddie's thoughts are either above or below

religion, and that as far as churches are concerned he is apparently content to run unattached. Such are the subtle interludes in what Father Fernand Prat, S. J., is wont to call "The Harmony of the Redemption."

Before he departed, however, the old martinet stood for a time while his eyes ran around the horseshoe of coconut grove, a quarter mile wide, with the Pacific pounding on its outer rim.

"I saw all those trees grow," mused Freddie. "My father and Jose de Brum, they planted them. That's why they came here. The trees were all young when first I came to Likiep, perhaps ten feet tall."

A Marshallese passed by and I broke in upon his musing: "The people are clean," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "they keep the body clean but it takes one or two months to make a dress, so they can not change the clothes too often."

"Would it be good to teach the girls sewing?" I asked, anxious for a lead on our school curriculum.

"Yes, of course; sewing is good and if you have a few sewing machines it is better."

"And nursing too?" I persisted.

A long pause, and then: "Yes—but keep them here in Likiep; outside is temptation."

(Unkind souls have been wont to attribute much of Freddie's caution to old age's fear of

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insecurity. For what will Freddie do if ever there is a sizable exodus of workers from Likiep? Who, to be blunt, will pick Freddie's copra?)

My typewriter had just arrived. "And typewriting perhaps," I wheedled, "just to help Anton keep accounts and records?"

"Yes, accounts and records; that is good."

For the boys we agreed on carpentering for outriggers and sailing boats and houses, in that order, and a little knowledge of the radio for the day when Likiep will have its short-wave transmitter and put an end to an inhuman isolation that makes no immediate provision for emergencies of life or death.

"Electricity?"

"Good in the carpenter's shop," said Freddie; "but it is not time yet for electric light on Likiep or refrigeration—except," he conceded, "it start with one or two families."

"An ice plant for the island?"

"There is no need!"

So spoke the old school and I could tell that he was nervous about an invasion of ideas from the world outside; placed them, in fact, in the same category as enemy military invasions with a more destructive toll of worth-while things. And as one surveyed the peace and happiness and

caught echoing over the lagoon the voices of children at song in the 20′ x 10′ combination that serves both as town hall and school, one could understand the wisdom behind the fear and both marvel at and respect the solicitude in his thoughts and words.

TRANSPORTATION

Perhaps never is the significance of the 48′ *Mera* sensed so keenly as at this very moment when she is out of the lagoon. The *Mera* is our sole contact with Kwajalein, under Likiep's own control. If a man is dying on Likiep and the *Mera* is out, the man dies. It is as starkly simple as that.

Now all day one can scan the horizon from the coral reef in front of the Catholic House and no sail of ship nor wing of plane flecks with white the blue sky or ocean. Some day, yes; we know the *Mera* will come sailing back and we hope with supplies for the mission from lovable and generous hearts, our co-missionaries in what is—for these untutored and simple Marshallese—the magic wonderland of America, over the seas and far away.

One day the Catholic Mission will have its own sailing sloop. The dignity and freedom of action proper to the independent and autonomous

One True Church of Christ demand it. In no other way can the missionary establish and maintain regular schedules of Mass and services between the islands. Of course one might liquidate the problem by raising the bugaboo of "over expansion". The answer to this academic contribution is extremely simple: there is expansion and expansion; prudent and imprudent; practical and impractical. The best judges in the matter are the missionaries on the spot, acting with the knowledge, consent, and instruction of their Apostolic Administrator.

Our own immediate objective is to decide whether there shall be one central base of operations in the three hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Marshall Island waterways, or two. If one, shall it be Likiep in the north where the concentration of Catholics is largest (in actual numbers, two hundred), or shall it be Majuro farther south which holds in relation to the southern chain of islands the same position that Kwajalein does to the northern; namely, that of an independent Navy Command.

Majuro, furthermore, now houses a training school for teachers. At present four of the students and one of the two teachers are Catholic, carrying on of course, at least up to a month ago, without benefit of priestly ministrations, instruction or advice.

Shall we create a second base at Majuro (the concentration of Catholics is only fifty-five, of whom all but the five mentioned are in the labor camp) or shall we plan to stabilize Likiep alone and open here, in due time, a Catholic Teachers' Training College as a source of influence for this entire sector of Micronesia? Or should the second base, if we decide to have one, be not at Majuro but at Ailinglapalap, which in Marshallese means "the paramount atoll"? Or again, should it be on Jaluit, the political capital of all the Marshalls and the stronghold of Japanese pre-war organization and administration? It was on Jaluit that the German Fathers of the Sacred Heart conducted a "Catholic School" to which many, including Protestant teachers now in Government service, owe and generously attribute whatever initial education they received. But a dispersal of Catholics has taken place because of the war and the question rises once again: should this venerable center of Catholic influence be resurrected on its original site or moved to Likiep, where the Church is peculiarly entrenched and can function independently both religiously and educationally?

A final decision should hardly be given without an inspection of Ailinglapalap and Jaluit. This necessitates transportation and there is no prospect of any except by a Navy LST (landing ship tanks) whose earliest scheduled trip will not take

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place till late January or early February; between two and three months hence.

This is a sample of what I mean by the problems of transportation that confront us. And whether we set up two bases or one, the same problem will continue to persist until we are in possession of our own sailing sloop.

Were Government, or the U. S. Commercial Company or independent shipping associations to establish and maintain dependable itineraries, we would be only too happy to avail ourselves of them and thus be dispensed from the sundry obligations flowing along in the wake of a privately owned sailing vessel. But no such *dependable* itineraries are in prospect. The U. S. Navy and the Civil Administration Units fostered by it are willing, but are still in the good will and paper stage of organization. On the other hand, it has been due to the cooperation of Navy executive personnel and the friendliness of individuals that Father Thomas C. Donohoe, S. J., and myself may be said to have come far since we waved goodbye to America from the deck of the *U. S. S. General Anderson* last October 1st.

It was with a No. 2 priority that we flew in a Navy Transport plane from Pearl Harbor to Kwajalein. On a Navy PBY I made my first flight to Likiep, and on the same plane another

to Majuro, returning a week later on an Army C-47 in space requested by courtesy of the Navy. In fact, given anything like normal efficiency in transportation, the United States of America could launch its program for the rehabilitation of the Marshalls under no more favorable auspices than that of a cooperative venture between the protective power of the Navy and the civilizing genius of the Church of the Ages. I refer, of course, to the work of Catholic missionaries for the Catholic Marshallese in Navy mandated territory.

Happily there is still time for the Navy to perfect its transportation system from island to island before final decision need be made. But the ultimate alternatives will always remain—either transportation by a combination of Navy ship and plane, or our own Marshall Mission sailing sloop sixty-five feet long with an auxiliary Diesel for aid in kicking the boat out of a lagoon or at least for slow motion in a calm. Our motto is, as the Spanish would put it: *"Va despacio, pero va"*—"Go slowly, but go."

LETTER XI

POINTS WITHOUT TIPS

The following points may aid in establishing norms of correct procedure in American relations with the Marshallese:

1. The Marshallese are a decidedly self-sufficient people with a mental and physical poise that remains a beguiling source of wonder to the merely tourist mentality, or to visitors of scant or unbalanced educational background.

2. Hospitality spreads itself in a sincere friendliness and in practice, words and smiles are accompanied with bestowal of gifts. These are in general the handicraft of the locality: outrigger models, fans with turtle shell centers, place mats for table, the larger *jebako* or floor mat, coconut leaf belts, hats, cigarette boxes, and napkins and kerchiefs embroidered with unprocessed but skilled talent.

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3. For some time, however, except in the case of very distinguished visitors, these gifts will be few and far between. Their supply has been unable to keep pace with their charity. Moreover the value of time and handicraft in terms of rice, sugar, flour and milk and the need on some islands of supplementing native food with the trade goods from the Island Trading Company has injected an attitude of caution and prudence in their largess and instinctive generosity. This attitude is most pronounced in those who by reason of office or other responsibility are perforce most in contact with Navy and Civil Administration personnel. The shifting emphasis is one of practice, not of principle, and is dictated by economic needs.

4. They possess a rare trait of character, which is, however, universal in the Islands. The Marshallese themselves style it *eliklik*. It is either a virtue gone to fault or a fault turned virtuous. I know of no single word in English that will adequately translate it. Its component parts are many: a) a refinement of feeling that is merely one expression of the noiseless culture of the Far East (for they are two-thirds Asiatic and Malayan); b) modesty; c) timidity; d) bashfulness; e) human respect; f) sensitivity to ridicule (Ridicule, the Marshallese *kajirere* (*kaj*-language; *rere*-laugh), or language that laughs, is

the most influential deterrent to progressive changes a teacher may encounter. Happily it is also a deterrent to the grosser forms of begging, a practice which the indefinable *eliklik* makes physically impossible for the normal Marshallese.)

5. The Marshallese are a people without written traditions.

6. Furthermore, with the exception of those with European blood, mostly Portuguese, German and Scotch, the people are not interested in their own racial or social antecedents. Incisive old Freddie Capelle puts it this way: "They neither know nor care."

7. Behind their hospitality lurks, though not in any inimical sense, a maturely developed faculty for minding their own business. Add to this a reticence bred by three Occupations, and a casual observer might gather an impression of secretiveness. Secrets they certainly have and many silent communings, yet on the whole, the atmosphere of quiet is merely that of a little world whose silence has not yet been forced to capitulate to the noise of Western civilization.

8. Adaptable and observant, they are wont to mull over and evaluate their findings, some of which arm them with the power of a knowledge that should not have been. It is from such knowl-

edge that we must seek at times the motivation for silent non-cooperation.

9. They are drawn irresistibly to American kindness, humor and generosity; indulgent like a mother with the boisterous, charitably discreet as occasion requires.

10. Visitors who travel by ship from atoll to atoll will make a landing either by beaching as in the LST, LSM and LCT; by small boat as from LST to VP to punt, to reef, to punt, to shore; or by wading. If by the last method, Marshallese men and youths will be only too willing to carry male passengers, while the Marshallese women will do likewise for their sex. They will also if need be, pull or push the punt or whaleboat, or pole or row it if depth permits.

11. Immediately upon touching land, sand or reef, custom prescribes shaking hands with everyone, including babies. Benevolence can be captured by a phrase, *Iokwe Ewk*, pronounced *Yokway Yowk*. Depending on time of day and circumstances, it does service as Good morning, Good afternoon, Good evening, Good night, Hello, and Good-bye. The people will respond in kind.

12. A tourist's tour includes a visit with the *Iroij*, Chief Magistrate, Island Council; then to School, Dispensary and Church. Depending on

food available and the length of stay, the people may prepare a feast. In accordance with their own time-table they will sing and dance and hope the guests will reciprocate. Invitations should be accepted and not refused without serious reason —a situation that can be solved by a well-balanced combination of friendliness, prudence and tact.

13. As facts warrant, the people are happy to hear that the visitor considers their island clean, *erreo*, and the scenery beautiful, *aibujuij* (pronounced i-booj-wich).

14. There is a limpid clearness in the atmosphere not entirely due to the cleansing winds of ocean or to the lack of befouling exhausts from the smoke stacks of heavy industry. If one has time to probe a little, he will note that the effect is produced by *bwebwenato*—conversation undisturbed and unsullied by any expletive stronger than the phrase *"O jij"*, or "Imagine that!"

15. Yet even here the epitaph on life remains "So Brief the Day"—a day in which we walk an atoll path from end to end, from sea to sea; the prophets' path "by which we shall not return". Nor can one lengthen the path by slowing the pace, for the path we traverse is the path of Time; and time even on a mid-Pacific isle moves ever on, on and up, like an escalator, never stopping till it merges with Eternity.

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Document 1947A

Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam, by Robert Moore

Source: Article in The National Geographic Magazine, July 1948.

[Attached]

Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam

By W. Robert Moore

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

WE anchored in early morning off a coral atoll in the blue Pacific.

A trim outrigger canoe came skimming across the reef and drew alongside our Navy LCI. In it sat four paddlers, their bare brown bodies glistening with perspiration.

Perched in the prow was a young Adonis, broad of shoulder and powerfully muscled. His Puluwat atoll costume was a scarlet-striped loincloth and odd ornaments (Plate I).

About his bushy black hair he had rakishly looped two headbands, one of flowers and one of small shells. A strand of seeds and a silver chain encircled his neck. Small earrings dangled from slit ear lobes.

His arms were tattooed and marked by scars—cuts or cigarette burns raised to permanent bumps of scar tissue. Between his eyebrows and on his temples he had smeared red ocher.

Two companions, squatting amidships, also were gaily decorated. A toothless grandpa steered from the stern. All four shouted native greetings.

"Good Morning, Sir" Even at Night

On a Main Street in the United States such a quartet would seem strange. Yet today these islanders are wards of Uncle Sam.

Wherever I went, some brown-skinned islander was always spreading a mat for me to sit on, opening a fresh coconut for me to drink, and trying to speak my language.

"Good morning, sir," was a smiling greeting as likely to be heard at dusk as at daybreak, but eloquent of friendliness.

Today, as an outcome of war, the United States governs some 51,000 of these gentle Pacific island folk. On July 18, 1947, by agreement of the Security Council of the United Nations and approval by Congress, our Government officially took over control of the islands of the former Japanese Mandate as the United States Trust Territory of Pacific Islands.

Before the war few persons had visited these islands, as the Japanese maintained jealous control over the region.

Much of the mystery of Micronesia ended when our amphibious forces stormed ashore on Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Tinian, Peleliu, and other islands, and our planes pounded such targets as Ponape, Yap, Koror, and the Japanese naval base of Truk.

Scores of other islands missed the news headlines. Consider such musically named places as Ailinglapalap, Pingelap, Puluwat, Satawan, Babelthuap, and Kapingamarangi!

As its name implies, Micronesia is made up of small islands. More than 2,000 land spots cluster about 60 atolls or lie apart as individual units within the three groups, the Marshalls, Carolines, and Marianas, which are embraced by our Trusteeship.*

All the land spots gathered into a single mass would have an area of only 687 square miles, little more than half the size of Rhode Island. That total excludes Guam, which has belonged to the United States since 1898.

These small islands are spread over an area considerably larger than the whole United States. They are scattered over roughly 3,500,000 square miles (map, page 77).

From the easternmost atoll of the Marshalls westward to the islands off the Palaus is 2,800 miles. Between the most northerly outpost of the Marianas and Kapingamarangi, just north of the Equator, is a span of more than 1,300 miles.

On the larger islands many natives favor Western clothes (Plate XVI). But on the more remote dots of land the people are as primitive in appearance as the canoeists who greeted us at Puluwat. Their women folk are clad in short wrap-around skirts woven of wild hibiscus fiber (Plate VII). Scampering youngsters wear "aprons" of breadfruit leaves or nothing at all (page 81).

New Growth Covering War's Scars

I had been on some of the islands during the war. Then some were busy forward bases for which we still were fighting.

Now, three years later, I roamed among them by plane, naval craft, and native canoes, at the invitation of the Navy, which has interim charge of civil administration of the Trust Territory.

Several military installations were already abandoned. New growth concealed many battle scars. Vines clambered over deserted camps and wrecked equipment.

Native inhabitants, whom I had seen living in jerry-built shelters after their villages had

* See, in the National Geographic Magazine, "Hidden Key to the Pacific," June, 1942, and "Mysterious Micronesia," April, 1936, both by Willard Price, and "American Pathfinders in the Pacific," by William H. Nicholas, May, 1946.



Palau Youngsters' Enthusiasm for Baseball Is as Big as Their Fielder's Glove

When Americans arrived, they found the islanders keen baseball fans; Japanese had taught them the game. The author saw a native team hold a Navy nine to a 7-6 score (page 77). These Babelthuap Island children attend school in a ruined Japanese radio station.

been blasted to bits, were settled in more comfortable quarters. Others, once hungry because Japanese occupation troops took their crops and forbade them to fish in the sea, now have plenty of food.

As an impromptu guest at native feasts, I often shared potluck of staggering proportions!

Today, the coconut trade has been revived. Again there is leisure and time for celebration.

On several islands I saw village festivals. There were weddings, primitive dances, and spirited outrigger canoe races.

To get to these pleasant tropical isles I flew first to Guam, which war changed from a lonely American outpost into a busy naval base and a crossroads of the far Pacific.*

While the island is not part of the Trust Territory, geographically it lies in the area. Here, for the time being, are located the offices of the Deputy High Commissioner, who has direct charge of civil administration of the Trust Territory. Students from the Trust islands also are brought here for schooling as medical practitioners, nurses, and teachers.

Truk Has Nearly 100 Islands

"Passengers for Truk will board the plane at Gate 1."

I clambered aboard the waiting amphibian. Five hours later we were circling the islands for a landing.

Micronesia's islands are of two types. Some are flat coral patches; others are of volcanic origin. Truk has both. Nearly 100 islands dot its encircling barrier reef and vast lagoon, as wide in places as the distance between Washington, D. C., and Baltimore. Fourteen of them are sizable volcanic land lumps.

Tol, largest and tallest of the Truk Islands,

* See "Guam—Perch of the China Clippers," by Margaret M. Higgins, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, July, 1938.



A South Seas Apollo Strokes His Outrigger Across a Reef

Threats of war and fear of depression do not cloud this young man's brow. The high price of clothes and scarcity of fuel oil never trouble him. He seldom worries about where the next meal is coming from. He lives on Tamatam, a part of Pulap atoll.



Shadow and Limpid Lagoon Give the Illusion that This Namoluk Canoe Floats in Air

Brilliant tropical fish, starfish, sea cucumbers, and octopuses may be seen in the pellucid waters of Pacific lagoons (page 83). Here the sea is shallow and its floor is white sand. Coral rocks clearly outlined in the foreground are submerged.

rears to 1,483 feet. From the air it appears a jagged rim of an ancient volcanic cone.

Moen is second in size and in height. As we glided down for a landing, I could see a cluster of gleaming white Quonset huts, set on a lush green saddle between steep hills.

Here are the American administrative headquarters and residence of the governor of the Eastern Caroline Islands (Plate II).

The Japanese had a powerful radio station on Moen. Its towers still stand. They also had an airfield on the flat southern end of the island, and had several 8-inch guns mounted in cave emplacements.

Near-by Dublon Island, however, was their main base. There they erected air facilities, hewed large supply depots out of the rocky hillsides, and had floating docks and other naval installations.

Approximately 15,000 people live in the Truk group. There are no large villages. Small settlements are sprinkled about the shores of the larger islands. Few dwell in the wooded and grass-covered hills.

During their years of rule the Japanese interfered comparatively little with native life. They left much of the rule to local chiefs.

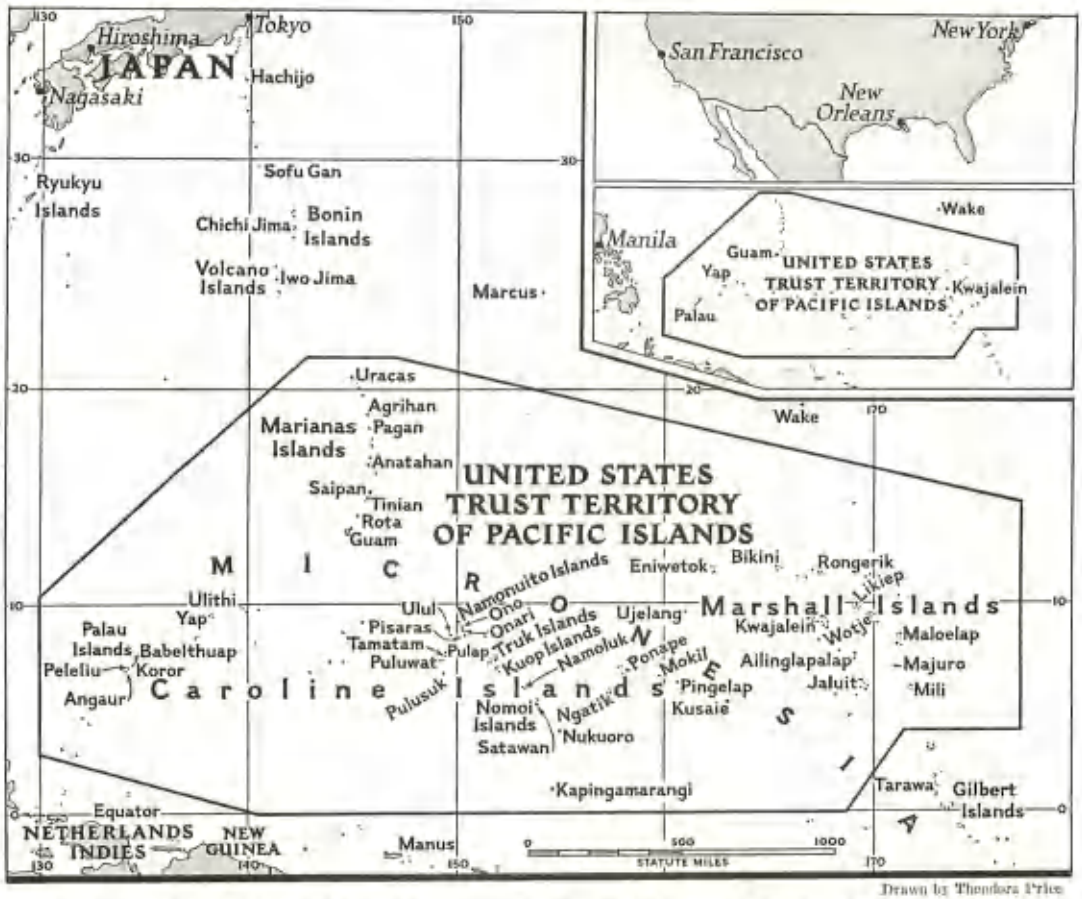
Chief Artie of Truk Speaks English

Truk's present chief, Artie Moses, has three assistants. Subchiefs, elected by popular vote, are heads of the various island communities.

Our Government outlines broad general policy and maintains supervisory control, but otherwise leaves the details of native administration to the chiefs' own initiative.

Periodically, all of the district leaders gather at Moen to talk over local affairs. I attended a meeting where they discussed means of forming a trading company for handling export of copra and handicrafts and import of the simple commodities they need.

At this meeting I first met Artie, plump and perpetually wearing a broad smile. Artie



Drawn by Theodora Price

U. S. Trust Territory, a New Name in the Pacific, Supersedes the Japanese Mandate

Here the fortunes of war have turned over to Uncle Sam some 51,000 new wards. Though the Territory is as wide as the United States (see inset), its 2,000 coral and lava islands contain only enough land to make half a Rhode Island. If the Trust were moved a third of the way across the globe, it would stretch from the Equator to the tip of Baja California. For details of the Truk, Ponape, Palau, Yap, and other island groups, see The Society's Pacific Ocean Map of September, 1943.

speaks English, learned years ago when he shipped as crew member on an American vessel.

Little by little I pried from him the story of forced labor and hardships his people experienced under the Japanese during the war.

"Were there many Japanese on the islands?" I asked him.

"Yes, many," he replied. "So many that they ate all our food."

"How did you live?"

"For a long time we ate mostly yam leaves cooked in sea water. But we often tricked the Japanese. They planted yam patches for their own use. So every time there was an air-raid warning and their troops went to man their posts, we would hurry out in the yam fields and dig as fast as we could. They found out about it and put out an order that anyone found in the fields would be shot.

"One night a guard saw a man sneaking into a patch and shot him." Artie paused and laughed as if it were a big joke. "That time," he chuckled, "it was one of their own men!"

The Japanese taught the islanders baseball (page 74).

Barefoot Islanders Play Baseball

"Enthusiasts? I'll say these people are!" exclaimed one American officer. "They asked me to umpire an interisland competition. They played not one game, but three—and right through the heat of the day!"

I watched a team of Tol and Udot men play a challenge game against a Navy nine. The natives lost by only 7 to 6. They're good, these barefoot ballplayers of Truk.

From hospitable Truk we went by Navy LCI to the westward groups. Passengers included a civil administration officer, a chief



Headmen of Uncle Sam's New Wards Confer with the Navy on Etal, Nomoi Islands

As a result of the war, the United States now controls the destinies of Micronesian people formerly governed by Japan. Our authority is used sparingly, local chieftains enforce the laws. Here Truk atoll's chief, Artie Moses (center, right), serves as interpreter and assistant to a Navy officer at a civil-administration council (page 83). Artie learned English years ago when he shipped on an American vessel.

pharmacist's mate and assistants with medical kits and DDT spray guns, U. S. Commercial Company traders, Assistant Chief Ayster Irons of Truk, and islanders returning home.

Such field trips to the outlying islands are made about once a month.

Other circuits cover the rest of the Carolines and the Marshalls from the focal points of Koror, Yap, Ponape, Kwajalein, and Majuro. Saipan is headquarters for the Marianas.

On these circuit-riding visits administrative officers check on local island government while medical men hold sick call and kill flies with their DDT sprays.

Until its Pacific trading operations ceased at the end of 1947, the U. S. Commercial Company (under Reconstruction Finance Corporation) handled the purchase of copra and handicraft products and furnished the islands with simple trade necessities. That job is now being done by the Island Trading Company of Micronesia, under Navy direction.

Like a native chant are the names of the island stops we made on our western run—Pulusuk, Puluwat, Pulap, Tamatam, Ulul, Ono, and Onari. You can virtually set them to the rhythm of the island dances we saw—the measured stomp of bare feet on coral sand, the slap of cupped hands against bare flesh, and the movement of heads, arms, and swaying brown bodies (Plate X).

This trip, for me, was a succession of thrills



Future Pulap Sailors Stand Beside the Prow of an Unfinished Seagoing Canoe

While their elders conferred with visiting United States officials, these loinclothed lads clustered on the side lines. Rafters, crossbeams, and even roofing thatch of the canoe shed are laced with coconut cordage (page 83).

of riding outrigger canoes between our ship and the islands (page 75). The rough surf on the reefs often splashed over the gunwales and slapped us on our trouser seats. Someone always seemed to be busy bailing! I shuddered for what might happen to my cameras.

While some of the outer islanders have had fairly close contact with Truk, life in most of these villages is much more primitive.

Women Dance Sitting Down

On some islands women do not stand in the presence of an assembly of men. When they approach such a group, they walk with bodies stooped and their hands clasped behind their backs. For the last few feet they crawl on hands and knees, or by a crablike sidle on ankles and haunches.

In the dance I saw the Puluwat women perform, they remained seated. No sinuous "hula" movements or complicated foot patterns here; their singing was accompanied only by the sway of shoulders and rhythmical gestures of arms and hands.

Woman's place is in the home—or close beside it, where she cooks over a tiny open fire or bakes in a bed of hot coral stones (page 81).

Family division of labor also gives the women care of the taro beds, while men climb trees for fresh coconuts, fish, make fish nets, and build outrigger canoes.

On one island the chief reported that eight women had been sentenced five days each in the local lockup because they were untidy housewives!



Yap Is Never "Stone Broke." Its Unprotected "Bank" Bulges with Assets Not Easily Stolen or Counterfeited

These cartwheel-size stone coins were minted from calcite, or limestone, rock. They are not circulating pieces of change, but symbols of village wealth. When a coin has to be moved, a pole is thrust through the central hole and used as an axle. Rock slabs (right) once served as back rests for chieftains at ceremonies (page 86).



Mamma's Green-grass Skirt May Weigh 30 Pounds

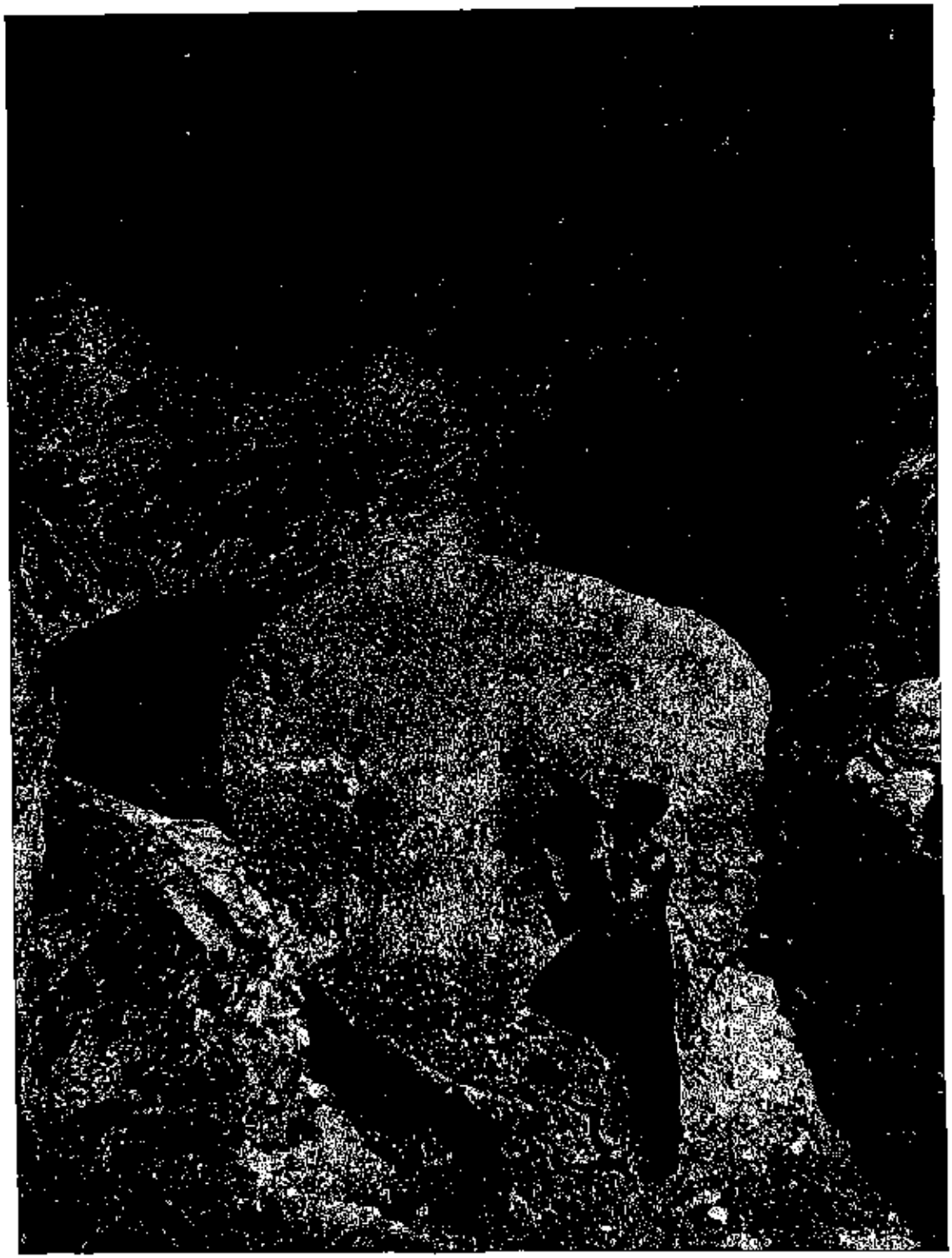
When a Yap girl reaches the age of marriage, usually 14, she knots a black cord around her neck. This mother would be amazed if asked to cover her bosom; but modesty decrees a grass bustle because cloth would reveal the contour of her thighs. In damp places her skirt may pick up a quart of water.



Eve's Daughter Wears Breadfruit Leaves Fore and Aft

Mother grates coconut meat for mixing with breadfruit pulp (lower right) into one of the Puluwat Island dishes. Her arms bear circular scars, the "love" marks of a husband or a former admirer. Her costume consists solely of the *lava-lava*, a brief wrap-around skirt.

© R. Lévesque



Yap's Mint for Its Stone Money Is a Gloomy Limestone Cavern in the Palau Islands

In former times such heavy "coins" were ferried to Yap across more than 250 miles of sea in frail canoes. The cost was several lives. Work on this 8-foot coin was abandoned before it was completely severed from the mother rock. The customary doughnutlike central hole is missing (pages 80 and 87).

Most homes here are small thatched structures. Some stand on short piles above the ground; floors of others are only coral pebbles covered with matting (Plate VI).

Far more imposing are the canoe sheds on the islands. Huge breadfruit pillars and heavy crossbeams support the high-peaked thatched roofs. Their members are laced together with coconut-fiber twine (page 79).

Once these canoe sheds were "all men" houses, from which women were barred. They still serve as local clubs and community gathering places. On a number I saw clusters of taro plants and dry fish hanging in the open gables. "For good luck and good crops," Chief Ayster said.

Every village has many canoes, large and small. I saw several under construction.

The hull is hollowed and shaped from a single breadfruit log. Decorative prows, outrigger, and other parts are fastened into place entirely by twine. Not a nail or screw is used. Cracks and lacing holes are then calked with tree gums (Plate V).

When the villagers cannot get canvas for sails, they make them of matting.

These light, trim craft seem to fly before a good breeze. They are always sailed with the outrigger to the windward. So, instead of tacking, the canoeist lifts the sprit of the triangular sail and shifts it to the opposite end of the boat, then gaily sails off in a new direction, the stern now becoming the prow.

A 350-mile Sail for Cigarettes

A few months before I visited Puluwat, several of the islanders had sailed a seagoing canoe to Truk and back, a round trip of some 350 miles, just to buy cigarettes! In all, they had a total of $17. With this they bought cigarettes for the whole island.

As you sail into the Namonuito group, you find yourself in a king-size atoll. The islands and reef sprawl in a rough triangle to hem a lagoon of some 724 square miles. Next to those of Kwajalein and Truk, it is the biggest lagoon in the Trust Territory. To get from Ulul, at one corner, to Onari, Ono, or Pisaras, on the opposite side, you travel about 50 miles.

The western islands are tufted with feathery coconut palms. Only on Ulul Island are the trees set in orderly rows. There, some years ago, the Belgian family of Etscheit, from Ponape, established a large plantation.

Coconuts play a remarkable role in the life of all these Micronesian peoples. They drink the water of young coconuts, prepare food and milk from the mature nuts, and make delicious salads from both the sprouting nuts and the palm hearts.

They use the coconut's husks for fuel, light lamps with its oil, twist the fiber into twine, weave the leaves into mats and baskets, and thatch their homes with the big fronds.

Copra, the dried meat, yields rich oils used in the manufacture of soaps, margarines, and other products. From most of the islands we took off many canoe loads of copra (Plates III and IX).

Leaving the Namonuitos, we returned to Truk. And from there I shipped almost immediately on another field trip going south. Chief Artie of Truk went along as interpreter and assistant to the civil administration officer.

Sailing one afternoon out of one of Truk's south passes, we skirted near-by Kuop atoll and set course for Namoluk. Early the next morning we arrived off its reef.

The coral barrier enclosing the triangular lagoon of Namoluk atoll has only a single shallow pass. Large craft are barred, and the entrance is so narrow that the islanders build their canoes with outriggers coupled close to the hulls (Plate V).

When the tide is low much of the reef is awash, and the piled-up waters of the lagoon pour from the passage like a millrace. Boatmen have to paddle and pole furiously in the twisting channel.

Live coral on these reefs displays fantastic formations and hues. Here sparkle vivid yellows, greens, reds, and bright purples. Within the lagoon, too, dart brilliant fish. Many sea cucumbers (bêche-de-mer), starfish, and other strange sea creatures dot the ocean floor (page 76).

In Namoluk I found a marked difference from the western islands. Its homes are dispersed more widely. Paths, lined with green bushes or edged with coral rocks, thread through the coconut palms and huge breadfruit trees (Plate XVI).

The people here, as in Truk, wear foreign-type clothes. Their houses, too, are constructed mainly of wood. Some even have glass windows. A church, dispensary, and meeting house are of wood or plaster.

The Nomoi group, our next stop, consists of three separate atolls—Etal, Lukunor, and Satawan. As we cruised toward them we could see all three at one time from the ship's bridge.

Etal, like Namoluk, has a closed lagoon, so again we had to lie off the island. Here the people have a whaleboat to ferry passengers ashore. We landed on a coral pier built on the open sea.

Practically all of the Nomoi Islands have these coral stone piers and stone sea walls. Perhaps the most extensive construction is on Lukunor, where we next stopped.



Likiep Villagers Take Mats, Fans, and Toy Canoes to Their Trading Post

When the civil-administration ship pays its periodic call, this schoolroom becomes the island's commercial center. A native assistant jots down quantities received and prices paid. Fans (extreme lower left) and mats are made of pandanus and coconut fibers; some have tortoise-shell centers.

Virtually the entire island is surrounded by a sea wall several feet high. Huge taro beds in the center of the island are likewise walled in; they are crossed by a stone causeway.

Lagoon piers, the schoolhouse, church, and several other structures on Lukunor are built of coral blocks.

During the war the Japanese had about 500 troops stationed on Lukunor. They moved the native inhabitants to the small adjacent island of Piasa. They drained the taro beds, pulled up the taro plants, and planted yams in their stead. Even so, the Japanese went hungry and many died before the war ended.

Ink and Carbon Paper as Dyes

The natives have re-established themselves in the three neighboring villages on Lukunor and are replanting their taro.

In the canoe houses men were constructing new craft.

Women were busy weaving fans, belts, mats, and other handicraft articles from pandanus, coconut, and hibiscus. They besieged us for dyes, even red ink and blue carbon paper, with which to color the fibers.

Except for the space of the ship passage into the lagoon, you can walk almost dryshod from the village center of Lukunor to that on Oneop—if you pick the right time. A chain of narrow islands lies between them along the south side of the atoll, and at low tide sections of reef are bared.

I took the easier way and rode by ship to Oneop. We canoed ashore, there to be met by the entire village lined up along the pier pathway. We could see the fine hand of the village headman in the reception, for all chorused "Good morning, Sir" as each of us walked up the path!

Had it been the first village I visited, I would have thought, too, that the chief had groomed the island for our benefit. But

everywhere the paths and yard plots are swept and kept free of fallen leaves.

When we were ready to leave, I saw several villagers carrying bundles to the pier. One passenger we were to take back to Truk was the schoolteacher, going there for a period of training. Schoolchildren crowded the pier to wave her farewell. Many of the young girls sobbed as she left (Plates XIV and XV).

As we sailed out of Lukunor and again as we were entering Satawan atoll, we ran into enormous schools of porpoises. In each school there must have been at least a hundred, leaping and cavorting ahead of our ship.

Of the four islands we visited in Satawan atoll—More, Kutu, Ta, and Satawan—the last is largest. Numerous other green islets strew the northern curve of the reef like dots and dashes on a telegraph tape.

Several Japanese landing barges and an airplane lie wrecked about the pier and beach at Satawan (Plate III). In the center of the island I also saw several trucks, light tanks, marine engines, guns, and other war gear. Here, too, the Japanese laid out an airstrip.

Today some native families are living in houses the Japanese built. Many had salvaged aluminum from wrecked planes and fashioned it into pots and pans.

Ancient Taboos Survive

Much of Micronesia has been Christianized for years. Often, however, you find odd remnants of ancient beliefs. On Kutu I came upon a clump of coconut trees whose trunks were encircled with fringes of coconut leaves. Dry fronds and fallen nuts littered the ground.

"Taboo," explained a villager, when I asked the reason.

"Why taboo?"

"Owner die. We not touch for one year."

This taboo-marked grove happened to occupy the space between the two village churches.

After spending three days in the atoll, we headed southward to Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi (page 86).

These two gemlike atolls, unlike the other islands of the Trust Territory, are inhabited by Polynesian, not Micronesian, peoples.

A group of Polynesian sea wanderers either was left on these islands at the time of some migratory movement or was cast up here when its canoes were blown far off course.

They are now hundreds of miles from their Polynesian kin. More than 500 of these golden-brown folk live on Kapingamarangi; fewer than half that number are on Nukuoro.

We went first to Kapingamarangi. It was feast day when we arrived at the atoll.

The village was having a double wedding and a banquet. The feast also was a farewell party for Dr. Peter H. Buck, Director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, who, with three anthropologist companions, had been making a study of the people.

We ate taro, breadfruit, and coconuts, prepared singly and in a variety of combinations, and gorged ourselves on other dishes of fish, rice, and pork.

When we came to leave, almost everyone in Kapingamarangi, it seemed, paddled out to our ship to say farewell. Even the ruling chief, gracious King David, who stands nearly six feet tall and must weigh 300 pounds, came alongside in his huge white canoe.

We were fortunate with weather when we arrived off Nukuoro. The sea was calm. On previous calls in the past three months rough water had prevented loading of copra. Several canoes had been damaged in trying to come alongside to transfer passengers.

For a day and a half we drifted off the lagoon entrance to load 40-odd tons of copra from the procession of bobbing canoes.

Nukuoro has had more contact with other islands, particularly Ponape, than has Kapingamarangi. Some of its homes are wood-framed and its church is a plastered, thick-coral-walled structure roofed with sheet iron. At church service the Scripture lesson is read from a Ponapean-language Bible. The sermon is delivered by the native pastor in Polynesian tongue.

Copra loading completed, we headed for Truk into a gathering storm front.

After reaching Truk I flew to Ponape, one of the two largest islands in the Territory. I had planned to see the experimental farms the Japanese had planned, and also visit its mystery ruins of Nanmatol, on the southeast coast, where forgotten ancients erected colossal structures from giant lengths of prismatic basalt rock.

I then expected to go on field trips to Ngatik, Mokil, Pingelap, and Kusaie. Unfortunately, a mild outbreak of encephalitis had caused the imposition of a quarantine in some Ponapean villages; so I had to turn back.

Grass Skirts and Stone Money

A few days later I stepped ashore in Yap. I seemed to have dropped into an age as remote as that when Nanmatol men piled up their megalithic structures.

We had shipped by way of Ulithi, whose broad lagoon I had seen crowded with hundreds of ships of our battle fleet during the war. Now our small freighter was the only craft there, save for a spluttering "duck,"



A Kapingamarangi Baby Does His Rock-a-bye in a Matting Hammock

His shoulders and legs tied down, the boy cannot fall out of bed, even when he wriggles or squirms. He swings in the shade of a canoe shed while mother cooks lunch.

or amphibious truck, and a few native canoes.

Yap is known to Americans mainly as the land of grass skirts and stone money. The United States, after World War I, disputed Japanese right to the island group because of the cable station there. Today the cable station is gone, but the grass skirts and stone money remain.*

I had been on the island less than an hour when I was taken to a Yap "bank." This bank is at Balabat, near the American administrative settlement of Yap Town. Rows of heavy cartwheel-shaped slabs of stone, 8 to 10 feet in diameter, are propped against terraces flanking the roadway (page 80).

These rough disks, with holes hewn through their centers, were brought here on hazardous voyages from the distant Palaus, some at the cost of several lives. They are not money but symbols of wealth, as is our own gold hoard hidden at Fort Knox.

Most native homes are scattered so widely that village names refer more often to a district than to a closely settled community.

Part of this dispersion stems from the fact that Yap for years has had a decreasing population. Part of it also appears to be due to the individualistic quality of the people.

One of our fellow passengers to Yap had been a native schoolteacher returning from study in Guam. On shipboard he wore clothes. Next time I met him he was clad in breechclout and shoes, the shoes being a concession to tender feet!

Betel Makes Yap's Smile Dark

Except for the small community of Chamorros near Yap Town, hardly a man on Yap wears anything except his loincloth and, if his family rank permits, a decorative wooden comb stuck in his bushy hair.

Dress of the women folk is a bulky skirt made of grass, ferns, and strips of reed (page 81).

* See "Yap Meets the Yanks," by David D. Duncan, National Geographic Magazine, March, 1946.

But everybody—man, woman, and schoolage youngster—totes a woven coconut-leaf basket (Plate 1). How else can they carry their ever-handy knives, their betel-nut ingredients, and other supplies?

Few Yapese, old or young, are without their betel quid makings—nuts of the areca palm, pepper leaves, and white lime made by burning coral. When chewed it stains the saliva red and darkens the teeth to a reddish-black color. There are few gleaming smiles here!

Main marks of previous foreign rule on Yap were made by the Germans. They built, or had the natives build, stone paths and causeways around the islands.

They also dug the Tageren Canal, which slices the large island in two. This narrow waterway forms a hightide passage for small craft between the southern lagoon and the waters around the islands of Map and Rumung.

Our demolition experts have cleared the Yap Town harbor of coral heads to afford a safe landing space for seaplanes. The work had just been completed when I arrived. Later, when the first plane arrived on a trial landing, I hitchhiked a ride to Koror.

The day before the plane's arrival I saw this same harbor alive with native craft. Hundreds of holidaying Yapese had organized a lively regatta and raced both outrigger canoes and whaleboats over the green lagoon.

As soon as the races were over, each village group staged its own folk dances. Group after group of men, women, or children swayed, hopped, and chanted until darkness overtook them.

After watching this primitive Yap spectacle, I found Koror a bit tame.

Japanese Town Almost Obliterated

Under Japanese rule, Koror was chief administrative center for the Mandate. The Japanese built a thriving town here for some 20,000 persons. Practically the whole settlement was bombed, burned, or torn away.

The Navy has erected Quonset homes and offices and is utilizing a few Japanese structures that were not too badly damaged.

Formed largely of rugged upthrusts of coral rock and rimmed by vivid reef waters, the Palaus are a striking scenic group. Many of the small islands are so steep and vine-entangled that one can hardly scramble up their sides.

American troops learned about their rough cave-pitted geography when they wrested Peleliu and Angaur from the Japanese during the war. I came to appreciate it, too, when I sought out an isolated cave where a huge disk of Yap money lies only partially cut from solid limestone (page 82).

Comparatively few Palauans live on Koror. Peleliu and Angaur, now abandoned as military bases, also have small settlements. The majority of the islanders dwell on big Babelthuap, at the northern end of the group.

Babelthuap is volcanic in origin and consequently very fertile. It is 26 miles long and 10 miles wide. But practically all of its interior is empty. The villages are scattered about its rim.

In some villages I found fine, elaborately decorated *abais*, or meeting houses, built long ago of huge breadfruit timbers. A few old style thatch-roofed homes remain, but most of them are small tin-roofed structures.

The chief commercial output of the islands at present is trochus shell, used for making mother-of-pearl buttons. I saw the season's crop of more than 300 tons awaiting shipment. Copra trade is negligible because of the havoc wrought on the coconut trees by rhinoceros beetles.

Yap Raked by Fierce Typhoons

Heavy storm clouds hung over the Palaus when we bounced off the choppy lagoon waters and took to the air. Weather over Yap was so thick we had to pass that island by. Not until we neared Guam did we run into sunshine.

A few days later we were to hear more of this storm front. Suddenly the tropical disturbance had churned itself into a raging typhoon. It lashed over Yap, lifted roofs off warehouses, stove in the walls of homes and the hospital, and damaged food supplies.

Not only was Yap in the path of this roaring demon, but within little more than two months *three* other big blows ripped across the island. The last 100-mile-an-hour gale was followed by two devastating waves.

In the Marianas I found the people of Rota slowly getting their plantings and homes re-established from damage caused by a typhoon that struck that island the season before.

Tinian Island today looks almost as if a typhoon had hit it, too. Its big B-29 runways are bare except for creeping snails. Its camps are empty and rotting away. Gardens and truck patches have grown up to weeds.

In 1944 and 1945 the island was a teeming airbase. From its miles of concrete airstrips fleets of Superfortresses took off to bomb Japan. Here the atomic bombs were loaded for the strikes at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Now Tinian is a ghost island, more barren by far than either Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Our military forces have moved out, and the

Japanese and Okinawan civilians have been sent to their homelands.

Saipan, next door, still functions as a military base, upon a reduced scale. However, this island has a community of nearly 5,000 Chamorros and Caroline islanders.

Until war came, they were a minority people among the many Japanese and Okinawan residents. The Japanese allowed them little, and the war destroyed the little they possessed.

I had seen these folk as they straggled through the Japanese battle lines and made camp in a muddy compound of makeshift shelters. Today the village of Chalan Kanoa is being rebuilt. Many farmers are settled on the soil, other persons have shops, and the Carolinians are operating a fishing company.

Saipan Cherishes Its Electric Lights

The Chamorros are a proud people. They are mindful of the culture they gained from the Spanish, whose blood is mingled in their veins. They naturally wish to regain what they once had.

During the battle for Saipan the island's electric system, like everything else, was destroyed. To provide electricity, needed on the base, our military forces brought in field generators. As an assistance measure they also furnished current to the island homes.

Recently, when the civil administrators were directed to re-establish the people on a self-sustaining basis, the subject of electricity was brought before the native councilmen. They were told that the expense of operating such generators was high, and were given the rates that would have to be charged if electricity was provided.

The councilmen agreed that the villagers could not afford the expense and would have to turn to kerosene lamps or candles.

The people thought otherwise. They ousted the councilmen, elected 13 new members, and decided to keep their lights at whatever cost!

Leaving the Marianas, I flew back to the Marshalls to have a postwar look at that large island group.

I shipped out of Kwajalein by LST with a civil administration field team on a circuit to a number of the atolls.

At the time of my previous visit, many of the Marshallese still were on islands other than their own. Some had been transferred by the Japanese for forced labor. Others had fled from the four Japanese-occupied atolls—*Jaluit, Mili,* Maloelap, and Wotje—which our forces had by-passed in the Marshall Islands campaign.

Today the people are back on their home islands. They have been unable to occupy places where the Japanese camped, for these were heavily bombed and are still useless. Nor do they use the war-blasted land spots upon which we set up military installations. But they are comfortably settled on adjacent islands in these same atolls.

We stopped at progressive Likiep Atoll, where live the mixed Marshallese descendants of two early Pacific traders, Capelle and De Brum—one a German, the other Portuguese.

When we rode into the lagoon, two midget motorboats came racing out to welcome us. These craft immediately aroused my interest. On other islands I had seen only outrigger canoes.

Later I learned that they had been built by one of the Capelles. He had obtained from surplus war supplies two motors used to operate auxiliary generators in airplanes, and then had patterned the tiny hulls after pictures he had seen in an American magazine!

Almost every part showed imaginative ingenuity. The steering wheels, for instance, were fashioned from 40-mm. shells. He had split the brass casings, spread them out to form spokes, and then attached a rim cut from plywood.

At one stop the island chief asked me to help him make out an order to a U. S. mail-order house!

Among all the Marshallese, the residents of Rongerik seem most uncertain over their future. They were moved here from Bikini prior to the atom bomb tests in that atoll in the summer of 1946.*

Bikini Natives Move Again

Rongerik is a considerably smaller island group than was Bikini, and its food supplies are somewhat more limited. Administrative officials have told the people they might move to some other islands and suggested the rich, hitherto unoccupied atoll of Ujelang.

But they want to go back to Bikini, not understanding the radioactive forces unloosed there.

The subject has been discussed many times. And now they are being moved to Kwajalein until such time as they may select a permanent home.

When I left the Marshalls, preparations were also under way to transfer the 138 natives of Eniwetok over to Ujelang. Except for sentiment, they can hardly regret leaving, for several of the main islands were razed to their bare coral bases during the war.

Eniwetok now is the testing ground for new atomic weapon experiments.

* See "Farewell to Bikini," by Carl Markwith, National Geographic Magazine, July, 1946.

HISTORY OF MICRONESIA



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On Puluwat Atoll, Where Summer Is Eternal, a Loincloth Is a Wardrobe

These Micronesians developed their muscles by climbing coconut palms and paddling canoes. Both carry basket purses for cigarettes, knives, and other possessions. Coiled rope is made of coconut fiber.

Barnlike Quonset Huts Spell Out "America" on Moen Island, Truk

Most of our administrative centers, such as this for the governor of the Eastern Carolines, are housed in these metal-sheathed buildings.

Satawan Canoeists Haul Their Copra Without a Backward Glance at the Wreckage of Japanese Hopes

This island boasted landing strip, tanks, and fieldpieces. Together with these barges and airplane, they were smashed by American flyers.

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You Can Rock This Boat Without Fear—It's Counterbalanced

These slender dugouts (this page and the opposite) are used for short voyages. When paddled vigorously, they are fairly fast, but under sail they seem to fly.

Hulls are hewn from breadfruit logs with primitive axes and adzes and shaped entirely by eye. Holes are calked with resin and parts are fastened with twine; not a nail or screw is used.

Designs vary from island to island. In this Namoluk atoll canoe the log float rides close to the hull so as to pass through the narrow channel in the coral reef, whose jagged caps dot the distant surface. When tide is flowing, a frothy torrent swishes through the rocks.

On the opposite page, the peaked prow belongs to a Namonuito Islands canoe entering the Onari lagoon. Another outrigger passes out of the channel.

In larger outriggers Micronesians make long sea voyages in sail. The author heard of one party journeying 350 miles just for cigarettes.

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VI

Kodachrome by W. Robinson

Shady Coconut Palms Are Salad, Milk, Fuel, Cordage, Thatch, and Cash to the People of Onari, Namonuito Islands

Some houses have wooden floors raised on short piles; others possess only a layer of coral pebbles covered with matting.

Puluwat Wives Take a Back Seat when Husbands Palaver and Dance. It's a Man's Island

Lava-lavas (skirts) are of wild hibiscus fiber. One girl (right) holds skirt and purse with a maiden's belt made of tortoise- and mollusk-shell beads.





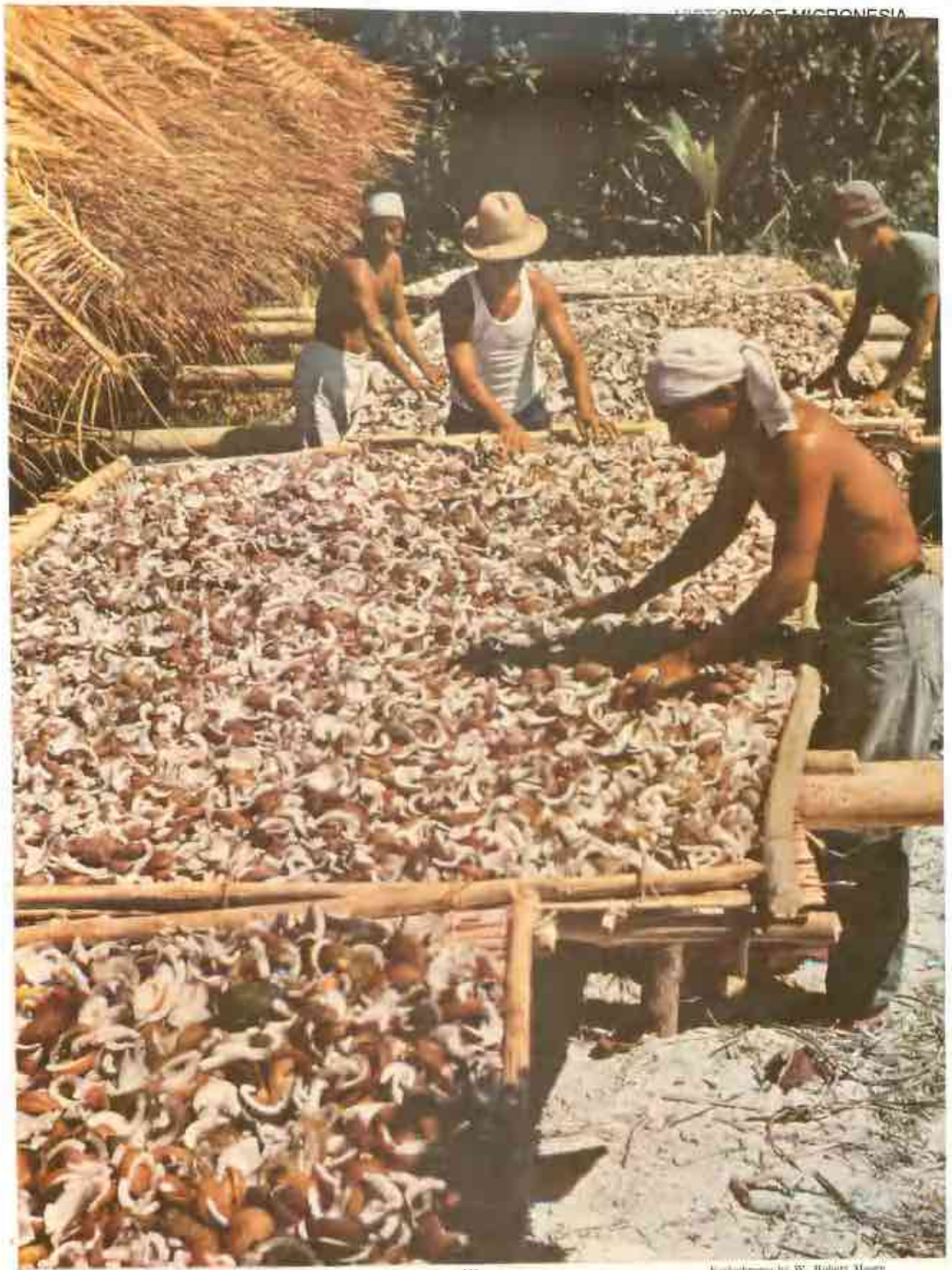
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VIII

Kodachrome by W. Robert Moore

Curving, Rustling Coconut Palms Frame a Tidy Native House on Moen Island

Truk people are doing better under American rule. These comfortable dwellings replace bombed-out shacks they knew under the Japanese. The United States colony lives under the brow of the volcanic hill (Plate II).



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Your Next Bar of Soap May Contain Oil from This Copra Drying on Ulul Island

In our Trust Territory islands export of copra revives; villagers are returning to their prewar coconut trade. In case of rain, this drying rack will be shoved under thatch lest mold ruin the crop.



Puluwat Dancers Perform as Much with Arms as with Tattooed Legs. They Slap Their Sides with Cupped Hands

Their ancient ritual does not change with the fashions. The distant island is deserted save by occasional coconut pickers.



Tattoos and Shells Deck a Truk Couple

Years ago Caroline natives covered their bodies with tattooing. Christian missionaries discouraged the practice, and later the Japanese prohibited it.

A generation ago ear mutilation was common. Lobes were pierced and stretched into large loops (Plate XII). Japanese forbade this style, too. Here an Islander, chewing a stalk of sugar cane, has had the loop cut away, making his ear appear small.

Dressed for a dance, the girl wears a shell-decorated headband and a fringed necklace. She and the man dwell on Ulalu, a Truk island of volcanic origin.

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HISTORY OF MICRONESIA



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Puluuk Island's Chief, His Ear Lobes Stretched in Old-time Fashion, Marshals a Garlanded Company

Festivities honor a visiting civil-administration party. Soon there'll be a hot time at the thatched men's club (center).



Caroline Girls Carry Combs on Necklaces

Minding her two small brothers, an attractive Uhil islander carries her comb where it belongs, but the Truk cook sticks hers in her hair, where it will be out of the way of hands kneading breadfruit pulp.

Most of the combs are cheap imports, but some are laboriously carved from wood, and a few are fashioned of aluminum salvaged from Japanese planes.

Breadfruit is a staple food in the Pacific islands. Taro, coconut, and fish are others.

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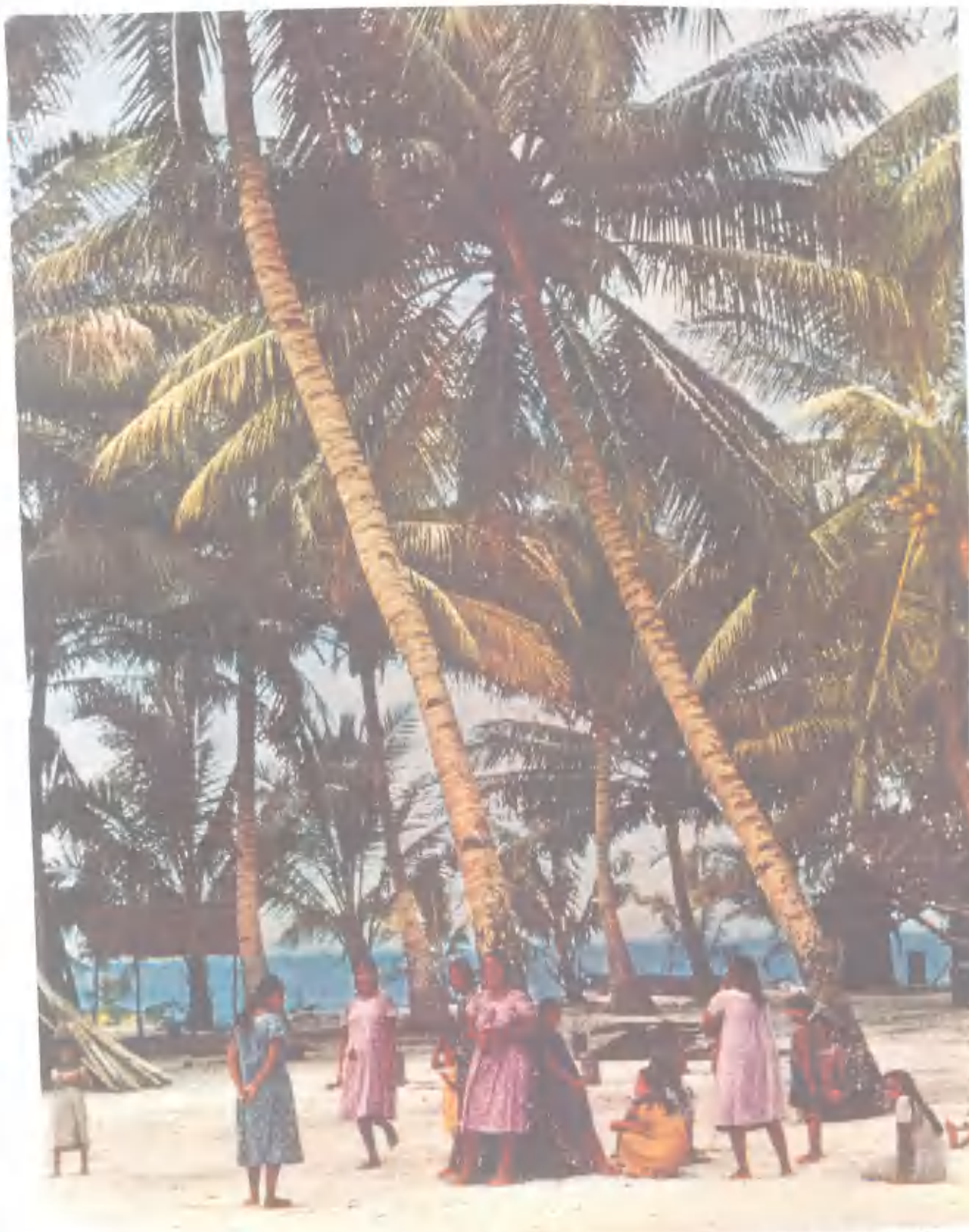
XIII





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Children of the Nomui Islands Line a Stone Pier to Wave Farewell to Teacher. Their School Holiday Was Sad; Many Wept



XVI

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To Ta Women in Baggy Mother Hubbards the New Look Is an Old Missionary Style

To walk the length of their island, a part of Satawan atoll, the people have to hike more than five miles, but they can cross anywhere in 300 steps or less. Their village green is entirely overhead.

Small Outrigger Canoes Are Not Designed for Comfort. Passengers Have to Kneel, Squat, Sit, or Stand

These Nomoi islanders are being ferried to the Navy craft shown on the opposite page. One is a woman with an infected eye; she is going to Truk's American hospital for treatment. Another is a departing teacher

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XV

Kodachrome by W. Robert Moore



Documents 1947B

The Bishop Museum Expedition to Kapingamarangi

B1. Report of the Director for 1947, by Peter H. Buck

For Bishop Museum 1947 was an extremely active year, with a renewal of outsede contacts and a return to field work.

...

By far the most important activity of the Museum was its part in the Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology (CIMA). In preparation for hte survey, Museum staff members devoted much time to aiding the Pacific Science Board, the headquarters of which were set up at Bishop Museum...

On the arrival of 24 mainland anthropologists in June, the Museum and its staff were able to help in various ways. Collections were made available; I gave a demonstration on material culture with Museum material; Dr. Emory[1] demonstrated the use of island material in preparing food and shelter, and the Librarian helped those who wished to study the literature on Micronesia.

Kenneth P. Emory and I joined the other ssscientists, going to the atoll of Kapingamarangi as our part of the CIMA project. A report of the expedition is given in a special article on page 31.

...

I was away from the Museum for three months, from July 6 to September 28, which were spent on Kapingamarangi. C. Montague Cooke, Jr., was Acting Director in my absence. Apart from my executive duties... [I] started work on the manuscript report on the Kapingamarangi material culture.

...

[Attachesd, pp. 31-40]

1 Ed. note: This was Dr. Herbert E. Emory, the former director.

BISHOP MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO KAPINGAMARANGI

By

PETER H. BUCK

INTRODUCTION

As a result of the Pacific Science Conference in Washington in June 1946, the Pacific Science Board was established by the National Research Council "to aid the scientists of America who wish to engage in scientific investigations for which there is need in the Pacific area; to advise governmental and other agencies on scientific matters pertaining to the Pacific; to further international cooperation in the field of Pacific Science."

The United States Navy Department, desiring that research should be first concentrated on the anthropology of Micronesia, in order that reports might be available to the civil administration of the islands, made an appropriation for maintenance and expenses in the field and promised transport to scientists from the mainland to the various islands selected for study. The Navy also made available scientific equipment from surplus supplies. The matter of organizing the projects was taken up by G. P. Murdock, member of the Executive Committee of the Pacific Science Board and chairman of the division on the Anthropological Sciences. A preliminary notice outlining the main project and the field, under the title of the Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology (CIMA), was sent to the various universities and museums which might take part. These institutions were asked to select projects in specific islands, to state the number of scientists they proposed to send, and to give an estimate of the financial assistance required. The projects sent in were considered by the Board at a meeting held in March 1947, and the allocations made. The projects approved were spread over 23 institutions with a personnel of 43 trained anthropologists and geographers.

Bishop Museum, though it has concentrated its anthropological work on Polynesia, is also interested in Micronesia. It has published two ethnological works on Guam, employed an anthropologist in its Micronesian Expedition of 1935-1936, and done much in the natural sciences, particularly in entomology and malacology. As outlined in the Report of the Director for 1946 (Bull. 192, p. 44), the Museum is interested in the general anthropology of the Gilbert, Marshall, and Caroline Islands where there is strong evidence that the Polynesian people made their way to Polynesia by a route through Micronesia. Of particular interest are the atolls of Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro in the Carolines, for they are inhabited by people speaking a pure

Polynesian dialect. The Museum, therefore, outlined a project for an expedition of four members to Kapingamarangi to study the general anthropology, physical characters, and language of the people of that atoll. As the selected members could spare only three months from their other duties, it was thought best to concentrate on one atoll rather than divide the time between Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro.

The plan was accepted by the Pacific Science Board and the Museum was allocated $2,300 for expenses in the field and for the preparation of reports. The Bishop Museum party consisted of Kenneth P. Emory of the Museum staff, S. H. Elbert, Carroll J. Lathrop, and me. Mr. Elbert was selected because he had done work on Polynesian and Micronesian dialects and had compiled a vocabulary on the language of Kapingamarangi, which was printed by the Navy. Mr. Lathrop was selected as a technician to attend to the photography, and sound recording apparatus, and such other technical matters as might arise. Dr. Emory took social organization and religion, and I took material culture and physical anthropology.

BRIEFING IN HONOLULU

The advance parties of the CIMA project arrived at Honolulu from the mainland by special Navy plane on June 26. They numbered 24 from various institutions, including a Yale University party of five, headed by G. P. Murdock. Ten days were spent in Honolulu and various discussions took place on field topics. One was held at the Museum on material culture. The Museum also arranged a special exhibit of Micronesian artifacts for the information of the visiting anthropologists. Much equipment lent to the Pacific Science Board by the Navy and stored at the Museum had been obtained by the Honolulu Committee of the Pacific Science Board, and our grateful acknowledgment must be made to Admirals Hall and Hanson for their hearty cooperation. Of great importance were cameras and sound recording apparatus with generators to provide the power to work the wire recorders in the field. The material, as allocated by the Board, was delivered to the field parties.

THE EXPEDITION

The Bishop Museum party, together with the mainland parties, left by special Navy plane for Guam on July 6. After stops at Johnston Island and Kwajalein in the Marshalls, we arrived at Guam on July 8, having lost a day on crossing the date line. We were lodged by the Navy at Bachelor Officers Quarters and were given the privileges of the Officers Club and mess at the same rate as Navy personnel. The parties were provided with free equipment from Navy stores, which included solar helmets, two pairs of shoes, a folding cot, blankets, sheets, mosquito curtains, plastic crockery,

table and cooking utensils, gasoline ps, gasoline, medical stores, paper, pencils, notebooks, and various items of use in the field. We were hospitably entertained at dinners by Admiral Pownall and Admiral Wright. A meeting was called by Admiral Wright, at which the heads of various Navy departments indicated the manner in which they could cooperate with the CIMA project. The parties bound for central and eastern Micronesia left Guam by plane on July 10 for Truk, arriving later that day.

At Truk, the Navy extended the same privileges as it had at Guam, and Commander Huxley and his staff helped us in every possible way. The Yale party remained in Truk and the parties for Ponape and Kusaie went on by plane. The Columbia University party of two, Burt Tolerton and Jerome Rauch, bound for the Mortlock Islands south of Truk, waited with the Bishop Museum party for surface transport. Our field supply of provisions was made up by the Navy and paid for out of the grant allocated to the Museum for the Kapingamarangi project. We left Truk on July 12 on the LST 1091. King David, the leading chief on Kapingamarangi, who had been on a visit to Truk, embarked with us for his home atoll.

We picked up Sarawan in the Mortlocks the next morning at about 11, and passengers and goods were disembarked on canoes. Lukunor, in the same group was made in the afternoon and Tolerton and Rauch went ashore to commence work on that island. Our party also went ashore and toured the village and a large cultivation of *puraka* on the outskirts. We saw the Columbia University party comfortably established in a timber-built house owned by the local chief. Our ship sailed at 5:30 the next morning, but owing to contrary winds, we did not reach Nukuoro until evening. As the ship's captain decided not to call, all we saw of this first Polynesian atoll was the outline of the islands with lights in the distance.

15 July — KAPINGAMARANGI

At noon on the fifteenth, clumps of coconut trees began to rise over the horizon, growing into the low islands of Kapingamarangi as we approached. The ship entered the passage through the reef, sailed up the lagoon, and dropped anchor before the main inhabited island of Touhou. Outrigger canoes manned by typical Polynesians swarmed out to the ship, our goods were transferred to them, and we were paddled ashore. The shore of Touhou was lined on the lagoon side with open canoe sheds thatched with pandanus leaves. The number of canoes and canoe sheds, the thatched dwellings beyond, and the greetings we received in a Polynesian dialect, augured well for our study of a functioning native culture.

At King David's command, our equipment and provisions were carried to two board houses belonging to him. A smile and a distribution of cigarettes recompensed the bearers. One house served to store our food and extra

equipment and the other, with a wide veranda on two sides, became our dwelling house. The floor of the dwelling house was carpeted with pandanus mats, and locally made tables and chairs were installed by our host. With two of our folding cots set up inside the one-roomed house and a cot on each veranda we were provided with comfortable sleeping accommodations. Our gasoline stove and cooking gear took up one end of a veranda which served as an efficient kitchen. In these quarters, we lived comfortably for our three months' stay on an atoll less than two degrees north of the equator.

People

Kapingamarangi people are taller and more robust than Micronesians. Their skin color is the typical Polynesian brown and the hair is curly or wavy. There was no trace of the woolly hair of the negroids or the inner eyefold of the mongoloids. Both men and women are healthy and hard working. We took physical measurements of over 70 males, but pressure of other studies prevented us from measuring more males and a representative number of females. The relationships of the various subjects were recorded by Dr. Emory, and full face and profile photographs were taken of all who were measured. The cards and photographs are at Bishop Museum, available to physical anthropologists who can devote time to their study.

The people are friendly and hospitable. They brought us more cooked food than we could consume and they were always ready to demonstrate techniques or discuss matters relating to their culture. There was a curious lack of spontaneous singing and dancing, which we attributed to the fact that the native church pastors and elders had discouraged them as not being in conformity with the new way of life. However, our evening concerts helped in some measure to restore a more normal attitude toward the musical records of the past.

Language

The language is a pure Polynesian dialect with little, if any, intrusions from Micronesia. Though three of us had a practical speaking knowledge of other Polynesian dialects, it took some time before we could converse in the local language. There were many minor changes such as the frequent use of the vowel *o* for the *a* of other dialects. The usual definite article *te* is *ti* and the plural instead of *nga* or *na* is *nia*. We found that the names of some things were slightly different in the singular and the plural. In the singular, there was a tendency for the article *ti* to coalesce with the singular noun with the consequent dropping of an initial consonant in the noun, whereas the plural noun after *nia* retained the consonant which had been elided in the singular. Thus in inquiring about the names of things, we always asked for both the singular with *ti* and the plural with *nia*. At church on our first

Sunday, King David introduced us to the congregation and made a speech of welcome. On behalf of my colleagues, I made a reply but, with the exception of an occasional Kapingamarangi word, I delivered it in Maori with an appropriate chant. Though neither party understood the other fully, the speeches were Polynesian gestures of friendship which both appreciated.

Mr. Elbert devoted himself to the study of the language and its grammar. Native texts and chants were recorded both in writing and on the wire recorder. The electric power for the recorder was supplied by a gasoline generator and both generator and instrument were ably managed by Mr. Lathrop. The generator supplied enough power to run electric lights and we had open air evening concerts in which the local recordings formed the program. People who were somewhat shy at first were encouraged to contribute by the applause which greeted the recorded items of others. The open air concerts became very popular and were attended by practically the whole population of the islands.

Social Organization

Social organization follows the general Polynesian pattern, but with the small population many of the elaborations are lacking. The secular chief succeeded by heredity, but the long genealogies characteristic of Polynesia were curiously abbreviated. The family pedigrees recorded did not go farther back than seven generations but these were sufficient to establish the family inheritance of present land holdings. A curious feature was the lack of a specific term for the secular chief, the term given by King David being descriptive, *tangata putu tana henua* (man who looks after his land). The title of *kingi* (king) has come into use through foreigners applying the term to the leading chief. The kinship terms are not so full as in Polynesia, but in compiling the census of the 519 inhabitants of the atoll, Emory was able to record the relationships of the various families. The land holdings were investigated and complete surveys made of the inhabited islands of Touhou and Werua with regard to the ownership of land and houses and the land ownership of the outer islands. As regards births, deaths, and marriages, fuller notes were obtained on marriages and records occurred of women having two husbands who were both recognized socially. Tuiau is second chief to King David, but, though their positions are recognized, matters of policy are discussed at meetings of the elders held in the men's house.

Religion

The conversion of the people to Christianity came about in an unorthodox manner. A Nukuoro youth named Heneri served as a cabin boy aboard a ship and came under the religious influence of a devout captain. The captain taught Heneri to read the Bible and certain tenets of Christianity. When

Heneri returned to Nukuoro, he became a local pastor without assistance from any Missionary Society. Alfred Patterson, whose English father had married a Kapingamarangi woman, visited Nukuoro and came under the religious influence of Heneri. He persuaded Heneri to accompany him back to Kapingamarangi to preach the gospel, and the Kapingamarangi people embraced Christianity. Their church, built in native style with a thatched roof and matting walls, now stands on the site formerly occupied by the sacred house over the bones of Utumatua.

ANCIENT RELIGION

The ancient religion seems to have made a new start on the atoll, so far as deities are concerned. Utumatua, accredited with discovering the atoll, was deified and also some members of his immediate family. A sacred house (*hare tapu*) was erected in Touhou and the remains of Utumatua were buried in it. Utumatua had erected a coral pillar outside the house and this pillar is still in position, with a post behind it, erected by the Japanese to prevent its removal. The sacred house became the principal temple on the atoll but other grave houses were built on the outer islands for the other deified ancestors.

The office of high priest was established and received the title of *ariki*. As Utumatua must have been the original secular chief with the Polynesian title of *ariki*, it would appear that the offices of secular chief and high priest were held originally by the same person. Later when the offices were separated, the high priest retained the title of *ariki* and the secular chief was left without any specific term for his office. A sequence of high priests is enumerated in an old chant and lists of 17 to 20 have been made up from the chant. However, as the office was not hereditary from father to son and some of them enjoyed office for a brief period, the lists are of no use as a genealogy to compute the length of occupation of the atoll. Emory was able to record several religious chants and these supply information which the old men seemed loath to convey directly. It is probable that the old men know more details of their native religion, but their acceptance of Christianity has made them anxious to bury the past under the cloak of assumed ignorance.

Material Culture

FOOD

After acquaintance with the restricted variety of food plants in Polynesian atolls, we were surprised at the liberal supply in Kapingamarangi. This is due to the luxuriant growth of the seeded breadfruit and the extensive cultivations of taro and *puraka* (*Cyrtosperma chamissonis*). The taro and *puraka* are cultivated with the atoll method, by excavating the coral sand and gravel

down to the depth of subsoil water. Each family has its cultivation on a specific islet, and the weeding of patches and the gathering of tubers are attended to by women. With the aid of grated green coconut and coconut cream, breadfruit, taro, and *puraka* are made into a variety of preparations cooked various ways in the earth oven. The chief fuel is dry coconut husk, and lacking basaltic stone, with pieces of coral heaped over the fire to supply heat for cooking. Even children know how to produce fire by rubbing sticks in the Polynesian plough method, and when matches run out, recourse is made to the ancient technique. The fruit of the pandanus is much used raw or cooked. The principal drinking fluid is from the green coconuts. The people have a well-balanced diet from their native foods, and the physical appearance of the population proves that they do not suffer from malnutrition.

HOUSES

With the exception of a very few houses, including the two assigned to us, the people live in thatched houses built in their own form of architecture. Pandanus trunks which grow to an extraordinary length are used for longitudinal plates and tie beams. The framework is completely lashed together with two-ply cord made of coconut husk fiber, and the thatch, tied on with the same cordage, is formed of pandanus leaves sewn into sheets over rods of dry coconut-leaf midrib. The walls are open for ventilation, but privacy or protection from wind or rain is effected by screening the open wall spaces with large coconut-leaf mats. The ground floor is carpeted with white coral gravel over which plaited pandanus mats are laid as required.

There is no housing problem in Kapingamarangi, for all the material for frame, thatch, and lashing can be obtained from the land which every family owns. In building houses or rethatching old houses, the community supplies the labor and often the material and the house owner's family provides the food for the workers. This usually involves but one meal, owing to the celerity with which the work is done. The frame work for a dispensary was put up and thatched by community labor in half a day. We saw a house completely rethatched in one hour and a half. I have no hesitation in saying that the native houses of Kapingamarangi are cleaner and more healthful than many in civilized countries.

CLOTHING

More marked changes have occurred in clothing than in other phases of material culture. Formerly, bark cloth was prepared from the bast of breadfruit trees and textiles were woven on a loom with narrow strips prepared from the bast of the wild hibiscus (hau). An old man, who had made breadfruit cloth in his youth, demonstrated its preparation for us. The loom, which is foreign to Polynesia, must have been brought in from Micronesia

where it was in general use. We were fortunate in that some of the younger men were still using the loom, not as a necessity but as an accomplishment. It is peculiar that, in Kapingamarangi, the weaving is done by men, whereas it is a woman's craft in Nukuoro and Micronesia. We were able to get complete moving pictures of both the making of bark cloth and weaving with the loom.

Present-day garments consist of trade textiles worn as a skirt or kilt by both sexes with the upper part of the body exposed. However, the women are beginning to make dresses for complete coverage particularly for church wear. The men have adopted trousers and shirts for town wear, but when fishing or working in the outer plantations, they wear the more useful kilt. Should the supply of foreign textiles be cut off, the people could still supply their needs from local material.

CANOES

Every able-bodied man owns an outrigger canoe. We saw two canoes being constructed to the order of fathers for sons who had come of age. The canoes were made by community labor, the interested families supplying food for the working party. The hulls were made from the tall trunks of breadfruit trees. Though steel axes and adzes were used, one could not help thinking that the manner of using them in shaping the hull was inherited from the time when the adzeheads were made of Tridacna shell. The shape and methods of lashing the outrigger and accessory parts with coir cord were certainly old. The old lateen sails of plaited pandanus had given way to canvas, but the rig and methods of sailing followed old models and skills. However, the original form of the Kapingamarangi canoes is giving way to an introduced pattern from Nukuoro which is easier to make.

A canoe is not a luxury but an absolute necessity in an atoll with separated islands where food supplies have to be transported by water. Fish is the general complement (*kitaki*) to other foods, and canoes are essential not only for fishing in the lagoon and outside the reef, but for setting fish traps and using nets. A feature of the lagoon shore of the inhabited islands is the canoe sheds, constructed like the dwellings, but longer and higher to house two or three canoes on the floor and allow of a scaffolding to accommodate others as well as fish traps and fishermen's gear. In both Touhou and Werua, a large canoe shed is used as a men's house where men gather to make coir cord and belts and work at other handcrafts while they engage in the gossip of the day.

FISHING

All males from adolescence onward are fishermen. In line fishing, both in the lagoon and deep sea, shell hooks have been replaced by trade hooks of metal but the methods of fishing have adhered to the past. It is now easier

to buy cotton lines than to prepare the local fiber and roll it on the thigh to make a two-ply twist. However, in deep-sea fishing, for tuna and other large fish, the single hook and the detachable sinker wrapped with ground bait in a breadfruit leaf belong to an old technique. Fishtraps are largely made by every family and various varieties of nets follow old patterns, even when cotton cord is sometimes used. Fishing is an important activity and it supplies the staple flesh food.

Museum Specimens

To a museum worker who has often had to dissect museum specimens in order to unravel the technique of forgotten crafts, the functioning culture of Kapingamarangi is a solace. We could watch things being made for use and were able to make pictorial records in stills and movies of crafts which are essential to the life of the people. Though many things are no longer made, the old men remembered them from the days of their youth. King David, Alfred Patterson, Mairiku, Tomoki, and other craftsmen demonstrated old techniques and made illustrative specimens to provide a comprehensive collection so that Kapingamarangi might be worthily represented in Bishop Museum.

Conclusion of Field Work

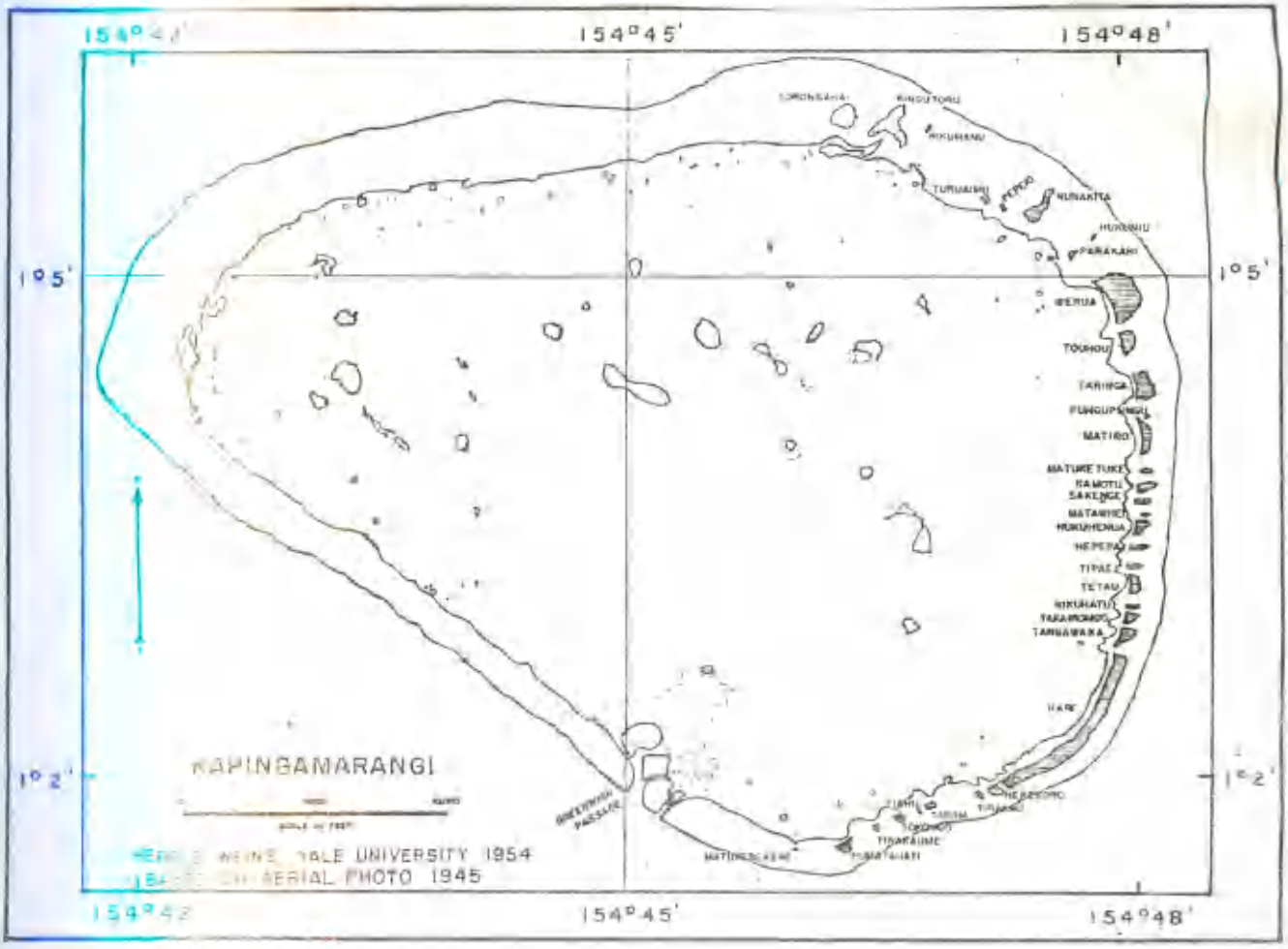
Our field party left Kapingamarangi separately. Elbert was the first to go, on September 6, in order to arrive in time to enter the Yale Graduate School. I left on September 21, but Emory required more time to complete some of his inquiries into social organization. Lathrop remained with him to fill in some parts of his pictorial record of the crafts and canoe sailing. The people saw each party off with expressions of genuine regret. They loaded us with gifts of pandanus mats and bleached coconut-leaf belts. We distributed our extra clothing among informants and our remaining canned food, kitchen utensils, sleeping gear, and various accessories were divided among the people for services rendered. We paid for nothing in cash except the full-time services of a house boy and our washing, and the people did not expect money from us. Both sides followed the Polynesian custom of giving presents and avoiding bartering for values. Adults and school children lined the waterfront on each departure, singing songs of parting and waving farewell as the canoes bore us out to the ship. They even kept up long-range farewells by flashes with hand mirrors when the ship, after passing through the reef channel, came abreast the island on its northward course to Truk.

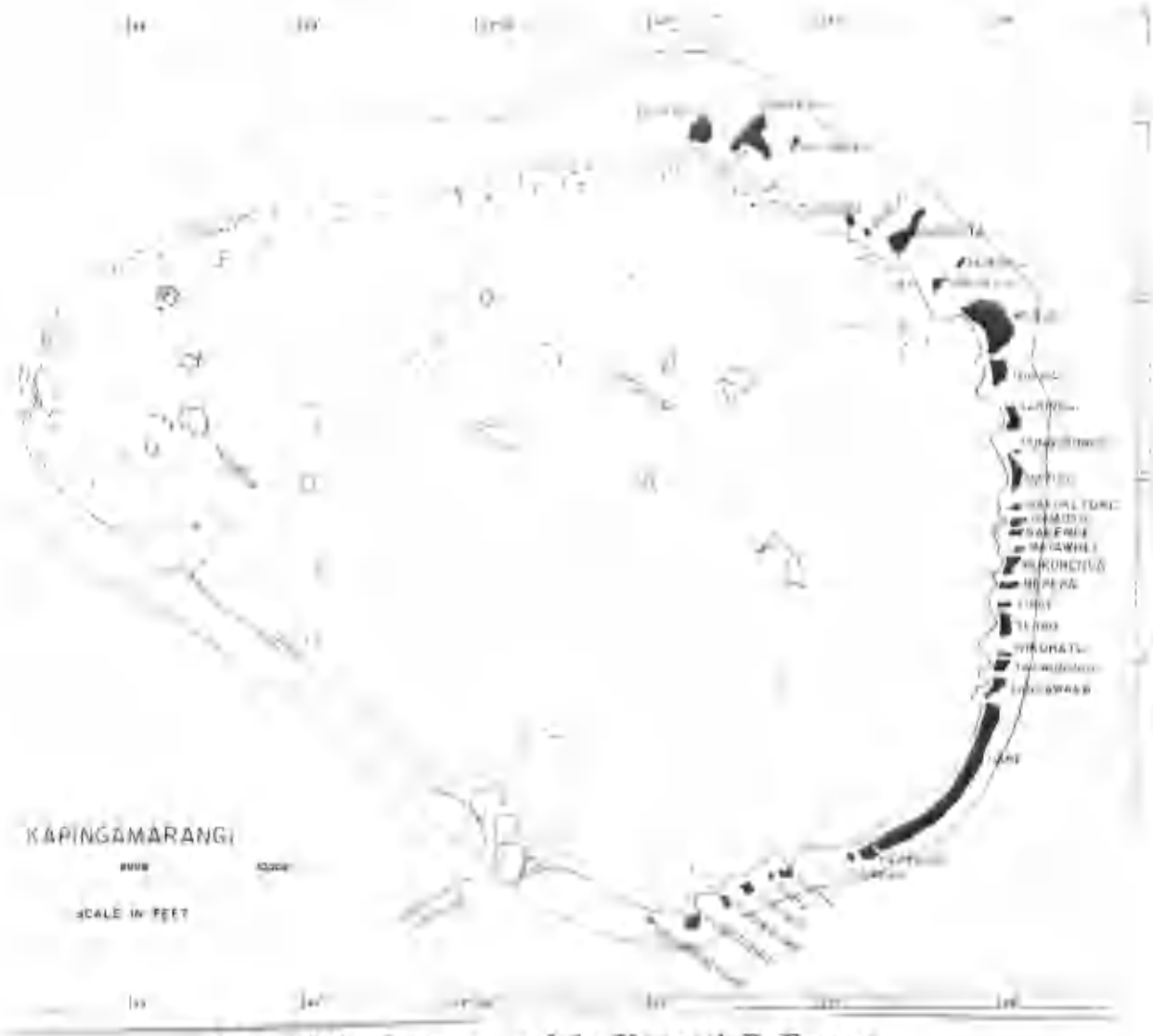
Navy surface ships took us to Truk, and Navy planes flew us to Guam and back to Honolulu. They provided board and lodging at stopping places. At Truk, we had every assistance from Commander Huxley and at Guam, from Commander Duke. Cases of material that we brought back for the Museum were delayed at Guam, owing to regulations regarding the weight carried

by airplanes, but the Navy saw to matters and all our material arrived in Honolulu intact. Scientists who have gone out into the Pacific area for the first time may have criticism to offer, but those of us who have spent weeks and months in getting to and returning from Pacific islands during other expeditions, appreciate the fact that never in the history of scientific field work in the Pacific area has time and expense been reduced to such a minimum as in the CIMA project. This has been due to the cooperation of the U. S. Navy in general and to Admiral Wright and his officers in particular.

Interim reports have been furnished to Admiral Wright and the Pacific Science Board. Full reports are to be prepared within 12 months of the return of the expedition, hence a more detailed presentation of our material concerning Kapingamarangi will then be available for publication.

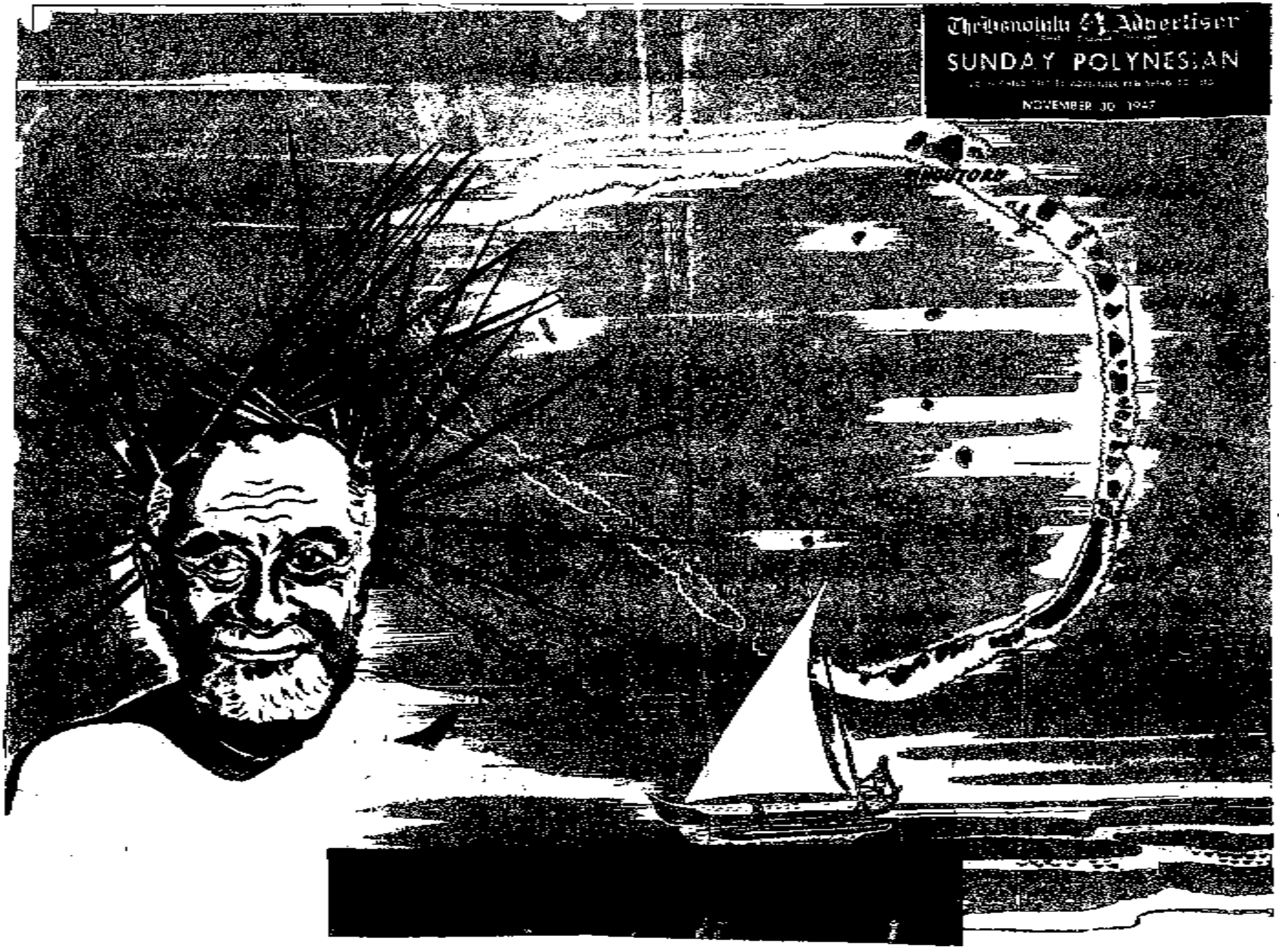
The inhabitants of Kapingamarangi are a kindly, hospitable people, not seeking material gain from the visitor within their borders. The thought of them brings up warm memories, mingled with regret that their desire to learn more of the white man's ways may result in their losing what they have of their own.





Map of Kapingamarangi, by Kenneth P. Emory.

(Next page:) **King David of Kapingamarangi in 1947.** *He died in December 1949 of a heart attack.*


The Honolulu Advertiser
SUNDAY POLYNESIAN
NOVEMBER 30 1947

B2. South Sea Diary, by Kenneth P. Emory, Bishop Museum Scientist

Source: Articles in the Honolulu Advertiser, Sunday Polynesian nagazine of 19 October and 30 November, 1947.

Kapingamarangi Atoll—Sunday, August 17, 1947.

Twelve days, each with drenching rain squalls and beautiful, calm, sunny weather between, have come and gone since the last ship called. We are now conversing with greater facility with those who are about us, that is, with King David who will come in the evening to sit on our porch, gladly imparting a song that was sung in the "heathen" temple which stood beside our house in **1922**, or with Hetata his son, who puts in either a morning or an afternoon with us, helping us in our struggles to ascertain the true meaning of certain words, or the correct twist we should give their nasalized consonants. Or we will be talking with Robete, our house boy, or the numerous people who bring us baskets of prepared food of one kind of another.

* * *

The other morning, handsome old Mairiku came bearing a breadfruit sapling five inches in diameter, to demonstrate the making of their white tapa cloth formerly used for their malos. Carl Lathrop stood by with his moving picture camera to shoot the stages, while Dr. Buck, note book on his thigh, plied questions. On one of the days, Dr. Buck and Carl spent the day sailing to the reef on the opposite side of lagoon, five miles away, and watching Siro dive for lobsters until he had brought up 53.

* * *

The problem of cooking 53 lobsters was easily solved by the women of Hetata's household. A basket full of coconut husk placed on the scraped-out *imu* floor was lighted and the equivalent of four shovelfuls of coral pebbles heaped on using coconut shells as shovels. At the end of half an hour, the heated pebbles were levelled, the lobsters piled two deep on top, the whole covered with old mats and earth, and left for only three-quarters of an hour. We had a lobster apiece for supper and a lobster apiece for breakfast the next morning.

* * *

A week ago, Dr. Buck, Carl and I let Hetata sail us in his sleek 30-foot canoe to the northernmost islet, Torongahai. As the gentle breeze wafted us past one after another of the coral islets lush with towering vegetation, Hetata carefully pronounced their names, gave the names of their owner or owners, and pertinent data concerning each. At Torongabai, our canoe prow grated on the clean sand alongside of another canoe which had brought a woman to work in her taro patch.

A mother hen and brood of chickens was on the beach to greet us. They eagerly attacked our drinking nuts after we had split them open. Hetata, placing a coconut-fibre loop over his feet bounded up an 80-foot coconut tree, took a coil of sennit rope from his belt, attached one end to a cluster of nuts, cut the cluster free and let it down to the

ground. All the nuts would have been split wide open by a fall from such a height, and their cool water—which we were after—lost.

* * *

After I had mapped Torongahai and Dr. Buck had studied several of the houses and canoe sheds used when the people visit the island, we poled over to Ringutoru, next south, and the third largest islet of the group, containing 31 acres of fertile land. Carl thinks its crescent lagoon bay of emerald green water so peaceful in the lee of the forest edging the beach, a perfect dream spot to drop anchor on one's honeymoon. Quite a natural thought for one who had been married in Honolulu the day before we left for Kapingamarangi.

At Ringutoru a group of women belonging to two related families were preparing to cook the food they had been gathering since daylight, when they arrived by canoe from the main islet Souhou.[1] They had husked and grated over thirty coconuts and had about twenty coconut shells filled with cut-up taro, or *puraka* tubers, ready to put in the *imu* which was then smoking.

* * *

After Hetata and I had circled the island, we bore off for Souhou, a snappy breeze filling our triangular sail taut as we sped over the dazzling water. Coming into our home port, a sailing canoe outward bound, tacked in front of us at full speed, by turning sideways, rapidly passing the point of the sail from the bow to what had been the stern—three men carrying out the operation—and then bearing off on the opposite tack, a brilliant maneuver.

* * *

The past week, Sam Elbert has been concentrating on the grammar, actually writing it up. Carl helped in the making of sound records purely of linguistic value. But Sam has also collected quite a few legends and chants. Fat, jolly Manuele appeared one morning to dictate the words of the heathen chant he had given during one of our evening recordings. That evening King David helped explaining the meaning of the chant which used to be recited in the old temple. We are just beginning to get glimpses of the old religion as it flourished a few years ago.

* * *

Dr. Buck has continued his intensive study of the material culture with very happy results, as everything of the ancient culture is still being made. Yesterday a canoe hull was pointed out which was of very different design from the Kapingamarangi canoes. It had floated in from some island whose location we must identify from the canoe type.

As a foundation for a study of the social organization, the family setup and land ownership, etc., I have mapped the island of Souhou, our islet of 12 acres, plotting in its 175 buildings, and the land boundaries. The past week I have been immobilized by a sore foot. Having kicked off a little skin on a big toe against a piece of coral in the lagoon, while swimming, I painted it with iodine. Iodine and a coral cut make the worst

1 Ed. note: Also spelled Touhou and more commonly spelled this way (see map).

possible combination, and I so blisstered my toe that it looks as if I will have to keep my foot off the ground another four or five days.

* * *

This misfortune is not without its blessing. I have been able, while nailed to our quarters, to type out the names, age, sex, religion, marital status, and spot of residence of 410 of the 440 [550?] Kapingamarangi natives. The German South Sea Expedition of 1910, wrote out this same data, and I have been going over it with the people here to see how many of the inhabitants of that time are still alive and where they are now living.

Thus we can study precisely how the population has held over the past 37 years. Many of the people of 1910 are still living and in the same houses, the roofs being rethatched every five or six years. Thepopulation has increased from 282 to over 550, counting some thirty people who are now living at Ponape, Kusaie, Nukuoro, or Truk.

* * *

When I do have to move about, I have been provided with a stout stick as a cane which I use simulating old Manuele as he plods about with his cane. As a result I have acquired the nickname "Manuele." The hilarity dispels any thought of being gloomy because I have to give up the daily swim we so much enjoy in the lagoon at the end of the day.

* * *

Kapingamarangi, Wednesday, August 20, 1947.

Our house boy and cook, Robert, arrived this morning while I was still asleep on my mattress laid on the floor mats of our house. I heard him say to Sam that there had been wailing and chanting at Werua islet, next one north of us, late last night because someone had died. This got me out of bed in a hurry because I knew I was to have a busy day. This, the first death since we arrived on the atoll, was in my special field of obseration—social organization.

A little later, Rikaneti, the headman in charge at Werua came by. Questions brought out the information that the person who had died was a woman, age 22, named Mina, who had contracted tuberculosis at Ponape during the war and who had been in a hopeless condition for the past four or five months.

* * *

Sam Elbert wanted to go along with me, as much to see an old woman from whom he had gotten a legend the day he was here in 1946, as to hear the singing and chanting which might take place before the burial, which was to be at noon. Dr. Peter Buck and Carl Lathrop had already planned to go to Werua to complete the taking of colored movies of the gathering of material to make the fine, loom-woven kilts which these people still wear. The only thing which might have prevented my going was the condition of my foot. Under Albert's care since Monday morning, when I decided to resort

to native medicine to heal the coral cut and iodine burn on my right big toe, my foot was showing definite signs of healing, and I could walk on it.

* * *

So off we went in King David's canoe. Hetata and Robert poling us along the shore. It being a glorious morning, we were all happy to be out on the colored lagoon. I counted five triangular sails of canoes far out on the lagoon, making for other islets or the pass to the sea.

As we poled along the shore of Werua islet we passed house after house, the long end set towards the beach. Their occupants were sitting outside preparing food, sunning pandanus leaves, or hanging their lavalavas up to dry. At the canoe houses, men were busy adzing, or lashing, or preparing coconut-husk fibre.

* * *

Where we finally put ashore, at the far end of Werua, we happened upon Hangawei, a son of the first "King David," so named by the Germans in 1910 because he was the ruling chief and his name was Tavehi. Hangawei was beating coconut husk for fibre. As it was in a series which Carl was trying to get, we stopped then and there to take pictures.

Afterwards we walked over to the house at the very north end where Mina lay stretched out, in the house of her mother, Nukuet. The mother sat to the right of the corpse, the mother's sister-in-law, Pohireti sat at the very head, and at the left sat young Eprita, a relative of the husband of the deceased. They were quietly taking turns fanning the head of the deceased with the butt of a pandanus leaf. The corpse was covered with a sheet except for the uper part of the face.

* * *

Around the sides of the house, or just within—the sides of the house were open, sat some forty people, mostly women and children. Among them was Mataiho, the grandfather of Mina and also her grandmother Teari. They soon began singing. This induced spasms of heart-rending wailing on the part of the mother or one or another of, the close relatives. In this wailing I could make out a few of the words, such as "te kite," meaning "I will not see you again," and "taku tama turi e," meaning "my little child."

While this was going on Carl and I slipped off to where they were to dig the grave, which was between a number of houses about two hundred yards away. Hetero, the husband of the deceased, was away making the coffin. We watched the digging of the grave, Carl setting up his moving picture camera to catch the funeral procession. A stick was taken to measure the length of Mina and the grave made just large enough for her coffin and dug about 4 feet deep.

* * *

I went back to the wake, noticing again that the house where Mina had died had been roped off after being all tidied up. The singing and wailing went on for several

hours, then Leo, the Protestant preacher, arrived. After a prayer led by him, the close relatives took their final farewell of Mina, walking once around the coffin in which she had now been placed, then kneeling to sprinkle a little perfume from a bottle at hand, or to kiss the forehead of the corpse, or to wail a few words. The last was the husband, whose expression of grief far exceeded the others and whose wailing as he leaned over to gaze for the last time at the face of his wife, brought tears even to us.

Then the lid was nailed on the coffin and it was borne on the shoulders of young men to the grave, quickly lowered into it, and after a few words from the preacher, the participants began tossing in coral pebbles in the final rite of burial.

* * *

One might think that the proximity of death would put a pall over the neighborhood, but the current of life flowed on busily and cheerily all about us the whole time we were at Werua. Those at the wake would stop in the midst of weping and singing, to smile and talk, and in the thatched house with open sides, 50 feet away, Ruta, the daughter of the "king" preceding the present King David, was hard at work weaving a belt, and so was her husband.

* * *

The weaving of fancy belts, decorated with small cowry shells, following a Marshall Island pattern, has proven a boon to the Kapingamarangi people. They are sold to the U.S.C.C. for $1.25 apiece, and a person can make between one and three a day. This work has the advantage that the material can be carried about and worked at anywhere there is light enough to see, Also, it is perfectly proper for men to weave these belts, and they can earn more money this way than they can with any other occupation. The adult inhabitants number 322 and they made 1,307 belts in the three weeks preceding the last boat. These sold at the old price of $1.50 apiece, and so netted $1,960.

The belt business is so lucrative that it threaten the upkeep of the village houses and the canoes. Ordinarily the five-year renewal of the pandanus-leaf roofing goes on steadily, a reroofing being tackled as a joint community effort, about every ten days. Some fifty people participate in the work, each one putting in an average of three hours. This includes the preparation of food by about a dozen women, for the men who do the work.

* * *

A bit tired and hungry, we left Werua about 3 o'clock for home. At Werua, Sam had taken down from dictation part of a long mourning chant, from an old woman. He will return in a couple of days to get the rest and to work on its interpretation. This one, like so many we are now learning about, opens a view into their ancient concept of life and death.

King David was on our porch when we reached home. After a lunch which we quickly prepared from our canned food and a basket of cooked breadfruit, I worked with David on the succession of priests at Kapingamarangi. The high priest here was called the "ariki" and originally held the highest position in the land. He was elected to office

by the heads of the chief families and held office on an average of five years. David could give the names of the last fifteen *ariki*, which is as far back as anyone can give them. I am gradually getting down King David's genealogy. It goes back only as far as the great-great-great-grandparents on both sides, but it is very extensive. His grandfather had 10 children. In such a small place as Kapingamarangi, all families soon become very closely inter-related directly, or by marriage, or by the extensive adoption practiced by all families as elsewhere in Polynesia.

* * *

In the evening, Dr. Buck, Sam, Carl, and I were engrossed in working up our notes for the day. Carl managed to obtain wire, electric light sockets, and bulbs at Truk or from the station ship, and has installed electricity in our house, so that we are flooded with bright light each evening when he starts our gasoline generator brought along to run our sound recording machine.

This, of course, attracts the natives who flock around the house and profit by the beams of light from our windows to keep at the weaving of their belts. If we can spare the time to talk with them or to show our scrap books of colored pictures, we immediately have an attentive crowd. Through these pictures, put together by Winifred Emory in Honolulu, and through conversation with us, these people are really learning about America and Americans for the first time.

* * *

Thursday, August 21, 1947.

I had to get up at 4 a.m. to develop pictures while it was still cool and dark. The thermometer stood at 82°F. Yesterday's jaunt at Werua was not too good for my foot. Although it showed improvement, it was not the marked improvement as it would have been had I stayed quiet, allowing the native poultice of *kamani* scrapings to do its work. So I decided to stay in today if possible.

We learned that a house was to be rethatched on the morrow, so Dr. Buck and Carl went off to the lagoon shore to watch the canoes come in with loads of pandanus leaves and various men folding and sewing them into six-foot thatch sheets. Carl took motion pictures of this, of course.

* * *

Through the day Sam kept steadily at his work, on the Kapingamarangi grammar and dictionary and I put in two hours with Hetata and two with Hewekura, finally completing the census of the population with each person located as to family relationship, religion, place of residence, etc.

At four in the afternoon curiosity and restlessness got the best of me, so I wandered over to where the house was to be rethatched. There it stood, a firm skeleton of native craft, and on the adjacent grounds women were preparing food and several ground ovens to receive it. One of the boys quickly made fire by the Polynesian method of the

fire plough, and thus lighted a coconut husk to start one of the *imus*, heating its coral stones.

* * *

Kapingamarangi, Saturday, August 23, 1947.

For the third morning in succession I was up awhile before daylight doveoping pictures.

After a breakfast of fish soup for Dr. Buck and Sam—who love fish that much, and pancakes and bacon for Carl and me, I reviewed with King David, who had come over as usual to sit in the open thatched-house next to this one, some genealogies, adding missing bits to them.

It turns out that two in the succession of high priests whose names are remembered are ancestors of his and he traced his connection with them.

An old man, Timoki, showed up to demonstrate the making of their ancient conical hats, which they still use. That is quite waterproof and fits tightly on the head. Its making proved quite tricky and engaged Dr. Buck and Carl a good portion of the day.

* * *

In the afternoon we went to two points in the village where pandanus pancakes were being prepared. Here we photographed and sampled some sweet cakes which had been baked. This is one of their main foods which is beginning to lose its importance as they become able to buy flour and rice, food which is probably less healthful but certainly much easier to prepare.

Just before supper, King David walked in to me, laying on my table a chant he had just written out, which brings in the names of the succession of high priests. I typed it out immediately and after dinner, in which David joined us, as he often does—storing away an enormous amount of food—we had him recite the chant for our recording machine. He also gave a legend, and a baptismal chant for boys and one for girls. Kiati, who had come over, gave a mourning chant of such length that we ran off our spool of wire.[1]

* * *

Sunday, August 24, 1947.

Again I was up quite awhile before daylight, developing.

I noticed that the swelling of my sore foot the night before was down, but the sore spot not yet healed, so I decided to try sulfanilamide powder—Carl had brought one small envelope of it. The native poultice would have healed it, but in moving about during the day, it invariably becomes dislocated.

Being Sunday we had to face the mild ordeal of going to church, with King David. But as the church people had presented each of us, last Tuesday, with a mat, a bag, a

1 Ed. note: Wire of the wire voice recorder, soon to be replaced by magnetic tape machines.

canoe paddle, a canoe bailer, a model canoe, a belt, and a hafted shell adze, we are now committed to attend faithfully for the romainder of our stay. Old Henry, from Nukuoro, who converted the people to Christianity about 1920, holds forth, rather gently. But Leo, son of the last native high priest in the heathen period, gives a regular New England fire-and-brimstone harangue. If you smoke, you can, if you wish, attend a church service, but you are not regarded as a Christian, and in the census which I have been making you are classified among those who have no religion.

* * *

Church over, we were glad to have the rest of the peaceful morning, when the sun broke out of the clouds for the first time in several days, to put things in order. I catalogued negatives.

To make happy the little youngsters who cling around us when not at school, I got out our soap-bubble outfit and Carl started them off. They went wild with joy, chasing the bubbles, calling out "taku puru" (my balloon), and throwing pebbles at them in the attempt to break them. With our cameras we should have gotten some fine shots of these good-looking children.

* * *

The afternoon we gave informal lectures or lessons in geography, English, and any subject brought up by eager visitors. One brought us a handful of shell-adze blades. King David called for the four scrap books of colored pictures of American life and spent the afternoon exhibiting them to members of his flock.

* * *

At the end of the day, Carl and I mixed up fresh chemical for developing. The people watched with intense interest, asking many questions. They think Carl is a wizard. Last Monday one of the girls in the group hauling sand to sand the paths was seized by a fit, was "possessed by a spirit" as they put it. Carl was so alarmed at her writhing and groaning that he rushed to the house, broke out some sedative pills, and took them to her. A couple of young huskies pried open her mouth and forced her to take them. In a short while she was completely recovered. Since then she has not been possessed (Misupe, as they call it), and in her gratitude at being free from an almost daily possession, she has been bringing presents to Carl. She claims that the spirit has been trying to get into her but can no longer do it.

That same day, another girl was suddenly possessed and while in the fit, got up and ran pell mell for the edge of the reef. Several men who took after her succeeded in catching her before she flung herself into the breakers. When they tripped her she took quite a fall on the sharp coral, but Carl, who was soon on the scene, said she suffered no cuts.

* * *

The church, under David's firm hand, has forbidden the singing of songs other than hymns, or thoroughly expurgated songs, and dancing in any form. This sanding of the

paths was the only activity in which we have seen the young people working and playing together. They became very excited and hilarious, playing all kinds of tricks on each other, and cutting loose to such an extent that the elders came out to frown. The taking of moving pictures undoubtedly stimulated them further and may have brought on the two possessions by the "eitu" (spirit). Sunday wound up by a quiet evening at home, Sam working on the translation of a long, long chant with two elderly women, Carl playing Chinese checkers with the young people, and Peter Buck and myself writing up notes.

* * *

Wednesday, August 27, 1957.

Hetata came while we are at breakfast to announce that a tree had been felled at Ringatoru islet and many were going there to help dig out the hull of the canoe which was being made from it. Buck, Carl, and I immediately decided we could not miss that.

So off we paddled at about 9:30. It was too calm to sail. This was the first bright day we have had for some time. Before Hetata came, Sam and I had decided to go to Matukerekere islet, the furthest islet from Souhou, our islet and village, to camp there for the night. Matukerekere lies just south of the pass on the opposite side of the lagoon (and 4 miles away) and is just large enough for a fishermen's rest house and a few coconut and other trees. A charming spot that took our eye the first morning we came through the pass to the Kapingamarangi lagoon. Our going to Ringatoru, the opposite end of the Kapingamarangi chain of 34 islets, did not postpone our plan to go to Matukerekere. Buck wanted to go with us and have natives go along to do some fishing for us to witness.

* * *

As we came in to the curve of Ringatoru's emerald-green bay, two boys on the beach, named Tukirehi and Momotarosan (a Japanese name), had coconut-leaf torches with which they were singeing two small pigs freshly killed to feedf the workers. The pigs lay half out of water in the lagoon, where they were being washed. We could hear the sound of axes in the depths of the forest.

I wandered over to Tiasu's establishment, on the lagoon shore of the land Tutuangake, to see the activity of those who would be preparing the food for the working party. I soon learned that the tree was being felled and worked into a canoe by Tikaripi, second son of Tavchi, the "king" before King David, and that he was making it for his son, Semeti, age 20. The tree was on land belonging to a woman named Kawe, but the tree belonged to Tikaripi, having been given to him by the previous owner of the land, Tokeume, before his death. Tokeume was the husband of Kawe.

* * *

The working party, armed with axes and adzes, was comprised of 16 men. They had been invited by Tikaripi to help and were relatives and friends. Outstanding among them was Tirongorongo, son of the last native high priest, and Leo, the Christian pas-

tor. When we came upon them about six of the men were on the fallen breadfruit tree. The limbs had been trimmed off and the party were just beginning to sever the part of the trunk to make a 21-foot canoe. I paced the length of the entire tree as it lay dismembered on the ground and was not surprised to find that when it stood it was fully 90 feet high.

As the chips flew we stood by to watch the shaping, learning things we did not know before. The men relieved each other frequently, sometimes not more than two working at a time. They had to keep a safe distance from each other while wielding the axes. When it came to turning the log, everyone helped at once. Dr. Buck carefully recorded every stage and Carl took motion pictures and stills all along.

* * *

I took stills as well, not only of the canoe shaping but of the work of preparing food at the beach. There, Terapa, brother-in-law of the owner of the canoe (Tikaripi), was in charge. Terapa's sister, and wife Ioire, and son Enti were helping. And the two sons of Tikaripi, Semeti and Mototarosan, and their wives, respectively Toteru and Erita. And these girls: Rose, Kareti, Erita. In all seven women and five men to prepare the food for 17 people.

Three pigs, a great quantity of breadfruit prepared in several ways, and a large number of coconuts for drinking and coconuts for grating went into the stock of food. The pig meat was boiled, the breadfruit and quite a supply of swamp taro was cooked in the *imu*. Weak coffee and sugar was served in the middle of the day and the rest of the food at the end of the day, when the work was finished for the time being.

* * *

We did not stay to the very end, as we had our trip to the other end of the chain of islets in mind. But from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. when we left, we were absorbed every minute by the activities inland and at the shore. I took over 50 pictures in color.

Padding back to Souhou, we found that Sam had about given up hope of going to Matukerekere, thinking we would be too tired. But I was far from tired—.the long rest I have been having, with my foot immobilizing me, has given me quite a reserve, and Dr. Buck was game to go. Carl was tired and felt besides that he should stay to watch the house. Some of the young people are beginning to make off with small items.

* * *

King David had prepared two canoes and three paddlers for us. Off we paddled at sunset on the four-mile stretch across the lagoon to Matukerekere. The light breeze was dead ahead so that we could not sail until we decided to put into Rakaume islet to fetch drinking nuts. It was then bright moonlight. As we approached the uninhabited isle, the third from the pass, frigate birds (*moua*) by the hundreds poured from the tree tops and swarmed overhead like croaking ghosts. The natives said that this used to be the

way with Pumatehat islet, next to it, a sacred island on which no one dared set foot until the taboos were broken in 1922, or thereabouts.

* * *

With torches of coconut leaf for light, the three natives soon had about thirty drinking nuts, one of them climbing the trees. Then we boarded the canoes again and shoved off for Matukerekere. We reached this islet in about twenty minutes. There the men spread one sail over coconut leaves, for us to sleep on out on the beach. Then one canoe went off torch fishing, taking Dr. Buck and Sam, I stayed with Siro because the one canoe could only hold five.

We saw the torches flaming and sparking across the reef out on the open ocean. In a couple of hours they came back. I was then so fast asleep that the sound of their settling down to sleep on the sail beside me only half-awoke me.

It must have been about 2 a.m. when I awoke to find the moon disappearing behind dark clouds and a squall brewing off the ocean. I roused the others and we got under cover in the coconut-thatched house just in time.

* * *

Kapingamarangi, Thursday, August 28, 1947.

When we transferred from the beach to the house last night we noticed that the natives had gone fishing for flying-fish as bait for the real fishing on the morrow. They came back just before daylight, arousing us from sound slumber, and telling us to get ready to go fishing.

At dawn we got up, ate a few biscuits, drank some cold coffee, and then entered the two 30-foot canoes and paddled off in the dead calm as the sun arose gloriously through the horizon fringe of cumulous clouds. Noddy terns winged by closely and a frigate bird circled slowly overhead. Off on the north and east horizon lay the half circle of the islets of Kapingamarangi. Near the pass we paused over a shallow spot to gather coral stones as sinkers for the tuna hooks. Then we paddled into deep water and out through the rippling, swirling current of the lagoon pass.

* * *

Just outside the lines were let down many fathoms, baited with the flying-fish caught the night before. Dr. Buck, in the other canoe, recorded minuttely the whole fishing operation which netted us one large tuna (weighing perhaps thirty pounds) apiece. I covered the three hours of fishing with film. Five or six canoes came by, each with a single fisherman, some of the men in their seventies. They had paddled the four miles across the lagoon and would have to paddle back.

When the sun was getting quite hot and our bait running out we decided to return, stopping at Motukerekere for another bite of food and for some gear left there. At 12:30 p.m. we were back at Souhou, very glad to have had this trip.

* * *

Saturday, August 30, 1947.

At 4:15 I roused Robert to light the fire that we might have hot coffee before paddling off to Pumatehati island. The stars were growing dim in the pale dawn when we three and Hetata with Tawera were dipping our light Kapingamarangi paddles as we skirted the islets to the south. We dropped off Rimi, Hetata's wife, at Hare, so that she could work in a taro patch and collect food. Then, as the sun glowed on the eastern horizon, we made for Pumatehati.

At Rakaume islet, the frigate birds again arose in a cloud to greet us, but they produced a different feeling than on several nights back when we put in to the islet to get drinking nuts.

* * *

David and the other men were there before us and were already setting their two short nets heading to a wicker portable trap. Several of the men were still eating a breakfast of some fish they had already caught, having roasted them on the hot pebbles of a freshly made *imu*.

In a few minutes after they had arranged their nets schools of goat fish were sighted rippling along just at the surface of the water as they were moving out of a shallow arm of the lagoon with the falling tide. The men knew just when to jump at them, with one canoe held in readiness, and then drive them into the trap. They had long poles with which they beat the water, shouting the while. As they neared the mouth of the trap they would throw themselves into the shallow water to create an even greater commotion. In no time the trap was alive with fish.

* * *

After each drive the second and larger canoe was brought up and the fish emptied into it.

Sam and I were to walk back, making the circuit of half the islets on foot for the first time. So we took off as soon as the tide was down. For me it was wonderful to have my foot completely healed and to be able to walk and wade in salt water.

We strode from islet to islet and across each one of the seven between Pumatehati and the big island of Hare, crossing each islet to explore it a bit. For the first time I saw the *tou* tree in abundance and a number of other plants we had not come across previously. These small islets have rats. We jumped several.

Each islet would make an enchanting place for a summer cottage, fronting a sandy lagoon beach. What fishing one would have! The lagoon teems with fish, and in the very shallow passes between the islets there is any quantity and variety of shells, and also lots of small eels. No-one lives on these small islets, but several of them had rest houses (in need of repair) and the last one had a taro patch. On one a number of chickens ran wild.

* * *

Along the mile-length of Hare we came across four families living permanently or over the end-of-the week at the islet. At each household they invited us to have a drink of coconut water, which we gladly accepted, and to chat. At one spot we saw a canoe hull partly shaped out of a freshly felled breadfruit tree.

Leaving Hare, we crossed four more islets and then came to a fifth, Tipae, where we had no difficulty locating the ruins of a platform said to be where Atumatua, first settler on Kapingamarangi, had once had a house. The stones were in a shapeless pile over an area of 35 by 50 feet and certainly looked ancient in the deep shade of the forest which covered the tiny islet.

* * *

We had nine more islands to traverse before coming to our home island of Souhou. These were larger than the islands on the southwest fringe and had people living on them. Being now a little tired, having been on the go for five hours, we stopped at only one place to accept drinking nuts and to talk. When we reached home Dr. Buck had preceded us by about half an hour. He reported that they had caught 500 *weke* (goat fish) and had distributed them equally, we coming in for a share.

So we had goat fish for a late lunch. After that we rested. Then I got to work on words again, stopping only to take some cigars to Karen in exchange for his cutting our hair.

After supper I slipped over to David's to take him seven yards of cloth as a present and to talk about stars with him.

* * *

Last night, I sat just outside the house in the moonlight. It was so calm, bright, and pleasant out that the whole population seemed to be strolling about, including the children old enough to walk. As usual we had many people about our house. A group gathered around me. When I made a Tahitian string figure and gave the chant with it, they wanted to learn the figure and the chant right away. In a few minutes several of them could make the figure, but the chant was too difficult for them to learn in that short time. Several youngsters pulled out coconut mats from surrounding houses and laid them on the coral strewn ground for us to sit or lie upon. And there most the group stayed the entire night, talking, singing, joking, gossiping, being joined by others or losing ones who slipped away to join a friend or two strolling by on the sandy road at our feet. Every person who passed by was noted, and one of the group, usually of age, would jump up and follow after a erson they were curious about to see where he or she was going.

I must have stayed with the group till three o'clock, lying on my back and dozing a bit, but waking whenever the conversation became lively or a new person joined us. What amazed me was the absolute freedom and lack of supervision of the young people. Children are allowed to roam as much as they please, sleep where they please, the whole night. Their parents would not think of looking for them. And when the weather is clear and the light of the moon bright enough to discourage ghosts, everyone roams, except the tired people.

* * *

The Bernice P. Bishop Museum expedition to Kapingamarangi ended its three months' field work on the island when Mr. Carroll J. Lathrop, our technician, and I sailed away on the **U.S.S. Torrey** (an A.G.—auxiliary general) on October 16, 1947, leaving its unspoiled Polynesians to their peace unruffled by the presence of any foreigners. Dr. Peter H. Buck had left three weeks previously, and two weeks before that Samuel H. Elbert, linguist of the party, had to leave i order to be at Yale University by the end of September.

* * *

For an ethnologist like myself, who must delve beneath the surface, and who has only 12 weeks to become acquainted with the people, to acquire a working knowledge of the language, the last days are by far the most rewarding. By stepping into native thought and customs a little deeper each time one has grasped the meaning of more words and phrases, one can enliven his daily experience indefinitely. The same seven-mile semi-circle of 34 islets, however beautifully they are set off by the placid lagoon and sunrises and sunsets, would become monotonous were it not for these people whom isolation has preserved from being altered or crushed by the steam-roller of western culture.

* * *

Sitting on the westernmost outpost of the Polynesian world, in previous articles I have touched upon our impressions and experiences from the time of our arrival July 15 up to August 28. What were some of the interesting happenings from August 28 to October 16?

At 3:45 on the morning of September 11, I was awakened by Ropete gently shaking my shoulder. King David, chief of the island, had ordered him to do this providing the heavens were clear at this pre-dawn hour. I had been working with David on their names for stars and their grouping of stars in constellations, but, until this morning we had not had the opportunity to study the morning stars.

David was awake, lying on his back on a mat just outside of his house when I arrived. In fair weather many of the people sleep outdoors rather than indoors.

* * *

We moved to the seaward shore where we could gaze into the eastern half of the sky. The constellation of Orion was gleaming high above the horizon. Pointing out the three stars in the belt of Orion, David said in the Polynesian dialect of Kapingamarangi, "See those three stars, we call them the 'three canoes.' They lie in their canoe shed. That star (pointing to Rigel) is one of the corner posts, that one (pointing to Betelgeuse) is another, the other two are those two (pointing to two stars of lesser magnitude). "Sure enough, these four stars made a perfect rectangle neatly enclosing the "three canoes."

Since then, when I have looked at Orion, instead of its resolving itself into a spindle, it takes the shape of the ground plan of a canoe house with three sparkling canoes ready to be launched into heavenly space.

* * *

To form some of their constellations the natives of Kapingamarangi take a faint cluster of stars and to make others they select, for example, a brilliant star far to the north (Procyon), another far to the south (Achernor), and a third (Sirius) on the eastern horizon. This makes Manu, a mighty bird with a crippled left wing.

For them Delphinus represents a wooden bowl of the rain god Mairapa. When, in November, the bowl, which is supposed to be holding water, begins to invert, the rainy season then begins. David knew all the stars and constellations which the Kapingamarangi people have named and such stories as they have about them. These are now recorded by us, and just in time, because the younger people are beginning to neglect this sort of lore as their attention is being pulled towards our culture.

To make sure that no star names would go unreported to us David was absent a whole day from the village in order to paddle to the south end of Taringa islet, there to confer with aged Tunehau, whom he felt might possibly know of a star or two which he had failed to recollect.

* * *

One evening Carroll and I stopped on a circuit of the village to chat with old Tokohi, son of a Marshall Island castaway on Kapingamarangi. He and his wife Tireheke were seated before a mat partaking, by the light of a new moon, of fish, and a swamp taro (*puraka*) cooked in a coconut shell. They stopped eating, pushed all their food towards us and begged us to eat.

We explained that we had just eaten, that we were satisfied (*kui hiri*), in fact that we could not eat any more if we tried. Accustomed to eat as long as there was food available, they would not take what we said as meaning no. While we lingered they were reluctant to touch their food.

* * *

To change the conversation and to add some information I was seeking I asked Tireheke the name of ther father. I now heard for about the third time this answer most peculiar to the ears of one raised in our culture, "I have two fathers, their names are Haturiki and Hakaroa.

By this she meant that her mother was married to and living at the same time with these two men, a situation called in anthropolgoical circles, polygamy [rather polyandry]. But I do not know if in order societies where a plurality of husbands was sssanctioned, children claimed both husbands as fathers. Here on Kapingamarangi they certainly did. As women frequently had two husbands and men two or three wives, the collecting of generalogies and tracing of relationships on Kapingamarangi was a complicated task. Since Christianity was introduced in 1922, the church has forbidden plural marriages. However, not the slightest hesitation is shown in naming and claiming two fathers on the genealogical tree.

By September 11, Dr. Buck felt he had the material culture so well in hand that he could devote time to measuring Kapingamarangi people, a job we very much wanted to do. German scientists had secured a small series in 1908 and 1910. Upon analysis Dr. Harry Shapiro of the American Museum of Natural History found that those measurements indicated that the people of Kapingamarangi were nearer in physical type to the natives of the Marquesas and New Zealand than to any others in the Pacific, in other words that they belong to the old racial stock of Polynesia.

A larger series of measurements and observations would permit a more definite determination of relationship. Dr. Buck measured, I photographed, and Carl Lathrop, when he had the time, wrote down the data.

* * *

We were impressed by the range of variation, by the large number who had curly and reddish-brown hair, by the striking Caucasoid features of so many of the men. King David was not the tallest man nor did he reach six feet as we supposed, but a tape put around his waist read four feet six inches! Over 70 of the men had been measured and photographed when the boat which was to take Dr. Buck away, arrived on September 19. Had it come a few days later we also would have begun a series including the women.

* * *

The farewell speech of Dr. Buck an hour before he embarked is something we will all remember. Given in the Kapingamarangi dialect interspersed with understandable Maori where our knowledge of the vernacular was thin, he told of our satisfaction over the way they had grasped our mission and had helped us, and of how attached we had become to them, and our deep regret that we must part.

So genuine and mutual was this regret over parting that we were all on the verge of tears.

* * *

To observe 24 hours of family life at closer hand I arranged with Hetata, King David's son, to go along on an overnight visit of his family to their land at Hare islet. Some of his family were sailing down to Hare once a week to tend their taro patches and to fetch pandanus fruit, breadfruit, and coconuts for food. Hetata seemed delighted over the prospects of our accompanying them on their next trip. So Friday afternoon, October 3, Carl Lathrop and I squeezed ourselves into Hetata's narrow and sleek canoe.

Hetata took the helmsman's seat, his wife sat amidships with their baby in her arms, three of their youngest children perched here and there on the outrigger. Another canoe was to follow with their daughter Masako, age 8, Mikar, age 15, and their friend Hanako, age 20. It was an hour's pleasant paddle in the slanting light of late afternoon along the shores of the 14 islets on the way to Hare, the largest islet of the atoll. Had the breeze been up we could have sailed to our destination in 20 minutes.

* * *

Hetata poled us ashore opposite his pandanus-thatched house hidden by thick *kamani* trees. He then disappeared into the coconut grove where we would soon hear the thuds of falling nuts. His wife unloaded the sleeping mats, baby's hammock, grater stool, and a Japanese cooking pot, then picked up and burned the fallen leaves about the house. The little boy Pontaik and the little curly-headed girl, Asako, played on the canoe pulled up on the beach until sunset. Rimi slung the baby's hammock in the house and assigned the girl Hereta the chore of singing it to sleep. Hetata appeared with great bunches of drinking nuts, then with coconut leaves to spread on the ground before the house, laying on top of them mats for us to sit on and eventually to sleep upon. When a fire had been kindled against the bank at the back of the white-sand beach, to warm some canned meat Carroll and I had brought along for all of us, we were ready for the night.

* * *

Large pandanus keys, as juicy and sweet as peaches, were set before us to chew as vegetable food accompanying our meat, and green coconuts were husked, cracked open and offered us in lieu of drinking water. This was as the sun sank below the bare western rim of the atoll. It was dark an hour later when the splashing of canoe paddles prepared us for the arrival of the second canoe. Assisted only by the beam from Carroll's flash-light, the three girls carried the canoe high on the beach then joined Hetata and Rimi at their evening meal.

As Carroll and I had finished eating, we entertained our host and his family by strumming on an *ukelele* Carroll had laboriously made from a half coconut shell and a length of native wood. The Hawaiian song "Manuela Boy" made a special hit, partly because it caused all of us to think of jolly old Manuele, with his cane and a voice so aptly described by Carroll as compounded of broken glass.

* * *

We were not the only people on Hare islet. Other families had moved down for the Friday-Saturday gathering of food and materials. Their fires flickered at several points along the curve of Hare's lagoon shore.

At times people walked past on the beach, calling out to us "maria kotou" (hope all is well with you). To this we gave answer in the same words. Their coming was always announced by the shrill cries of several snipes waking in the shallow water off our beach. Whenever a person stirred on the shore the cry of these birds was like the shriek of a human being in terror. Hetata laughed long and hard when, upon first hearing it, I started up as if to rush to a rescue.

By 8:30 p.m. the last of us awake was ready to drop off to sleep. We had all had a long, strenuous day. I had finished mapping Werua village in the morning, and in the afternoon, up to the moment of our leaving for Hare, I had been taking down notes from King David on certain functions of their ancient priesthood.

* * *

Hetata, Carroll and I slept where we had been sitting on our mats at the edge of the bank overlooking the lagoon. Over our heads there was an opening in the trees down through which the stars gleamed. I awoke once as Orion's "three canoes" were framed by a silhouetted circle of coconut fronds, and once again towards morning when a full moon burst into this open circle just above our heads.

* * *

The first light of day found all Hetata's family up and stirring about. Today they were to husk, crack open, scrape the soft flesh of 30 young coconuts, scrape the outer skins of 20 of breadfruit, gather sprouted coconuts, go out to the taro and *puraka* patches in the center of the island and bring in scores of tubers to be cleaned, scraped, and cut up in small pieces to be stuffed in coconut shells. All would be cooked before nightfall in one large earth oven for which they must gather the fuel and cooking stones.

* * *

All this was woman's work, so Hetata was free to paddle us out on the glassy lagoon to look through the clear water upon the great shining skeleton of our B-17 lying 14 feet down on the bottom of the lagoon where it crashed on July 7, 1944. She had circled the atoll that noon and was making a run on three Japanese float planes taxiing for a take-off when a bullet from one of these or a shore gun hit a bomb which the plane had just released. The bomb exploded under the big plane, hurtling it in flames into the lagoon. No-one survived.

Hetata was awed by this monster which our culture had created. Later he paddled us over the dim outline of a Japanese steel ship down in 30 or 40 feet of water. World War II had its battles at Kapingamarangi, hitting hard at the two Japanese occupied islets, Hare and Nunakita, but barely scratching the islets inhabited at the time by the natives. Sometime I would like to tell of the war as the natives of Kapingamarangi saw it and described it to us, as well as to dwell on many other occasions during our three-months' stay among these unique Polynesians. I would also like to describe various of our findings. Other occasions may permit this telling.

* * *

When we left, practically all of Kapingamarangi's 500 people were on the beach to see us step into the canoe readied to take us to our ship. As Carl and I broke through the line to reach our canoe they began singing a song composed for this very moment. Then as the song went on and on, our friends stepped out of the crowd one at a time, grasped us by the hand, slipped a shell, or a cat's eye, or a dime, or a woven belt, or some other token of "aroha" into our hands, muttered a last word or two of affection, then turned away, often with tears in their eyes. It was hard to bear the thought that we would not see them again.

Day after day many of them had brought us drinking nuts, and special dishes of food warm and ready to eat. We had become deeply attached to those with whom we had striven so many hours to understand each other. Their kindly, intelligent faces are indelible in our memory. We often wondered what our missionaries could teach this community, of neighborly regard which they were not already practicing.

* * *

Already the eraser of our culture is beginning to rub out pleasant features of Kapingamarangi life. The people are beginning to sweat in our clothes, clamp their feet into our shoes, litter their clean villages with cans and bottles, neglect the upkeep of their hand-made canoes and houses in order to earn money with which to buy things many of which they do not need or which can bring them little if any real satisfaction compared with the things they so skilfully make themselves. But it will take much more contamination to change their sterling character.

* * *

When the engines of the **U.S.S. Torrey** began to throb and the metal ship turned to head for the pass, the Kapingamarangi boys who had remained on board to the last, began to spring from all parts of the ship, waving and hallooing until they disappeared into the water with a splash, emerging a moment later to wave and shout as long as we could see them. A sailing canoe out to see us off, clipped by our bow at probably 18 knots; its lateen sail had lifted the outrigger 45 degrees out of the water. A boy, precariously perched on the outrigger, shifting his weight by just the right amount, was all that kept the canoe from capsizing.

Three hundred yards across the water from the shore of the village came the voices of men, women, and children lifted in full song. As I caught the words "senisen ki ti mouri" (we are happy to be alive), the neat thatched houses, the trees, white sands, and figures of the people gathered there on the beach, seemed all at once to become enveloped by the beautiful song, and to rise and drift across to us as if the very soul of Kapoingamarangi was bidding us farewell.

B3. Kapingamarangi—Social and Religious Life of a Polynesian Atoll, by Kenneth P. Emory

Editor's notes: In 1950, Emory returned to Kapinmarangi, with the sponosorsip of the SIM (Scientific Investigation of Micronesia) program, of the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council. In 1965 the Bishop Museum published this monograph as their Bulletin 228. It also bears the reference CIMA Report 8.

PREFACE

The field work on which this study is based was done on the atoll of Kapingamarangi from July 15 to October 16, 1947, and from June 17 to November 26, 1950, a total of eight and one-third months. On the first visit the Bishop Museum party comprised

Te Rangi Hiroa (Peter H. Buck), Samuel H. Elbert, Carroll J. Lathrop, and myself. Elbert left on September 6, and Te Rangi Hiroa on September 26, 1947. Lathrop remained with me till the end of this first stay. On the second visit in 1950, I was fortunate to have with me Dr. Ralph E. Miller, Professor of Pathology and bacteriology at Dartmouth Medical School, Hanover, New Hampshire, whom I had invited to accompany me.

Samuel H. Elbert ahd been on the atoll in 1946, while serving with the Naval Military Government [rather USCC]. He had gathered material on the language and so helped to introduce us to its people in 1947. He also served as translator until we achieved some proficiency in the language. Elbert was fluent in the Ponapean language, and many of the Kapingamarangi people had learned that language while sojourning at the Kapingamarangi village [Porakiet] on Ponape.

The capable services of Carroll J. Lathrop as photographer and technician on the first expedition enabled us to record by means of a wire recorder, and to film a moving picture record of the daily life. Profiting by what I had learned with Lathrop, I was able to continue adding to the moving picture record on the following expedition.[1]

...

[In 1954 another expedition was sent by the Pacific Science Board to Kapingamarangi. Reports were published about this in 1956 by Herold J. Wiens, William A. Niering and Edwin D. McKee. By 1964, similar studies were beginning to be caried out at Nukuoro, the other Polynesian outlier located to the north of Kapingamarangi.]

...

INTRODUCTION

...

What makes Kapingamarangi of special interest is that its inhabitants are neither Micronesians nor Melanesians, but descendants of Polynesian castaways who drifted here centuries ago from Polynesia, 1,500 miles to the east...[2]

...

Kapingamarangi is one of a long line of Polynesian outliers, Polynesian-inhabited arolls, which form the windward fringe of the Solomons and stretch from Sikaiana in the east to Nuguria in the west, through Ontong Java, Nukumanu, and Tauu, and then continue northward through Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro.

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1 Over 5,000 feet of 16-mm colored film were exposed in 1947, and 2,000 additional feet in 1950. Out of this, a magnetic-sound film of 1,800 feet, running 47 minutes, has been composed. It is entitled "Polynesians of Kapingamarangi.". Ed. comment: He further says that copies of this film were deposited at the Bishop Museum and at the University of Hawaii.

2 Ed. note: It is thought that they may have come from the Marquesas, rather than closer Samoa area which was the homeland of the Gilbertese.

The people of Kapingamarangi are at a loss to explain the origin or meaning of this name for their island. We have **not** been able to find any satisfactory translation for the name. *Kapi* means "to cover over" in many Polynesian dialects, and "to carry under the arms" at Kapingamarangi. *Rangi* means "sky." The island was known to the natives of Nukuoro as Bakiramarang (Eilers, 1934, p. 7) and to the Micronesians of the Mortlock Islands, farther north, as Pyghiram (Eilers, 1934, p. 129). The German South Sea Expedition which visited the island in 1910 came to the conclusion that the people had called their island simpy "Tenuv" (= *ti henua*, or *senua*),[1] meaning "the land," but had taken over the name Kapingamarangi because Europeans were calling it by that name (Eilers, 1934, p. 7)...[2]

...

HISTORY

Of all the islands inhabited by Polynesians, Kapingamarangi has the distinction of being the first to be sighted by Europeans, and yet the last to be in real contact with them. In 1536, Fernando de Grijalva, commanding a vessel dispatched from Mexico by Cortés, was sailing westward just north of the equator on his way to the Moluccas when he came upon an island which could be none other than Kapingamarangi. No details were given in the Spanish account beyond the island being named "Dos Pescadores" (original text quoted in full by Eilers, 1934, p. 1). Since the name means "fishermen," it rather implies that inhabitants were seen.[3]

Lütke reported the existence of the island in his *Voyage autour du monde 1826-1829* (1835, Vol. 2, pp. 51, 324, 327, and map, end of Vol. 3). In the Mortlock group to the north, the natives told Lütke of an inhabited island to the southeast called Pyghirap, or Pyghiram, or Pyguirame. The map he gives of this part of the Pacific locates this island just north of the equator, but a little farther west than the actual location of Kapingamarangi.

On June 21, 1845, Mary D. Wallis, on a voyage form Manila to Fiji on the bark **Zotoll**, tells of sighting "a group of islands called the Greenwich Islands" (Wallis, 1851, p. 197).

...

The *Nautical Magazine* for 1851/1852 accurately gives the location of an island at the place occupied by Kapingamarangi (Eilers, 1934, p. 9), showing that someone had correctly located it by that date.

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1 Ed. note: It appears that, in the Kapingamarangi dialect, the letters 's' and 't' at the beginning of words are interchangeable, e.g. Touhou, or Souhou, islet.

2 Ed. note: The Japanese called the island by one of its other names, Greenwich, which they and the natives pronounced "Grenichi."

3 Ed. note: In fact, the island was remembered by Miguel Noble, the only survivor of this expedition to reach the Moluccas, as being "O-Acea", which is the name of the main island, now called Hare (ref. HM1, pp. 543 et seq.).

A Frenchman, Tardy de Montravel, captain of the French corvette, **Constantine**, came within a few miles of the atoll on December 20, 1853, but did not see any inhabitants, and could not determine whether it was inhabited.[1]

Beginning on September 8, 1864, Captain W. Symington, commander of the English ship **Northfleet**, lay off the island for four days, in a vain attempt to come close enough to land (*Nautical Magazine*, 1865, quoted by Eilers, 1934, p. 5). The island was already on a map of the British Admiralty under the name "Greenwich Island," but reported as "doubtful" (Eilers, 1935, 0. 5)...

In 1865 also, the Spanish frigate **Berenguela** came close to Kapingamarangi, but merely plotted its position (Eilers, 1934, 0. 5 an 9).

It was not until 1877, when Captain Hamilton of the merchant vessel **Fire Queen** came to the island, that we are positive the natives had dealings with Europeans. Findlay (1886, p. 988), on information supplied by Captain Hamilton as a result of this trip, gives the native name of the island as "Kapinga Malany," and states that only two islets, "both at the southwest portion of the group," were inhabited.

...

1 Ed. note: He passed it too far to the east. Thinking it a discovery, he named the island after his ship (Eilers, 1934, p. 3)...

Document 1947C

The civilizing of Bikini, by Admiral Walter Karig

Source: Chapter 1 of his book entitled "The Fortunate Isalnds—A Pacific Interlude" (New York, Rinehart, 1950).

Chapter One

The Civilizing of Bikini

Eveybody knows what happened to Bikini. Hiroshima and Nagasaki—those first annihilations of the very substance of life—were a part of the war. They were just one more horror to mark the end of a long chapter of almost exultant destruction. Hiroshima and Nagasaki—what happened there happened to foreigners, and enemies at that. Hiroshima and Nagasaki belong to the past.

Bikini is the first date in the Atomic Age. There it was that we made public demonstration of what could happen to us, ourselves.

So, Bikini is not the name of a place so much as it is the name of an event. It is the name of an era, an era which makes us envy our great-grandarents, so peacefully asleep.

But Bikini was a place and it is a place. It was a place of a happy, sort of ne'er-do-well people who sat around all day gossiping and telling ghost stories and whittling at canoes, outrigger boats in which they used to go fishing in the palm-fringed turquoise lagoon. They scarcely heard the rustle of history's pages turning faster and faster as the record was written of what the great peoples of the earth were doing to make life more interesting and more certain of painfully abrupt termination.

Now, though, there are no people on Bikini. All of a sudden civilization caught up with the mid-Pacific atoll and its people were hustled off from the Stone Age to the Atomic Age, and thence into luxurious exile while their homeland was prepared for a preview of the world's end.

Bikini is still there. The island still stretches in the shade of its arching palm on the multicolored coral reef that embraces a lagoon radiating every hue and shade of blue that sun and sea can conjure. But the lagoon conceals death. Its blue is not the color of serenity but the warning color, say, of bichloride of mercury. Bikini the Place is a small monument to Bikini the Event.

The atoll which, since the summer of 1946, became a finger board on the route to human extinction was a sort of aboriginal slum for uncounted generations.

Bikini is in the northeastern [rather northwestern] fringe of the Marshall Islands of Micronesia, that 3,000,000 square mile area of much ocean and a very little land which constitutes the United States' Trust Territory of the Pacific. Micronesia—Greek for "tiny islands"is more generally describable as the northern half of the South Sea Isles of romance.

As tropical islands go, Bikini is to the white man's eye a beautiful ditto of hundreds of beautiful coral isles, but for all practical living purposes, which is the way the Micronesians looked at it, Bikini was a slum. In the days of the New Deal farm program it would have been called a submarginal place.

The 167 inhabitants of Bikini didn't even own their island. It belonged, and they were subject to, the paramount chiefs of Ailinglaplap, a lush and fruitful atoll some hundreds of miles southward. The Bikinians were a poor and spiritless tribe who had been pushed out, island by island, to the perimeter of Micronesia by their sturdier and more aggressive brethren.

It is the index of their position in the human category that their fellow Marshallese gave the Bikinians the name by which their island became known. Usually it is the other way around. People are Americans because they are natives of the United States of America; Englishmen because they were born in England. But the island of Bikini, too poor to have a name of its own, is named for its people.

And in Marshallese, Bikini means ".you stink."

* * *

None of this had anything to do with the selection of Bikini as the first A-bomb laboratory except the geography.

Bikini was the only place on earth where the experiments could be conducted without danger to adjacent territory.[1] Unvarying winds would carry the lethal clouds away from populated areas until the radioactive vapors were dissipated over untenanted seas. The deep lagoon would confine the contaminated waters.

The only difficulty was that Bikini was inhabited and, poor as it was in all respects, except as an atomic laboratory, the natives loved it. And they still do. They were moved to another island of their own choosing. The Navy housed them and fed them and told them to make a wish and it would come true.

They had only one wish—to go back to Bikini. The one wish that couldn't come true.

That is how I came to find myself helping to give a kindergarten course in nuclear fission to a class of Stone Age pupils in August of 1947, trying to demonstrate that Bikini was uninhabitable. It was the Navy's greatest frustration since the War of 1812, al-

1 Ed. note: Not really true. Taongi, and even better, Johnston, would have been better choices, to the fact that they were isolated, uninhabited, islands under the control of the U.S.A. Even Wake, Midway, and Marcus would have been better test sites. As a matter of fact, Johnston was later selected for a site to dispose of unwanted NBC (nuclear, biologicceval and chemical warfare) agents.

though (in what will probably be called the Second Battle of Bikini when the Marshall Islanders take over the world after the next global war) I was the only physical casualty. I broke three ribs—but not from laughing.

The Marshall Islands-- easternmost group of Micronesia—are sparsely populated, and they contain several lush and fertile untenanted islands. When the 168 men, women and children on the scrubby dunes of Bikini were persuaded to donate their islands to science, one of the rewards promised them was their choice of any one of several superior atolls. So the four chiefs ("Alaps") of the Bikini clans were given a grand tour of the group to select a new home for their tribe.

To the surprise of the American escorts, the Bikini elders picked the worst ot the lot. They chose Rongerik Atoll, 107 miles east of Bikini, and stubbornly refused to consider larger and lusher atolls to the south. The reason, to them, was unassailable. They **knew** Rongerik. They had visited it before. It "looked like Bikini." The larger, greener homesteads to the south looked strange, and **were** strange.

Besides, the Bikinians still remember that the tough tribes to southward had given their ancestors trouble and exile, and they want to keep out of their way. And, like the life-term prisoner who feels unhappy when pardoned, they had a reverential love for Bikini as strong as that of a Texan for his birthplace.

The navy forthwith went to work to make up some of nature's deficiencies—and some of the natives', too. All atolls are waterless. On Bikini the natives caught rain water from the eaves of their thatched huts, storing it in hollow logs and oil tins against drought. On Rongerik the Seabees built them large concrete cisterns, screened against contamination, and fed by great flaring catchments of corrugated steel. The exiles-to-be made crude plans for their new village; then the Seabees took over to make building foundations from rot-proof, vermin-proof timber and concrete. An LST was provided to transfer the 167 members of the tribe to the Promised Land.

But within a month after moving in they announced that thy did not like the place. The fish in the lagoon were poisonous, they complained, and the fruits bitter. "Take us back to Bikini" was the new chant they sang lustily to all visitors, including the navy crew who brought them monthly supplementary rations of tinned beef, rice and flour.

In July 1947, a naval task group commanded by Captain Henry Hederman, USN, brought to Bikini an array of top-drawer scientists to conduct geological, biological and oceanographic tests to see what radioactivity had wrought. It did not take long to establish proof that the atoll was still uninhabitable. The islands surrounding the lagoon were safe enough, but some of the sea-life still was making Geiger counters pop like Chinese firecrackers. The center of trouble was—and still is—the lagoon bottom, where the Baker Day bomb exploded. The indestructible radioactive elements have been absorbed by the bacteria and marine plants. These have been eaten by the small fish and crustacea, which are in turn eaten by their larger brothers, passing the radioactivity along. Although no fish seem yet to have been born with three heads or sixteen fins, they came up, hot as hot as a chunk of plutonium celebrating A-day. And fish would constitute more than half the native diet.

* * *

On August 6, 1947, in company with Commander E. Brown Miller, USNR, civil administrator for the Marshalls, and Photographer's Mate 1/c Vernon Gustafson, I flew to Rongerik from Kwajalein to escort the four *alaps* of the transplanted Bikini people for a look-see at their ancestral island. ("Alap" literally means Mister Big.) The expedition was made at the request of the Bikini Re-survey Expedition, which was then hard at work evaluating the results of the previous year's atomic bomb blasts. The Navy-employed scientists wanted to ask the exiled Bikinians some questions about transmutations, and the Navy's civil government wanted to demonstrate to them the uninhabitability of the island after A-bombing.

Since the lagoon in Rongerik Atoll is shallow and studded with coral heads, our PBY was forced to anchor about a mile off the beach. Miller and I went ashore in a rubber life raft paddled by our native interpreter from Kwajalein. Never did visitors make a more impressive entry, as we beached our inflated raft on the Seabee-constructed waterfront, the contraption blew up with a noise like a 12-inch shell.

The Bikinians were impassive. It is their earnest belief that the white man is **always** accompanied by shattering explosions.

The entire tribe gathered outside the tribal council house. Here the purpose of our trip was explained to the clan chiefs and village elders. The natives quickly agreed that the four clan chiefs—Judah, Azakel, Jasua and Jibiji—should represent the community in the journey to the past.

How to return to the seaplane was a problem quickly settled, with rueful consequences for the Senior Officer Present. The natives launched one of their big, clumsy outriggers. Miller and I were snatched up and carried piggiback through the surf to the boat, where it floated in four feet of water. My brawny carrier gave a yo-heave-ho and boosted me over the side with such vigor that I cleared the gun'l and fell head-first into the deep narrow hull, cracking one rib, loosening two others from their moorings, and partially dislocating one shoulder.

At Bikinii, an hour's flight, we six from Rongerik met with Captain Hederman, Captain Christian L. Engleman and Commander Edward S. Gilfillan, Jr., USNR, in the wardroom of the laboratory ship **USS Chilton**, to plan a program. The *alaps* understood: they were to show **us** any changes the A-bomb had wrought in the islands of Bikini and we were to show them why Bikini was not a fit place to live, visible changes or no changes.

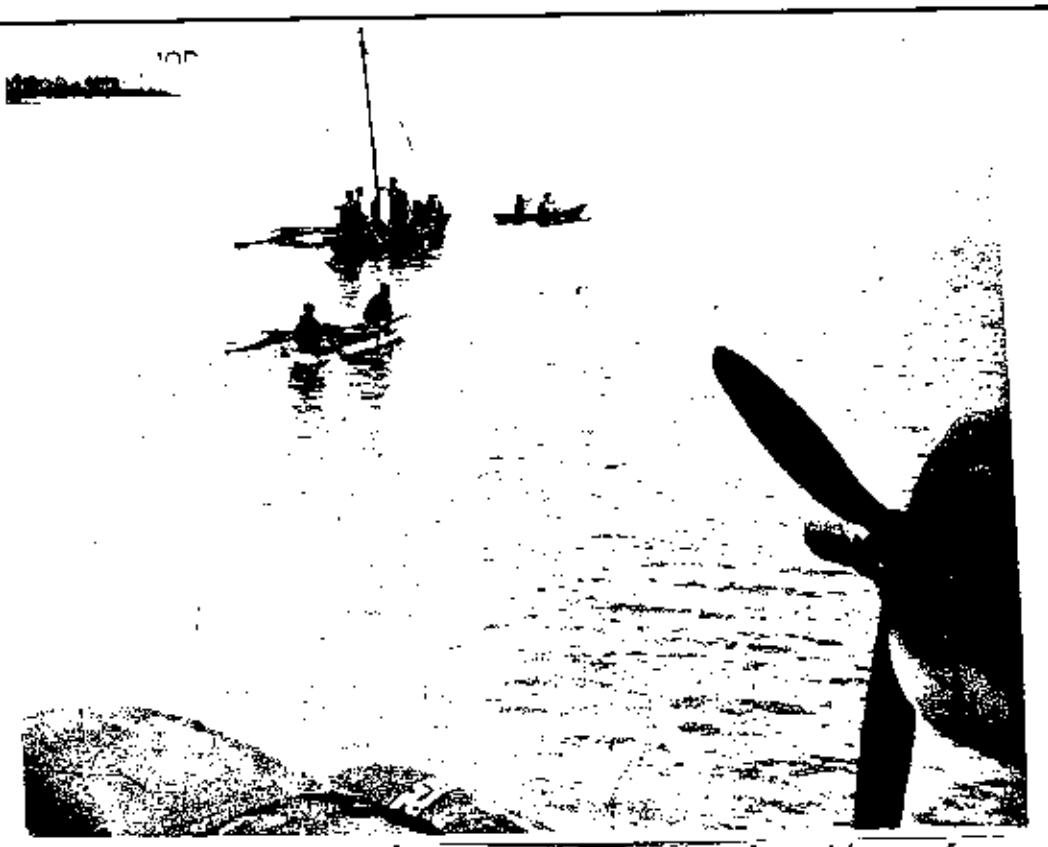
* * *

The entire Marshallese vocabulary has about two thousand words, the pleasantest of which is their greeting, "Yokweyok," literally, "I love you." But there is no word for radioactivity, or rays (let alone alpha, beta and gamma), or blood eccorpuscle, or even bomb. The only evidence of civilization in their speech is their ability to talk endlessly about the weather. Otherwise the language is strictly utilitarian, confining itself to such tangible topics as love-making and eating. Ocular demonstrations of radioactivity were





Landing at Rongerik.— *I went to Rongerik, where the Bikini people had been transplanted, to take a delegation back to the home island for proof it was not habitable after the atomic bomb experimnts. Because Rongerik Lagoon was so studded with coral heads the PBY anchored a mile from shore and we went ashore in the rubber life raft which exploded from heat and over-expansion.as it hit the beach.*



Stone-age transportation meets the air age. *An outrigger of sewn planks and dug-out canoes carry the party to the PBY.*



One hour later the chiefs set foot again on their homeland. *Two days are spent in demonstrating the inhabitability of the island.*



All Navy hands agree that the war was not as tough a job... *as trying to explain radioactivity to a uartet of stone-age men.*

equally unimpressive to the Bikinians. Fish aglow with radioactivity? Shucks, any fool knows that fish shine in the dark after being out of the water a few hours.

Convince the *alaps* that Bikini was uninhabitable? The Navy and its allied scientists withdrew from that action with guns disabled! We would just have to be arbitrary about it. "You can't go back to Bikini **because**—just because. Well, damn it, because you have no words for nuclear fission and isotopes in Marshallese, that's why."

Now effort was concentrated on having the visiting chiefs examine the island for post-atomic differences. In their new royal raiment of Navy khaki, the *alaps* stalked over the terrain.

—*"Oktak-ke?* Any changes?"

—*"A-et! Oktak okalap,"* they answered. "Yes, big changes."

Scientific noses quivered. Notebooks jittered.

—"What changes?"

—"The coconuts are bigger than ever before," Judah said. The fact was duly noted. "The pandanus nuts are bigger. The fish are bigger."

He became rhapsodical, so far as the language allowed. It took just about six sentences to prove that his was no scientific discourse. Judah reasoned that we expected him to report adverse changes to us. He gave us the opposite. It was a real-estate sales talk.

Funny? No, homesickness is never funny. Everybody felt more than a little sorry at Judah's valiant attempt to make Bikini sound so attractive that the Amerians could not resist returning him and his people there.

—"Don't you see any **bad** changes? Do you see anything that was not here before the bomb-alap exploded?" Judah had been one of the spectaators at the demonstration of man's greatest scientific triumph—or folly.

—"Oh, yes!"

Again scientific ears were cocked.

Judah pointed at a clump of young papaya trees, just coming into first fruit.

There had never been such plants on Bikini before the big bomb exploded **That** was something new, indeed.

Another dud, that. The papayas grew where some bluejacket had spit a mouthful of seeds a year back, as he munched a tree-melon fresh from the refrigerator, but imported from Hawaii.

—"Any more bad things since the big bomb, the bomb-alap?"

Judah and his co-chiefs conferred, and said yes, yes, certainly there is a new bad one. He led the way along the narrow island's dusty road, the eager scientists panting after.

—"There! There is something new! There is something terrible!"

He pointed to a huge trash pile behind one of the galley sheds—empty cartons, rusting tin cans, broken boxes, a junk heap as American as a two-dollar bill.

* * *

Judah, Azakel, Jasua and Jibiji went back to Rongerik to tell their subjects that Bikiini was not theirs to return to, although for some reason it was not harmful for the Americans to live on the island. The lagoon was bwewitched and the fish really were poisonous. The Americans said: A man might not die from eating the fish or swimming in the water, but for some reason it would cause his children to sicken, and maybe even prevent his wife from bearing. It could be so.

With their acceptance of the fact, the Bikinians did not reconcile themselves to living happily forever after on Rongerik. They became more listless, more despondent, more and more dependent on Navy rations, and more insistent, too, that they be removed from Rongerik. It seemed as if now that they knew for certain that they could never return to Bikini, they wanted to leave even its neighborhood.

But still they could not make up their minds. Their gloom and indecision were intensified when Ujelang, choicest of the new homesites, was gleefully appropriated by the 136 inhabitants of Eniwetok atoll, newest of the United States government's island atom laboratories.

Not only the Bikinians were low-spirited and worried. The Navy's civil government unit for the Marshalls bit its collective fingernails, because Bikini's displaced persons were taking as much of their time and money as all the other Marshallese put together.

And then the gods intervened.

Libroka, the evil one, appeared on Rongerik! He moaned in the palm groves and jibbered in the lagoon. He snapped fishing lines, upset canoes, and devoured the Navy rations. There was no doubt about it. The gods wanted the Bikinians to leave Rongerik forthwith and it was up to the United States Navy to co-operate/

The Navy, which had never coped with demons before, consulted Dr. Peter Buck, Polynesian-blooded director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, through whose auspices Dr. Leonard Mason, professor of anthropology at the University of Hawaii, visited Rongerik.

At Dr. Mason's suggestion Libroka was exorcised by transplanting the Bikinians a second time, to Kwajalein. Kwajalein is the main island in the atoll of like name which is the administrative center for the Marshall Islands, and also the junction point for all trans-pacific air traffic. It is also an eternal monument to the valor of Task Force 58 under Admiral Marc A. Mitscher and Regimental Combat Teams 32 and 184 under Colonels Marc J. Logie and Curtis D. O'Sullivan. So there, for the time being, the Bikini people are living in floored, walled tents and eating canned fish until they make up their minds which of the better uninhabited islands they want to adopt for their permanent home. So long as can openers are easier to wield than fish nets, and with more uniformly successful consequences, the Bikinians are going to give the problem of home hunting all the deliberation possible, so Captain "Johnny" Vest, USN, civil governor of the Marshalls, is having them work out their board bill on the airstrip.

One can grow terribly sentimental over the tragedy that has befallen the Bikinians, even though it is a tragedy that began generations before the Americans—before the first white man—appeared on the scene. Or one can dismiss the whole business as probably representing the least hardship per capita on earth today. And one can be right either way. For my part, I hope that the exodus from Bikini and Rongerik is the last the atomic bomb will ever cause.

...

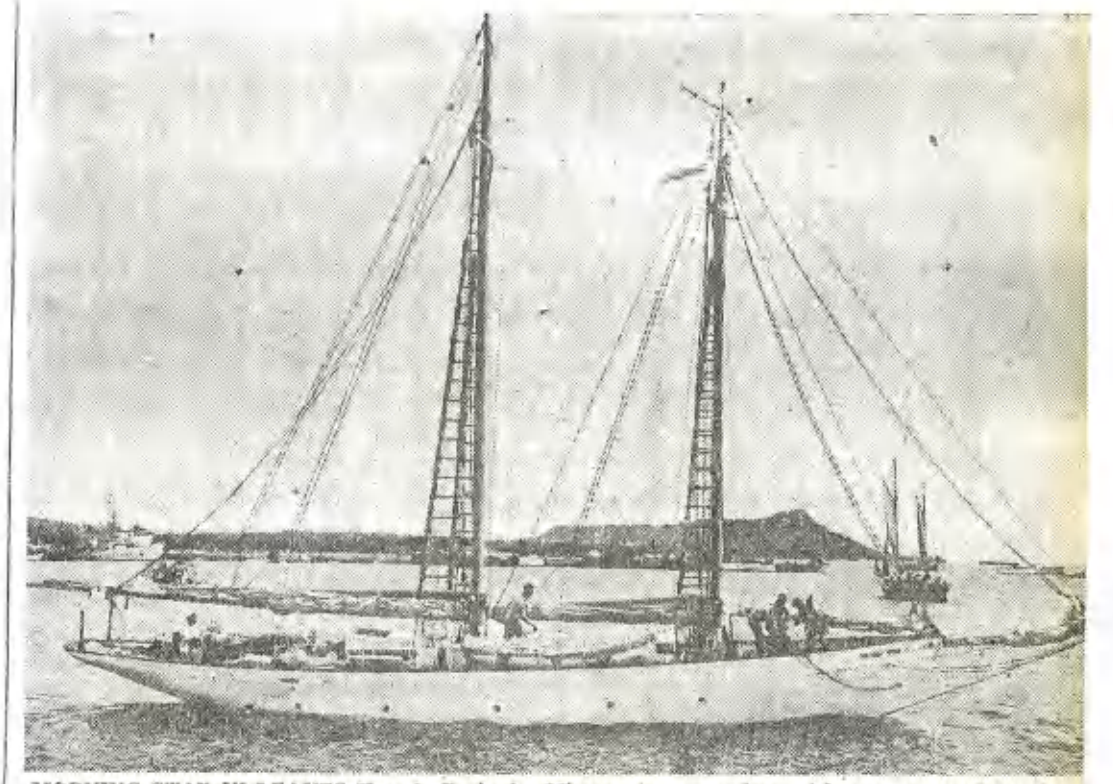
Documents 1947D

Morning Star VI, Micronesia-bound

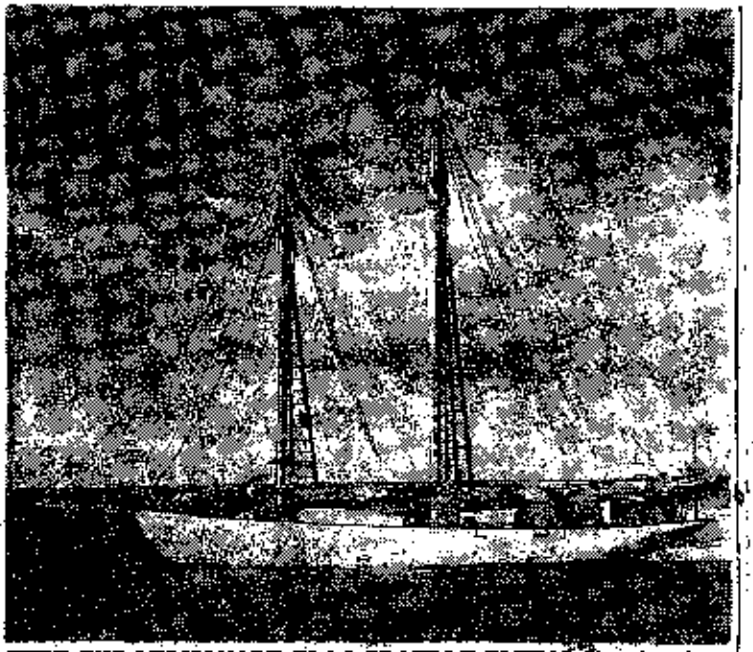
The Rev. Simeon Kahelemauna Nawaa, born 75 years ago on the **Morning Star III**, was the first to grasp the heaving line of the **Morning Star VI** at Kewalo basin this morning.

Te 63-foot missionary schooner, more than three months out of Boston, was warped into her berth at Kewalo basin at 8:30 a.m. today.

Swelling with pride as he watched the weaather-beaten schooner enter the basin, Mr. Nawaa wistfully remarked, "If I were but 10 years younger I would sail to Micronesia with her."



MORNING STAR VI LEAVES Kewalo Basin for Micronesia as members of her crew crowd her fore deck to get her anchor aboard and lashed down for sea. The time was 2:45 Thursday afternoon and mond Head in the background was the last land the Star will see for more than a month before she Kwajalein from the South Pacific horizon.—Star-Bulletin photo.



WITH THE MISSIONARY FLAG PROUDLY FLYING from her foremast, the schooner Morning Star VI is shown entering Kewalo basin at 8:30 a. m. today. Sixth in the 91 year old line of vessels, the Morning Star VI sailed from Boston on July 27. The 63 foot auxiliary schooner will be in Honolulu for overhaul before continuing to Micronesia.



BORN 75 YEARS AGO NEXT SATURDAY on the Morning Star III, the Rev. Simeon Kahelemauna Nawaa, is shown welcoming Capt. Price Lewis Jr., skipper of the Morning Star VI, to Honolulu this morning. Looking on is Mrs. Dorothy Chong, chairman of the Hawaii mission board's reception committee.—Star-Bulletin photo.

Morning Star VI, Micronesia Bound, Puts in to Honolulu

6 Dec 1947

A brisk breeze from the sea and a cloud-darkened sky marked the sailing Thursday afternoon of the **Morning Star VI** for Kwajalein and the islands of Micronesia.

The 36-foot missionary schooner commanded by Capt. Price Lewis, Jr., and with a crew of four from Honolulu sailed at 2:45 p.m. after a slight delay in getting her anchor aboard.

* * *

It will be about a month, by Capt. Lewis's reckoning, before the **Morning Star** or the five aboard her see land again.

* * *

But, except for the sadness of parting from their girls and their families, the five seafarers were light-hearted about the trip ahead.

The **Star** is well stocked with books to read and food to eat and there'll be plenty of work to keep them busy on the long cruise.

Down to the wharf at Kewalo basin to see the **Star** off were some 25 people—representatives of the Hawaiian Board of Missions which is sponsoring the ship, the Women's Board of Missions, and general well-wishers, friends, acquaintances of the crew.

...

[The Hawaiian crew returned to Honolulu by plane, while Capt. Lewis remained behind at Kusaie where a new crew of Micronesians had been hired. Anny Akaka, one of the Hawaiian crewmen reported that the schooner had travelled from Truk to Kusaie with 14 people on board.]

...

"She carried two missionary families from Truk to Kusaie and transported Dr. Clarence Gillette, in charge of missionary activities in Micronesia, from Truk to Ponape."

"Dr. and Mrs. Harold Hamlin, their daughters Alice and Ruth and their son John, and Empty Barton and his wife and two children were among the passengers on that trip."

"A. Danny reported that the **Star** suffered damage to her mainmast on the voyage to Kusaie when a storm broke her mainmast off about eight feet from its top.

* * *

"Later on the same trip, the **Star** was becalmed for five days, most of which time she drifted while Capt. Lewis and Danny worked to fix a broken gear which prevented use of her engine."

* * *

"Now that Capt. Lewis is alone on the **Morning Star** he is learning Japanese to facilitate conversation with his crew. Danny says they speak a different language on each island down there, but everyone understnds Japanese."

Document 1947E

Text of the Trusteeship Agreement

Text of the Trusteeship Agreement for the Trust Territory of the Pacific Under United States Administration

PREAMBLE

Whereas Article 75 of the Charter of the United Nations provides for the establishment of an international trusteeship system for the administration and supervision of such territories as may be placed thereunder by subsequent agreements; and

Whereas under Article 77 of the said Charter the trusteeship system may be applied to territories now held under mandate; and

Whereas on 17 December 1920 the Council of the League of Nations confirmed a mandate for the former German islands north of the equator to Japan, to be administered in accordance with Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations; and

Whereas Japan, as a result of the Second World War, has ceased to exercise any authority in these islands;

Now, therefore, the Security Council of the United Nations, having satisfied itself that the relevant articles of the Charter have been complied with, hereby resolves to approve the following terms of trusteeship for the Pacific Islands formerly under mandate to Japan.

Article 1. The Territory of the Pacific Islands, consisting of the islands formerly held by Japan under mandate in accordance with Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, is hereby designated as a strategic area and placed under the trusteeship system established in the Charter of the United Nations. The Territory of the Pacific Islands is hereinafter referred to as the trust territory.

Article 2. The United States of America is designated as the administering authority of the trust territory.

Article 3. The administering authority shall have full powers of administration, legislation, and jurisdiction over the territory subject to the provisions of this agreement, and may apply to the trust territory, subject to any modifications which the administering authority may consider desirable, such of the laws of the United States as it may deem appropriate to local conditions and requirements.

Article 4. The administering authority, in discharging the obligations of trusteeship in the trust territory, shall act in accordance with the Charter of the United Nations, and the provisions of this agreement, and shall, as specified in Article 83 (2) of the Charter, apply the objectives of the international trusteeship system, as set forth in Article 76 of the Charter, to the people of the trust territory.

Article 5. In discharging its obligations under Article 76 (a) and Article 84

of the Charter, the administering authority shall ensure that the trust territory shall play its part, in accordance with the Charter of the United Nations, in the maintenance of international peace and security. To this end the administering authority shall be entitled:

1. to establish naval, military and air bases and to erect fortifications in the trust territory;

2. to station and employ armed forces in the territory; and

3. to make use of volunteer forces, facilities and assistance from the trust territory in carrying out the obligations towards the Security Council undertaken in this regard by the administering authority, as well as for the local defense and the maintenance of law and order within the trust territory.

Article 6. In discharging its obligations under Article 76 (b) of the Charter, the administering authority shall:

1. foster the development of such political institutions as are suited to the trust territory and shall promote the development of the inhabitants of the trust territory toward self-government or independence as may be appropriate to the particular circumstances of the trust territory and its peoples and the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned; and to this end shall give to the inhabitants of the trust territory a progressively increasing share in the administrative services in the territory; shall develop their participation in government; shall give due recognition to the customs of the inhabitants in providing a system of law for the territory; and shall take other appropriate measures toward these ends;

2. promote the economic advancement and self-sufficiency of the inhabitants, and to this end shall regulate the use of natural resources; encourage the development of fisheries, agriculture, and industries; protect the inhabitants against the loss of their lands and resources; and improve the means of transportation and communication;

3. promote the social advancement of the inhabitants and to this end shall protect the rights and fundamental freedoms of all elements of the population without discrimination; protect the health of the inhabitants; control the traffic in arms and ammunition, opium and other dangerous drugs, and alcohol and other spirituous beverages; and to institute such other regulations as may be necessary to protect the inhabitants against social abuses; and

4. promote the educational advancement of the inhabitants, and to this end shall take steps toward the establishment of a general system of elementary education; facilitate the vocational and cultural advancement of the population; and shall encourage qualified students to pursue higher education, including training on the professional level.

Article 7. In discharging its obligations under Article 76 (a) of the Charter, the administering authority shall guarantee to the inhabitants of the trust territory freedom of conscience, and, subject only to the requirements of public order and security, freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly; freedom of worship, and of religious teaching; and freedom of migration and movement.

Article 8. 1. In discharging its obligations under Article 76 (d) of the Charter, as defined by Article 83 (2) of the Charter, the administering authority, subject to the requirements of security, and the obligation to promote the advancement of the inhabitants, shall accord to nationals of each Member of the United Nations and to companies and associations organized in conformity with the laws of such Member, treatment in the trust territory no less favour-

able than that accorded therein to nationals, companies and associations of any other United Nation except the administering authority.

2. The administering authority shall ensure equal treatment to the Members of the United Nations and their nationals in the administration of justice.

3. Nothing in the Article shall be construed as to accord traffic rights to aircraft flying into and out of the trust territory. Such right shall be subject to agreement between the administering authority and the state whose nationality such aircraft possesses.

4. The administering authority may negotiate and conclude commercial and other treaties and agreements with Members of the United Nations and other states, designed to attain for the inhabitants of the trust territory treatment by the Members of the United Nations and other states no less favourable than that granted by them to the nationals of other states. The Security Council may recommend, or invite other organs of the United Nations to consider and recommend, what rights the inhabitants of the trust territory should acquire in consideration of the rights obtained by Members of the United Nations in the trust territory.

Article 9. The administering authority shall be entitled to constitute the trust territory into a customs, fiscal, or administrative union or federation with other territories under United States jurisdiction and to establish common services between such territories and the trust territory where such measures are not inconsistent with the basic objectives of the International Trusteeship System and with the terms of this agreement.

Article 10. The administering authority, acting under the provisions of Article 3 of this agreement, may accept membership in any regional advisory commission, regional authority, or technical organization, or other voluntary association of states, may co-operate with specialized international bodies, public or private, and may engage in other forms of international co-operation.

Article 11. 1. The administering authority shall take the necessary steps to provide the status of citizenship of the trust territory for the inhabitants of the trust territory.

2. The administering authority shall afford diplomatic and consular protection to the inhabitants of the trust territory when outside the territorial limits of the trust territory or of the territory of the administering authority.

Article 12. The administering authority shall enact such legislation as may be necessary to place the provisions of this agreement in effect in the trust territory.

Article 13. The provisions of Articles 87 and 88 of the Charter shall be applicable to the trust territory, provided that the administering authority may determine the extent of their applicability to any areas which may from time to time be specified by it as closed for security reasons.

Article 14. The administering authority undertakes to apply in the trust territory the provisions of any international conventions and recommendations which may be appropriate to the particular circumstances of the trust territory and which would be conducive to the achievement of the basic objectives of Article 6 of this agreement.

Article 15. The terms of the present agreement shall not be altered, amended or terminated without the consent of the administering authority.

Article 16. The present agreement shall come into force when approved by the Security Council of the United Nations and by the Government of the United States after due constitutional process.

Document 1947F

History of the Island Trading Company, 1947-1955

Source: John M. Spivey, "History of the Island Trading Company of Micronesia,") nn.p. ca. 1955, a 75-page typescript in TT Archives, MCF roll #118.

Note: Mr. Spivey was Vice President of ITC from April 1949 to September 1949.

Chapter II

Take-over from United States Commercial Company

Although the general plan under which the Navy would undertake to relieve the United States Commercial Company of the responsibilities in the Trust Territory was formed by mid-1947, the directives necessary to translate the general concept into a going concern were slow in coming from Washington. Rear-Admiral C. N. Wright, USN, the Deputy High Commissioner of the Trust Territory, and his staff at Guam were faced with a January 1, 1948, deadline for starting the business but were unable to take much action in the absence of explicit authorization. The pressure of time was hence acute by October 27, 1947, when the Secretary of the Navy issued his basic instructions for the organization of the company, and the High Commissioner was told to "... take immediate action to organize under the laws of Guam, a corporation to be known as the 'Island Trading Company of Micronesia' ..." The rapid succession of directives outlined above and the charter of the company, which was issued by the Governor of Guam on December 8, 1947, indicate the actions taken to bring the new organization into being and reflect also the advance study which had been made.

The influence of Rear-Admiral Wright in this formative period was great, and this professional naval officer showed a keen insight into the problems of a commercial operation. He actively passed the idea that the new company should be self-supporting. This principle was officially adopted in the directive of the Secretary of the Navy dated October 27, 1947, and has actively assissted in planning the organization and administration of the company by Commander G. C. Stewart, SC, USNR, supply officer on the staff of the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory. Having worked closely with the United States Commercial Company in supplying the islands and having traveled in the area, Commander Stewart was well suited to this task, and he subsequently became the first President of the Island Trading Company of Micronesia. Two civilian consultants from private business firms in the United States also surveyed the area and

contributed importantly to the organization plans and initial operating procedures agreed upon. Commander E. P. Furber, USNR, legal officer on the staff of the High Commissioner, provided legal advice to the organizers.

The basic policies established at the time of organization have proved sound and have been modified but little in the succeeding 7 years. In operating procedures the company evolved steadily away from Navy supply techniques and dependence on Navy supply channels toward the conduct of business in the manner of a private commercial firm. As capital resources were accumulated reliance on the free services of the Navy lessened, and in the course the company set up a reserve which covers the value of all help received from the Navy. This reserve has now been paid into the Treasury of the United States.

It was the desire of the organizers to retain the services of certain key personnel serving in the United States Commercial Company. These people were approached early with this idea, but the delay in Washington in authorizing positive action for the new company made it difficult to hold their interest as the termination of their own company approached. The threatened loss of persons experienced in the islands contributed to the worries of the planners, but the necessary people at length stayed on to join the Island Trading Company. As a result the company began operations with an experienced civilian former USCC employee as Branch Manager in each of its branches. Mr. J. J. O'Connor, Chief Representative of the USCC at Guam, became the first Vice President of the new organization.

By December 15, 1947, naval officers of the Supply Coorps had been sent to each branch as Assistant Treasurers accompanied by Navy enlisted personnel. Together with the USCC people joining the Island Trading Company they made up the field organization. In the last half of December they acquainted themselves with their new assignments and joined the USCC staffs in taking on inventory of the goods on hand in each branch for transfer to the Island Trading Company. The buildings occupied by the USCC in the Trust Territory were largely Navy facilities, which continued to be available for use by ITC. In those cases in which buildings had been built by the USCC they were included in the traansfer of property to the new company. It was hence possible to close the USCC stores and to reopen the same facilities in the name of the Island Trading Company of Micronesia without any interruption in service to the communities save a brief shutdown for inventory-taking.

The difficulties of the USCC in obtaining suitable merchandise for its branches in the islands have been mentioned above. In addition merchandise carried in stock in the islands is subject to the rigors of a hot, humid, salt-laden atmosphere which promotes the rapid formation of rust, mold, and mildew. It was known from these facts and from previous inspection of inventories by members of the ITC planning group that the stocks carried by the USCC in its various branches would contain some damaged, deteriorated, and unsaleable items at the time of turnover to ITC. It was hence understood between the Navy Department and the USCC that price adjustments on the transferred inventory would be made in order to make the book value appropriate to the sale value

of the merchandise. Cash settlement with the USCC was left to be negotiated after the turnover of operations with payment to be made from the Naval Procurement Fund.

ITC officials at Guam studied the assets taken over form USCC and arrived at what was considered an acceptable allowance for unsaleable, damaged, and deteriorated items. The company Treasurer then went to Washington to negotiate the final settlement with the USCC. He arrived at a payment of $1,225,000 for assets which had cost the USCC $1,634,000. This settlement was approved by the Chief of Naval Operations, and ITC officials in Guam were notified by dispatch on April 21, 1948. This settlement was approximately $100,000 greater than had been thought appropriate by ITC, but since it had already received washington approval it was not thought feasible to press the matter any further.

During the first year of ITC operations efforts were made to dispose of the unsuitable merchandise, and large quantities were sold to dealers on Guam and in the United States. It was necessary to ship back substantial amounts from the branches in the Trust Territory, but some was eliminated from Guam and Oakland stocks before it could be shipped to the islands. Remnants of USCC materials could still be found in branch inventories in 1952. The new merchandise purchased by ITC was mingled with that acquired from USCC, and no separate records have been kept. It is the belief of company officials, however, that considerble losses were taken on the USCC inventory despite the discount at which it was acquired.

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Appendix C

Roster of ITC Personnel [1947-55]

High Commissioner of the Pacific Islands:

D. C. Ramsay, Admiral, USN	- July 1947 to April 1949
A. W. Radford, Admiral, USN	- April 1949 to July 1951
Elbert D. Thomas	- July 1951 to February 1953
Frank E. Midkiff	- March 1953 to September 1954

Deputy High Commissioners of the Trust Territory:

C. H. Wright, Rear Admiral, USN	- July 1947 to April 1949
L. S. Fiske, Rear Admiral, USN	- April 1949 to July 1951
J. A. McConnell	- July 1951 to April 1954
D. H. Nucker	- May 1954 to ---

Board of Directors of Island Trading Company of Micronesia:

A. Original Board of Directors—December 1947

R. B. Randolph, Captain, USN	- Chairman
C. C. Stewart, Cdr. SC, USNR	- President, ITC
J. J. O'Connor	- Vice President

Kenneth White	- Comptroller & Treasurer
B. D. Smith, Captain SC, USN	- Member
E. P. Furber, Cdr. SC, USNR	- Member
John E. Madden, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member

B. During the period of Naval Administration, which ended June 30, 1951, the following persons served on the Board of Directors:

E. B. Randolph, Captain, SC, USN	- Chairman Dec. 47-Apr 49
S. C. Anderson, Captain, SC, USN	- Chairman Apr 49-Dec 49
L. S. Fiske, Rear Admiral, USN	- Chairman Dec 49-Jul 51
C. C. Stewart, Cdr. SC, USN	- President ITC Dec 47-Sep 48
S. J. Major, Cdr. SC, USN	- President ITC Sep 49-Jun 51
J. J. O'Connor	- Vice President ITC Dec 47-Apr 49
John M. Spivey	- Vice President ITC Apr 49-Sep 49
C. C. Stewart	- Vice President ITC Sep 49-Jun 51
R. M. Slovett, Lt SC, USN	- Comptroller & Treasurer Sep 48-Oct 49
W. W. Metcalf, Lt SC, USN	- Comptroller & Treasurer Oct 49-Jul 51
B. D. Smith, Captain SC, USN	- Member Dec 47-May 48
W. E. Gates, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member May 48-Apr 49
S. S. Hoss, LCdr, SC, USN	- Member Apr 49-Sep 49
E. P. Furber, Cdr. SC, USNR	- Member Dec 47-Dec 48
John W. Powers	- Member Dec 48-Jun 49
C. Campbell, Captain USN	- Member Dec 49-Aug 50
H. E. Conkling, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member Aug 50-Jul 51
John E. Madden, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member Dec 47-Apr 49
W. R. Lowndes, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member Dec 49-Aug 50
J. R. Grey, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member Aug 50-Jul 51
C. L. La Bonté, Cdr. SC, USN	- Member Dec 49-Jul 51

C. At the beginning of administration by the Department of the Interior, July 1, 1951, the following Board of Directors was appointed:

J. A. McConnell	- Chairman
C. C. Stewart	- President
W. A. Lee	- Comptroller
P. R. Griffin	- Member
Dr. M. L. Marshall	- Member
Homer Baker	- Member
M. C. Marshall	- Member

D. Since July 1, 1951, the following changes in the Board of Directors have occurred:

D. M. Nucker	- Chairman Sep 54-Dec 54
W. L. Payne III	- Acting Treasurer Oct 51 to Jun 54
W. G. Williams	- Acting Treasurer Jun 54-Dec 54
D. D. Heron	- Member Sep 51-Nov 53
K. M. Carroll	- Member Sep 53-Aug 54
J. C. Putnam	- Member Sep 54-Dec 54

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Logbook of a Voyage

Photographs by the Author

ISOLATED AND LONELY though the Gilbert Islands may be, they are almost in the middle of the earth, for the Equator and the 180th Meridian (International Date Line) bisect on the eastern side of this straggling chain of sixteen coral atolls.

At the end of June 1948, I flew to Suva, Fiji, to take the Royal Colony Ship *Kiakia* to the Gilberts, where, with a grant from the Viking Fund, Inc., and with the sponsorship of the University of Hawaii and the Bernice P. Bishop Museum of Honolulu, I was to make an ethnographical survey.

No professional anthropologists had worked in the archipelago. The isolation and problems of transportation and communication had kept them from a group which perhaps about two thousand years ago had been a stopover for Polynesians moving toward a new home in the eastern Pacific.

Comparatively little has been published about the Gilbertese people and their customs. It is known, however, that they are predominantly Micronesian but with a marked Polynesian influence in the southern atolls as the result of later contacts with Samoa.

Politically today, the Gilberts constitute a British crown colony together with Ocean Island to

the west, the Ellice Islands to the south, and some scattered islands in the Phoenix and Line groups to the east. The colony is included in the scope of the Western Pacific High Commission, whose headquarters are at Suva. Colony headquarters are at Tarawa, which the U. S. Marines made famous.

During three weeks that the *Kiakia's* refitting was delayed, I purchased supplies and stowed away advice. One man familiar with the Gilberts recommended a large supply of sardines. "When you are lonely and can't sleep," he said, "it helps to open a tin of sardines and eat them." I bought plenty of sardines but they never helped me. As a matter of fact, the loneliness proved so deep and insidiously penetrating that I didn't even know what was the matter with me. Fortunately, nothing could keep me awake after dark on the island.



Katharine Luomala

Which Gilbertese island to concentrate on was a problem. Old hands in Suva recommended Tabiteuea in the southern part of the group as the most primitive and culturally conservative as well as the most likely to be receptive to an anthropologist. It was good advice. Tabiteueans were helpful and friendly, and I came to admire their shrewd, independent, and proud spirit. If I were doing it all over I should still choose Tabiteuea but fewer sardines.

Popularly, Tabiteueans are called the Irish of the Pacific. To me, and perhaps the Tabiteueans of the Atlantic would agree, this is as silly a capsule description as any popular stereotype can be. According to the current song hit, "There's nuttin' like a dame." Well, there's nuttin' like a Tabiteuean either, not in the Atlantic or in the Pacific. It later turned out that at the moment they were being described as the most primitive in the archipelago, some of them, employed in the Ocean Island phosphate mines, were on strike for higher wages. Rumors flew that it was Communist-inspired.

These cultural paradoxes had been visited by whalers and early voyagers including the Wilkes Expedition in 1841. None had a good word for the people or the few resources of the drought-ridden coral atoll. As on many Pacific islands in the old days, a native population mistreated and cheated by one ship took its revenge on the next ship. The village nearest the Tabiteuean anchorage used by the ships was burned down more than once by angry Europeans, including the Wilkes party. The choleric and quarrelsome Tabiteueans were also often at war among themselves, wearing tough, coconut fiber armor and helmets as protection against shark-toothed spears.

Besides food and which island to go to, my Suva advisers told me, without much conviction, about preventives of seasickness. A dour joy glistened in their faces that it was I, not they, traveling on the *Kiakia*. With morbid delight in anticipating my suffering, they heard me say that I had never been seasick, but—very true—also never on the *Kiakia* on the open sea. For my own pride and consolation in this unsympathetic atmosphere, I would remark that professional seamen had told me that even for good sailors there was always a first time.

Again, my adviser on the sardine question made seasickness loom as real as loneliness. He took me to see the ship, whose name is the Gilbertese word for the white fairy tern, but she was not in sight, having been taken out into the harbor for fumigation. He said, perhaps as much to himself as to me, for he too was going to the Gilberts on her, "Well, at least for the first couple of days at sea, the cockroaches won't swarm over your face while you lie in your bunk too sick to brush them off." My impression was that he did not mean I would be sick only a couple of days but that after that period the roaches would recover from the sluggishness caused by fumigation.

At last the day of departure came. At the wharf I looked about for the *Kiakia*. The orange-haired



World War II left a dismal record of crime against man and nature in the Pacific World—Witness the ugliness of this row of acculturated shacks with backs to the airstrip on Funafuti in the Ellice Islands—



—or that hideous trophy, the famous Japanese blockhouse on Betio, an islet of Tarawa Atoll in the Gilberts, whose 15-foot walls withstood every form of assault until American flamethrowers made the strongpoint a horrible oven.

Sikiana crew of a ship just in from the Solomons froze into poses as they spotted me and my camera, but they were not from the *Kiakia*. Then at the end of the wharf I saw the master of the ship and about him a miscellany of races in their variety of garb. Walking toward him to inquire about the ship, I noted for the first time the two masts and rigging projecting above the heads of the bystanders. Taking an empty space at the edge of the wooden platform I looked down. There she was—the R. C. S. *Kiakia*. Frankly, for a moment, but only a moment, I was caught in a confused rush of unanalyzable feeling. But she was going to the Gilberts and so was I. So apparently were the Ellice and Gilbertese deck passengers, the Sydney Silky puppy, the dozen black Orpington hens squired by a rooster, the innumerable tin cans of vegetation for the optimistic Captain's garden in Tarawa, and the many boxes including my supplies which had already been heated by the Captain with choice adjectives.

I learned before I got back from the Gilberts, however, that a two-masted auxiliary schooner, about 80 feet overall, is relatively pretty big.

There were three cabins—the Captain's, a passageway where the Mate slept, and the dining salon with a table about the size of a card table but with vicious edges that were to give me large black and blue marks which did not go away until I left Tabiteuea in December—on the *Kiakia* where I got some more.

At the table were four chairs. One chair, when occupied, bumped the smelly kerosene refrigerator except when it was up against the few stairs leading to the aft deck or against the washbasin. The second chair crowded the door to the Captain's cabin and a narrow cupboard. The third had space enough for the steward to get to the refrigerator if he walked sideways so as not to hit the bunk along the wall. This very short bunk was occupied by the other passenger, mentioned earlier, who folded up his length in it with his hair nestling on the glass and silverware racks at his head and with his feet squeezed under a radio shelf. The fourth chair humped the bunk on the other wall.

When I showed a friend over the ship and pointed to this bunk as that reserved for ladies, he

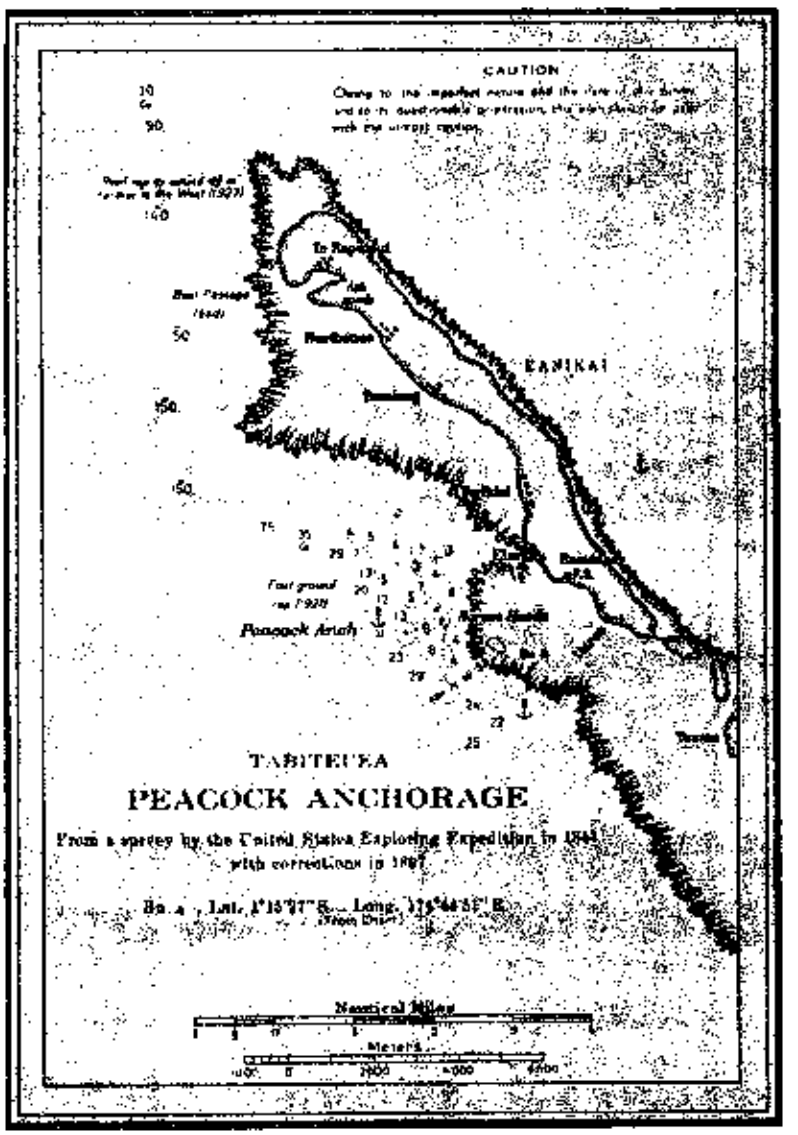
exclaimed in horror, "My God! Where do you undress?" I had been briefed. Proudly I caught the blue curtain at one side and swished it across the rod over the bunk. We were silent. Obviously the curtain made a fine background for a shadowy strip tease.

After a false start when we had to return to Suva for a few days because, to exaggerate, we had a mild case of shipwreck, having hit a sandbar in the harbor, we went north through the Fijis to Rambi Island. Here, for a few hours, I visited the Banabans from Ocean Island who had bought Rambi after phosphate mining had made their island uninhabitable. Their income from phosphate makes them among the wealthiest natives in the world. Older Banabans find money and beautiful, fertile Rambi no comfort in their homesickness for their infertile home atoll. But the young folks enjoy Rambi and dream of squandering the money when the colonial administrator's protective thumb slips off it.

Continuing north into the Ellices, occupied by Polynesians, we got lost and stopped off Nukulaelae atoll, the first I had seen and like most atolls made up of several islets. A small dugout canoe with outrigger, manned by two little boys, arrived. As my fellow passenger and I climbed in, he remarked, "These canoes usually tip over when they shoot the reef. Don't try to swim. Grab the canoe; otherwise you'll get swept under the reef ledge and get torn by the coral and perhaps eaten by sharks." Luckily, this good advice was unnecessary. In the evening we went ashore again; on our return, however, as it was stormy and rough, local officials replaced the little boys in the canoe. Nukulaelae housing is a conglomerate of thatch and tin in a variety of styles, laid out along clean, glittering coral roads. It is a brisk, lively community that is, by comparison with Funafuti, the next stop.

I hope never to see a more dismal, repelling, and depressing island than Funafuti, headquarters of the European officer of the district. Its cheerlessness was accented by the absence of most of the people on another islet in quarantine against diphtheria.

Starting from its "downtown section" at a well-built stone pier and a brief strip of clean coral road, there is on the left the creaking, two-story wooden office building of officialdom next to a blindingly white Residence, complete with plumbing, a guest book, and a garden in which sparse and spare plants struggle up among the coral pebbles. To the right is a thatch-covered canoe shelter, a Quonset hut or two for the store, and a dreary row of acculturated shacks. Around at their back is the grass-grown airfield with scattered junk heaps of tangled plane wrecks and a few battered coconut trees. Rusted metal revetments now house one or two pigpens. Circling back to the Residence along crooked, unkempt paths, one sees a few helter-skelter, untidy thatched huts and the native church. To repair war damage to the church, the people erected, in Rube Goldberg style, a winding ramp of planks to a second-story loft. This ramp, more hazardous looking than the Nukulaelae reef, would provide



This anchorage plan appears as an inset in the U. S. Navy Hydrographic Office Chart No. 0119, "Gilbert Islands" (1942 ed.).

an excellent test for anyone's sanity and sobriety. Just to believe one's own eyes would be the first stage of the test. Climbing it would be the second. Seriously, though, the structure is a triumphant and unique memorial to the energetic devotion of the islanders and their efforts to make the best of limited resources.

I could sympathize with the former official—his recreation was to take out his jeep after fortifying himself well with spirits and drive as fast as he could along the rough paths, dodging in and out among the coconut trees. At the time I did not care to join, but occasionally later on Tabiteuea at night as I stood alone outside the house, I would chart an imaginary course that even unfortified I would have been ready to follow.

Leaving Funafuti, we were plagued by more



One of my Eita female "relatives" demonstrated the pounding of pandanus leaf (already dried and treated) to soften it before slicing into narrow strips for skirt-making or plaiting into mats. The prettiest woman in Tabiteuea, in my opinion, she put on her singlet for the picture.

of the stormy, unsettled weather which had accompanied us for many days. The Captain decided to seek shelter at one of the northern Ellices, whichever could be found. As none was sighted, we stuck out a violent storm of thunder and lightning.

Not till months later when I left Ocean Island on a phosphate freighter for Nauru did I obtain an objective view of the *Kiakia* in motion. In my farewell look, I saw her pitching at anchor in the rough weather. She would lay her masts horizontally to the water on one side and then roll over to lay them cozily on the other. She probably looked the same out of Funafuti.

At some stages of the voyage, she would struggle to the top of a wave, hesitate shudderingly for a moment, then surf down or drop with a bump into the hollow. Here a devil would grab the ship in his teeth, shaking it in every direction before releasing it to climb the next wave and repeat the fun.

Once in the midst of trying to analyze the pattern, if any, of this motion, I hastily quit and sought the bridge. As I climbed up with the waves dashing at me, the Captain said, "Lucky you're a good sailor." This from Captain James Cooke, for such indeed is his name, is praise which I shall not tarnish by mentioning an occasional queasy chill.

It is still hard not to rave about the wonder of a small ship – particularly one with sails – on a boundless sea, the ocean of Cook, Quiros, Anson, and the others who also traveled in small ships. But when at last we had sailed past the southern Gilberts and arrived at Tarawa and the Europeans politely inquired what kind of trip it had been, faces froze if I talked in this way. The typical response was, "Indeed?" It is said that to work for the Colony one must qualify as a poor sailor.

My few days on Tarawa before leaving for Tabiteuea included a visit to Betio, that islet on which the famous battle of Tarawa was fought. Perhaps other Americans would think as I did not only of the dead but of the sorrow and perished dreams of those left to mourn. Even the dead have left Betio and gone home now, for the remains in the cemetery have been removed to the United States.

Retracing our way south, we stopped briefly at Nonouti Island. With some anxiety, the Captain saw me go ashore to look around. A colony official assured him I would be safe since I represented neither Government nor Religion. My sightseeing was limited, for the native officials requested that I photograph them and then cross-examined me as to my past, present, and future, and invited me to work in Nonouti.

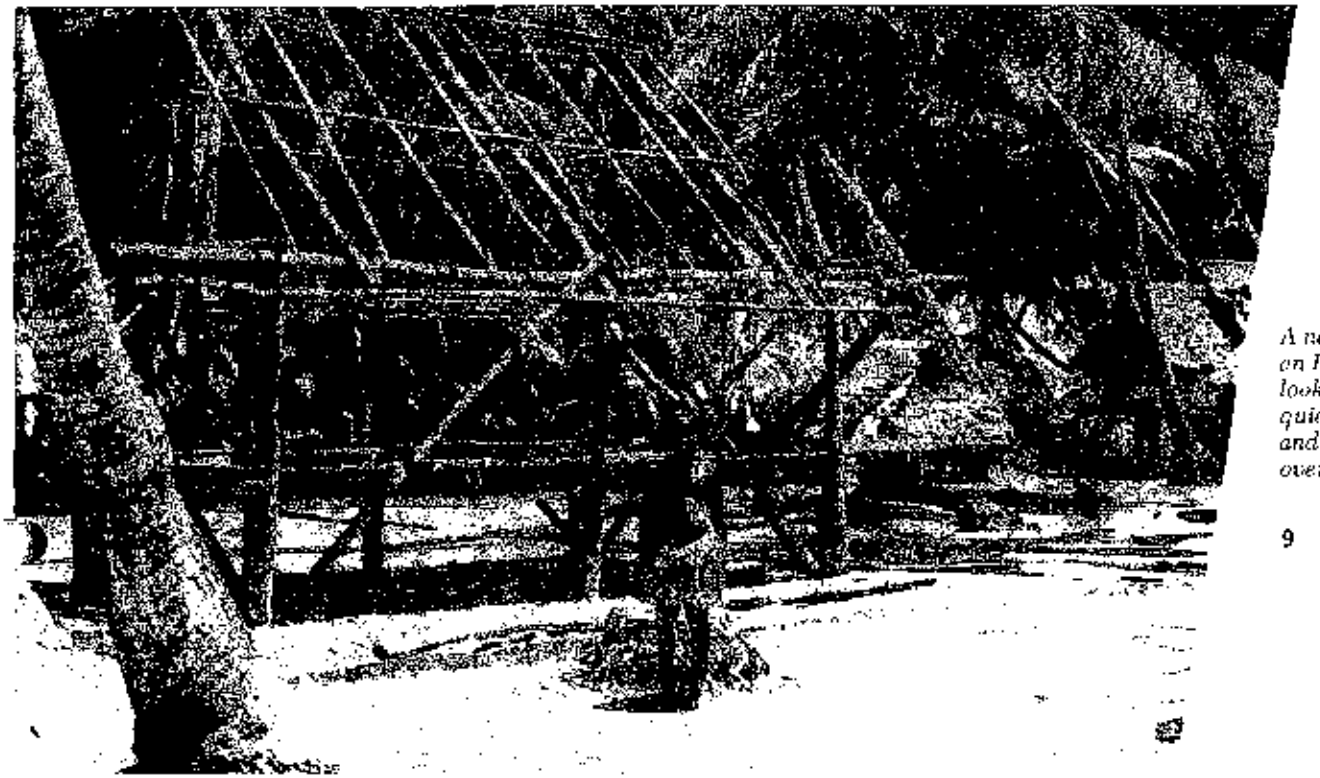


Tabiteuean laborers return from the Line Islands loaded with choice Tabiteuan goods they have bought with their wages. Friends and relatives come by the hundreds from all over Tabiteuea to greet them, and perhaps size up their purchases with a view to doing some active bubuti *(begging) later, which relatives cannot refuse. The landing was between Eita village and the Government Station.*

It was a short run south to Tabiteuea, a coral atoll with a volcanic population. Largest of the Gilberts, it is 30 miles long and a doubtful fourth of a mile at its widest. The length is broken into a slightly hook-shaped chain of 60 islets. That number multiplies in stormy weather when the Pacific on the weather side thrusts waves and spits spume over the land, fighting to make a permanent passage for itself across any shallow, narrow strip. An 18-foot wave, it is said, would be sufficient to sweep away the whole of the Gilbert and Ellice population.

The northernmost islet is the largest. A native described its length as "an hour's fast bicycle ride with no stops for smokes." Off this islet, opposite Utiroa village, ships anchor some five miles out. Descriptions of this anchorage, though extremely critical, are amazingly restrained. I dare say, however, the brown stains in old journals are probably neither from foxing nor from tobacco juice but from the smoldering emotion with which the navigator pens his account.

Ship-to-shore travel is by outrigger canoe or Coöperative Society motor launch. The boat tosses and plunges in the purple waves outside the reef, then skims the coral heads which shimmer like oversized brown mushrooms in the lavender and green water, and finally grazes the sandy bottom. This is the signal to get out and walk toward the shore with its characteristic wall



A new house for an Eita villager looks like a quick lash-up—and no headache over cost-plus.



It was easy to collect a crowd of Utiroa urchins on the village road under the breadfruit trees. There is a typical native house in the right rear, coconuts everywhere, of course, and probably a crooked papaia tree in the scene.

One of my "adopted" mothers of Eita village brought me an ancient type of "favorite daughter" costume which only she knows how to make. She made it for me to wear at my nameday ceremony.

of coconut trees immediately behind a ribbon of white coral beach. In low tide it is a long walk. The natives pick up their feet and point them noiselessly and daintily into the water. The Europeans trudge and slosh slowly behind with clumsy, dragging feet and weary shins pushing a path through the water.

Within the hour, with my feet and skirt hem scarcely dry from the walk, I was precipitated into Tabiteuean tumult. The 4,000 people live in 17 villages which are split by ancient, inter-village rivalry and by intra-village differences among the pagans, Protestants, and Catholics. My cook and his wife, the laundress, were staunch London Missionary Society followers; my interpreter was the chief lay Catholic of the island; and the native magistrate was leader of the pagans and reputedly the outstanding magician. Alleviating the tension was the fact that the cook and the magistrate were from the same village, Eita, which is on the other side of the old No Man's Land, now occupied by the Government Station, which separates Eita from Utiroa. Being predominantly "LMS" and pagan, Eita has only a normal amount of internal conflict for Tabiteuea. It was the practice on certain matters for LMS followers and the pagans to form a moiety pitted against the Catholics.

This social fragmentation is intensified, not relieved, by each village's belonging to one of two older moieties dating from the time of conquest by invaders from another island. Three villages, claiming not to have been conquered, reject membership in both moieties, but in a pinch tend to side with one of them. Further, villages form friendship bonds with certain others, one being spoken of as the father, the others as sons.

The council house or *maneaba* found in each village has a massive thatched roof resting on coral monoliths and shading a mat-covered floor, as much as twenty fathoms in length. The people sit on the floor. Each family has an inherited position, and the positions are ranked. The privileges and duties associated with the high ranking places are jealously guarded and reinforced by ancient traditions.

Many a time I returned from a maneaba on the verge of shell shock from the noise and fury of the arguments over these privileges and duties. Men shout the length of the maneaba, following accepted protocol on the order in which they may speak; dogs bark, children cry, and the women cackle with shrill laughter or make ringing, impromptu remarks, stinging enough at times to make the speaker gulp and sit down. Formal recognition of women's rights will add little to the authority already exerted by women from the sidelines.

Unlike Abemama Island with its dictatorial king made famous by Stevenson, Tabiteuea has



no chiefs. The name means Taboo-the-chief. *Tabi* is the euphonic form of *tabu; te uea* means the chief. Each village has instead a variable number of mature and honored men, the *Unimane* ("Old Men"), who wield authority. "An Unimane," one native told me, "is a man who always has something ready in his hand to give when the maneaba calls for it." That means industry, thriftiness, many relatives, and that personal quality of presence without which the other virtues decrease in importance. Superimposed on the old native government is the colonial, appointed hierarchy of magistrate, scribe, and other officials as well as the elected village representatives to the monthly court. Some of these men are also Unimane.

During my first week, the Eita Unimane asked to adopt me, with appropriate ceremonies in their maneaba, as their favorite daughter and to give me the name of Nei Marewen-Eita, meaning, literally, Lady Top-of-the-coconut-tree of-Eita, or poetically, Lady Top-of-the-hopes-of-Eita. For once, the maneaba, though filled with several hundred people from several villages, was silent as the brief, two-piece skirt of dried pandanus strips and other elements of the favorite-daughter costume were placed on me and one of my new fathers walked slowly to the center of the floor and called to the spirits of the four directions to witness my adoption. Eita was motivated by the desire to use me as a prestige symbol in its struggle —such was the ambition of every village—to be the leader of the 17 communities. The adoption proved, I hope, mutually satisfying. Later I had an interpreter from my village. Eita loyalty and strong sense of duty toward me became one of my most cherished psychological supports.

I had intended to concentrate my work on one village. Of course, Eita would have been ideal. But my plans had to be changed, for at the end of my first month the district officer arrived on a rare visit. Leaving the populous north free for his work, I went to south Tabiteuea for a month. It was a tedious, ten-hour journey on the launch which towed a heavy whale boat and an outrigger canoe. Who all the hitchhikers riding at my expense were I never learned.

Weeks later on the journey north I made sure that we did not transport any uninvited guests. Consequently, we made better time even though we had a long rest at Bangai village. The view across the interior lagoon at Bangai was, to me, the prettiest scene in a landscape which often appears tediously monotonous and ugly.

How beautiful, however, is the brief catalog of the elements of the Tabiteuean landscape! Ocean, sky, coral, coconut, and pandanus. But let us examine one, the coconut. It is usually a grotesquely distorted tree in Tabiteuea with a murky



This elderly Eita "relative" is plaiting a coarse work skirt of coconut leaves to wear when she works in the babai pits. Men also wear such skirts in the pits or when fishing.



These Eita "relatives" dressed up for their picture with flowers and their best lavalavas.

green top where many yellow fronds and dead brown branches droop ready to fall with a nut or two upon one's head. Sometimes after a day spent struggling with a foreign language and hearing English only in the limited, cultural context of island life, I would sit on the furthermost extension of the wooden pier at the station and look at the heavy, dark blue, evening clouds massed after sunset low on the horizon in a semicircle about me. The sense of limitless ocean and the friendly twinkle of the first evening stars would bring a measure of perspective to a field life in which there is no real relaxation except in sleep.

Sparsely populated south Tabiteuea, with its numerous islets, is more primitive than the north. One southern Unimane said, "People up north say we are backward, but we have seen airplanes, and now we have seen a white woman."

Dangerous Nautilus Shoal, where whalers and other voyagers have been wrecked, discourages anchoring off south Tabiteuea. In the early days, crewmen who survived the wreck did not long survive the cannibals ashore. But on my visit, I found the southerners gentler, softer spoken, and more uncalculatingly friendly than the sophisticated north embittered by unhappy contact with alien ships and the fighting among its own people.

My first evening in the south I was called to the maneaba to meet my relatives. So I was told. In the maneaba, lighted only by fires flickering outside the coral monoliths, were about fifty strangers, men, women, and children, who looked at me with such loving affection and open-hearted welcome that the caution and reserve which the competitive rivalry of the northern villages had created in me melted before they spoke a word. These Tabiteueans were not relatives from Eita, but fellow "Americans." They came, they said, from Amerika, a village of the south. They apologized for not having met the *Kiakia*. They added that they had only just heard that I was an American, and they had come at once and asked to see me even though it was late at night.

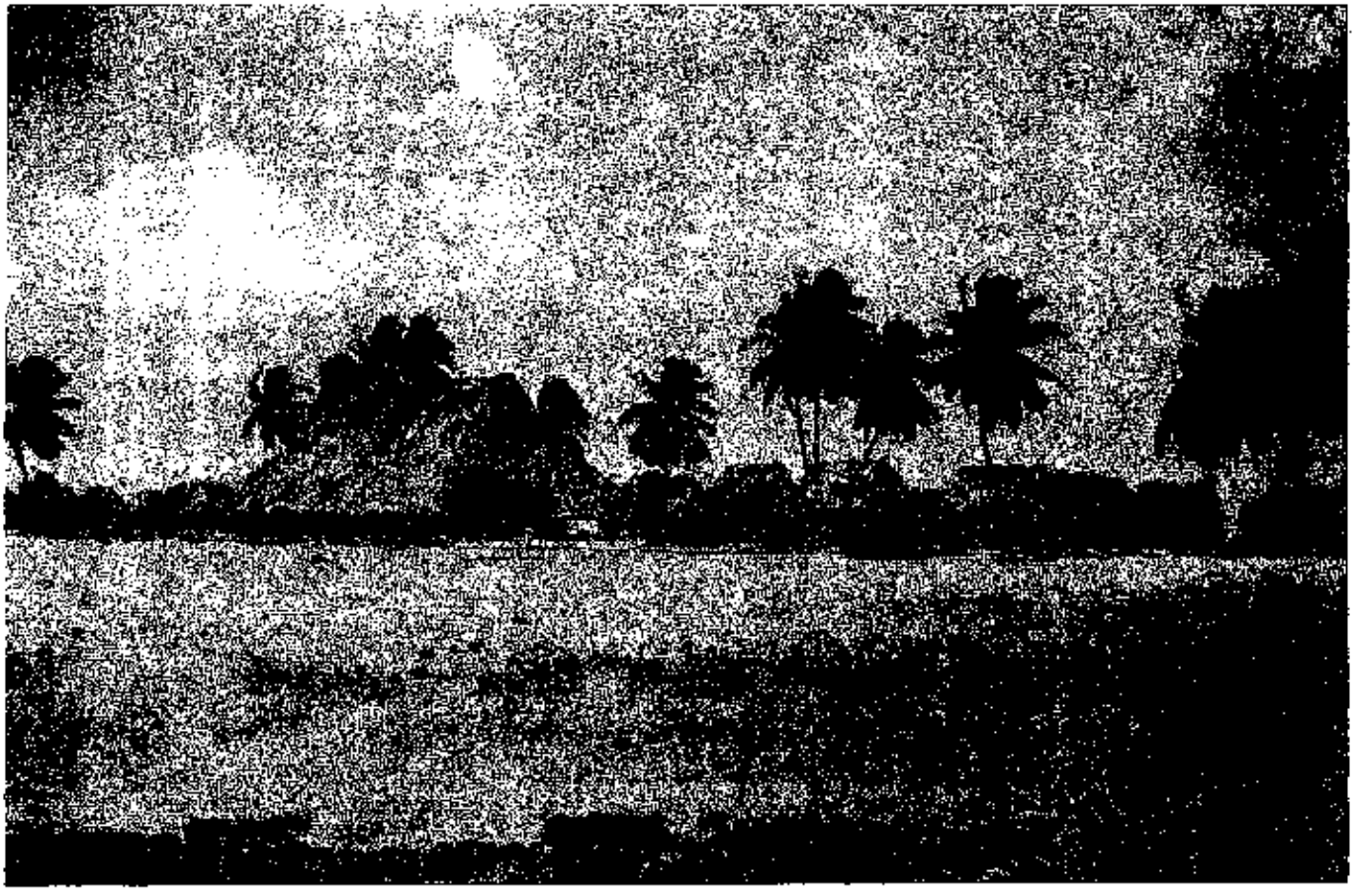
They told their story. Had I known it before I came to Tabiteuea I should have gone like a homing pigeon and done all my work in their village.

In 1944, during the war, a disabled ship out of



Two men of Nikutoro village, south Tabiteuea, work at "feeding" the babai plant, several of which are planted in the same way in a great, deep pit, and represent an important part of native wealth. Roots of the plant are in brackish water and "fed" compost—there is no nourishment in the coral soil of an atoll.

Pearl Harbor, a 90-footer, with 16 men aboard, beached on Nautilus Shoal after 31 days of drifting. Some of the men went ashore for help, as, in the past, other shipwrecked sailors had. How different was their welcome! The village Te Wai took the men in, assigning each to a family. Other villages, jealous of the prestige Te Wai was winning, tried to steal the men's affections and to spread calumny about Te Wai. It was in vain.



The view across the inner lagoon Baugai village, outh Tabiteuea, is one of the oveliest, I think, l the island.

For 34 days, Joe, and Jim, and Jack, and, "Don't forget Chico, Oh, that Chico," and the other twelve men whose first names are chanted now as in a litany, ate the fish, pandanus, coconut, and coarse taro which represent, except for a rare treat of pork, almost all the limited diet of Tabiteuea. The visitors were given the best. None realized perhaps from the kindly generosity that the island had sieges of drought and starvation. In honor of the boys, the village name was changed to Amerika. Each year now, on the date that the men arrived and on the date they reluctantly left, the 98 people of Amerika gather in the maneaba, wearing what pieces of European clothing they possess, laying out what canned food they can get, and eating with whatever cutlery they own. On those days, they eat and dress, they say, "American-style to honor the men because when they were with us they ate and dressed like us." On those two days, they give speeches retelling the great story and wondering how the men are now.

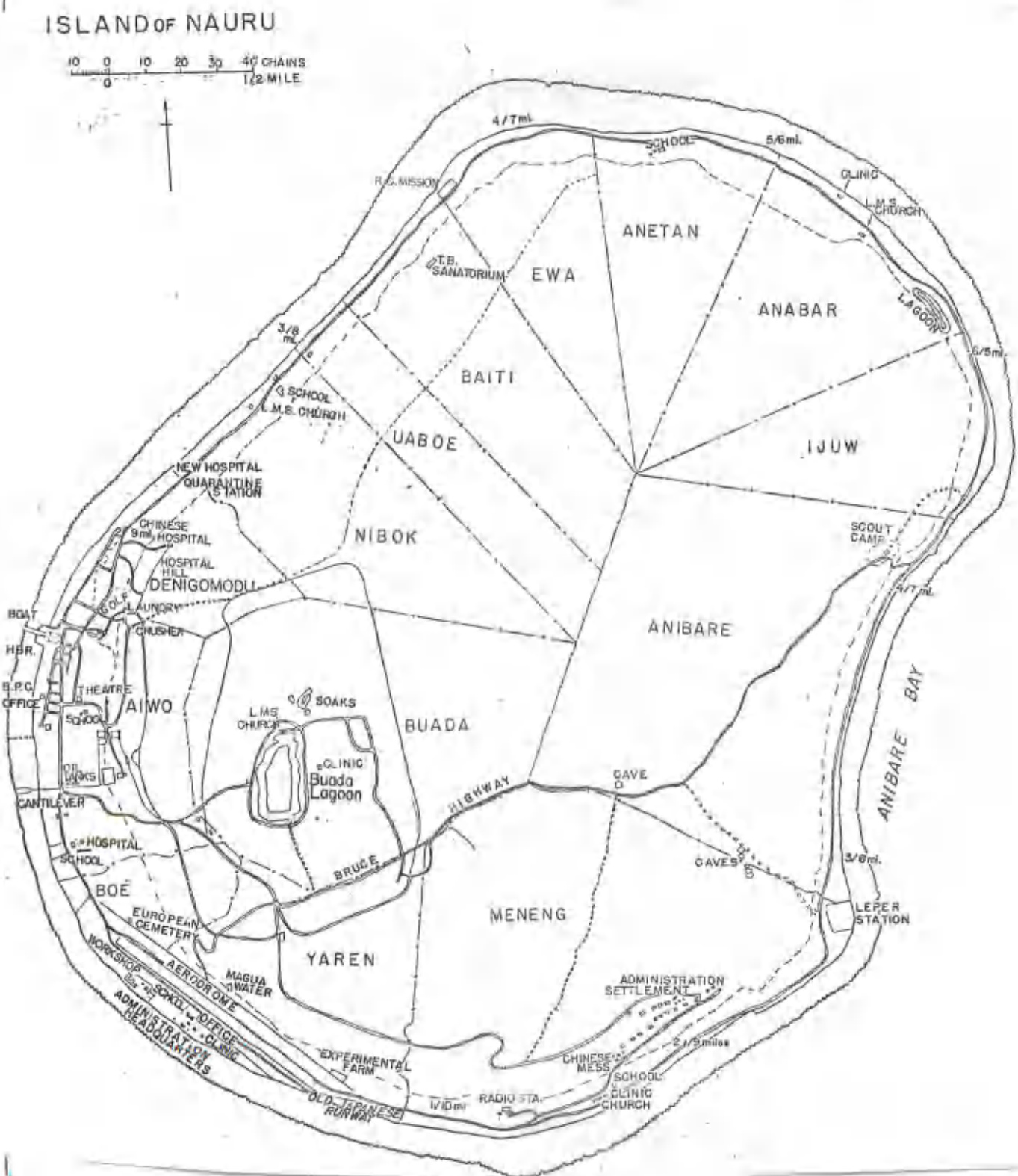
You can guess with what reluctance and heartburning I refused Amerika's invitation to spend the rest of my time with them and live in a little house near the maneaba. But I felt I should return to my northern headquarters, for now, with my short time already broken, the best plan of work seemed to be to spend my time getting a smattering about the ethnography of all the villages than to concentrate on one.

By early December the season of strong, westerly winds and fitful rain was well under way. People continued to rise at dawn to gather and preserve pandanus and to work in the large pits where *babai*, a coarse taro-like tuber, draws its life from the brackish water; from the compost of coconut-log rot, pandanus leaf trash, and dried, shredded weeds; and, most important, from the ritual application of the compost with secret, magical chants. The most faithful Christian believes that babai will not grow without secret magical treatment in this barren island which has neither soil nor fresh water.

The westerly season reached a climax on December sixth when at midnight in a violent storm the posts supporting my roof on the west side gave way and the roof moved several feet toward the east before it slid toward the floor, stopping miraculously a half palm's height from my head. I moved to a little native hut near-by, and three weeks later celebrated Christmas with my Eita relatives and a number of people from other villages who gathered at Tauma village for an informal singing meet. As the low, individual tables like breakfast trays were set out with cloth and little bouquets for the Unimane, who always ate first, the Eita chorus, the best in the island, sang. I ate when the Unimane did. Full realization of the honor swept over me that day, especially when the Eita chorus turned to us and sang its beautiful song of honor to the Unimane which my new interpreter had once composed.

Two or three days later, the *Kiakia* arrived to take me to Tarawa and Ocean Island so that I would reach the Pacific Science Congress in plenty of time. It was meeting in February in several New Zealand cities. A freighter was scheduled to leave Nauru for New Zealand, so after an overnight stay at Ocean Island, an Australia-bound phosphate ship dropped me off at Nauru. There, after a few days, the New Zealand-bound freighter arrived, but was re-routed to Ocean Island and I with her. Bad weather set in, preventing the loading of phosphate. After an unexpected stay of over three weeks at Ocean, I finally reached the Congress at Christchurch two weeks late. Then after a short stay in Auckland, twenty-four hours in Noumea to see the South Pacific Commission headquarters, and a breakfast stop at Canton Island, I was back in Honolulu ten months from the time I had left for the middle of the earth.

END



Map of Nauru in 1947.

Documents 1948B

Reports on the administration of Nauru, from 1947 to 1968

Source: Reports of the Commonwealth Government of Australia, Canberra, covering the period 1 July 1947 to 1 January 1968, when Nauru became a republic.

B1. Report of 1948

1948.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

REPORT

TO

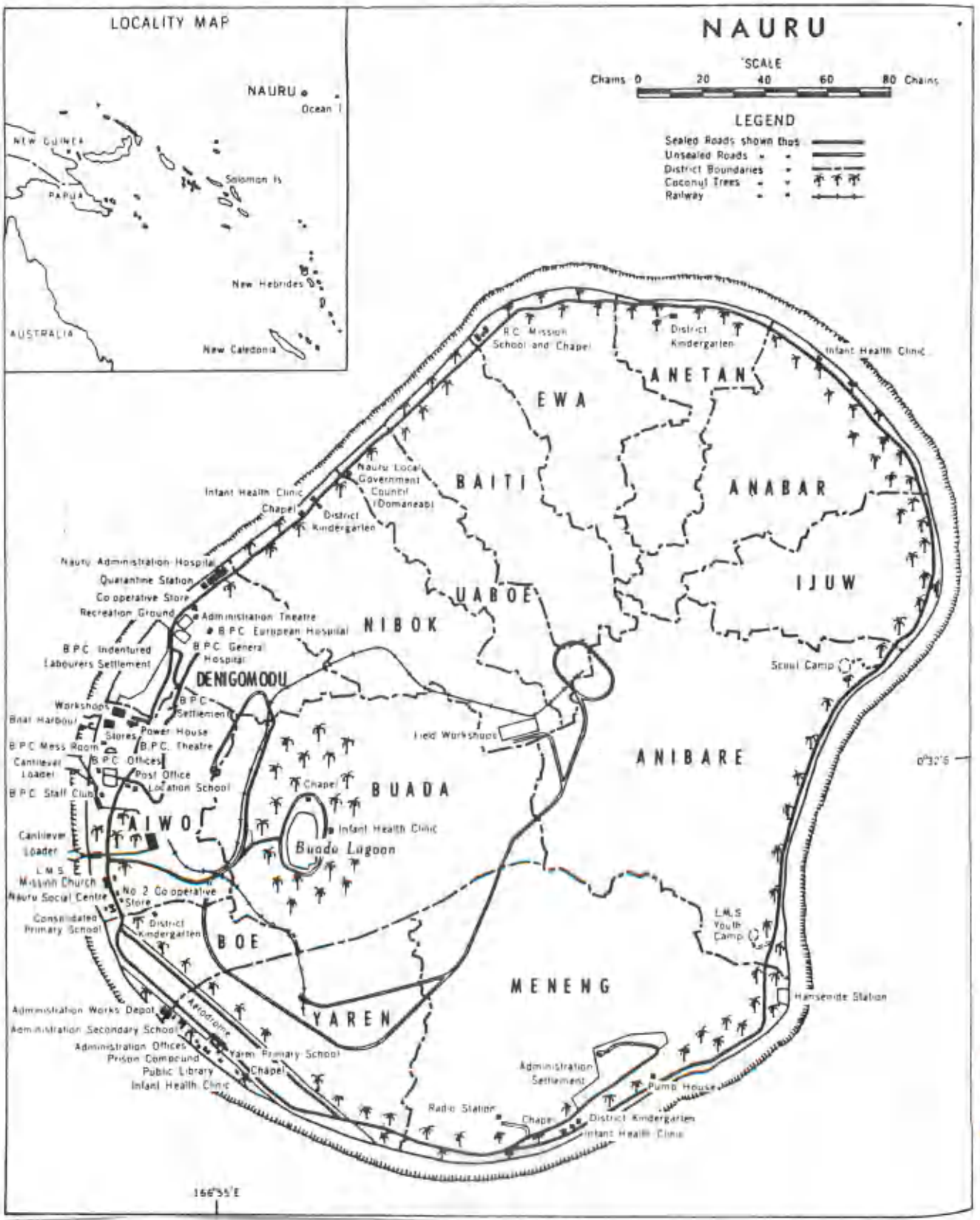
THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS

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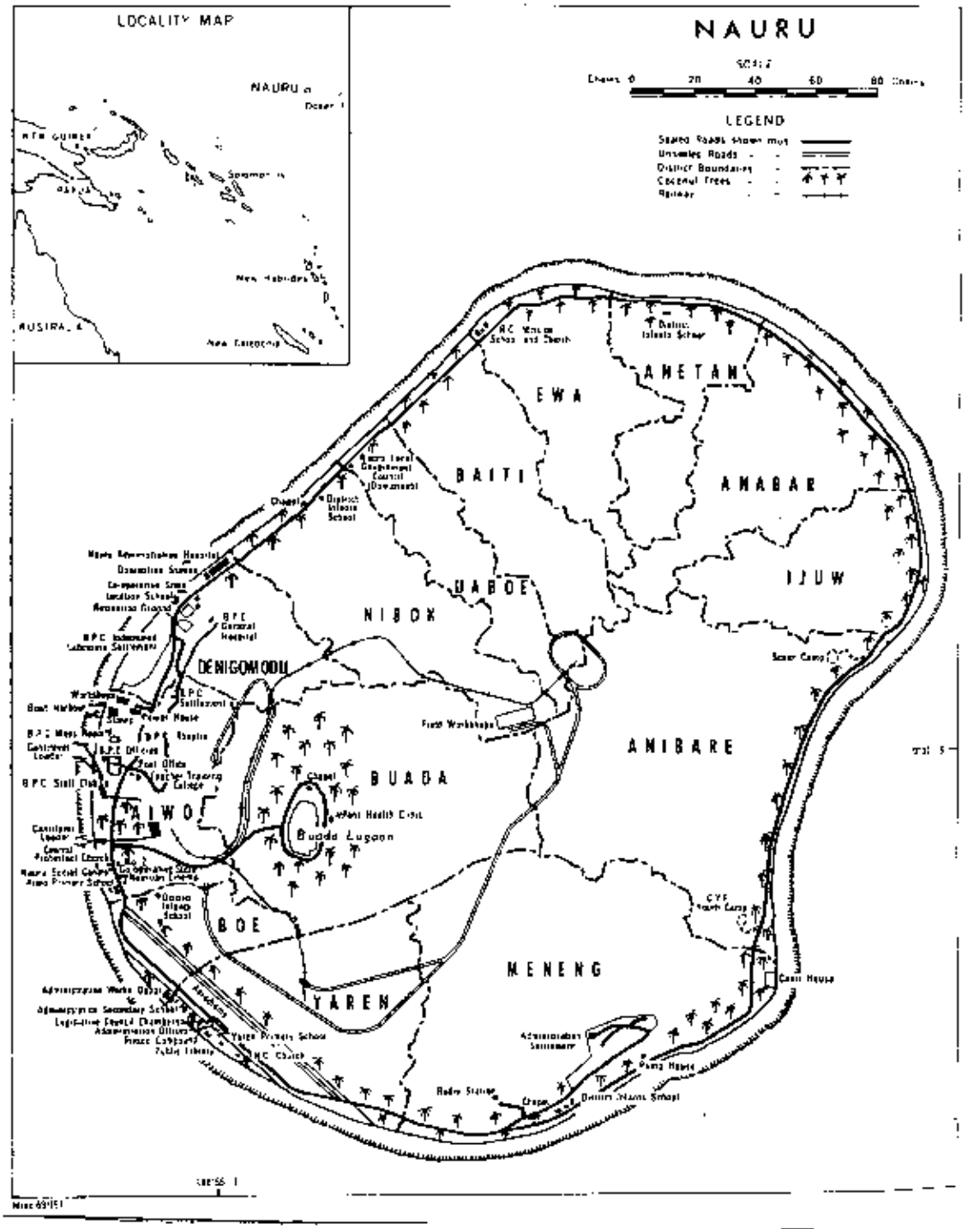
ADMINISTRATION OF THE TERRITORY OF NAURU

From 1st July, 1947, to 30th June, 1948.

(SUBMITTED IN CONFORMITY WITH ARTICLE 88 OF THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND ON THE BASIS OF THE PROVISIONAL QUESTIONNAIRE APPROVED BY THE TRUSTEESHIP COUNCIL ON 25th APRIL, 1947).



Map of Nauru in 1962.



Map of Nauru in 1967.

A.—BRIEF INTRODUCTORY DESCRIPTIVE SECTION.

General Geographic Description.

...

The island is divided for administrative purposes into fourteen districts (see map) each in charge of a chief, with a head chief presiding over the district chiefs. This subdivision dates from pre-European days when a form of district entities existed, although probably not as clearly defined as it is to-day. In the old days each small village had its own name, the head man (or woman) being someone of noble birth or one who had gained prestige by virtue of military prowess or by natural aptitude as a leader. These leaders gathered their adherents and established separate villages, creating spheres of influence either by conquest or by peaceful arraangement. The present district boundaries approximate to the "political" divisions obtaining at the time of the German annexation of the island in 1888.

The Nauruan population, living in the separate districts, are located mainly on the fertile (or coco-nut) belt of land between the beach and the coral cliff. There is also a village at Buada, the only isolated area on the plateau, which apart from this single instance has never been considered by the indigenous people as suitable for settlement. The distribution of the indigenous population is as follows:[1]

District.	1948	1955	1963
Anabar	65	97	106
Ijuw	37	40	51
Anibare	40	58	43
Menen(g)	176	254	378
Yar(r)en	151	177	299
Boe	226	297	270
Aiwo	119	166	275
Denigomodu	63	77	116
Nibok	73	91	211
Uaboe	146	187	188
Baiti	77	105	145
Ewa	52	66	107
Anetan	77	124	157
Buada	146	196	219
Total	**1,448**	**1,935**	**2,558**

The main European settlements containing 230 men, women and children are located in Denigomodu and Aiwo Districts whilst in the latter are also the Administrative Headquarters, and the industrial plant and port facilities of the British Phosphate Commissioners, in whom are vested the mining rights to the phosphate deposits. The

1 Ed. note: I have added later figures here for easier comparison.

British Phosplate Commissioners, Chinese community numbering 1,354 is located in Denigomodu, whilst the Administration's Chinese employees numbering sixteen are located in Aiwo District. The only other settlements of non-indigenous inhabitants are the Administration residential area, in Menen District, which is still in process of development and at present contains eleven Europeans, the Roman Catholic Mission (1 European) in Ewa District and the Protestant Mission (5 Europeans—2 adults and 3 children) in Aiwo District.

...

Ethnic composition of population.

The total population of the isalnd at 30th June, 1948, was 3,162 persons of whom 1,448 were Nauruans, 97 were Gilbertese, 247 were Europeans, and 1,370 were Chinese. The Nauruans represent a mixture of Micronesian, Melanesian and Polynesian types. Before pre-European days, Gilbertese Islanders occasionally found their way to Nauru and married into the local population and since the discovery of the island by Europeans, the admixture has been increased in a small way by alien contacts.

The European migrant communities are mainly of British stock; the Chinese are from Hong Kong and Canton whilst the Gilbertese, Micronesians, are from the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, some 300 miles east of Nauru.

Racial, linguistic, religious and social structure of the population.

...

There is no information available as to the first inhabitants of Nauru. The present people commonly known as the Nauruans represent a mixture of physssical types varying in pigmentation, in the character of the hair and the lips and in the shape of the eyes. There are no legends telling of immigrants from overseas and their origin myths according to Wedgwood[1] seem to indicate that they believed themselves to be autochtonous... The language of Nauru does not give any clue to the origin of the people. In its structure and in many of its words it does not appear to have any relationnship to Polynesian and it has certain characters distinguishing it from typical Melanesian tongues.

[The Nauruan language]

The Nauruans have developed into a bi-lingual people, the languages, both spoken and written, being English and the native tongue. English has been taught in the schools for 25 years and is understood fluently by all except the older Nauruans. Because of the familiarity of the indigenous people with English it has not been found necessary for Euopeans to learn the Nauruan language. Its arrangement of word order, i.e., grammar, bears no relationship to any other. What strikes the foreigner as extremely difficult is (a) the pronounciation (the vowels have a multiplicity of sounds as also have the consonants), (b) the inter-relation of words (the Nauruan language has, *inter alia*, few formative words but relies on flexional extension of derivatives to express values ac-

1 Camilla H. Wedgwood, "Report on Research Work on Nauru Island," *Oceania* 6:4 (June 1936).

cording to species, form, amount or number), (c) the limited vocabulary (the native tongue on its own cannot convey the diversified expressions required for a higher civilization, and when used by the natives they employ words borrowed from other languages), and (d) word order.

There is a tendency on the part of a number of more highly educated Nauruans to dispense with their own language as archaic and cumbersome, and to devote all energy to English. They stress the insularity of their native tongue and want to adopt a language in keeping with their broadening horizon. No definite move has yet been taken in this direction, and the Nauruan language is still used in the schools and also in administrative liaison with the native Council, in conjunction with English.

[Religion]

All Nauruans have adopted Christianity and are members of one or other branch of the Christian Church. Two missionary societies operate in the Territory, the London Missionary Society which is Protestant, and the Mission of the Sacred Heart, which is Roman Catholic. The coversion to Christianity dates back to 1887 when a missionary arrived in response to an invitation by the natives to help combat a wave of lawlessness that was undermining the people. They did assist in bringing order, and the appeal of the Christian way of life gained many adherents to the new faith, finally resulting in a total conversion. Little is known of the Nauruans ritualistic life in the pre-European days. That they did believe in spirits and gods is, however, common knowledge; even to this day, despite the advances that have been made, there are many Nauruans who have beliefs and fears in spirits.

In her account of the social structure of the Nauruans Wedgwood has given a great deal of information showing how social organization has been modified through culture contact... Wedgwood gives a comprehensive account of various aspects of native organization and life.

...

Historical survey.

...

1940.—In December, 1940, a German raider shelled the island damaging port and island installations after sinking five phosphate ships.

1941.—Evacuation of European women and children was effected.

Japanese planes bombed the island during December and the following months.

1942.—Evacuation of the majority of European and Chinese was effected in February, 1942.

On 28th August, 1942, Japanese forces occupied the island.

1943.- On 26th March, 1943, the Administrator of the island, Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Chalmers, C.M.G., S.S.O., and four European companions were murdered by the Japanese. Between June and August of the year 1,201 Nauruans were removed to Truk Atoll in the Caroline Group.

1945.—On 13th September, 1945, the Japanese forces, numbering 3,735 members of the Japanese 67th Naval Garrison, surrendered to Australian Imperial [sic] Forces, who re-occupied the island, which, after a short period of military control, came under civil jurisdiction on 1st November, 1945, under the present Administrator, Mr. M. Ridgway.

During the Japanese occupation most of the industrial plant and buildings and all of the houses were destroyed.

The Nauruan population, which stood at 1,848 at the time of the invasion, was reduced by malnutrition, starvation, disease and war atrocities to 1,278 when the Australians returned. They were an enslaved people and all their political, social, economic and educational advances had come to a stop. The re-establishment of the pre-war *status quo* was commenced immediately after the re-occupation, and this rehabilitation has been carried on since that date.

1946.—The shipment of phosphate, which had stopped during the war years, was resumed on 30th July, 1946.

1947.—On 1st November, 1947, the General Assembly of the United Nations, acting in pursuance of Article 85 of the Charter, approved the terms of a Trusteeship Agreement submitted by the Governments of Australia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom to provide for the future administration and supervision of the Territory of Nauru under the United Nations InternationalTrusteeship System.

The Administrator of Nauru attended the meetings of the General Assembly and Trusteeship Council of the United Nations in New York at which this agreement was considered.

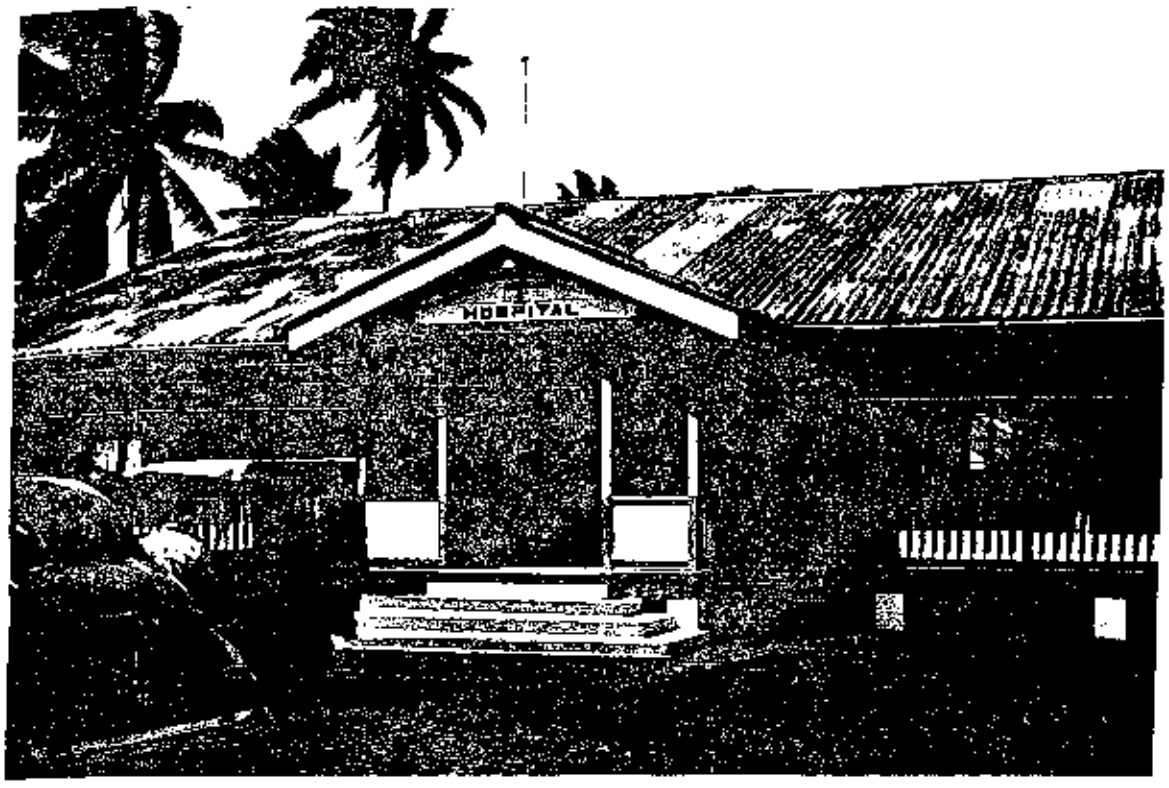
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A Nauruan Wolf Cub Pack.
1948



Nauruan Chiefs. Head Chief Detudamo is at the left.
1948



Nauru Hospital.
1948



First houses under construction (Aiwo District) under the Nauruan Housing Schema.
1948

B2. Report of 1949—Excerpts regarding the Chinese mutiny

...

The observations, conclusions and recommendations of the Trusteeship Council and the General Assembly arising out of the examination of the Annual Report for 1947-1948, have been noted and are receiving the consideration of the Administering Authority... The following information is furnished to supplement material contained in the Report:—

(1) General.--In section 20 of the Report particulars are given concerning the enquiries that were made regarding the disturbance that occurred amongst Chinese workers on 7th June, 1948, during which four Chinese workers lost their lives. The following further information is furnished in response to the request of the Trusteeship Council:—

1. **Introductory.**

Because the supply of indigenous labour at Nauru is inadequate for the requirements of the phosphate inddustry, the British Phosphate Commissioners find it necessary to engage labour elsewhere and arrange special transport to bring such labour to Nauru. Since 1934 the greater part of the labour force has been Chinese, including a proportion of skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, and at the time of the disturbance Chinese outnumbered all other elements of the community. The Chinese workmen are engaged in Hong Kong by the local agents of the British Phosphate Commissioners, and in recent years most of the labour has been drawn from the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, with occasional small numbers from Chinese territory. The terms of the agreement are explained fully to labourers by Government officials at the time of engagement, on several other occasions prior to embarkation, and once more at the time agreements are signed at Nauru.

Agreements for Chinese labourers, which were formerly for a period of two years, have since 1948 been reduced to a period of twelve months. As special sea transport has to be arranged to bring the labour from Hong Kong, and it is not possible to arrange for the ship to arrive at Nauru on the exact date of expiry of agreements, there is always some slight variation in the period of service at the island. The British Phosphate Commissioners provide free passage to and from Hong Kong for Chinese labour, and, in addition, pay travelling expenses in respect of the journey between labourers' homes and Hong Kong. Agreemtns contain a clause giving employees the right to terminate employment of workmen who prove unsatisfactory by giving them two months' notice (three months in the case of tradesmen); if the employee is required to leave Nauru before the expiration of notice time, he receives pay for the whole of such notice time.

Chinese employees of the British Phosphate Commissioners at Nauru are housed in a special settlement, and are under the general supervision of the Commissioners' Labour Inspector and his assistant. Two Chinese interpreters are employed by the Commissioners and as independent Chinese interpreter is employed by the administration. Chinese elect a Community Committee, which organizes the social activities of the Chinese community, and which has certain funds collected from the community at its disposal. At the time of the disturbance in June, 1948, the two interpreters employed by the Phosphate Commissioners were President and Treasurer of this committee.

2. Events leading up to and culminating in the Riot of 7th June, 1948.

On 21st May, 1948, S.S. **Helikon** sailed from Hong Kong with 437 Chinese labourers for Nauru, and a smaller number for Ocean Island. Chinese to be returned to Hong Kong by this ship comprised 166 men, whose agreements expired in June, 1948, and 52 men whose agreements were being terminated for unsatisfactory service. Many of the latter had proved to be troublesome and of undesirable type, using threats of force against their fellows. At the request of the Labour Inspector, these 52 were not given notice in advance; 16 of them were notified of termination of their agreements on 5th June, the morning the **Helikon** was expected at Nauru, and the other 36 were informed the previous day. All received pay in lieu of notice.

Chinese due to embark on the **Helikon** were instructed to report for final pay at 1 p.m. on Saturday, 5th June. They did so. In addition to officers of the British Phosphate Commissioners concerned in paying the Chinese, the Administrator, in accordance with his usual custom, was in attendance. The assembly of the Chinese was generally orderly, but became noisy later. A Chinese spokesman enquired whether payment would be made until 5th June, the expected date of embarkation, or 22nd June, the anniversary of their arrival at Nauru. After consultation with the Phosphate Commissioners' accountant, the Administrator informed the Chinese that wages had been made up to 22nd June. This pleased the majority of the Chinese, who immediately formed up for their pay. Another Chinese spokesman then requested pay until the end of June, but was informed by the Administrator that their agreements expired on 22nd June. There was then some noise and shouting, and all the labourers departed, some with obvious reluctance.

A notice was subsequently posted fixing the time for pay as 7 p.m. that evening. S.S. **Helikon**, which had been expected at 9 a.m., arrived at 3 p.m., and the newly-arrived labourers were disembarked and sent to the Quarantine Station. The delay in the arrival of the ship was unfortunate, as it gave the deportees time to organize trouble among the Chinese. Baggage of Chinese returning to Hong Kong by this ship was taken to a Marine Store ready for loading. During the afternoon Chinese held a meeting in their recreation room, which was addressed by various spokesmen, but which was quite orderly.

No Chinese reported for pay at 7 p.m.. About 8 p.m. Chinese employed handling cargo refused to load the baggage and stated that they had been warned not to do so. A number of Chinese with improvised arms were present at the time, but beyond noise, the assembly was orderly. As the Chinese refused to handle the baggage, no attempt to move it was made by officers of the British Phosphate Commissioners.

A little later a Chinese messenger employed by the British Phosphate Commisioners was severely assaulted and beaten by some of the deportees. During the evening notices were posted in the Chinese settlement threatening the two Chinese interpreters, who, together with two Chinese friends, went into hiding, first informing the Labour Inspector of the threats, and stating that some of the Chinese whose agreement had been terminated had asked them to hand over the Chinese community funds. The Labour Inspector removed the wife and family of the senior Interpreter to his home. After discussions between the Administrator and the Commissioners' Nauru Manager, it was agreed to make payment to the Chinese to the end of June, although not legally due, in order to avoid delay to the ship. The Director of Police and Administration Interpretor entered the Chinese settlement to advise Chinese of this. Chinese refused to listen and a bottle was thrown at the Director of Police as he left. Later a notice was posted informing

Chinese of the revised pay arrangements and fixing time for pay at 10 a.m. the following day, and it was read to Chinese in the vicinity at the time by the Administration Interpreter.

No Chinese reported for pay at 10 a.m. on the morning of 6th June, but shortly afterwards a request was received for a meeting with a Chinese deputation. This was agreed to and a deputation, accompanied by some 100 supporters, was received by the Administrator with the Manager, Assistant Manager and Labour Inspector of the British Phosphate Commissioners. The Administration Chinese Interpreter acted at this interview. Chinese spokesmen alleged graft on the part of the Phosphate Commissioners' Chinese Interpreters in the conduct of social activities in the Chinese community, and also accused them of misappropriating Chinese community funds. They also claimed that the Hong Kong agents of the British Phosphate Commissioners delayed payment of remittances unduly, and withheld travelling expenses due to Chinese labourers on their return to Hong Kong. They requested payment of the latter at Nauru. The British Phosphate Commissioners' Manager pointed out that this was impossible as cost of fares and other items was not known at Nauru, but he undertook to see the Hong Kong agents' representative on the **Helikon** about prompt payment. The Administrator promised to ivestigate the charges against the Interpreters.

That afternoon the Manager took the Hong Kong agents' representative from the Helikon to the Chinese settlement to speak to the Chinese about their grievances, but they refused to meet him. As they persisted in their refusal, it ws decided to despatch the **Helikon** to Ocean [Banaba] Island, where she had to disemb ark and embark Chinese, and the vessel sailed at 5:30 p.m.

On the evening of 6th June the Administrator called a conference of senior officers of the Administration and the Phosphate Commissioners to discuss the situation. He then decided that the police would arrest Chinese responsible for threats and the assault on the messenger at 1:30 p.m. the following day. Extra native police were to be enrolled, but in view of the small number of native police available, it was decided to enroll certain Europeans as special constables and issue them with firearms. The native police carried side arms only. It was intended to use the Europeans as a reserve. The Labour Inspector and Government Interpreter were to proceed to the Chinese settlement and indicate the Chinese to be arrested, and native police would carry out the arrests.

On the morning of 7th June all Chinese employees reported for work as usual. During the morning it was learned by some means of the inteention to arrest certain troublemakers at 1:30 p.m. From about 10 a.m., runners were despatched to Chinese employed at various points, ordering them to cease work and return to the settlement. At the settlement Chinese were employed in improvising weapons, road blocks were erected, and notices were posted forbidding Europeans or natives to enter the area. The Labour Inspector was threatened by Chinese when supervising the midday meal at the Chinese messroom.

At midday, after learning that Chinese were arming with axes, knives, iron bars, spikes, etc., and believing them to be in possession of explosives stolen some time previously, the Administrator declaredf= a state of emergency. European and native police assembled at the Government police lines at 1 p.m. and proceeded by motor transport to the Chinese settlement. The Director of Police, with native police and the Labour Inspector entered the settlement to effect arrests; they met with severe resistance from a large number of Chinese, necessitating the immediate entry of the European special constables. Resistance ceased about 2:15 p.m. and the Chinese were assembled in the recreation area, where ringleaders were identified by the Labour Inspector and arrested by native police, who escorted them aboard motor vehicles, which took them to the gaol. During the disturbance in the settlement the newly-arrived labourers

broke out of the Quarantine Station and headed for the settlement. They were met by Administration officials and induced to return to the Quarantine Station. Casualties in the fighting in the settlement were: One Chinese killed, one died of wounds, fifteen injured. Forty-nine Chinese were arrested and taken to the gaol, where the guard consisted of one European, one regular native constable, and six native special constables. Two further Chinese died of bayonet wounds received at the gaol. Forty-seven Chinese were charged before the Nauru Central Court with rioting and were sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labour. Ten of these men were also convicted of extortion by threat and fined. In view of limited gaol accommodation, sentences of imprissonment were suspended upon deportation from Nauru.

Helikon returned to Nauru on the morning of 8th June. Chinese repatriates accepted their pay and embarked, the ship sailing for Hong Kong on the morning of the 10th.

...

Note: The administrative structure of government is shown in the Organization chart (see next page).

B3. Report of 1950—Summary and recommendations

53. Main events.

Sixty-nine of the projected 250 houses for the Nauruan Housing Scheme were completed during the year.

At the close of the period 10 Nauruans were receiving higher education at selected overseas institutions.

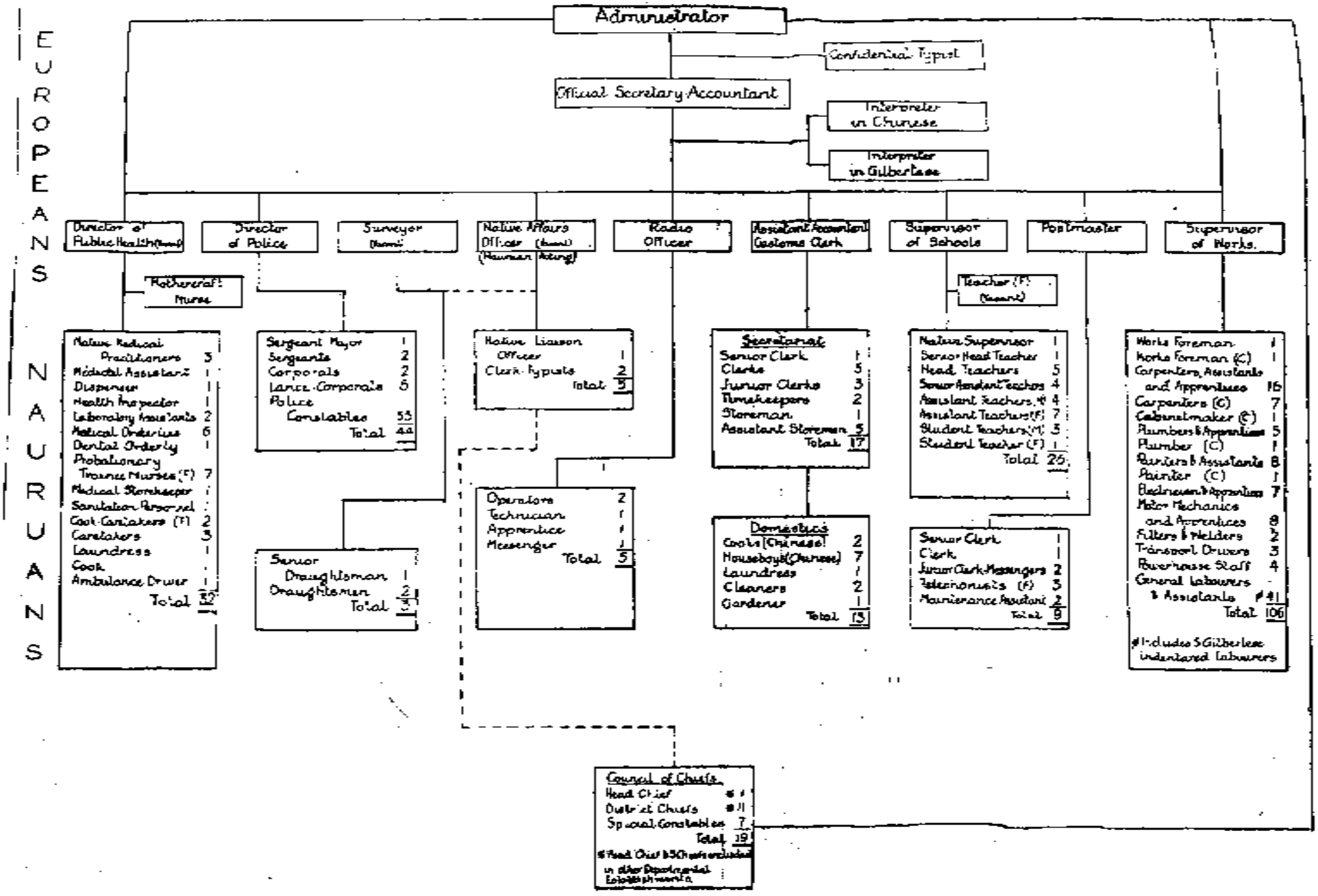
Phosphate exports during the year increased by 328,520 tons to 1,009,260 tons.

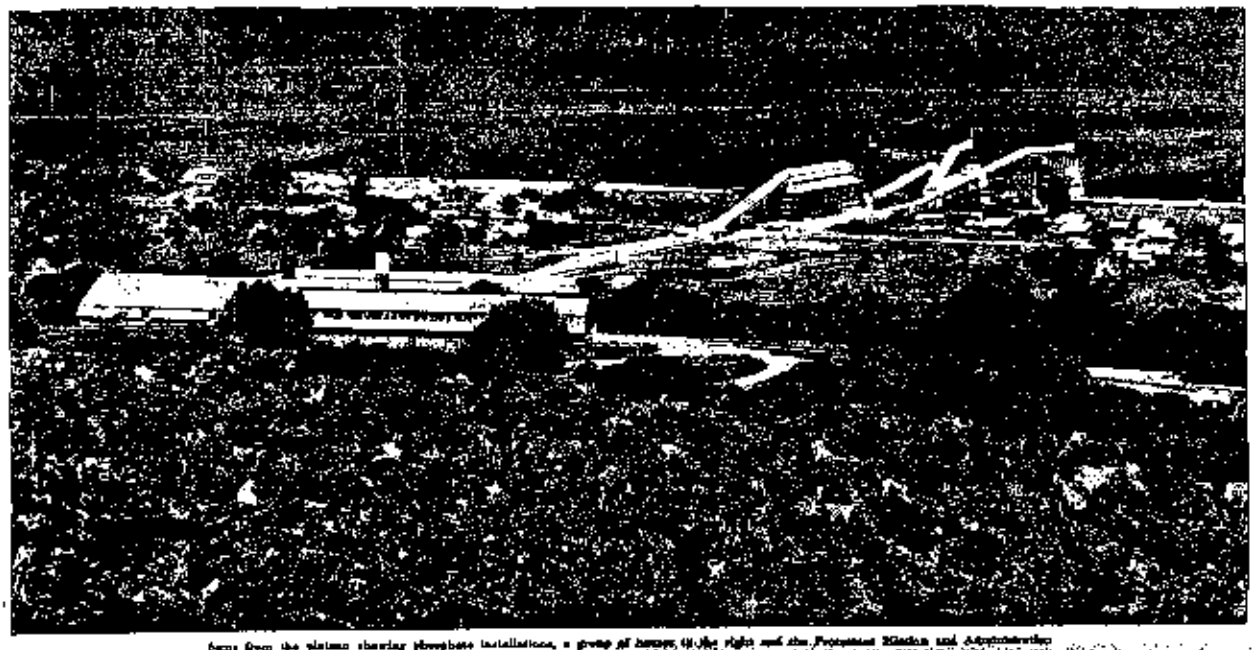
The export of small quantities of copra was resumed after a lapse of 16 years.

The construction of the Nauruan Domaneab or "People's Meeting Place" was completed and the building was officially opened in December, 1949.

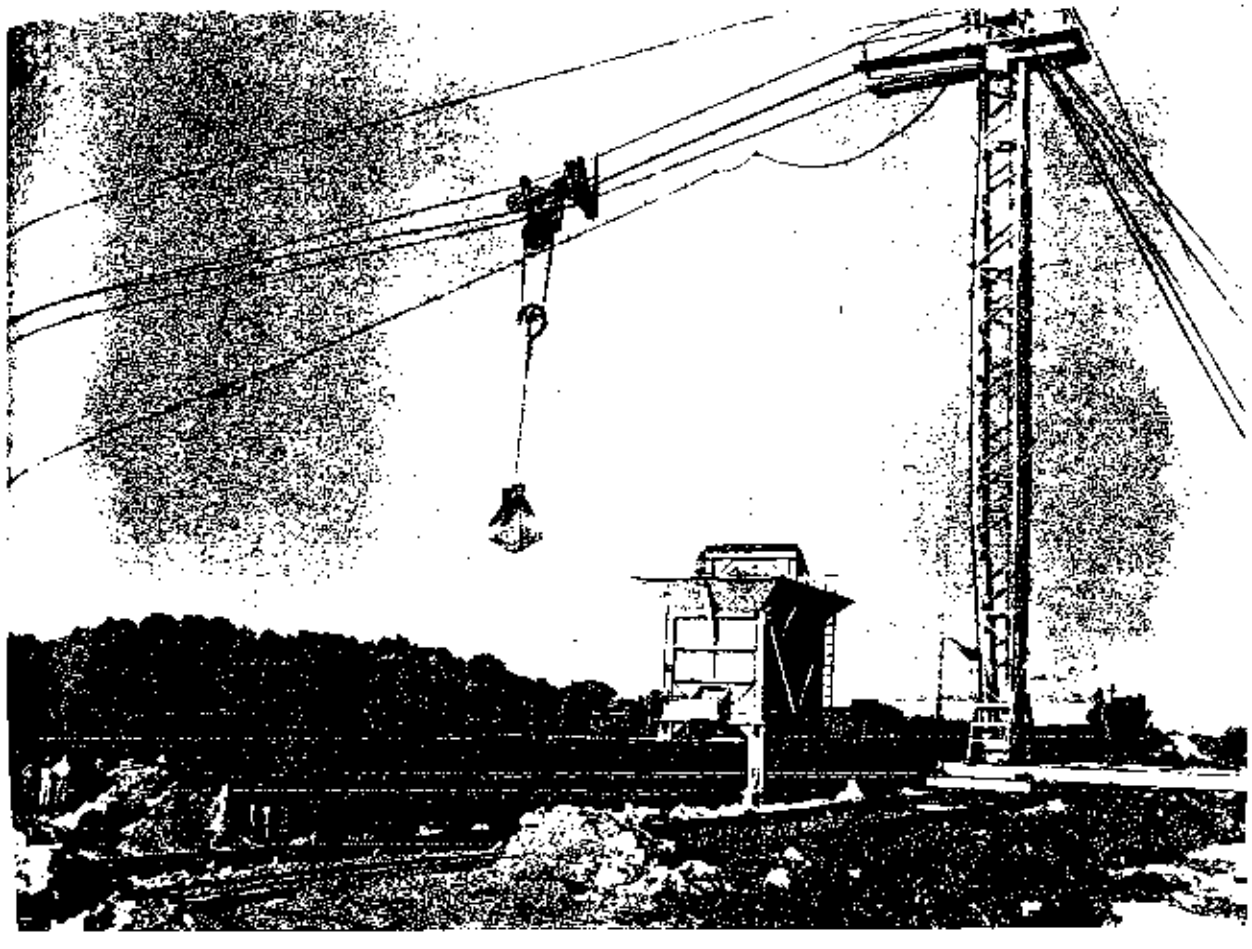
A Visiting Mission appointed by the Trusteeship Council visited Nauru from 5th to 9th May, 1950, in the course of its inspection of Trust Territories in the Pacific.

[There follow 10 photos taken at Nauru during the 1951-61 decade.]


EUROPEANS
NAURUANS
Administrator
Confidential Typist
Official Secretary Accountant
Interpreter in Chinese
Interpreter in Gilbertese
Director of Public Health (Hon)
Director of Police
Surveyor (Hon)
Native Affairs Officer (Hon) (Nauruan Acting)
Radio Officer
Assistant Accountant Customs Clerk
Supervisor of Schools
Postmaster
Supervisor of Works
Mothercraft Nurse
Teacher (F) (Vacant)
Native Medical Practitioners 3
Medical Assistant 1
Dispenser 1
Health Inspector 1
Laboratory Assistants 2
Medical Orderlies 6
Dental Orderly 1
Probationary Trained Nurses (F) 7
Medical Storekeeper 1
Sanitation Personnel 3
Cook-Caretakers (F) 2
Caretakers 3
Laundress 1
Cook 1
Ambulance Driver 1
Total 52
Sergeant Major 1
Sergeants 2
Corporals 2
Lance-Corporals 6
Police Constables 33
Total 44
Native Liaison Officer 1
Clerk-Typists 2
Total 3
Secretariat
Senior Clerk 1
Clerks 5
Junior Clerks 3
Timekeepers 2
Storeman 1
Assistant Storemen 5
Total 17
Native Supervisor 1
Senior Head Teacher 1
Head Teachers 5
Senior Assistant Teachers 4
Assistant Teachers (M) 4
Assistant Teachers (F) 7
Student Teachers (M) 3
Student Teacher (F) 1
Total 25
Works Foreman 1
Works Foreman (C) 1
Carpenters, Assistants and Apprentices 16
Carpenters (C) 7
Cabinetmaker (C) 1
Plumbers & Apprentices 5
Plumber (C) 1
Painters & Assistants 8
Painter (C) 1
Electricians & Apprentices 7
Motor Mechanics and Apprentices 8
Fitters & Welders 2
Transport Drivers 3
Powerhouse Staff 4
General Labourers & Assistants #41
Total 106
#Includes 5 Gilbertese indentured labourers
Senior Draughtsman 1
Draughtsmen 1
Total 2
Operators 2
Technician 1
Apprentice 1
Messenger 1
Total 5
Domestics
Cooks (Chinese) 2
Houseboys (Chinese) 7
Laundress 1
Cleaners 2
Gardener 1
Total 13
Senior Clerk 1
Clerk 1
Junior Clerk-Messengers 2
Telephonists (F) 3
Maintenance Assistant 2
Total 9
Council of Chiefs
Head Chief #1
District Chiefs #11
Special Constables 7
Total 19
#Head Chief & 5 Chiefs included in other Departmental Establishments

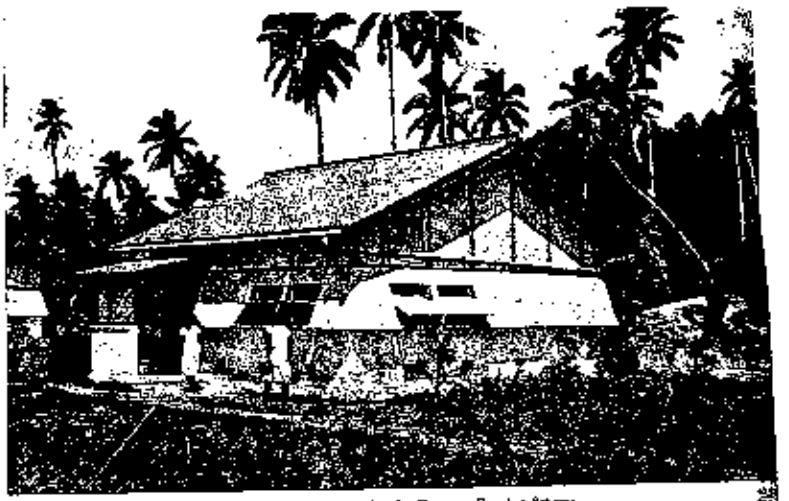


Seen from the plateau showing phosphate installations, a group of natives (1) to the right and the Protestant Mission and Administrative Hospital to the left. Good example of [illegible]



Phosphate being conveyed from workings by overhead cable to a hopper and into rail trucks.

1951



Type of house built under the Nauruan Housing Scheme.

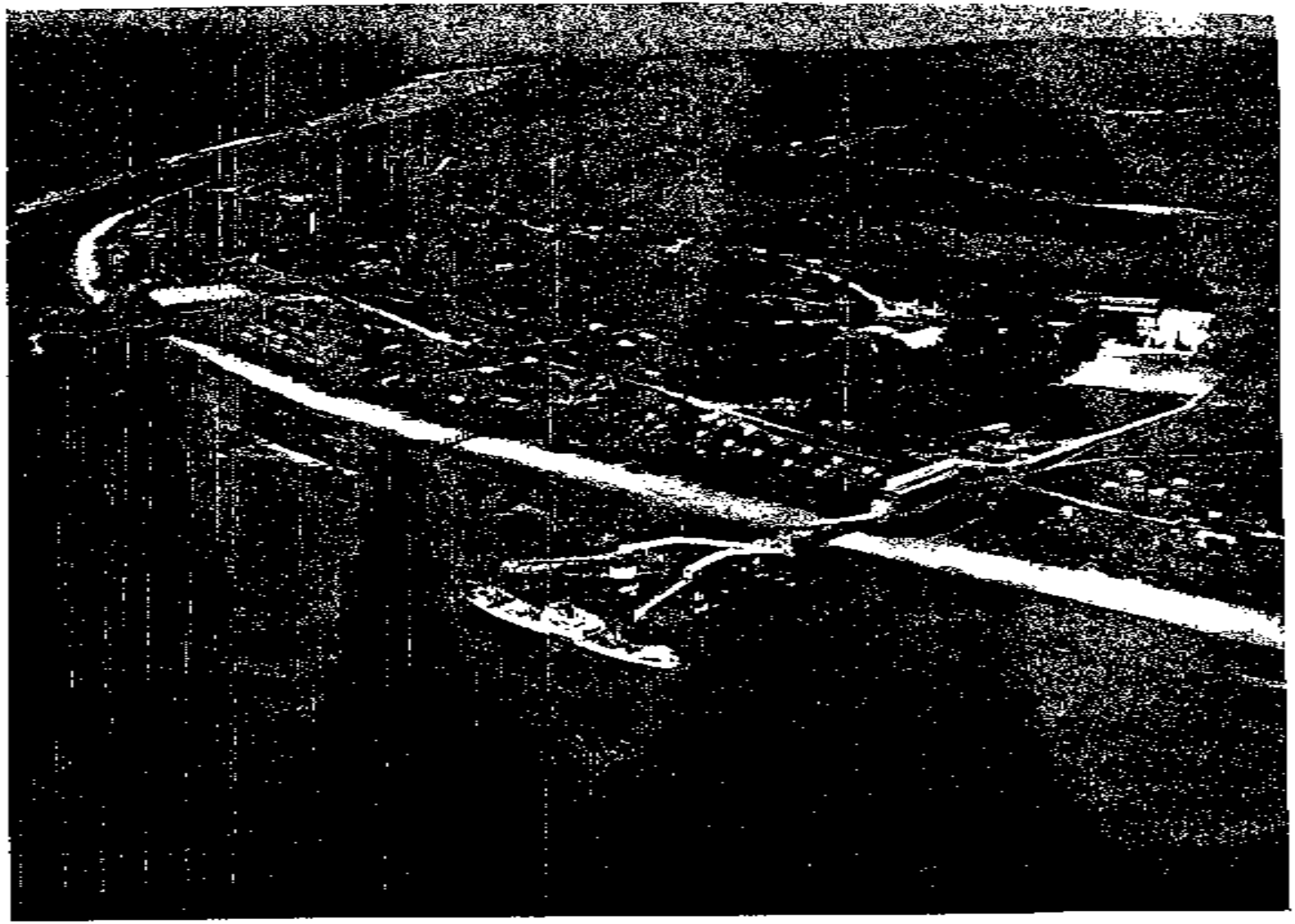
1957



A scene along the main road showing houses built under the Nauruan Housing Scheme.

1957

To face page 10.



Aerial view of the Island showing cantilever, boat harbour and British Phosphate Commissioners' settlement in Aiwo and Denigomodu Districts.

1951

Aerial view of the Island showing airstrip, cantilever, boat harbour and British Phosphate Commissioners' settlement.

1955

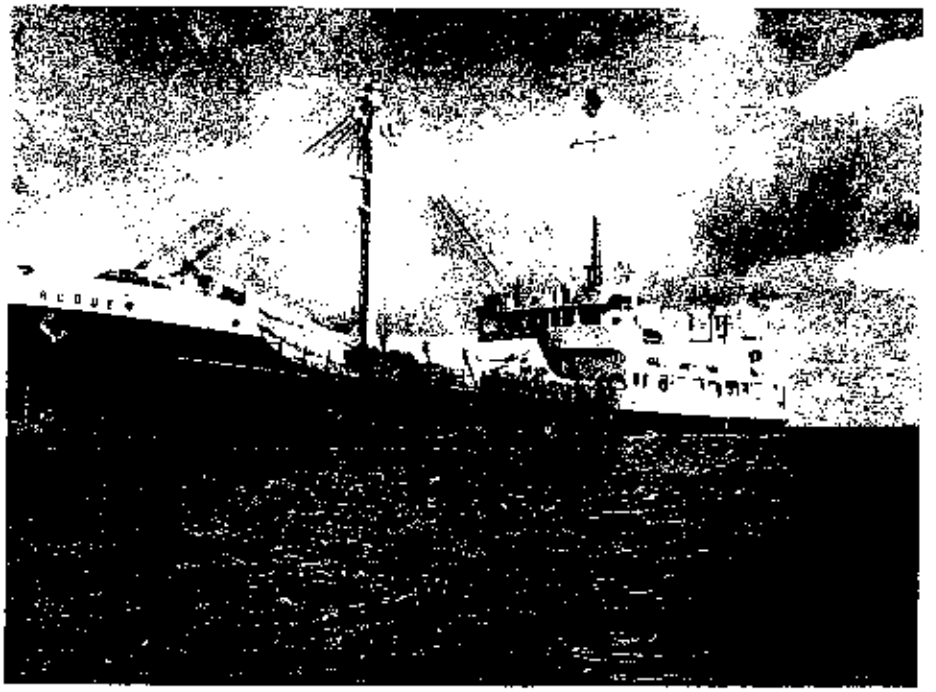


The Nauru Local Government Council. Standing (from left)—Crs. Agoko, V. Eaolo, E. Halstead, R. Degrogore and Jacob. Seated (from left)—Crs. J. Detsimea, H. de Roburt (Head Chief), His Honour the Administrator, R. S. Leydin, Esq., O.B.E., Crs. A. Bernicke (Secretary) and R. Gadabu (Treasurer).

1956

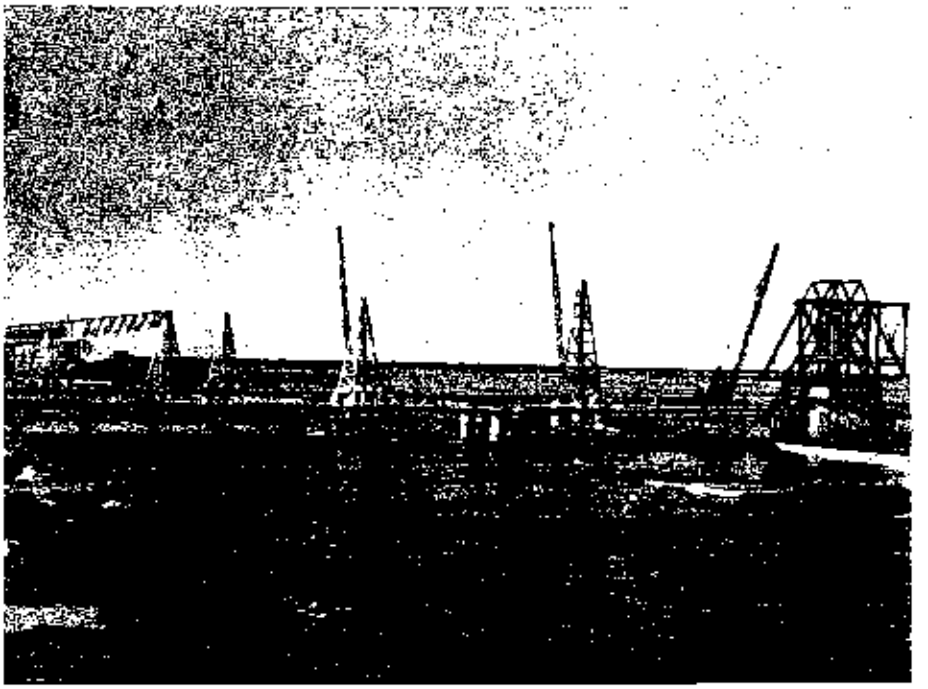


The 1959 United Nations Visiting Mission at Nauru.



M.V. Roque leaving Nauru for the Marshall and Caroline Islands on 11th May, 1959, with a party of 58 Nauruans aboard. After visiting relatives and friends in the group the Nauruans returned home by the same ship on 10th September, 1959.

1959



Construction work on the new Cantilever.



Nauru Co-operative Society Store.

1961



Interior of Nauru Co-operative Society Store.

B4. Report of 1963—Future of the Nauruans

In response to the proposal of the Australian, New Zealand and United Kingdom Governments made in October, 1960, that the Nauruan people be offered the choice of Australian, New Zealand or British citizenship and assistance to establish homes and to ensue employment in the metropolitan communities, the Nauru Local Government Council informed the Australian Government that the proposals did not commend themselves to the Nauruan people primarily because of the wish of the Nauruan community to maintain its own racial and social entity.

The Nauru Local Government Council proposed, in June 1962, the creation of a sovereign Nauruan nation governed by Nauruans in their own interests and related to Australia by a treaty of friendship.

After careful consideration of its original offer and the counter-proposal of the Nauru Local Government Council, the Australian Government decided that it was prepared to consider the re-settlement of the Nauruan community in Australia as a group if a satisfactory location could be found. It could not, however, see its way clear to transferring sovereignty of territory which is at present part of Australia.

The search for a suitable site for re-settlement continued and in September, 1962, the Head Chief and two Councillors from Nauru visited Hinchinbrook, Great Palm and Curtis Islands of the Queensland coast and also an area on the mainland of Queensland near Rockhampton. Subsequently the Nauru Local Government Council informed the Australian Government that Fraser Island, which had been inspected in the previous year, offered the best opportunities for re-settlemtnt. The Council asked that an expert survey be made of Fraser Island to assess the island's resources and potential for development. The survey disclosed that, while the island had some attractions—notably its forest areas, some natural lakes and an equitable climate—it had serious economic handicaps, the more important being the poverty of soil and difficulties of communication. The conclusion was reached that the island did not offer sound economic prospects sufficient to support the Nauruan people.

In November, 1962, the Australian Government appointed a special officer in the Department of Territories to work full-time as Director of Nauruan Re-settlement.

An investigation of Curtis Island was made by the Director of Nauruan Re-settlement and, as a result, a further inspection was made by the Administrator and the Head Chief in February, 1963. At the request of the Head Chief, the Australian Government arranged for the Naauruan Re-settlement Committee to inspect Curtis Island during the same month. The Committee also visited Fraser Island.

The re-settlement Committee reported to the Nauru Local Government Council that either Fraser or Curtis iIsland was considered suitable for re-settlement and the Council was considering the matter at the end of the year under review.

At the end of the year under review, arrangements were being made for the Director of Nauruan Re-settlement to visit Nauru to furnish the Nauruan people with full details of Curtis Island, by means of colour film, photographs and a relief model.

...

B5. Report of 1965—Future of the Nauruans

Resettlement.

In July and August 1965, discussions between representatives of the Australian Government and a Nauruan delegation, comprised of the Head Chief and two senior Councillors, on the question of resettlement were continued in Canberra.

At these discussions the Nauruan delegation said again that Curtis Island which was described in detail to the Trusteeship Council on several occasions wes regarded as a place which would be suitable for the resettlement of the Nauruan people.

However, the Nauruan delegation made it clear that if their people were resettled upon Curtis Island, the powers reserved to Australia should be only those which relate to defence, quarantine and possibly external affairs and civil aviation.

The Australian repreentatives, however, informed the Nauruan delegation that the Commonwealth Government could not accept the proposal that the Nauruan people be established on Curtis Island, which is close to the coastline of the State of Queensland, as an independent nation on the understaanding that only the powers relating to defence, quarantine and possibly external affairs and civil aviation were reserved to Australia.

The Australian delegation gave further expression to the sympathy of the Australian Government with the desire of the Nauruan people to retain their identity as a distinct community and said that the Government was prepared to see what else could be done to achieve this end.

The Nauruan delegation thereupon informed the Australian representatives that:?

(i) the Nauru Local Government Council considered that there were no prospects of an agreement on the proposal for resettlement at Curtis Island because of the differences in the Australian and Nauruan views on the political aspects of the proposal and they considered, therefore, that there should be no further discussion of resettlement on Curtis Island and that the present occupants should not be further disturbed in this connection; and

(ii) the Council nevertheless did not feel that it had the right to say that there should be no further talks and expressed its willingness, if the Australian Government thought further talks would achieve a useful end, to take part in them.

The delegates from the Nauru Local Government Council then informed the Australian Government representatives that the people of Nauru would elect to remain on Nauru.

In September, 1964, arrangements were made, following agreement by the Administration to a request of the Nauru Local Government Council, for two Nauruan observers to attend a meeting of the United Nations Trusteeship Council projected for late in 1964 or early in 1965 at which it was expected that the future of Nauru would be discussed. These arrangements lapsed when the meeting did not eventuate. The Nauruan views on their future were fully presented by the Australian Special Representative in the Trusteeship Council in 1965.

As a later series of discussions held in May and June, 1965, the Australian Government agreed with representatives of the Nauru Local Government Council to pursue any proposals that might give promise of enabling the Nauruan people to resettle on a basis acceptable to them and one which would preserve their national identity.

Reclamation of worked-out lands.

At the conference in July and August, 1964, the Nauruan delegation raised the question of the possibility of reclaiming the worked-out phosphate land and suggested that if this land were covered with soil, it would be possible to use it for agriculture. The Australian representatives drew attention to the report made by the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation some years ago which said that there seemed to be little hope of widespread utilization in the future of the worked-out lands.

The Nauruan delegation was supplied with a copy of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation report which concluded that the regeneration of worked-out phosphate land was a practical impossibility.

This question was further discussed during the second series of talks in May and June, 1976, between Australian Government representatives and a delegation from the Nauru Local Government Council particularly in connection with the decision of the Nauruans to pursue their future on the Island of Nauru. It was agreed to establish at the earliest practicable date an independent technical committee of experts to examine what would be involved in and the practicability of the rehabilitation of the worked-out phosphate lands.

...

Visiting Mission.

A United Nations Visiting Mission appointed by the Trusteeship Council visited Nauru in April, 1965. The Mission comprised the Chairman, M. André Naudy (France), Mr. Dermot Swan (United Kingdom), Mr. Dwight Dickinson (United States of America) and Mr. Nathaniel Eastman (Liberia). Accompanying the Mission were a Secretariat, consisting of a Principal Secretary, a Political Affairs Officer, and Administrative Officer and a Secretary. Two representatives of the Australian Government, Mr. B. B. Hackey of the Department of External Affairs, and Mr. R. Marsh of the Department of Territories travelled with the party. Miss Vellacott Jones, a Public Relations Officer of the Papua-New Guinea Administration accompanied the party to act as Photographer. During its visit the Mission met twice with the Nauru Local Government Council and also attended a public meeting. It inspected various Administration schools, the hospital, the British Phosphate Commissioners' installations and mining fields, and homes under construction for Nauruan families.

At the meetings with the Nauru Local Government Council, which were attended by the Administrator, the Mission received submissions from the Council dealing with items on the mattters set down for discussion , which included the questions of resettlement, Legislative Council and independence, rehabilitation of worked-out lands, phosphate royalties and the rate of extraction. The agenda items and submissions were

discussed in some detail, to gain for the Mission a clear understanding of the Council's wishes in regard to those matters.

...

B6. Report of 1966—Excepts

Resolution adopted by the General Assembly.

2111 (XX). Questions of the Trust Territory of Nauru.

The General Assembly,

Having examined the chapters of the report of the Trusteeship Council relating to conditions in the Trust Territory of Nauru,

Taking note of the report on Nauru submitted by the United Nations Visiting Mission of the Trust Territories of Nauru and New Guinea, 1965,

...

Concidering the decision of the Nauruan people to stay on the island of Nauru and their request to the Administering Authority to restore for habitation by the Nauruan people, the land worked out by the Phosphate Commission,

1. Reaffirms the inalienable right of the people of Nauru to self-government and independence;

2. Calls upon the Administering Authority to take immediate steps to implement the proposal of the representatives of the Nauruan people regarding the establishment of a Ligislative Council by 21 January 1968;

3. Requests the Administering Authority to fix the earliest possible date, but not later than 31 January 1968, for the independence of the Nauruan people, in accordance with their wishes;

4. Further requests that immediate steps be taken by the Administering Authority towards restoring the island of Nauru for habitation by the Nauruan people as a sovereign nation;

5. Calls upon the Administering Authority to report to the Trusteeship Council at its thirty-third session on the implementation of the present resolution.

The Nauru Act of 1965.

The Administering Authority reported to the Trusteeship Council at its Thirty-Third Session on the implementation of the resolution. In particular it was reported that a Legislative Council, with an elected Nauruan majority, and an Executive Council had been established. These bodies have been functioning since 31 January 1966.

...

[A Legislative Council was created with one representative for each disteict. The councillor for the Aiwo District was Hammer DeRoburt, O.B.E.]

...

The official members appointed to the Legislative Council are:

The Official Secretary: R. E. Vizard, Esq.

Administrative Officer: Colonel J. W. Carey, O.B.E.

Director of Education: W. N. A. Allison, Esq.
Director of Police: J. C. Woodmansey, Esq.
Headmaster, Nauru Administration Secondary School: D. J. Dickson, Esq.

The Nauru Act 1965 provides for an Executive Council consisting of the Administrator, two elected members and two official members of the Legislative Council apointed by the Governor-general of Australia. The two elected members are appointed on the nomination of a majority of elected members, and the two official members on the nomination of the Administrator.

Mr. Hammer DeRoburt, O.B.E., and Mr. Al Bernicke were duly nomianted by elected members, and Mr. R. E. Vizard and Colonel J. W. Carey, O.B.E., by the adminsitrator. The Administrator presides at meetings of the E xecutive Council.

...

Future of the Nauruans.

At the request of the Nauruan people the Australian Government discontinued the Curtis Island resettlement scheme and the Government in 1966 arranged for an independent technical committee of experts to examine what would be involved in and the practicability of the rehabilitation of the worked-out phosphate lands. A copy of the report of the Committee of Experts was passed to the Nauru Local Government Countil and the Australian Government in June 1966

B7. Final report of 1968--- Excerpts

...

The Administering Authority informs the Trusteeship Council and the General Assembly that following agreement between the representatives of the Nauruan people and the partner Governments the Trust Territory of Nauru acceded to independence on 31 January 1968 and that the people of the Territory have full and unqualified independence from that date. It therefore wishes to inform the Council that the Trusteeship Agreement approved by the General Assembly on 1 November 1947 ceased to be in force on and from the 31 Januray 1968.[1]

...

1 Ed. note: The date 31 January of each year has particular significance to the Nauruan people as it was on that date in 1946 that the survivors among those of the Nauruan people who were deported to Truk in 1943 retturned to their homeland.

Documents 1949A

Guam mission reports for 1950 and 1951

Source: Articles in Analecta OFMCap 66 (1950), pp. 94-95, and 68 (1952), pp. 51-56.

[Attached]

Relatio Missionis Guamensis.

Dear Father General:

In compliance with number 51 of the Statute for the Missions accredited to the Order of Capuchin Friars Minor, I wish to present the following report of the mission of Guam for the year July 1948 to July 1949.

New missionaries and those who have left the mission. — In August of 1948 two new missionaries arrived from the Province of St. Joseph, namely Rev. Rufin Kuveikis of New York, O.F.M.Cap., and Rev. Fulgence Petrie of Calvary, O.F.M.Cap.

One secular priest, an American, was ordained for the Vicariate and arrived on Guam in February of 1949. Another secular priest, a native of this Island, was ordained for the Vicariate on May 1, 1949.

During this period one Capuchin priest, Father Adalbert Donlon of New York, returned to the Province because of ill health.

Evangelization of the pagans, and work of the missionaries. — Since over 98 percent of the natives of the Vicariate are already Catholic, there is no strict evangelization of pagans. However, due to the shortage of military chaplains, the Fathers of the mission were forced to take upon themselves the instruction of American military personnel who wished to be received into the church. The work of the missionaries is exceptionally heavy, because, while most of the natives are baptized, the lack of sufficient priests, and the war period when the natives where left almost entirely without priests has brought about a condition of almost total lack of instruction. For this reason special stress had to be placed upon catechism schools, and the children had to be treated almost as though they were new converts to the Church. In this respect, the priests had to rely on the aid of lay catechists, who where themselves very poorly instructed, and far from capable in imparting religious instruction. The Fathers conducted as many classes personally as possible. However since there are approximately ten thousand school children it was impossible to handle all catechism schools with efficiency.

Other work that takes considerable attention is the conducting of Catholic societies. The Most Rev. Vicar Apostolic ordered the erection of the Holy Name Society for the men, the Christian Mothers for the women, the Sodality for young ladies, and the Boy and Girl Scouts for youth, in all quasi-parishes and mission stations. The purpose of theses is to encourage the people to receive the sacraments regularly, since yearly Confession and Communion has been the normal procedure in the past.

Special watchfulness has been required by the priests, because of the attempts of Baptist and Seventh Day Adventist missionaries to draw our people from the Church. They have been distributing their literature systematically from house to house in the various villages, have tried to influence the outstanding natives to their way of thinking. So far only foor or five baptized Catholics have swung to the Protestant religions.

Another great danger is the increase in the number of civil marriages between native girls and American military men. The moral influence, in the wrong direction, has been very great since the last war.

Much of the time of the missionaries must be spent in rebuilding the destroyed church buildings. Because of lack of funds, the extremely high cost of materials, and unskilled labor this task has been very trying for the missionaries.

The number and names of Stations. — These are listed on the form intended for this purpose. Possibly special mention should be made of the Island of Saipan. In previous reports the statistics of this Island were listed under one separate heading. In the present report attention is called to the fact that the two priests stationed on that Island have five villages where they say Mass and conduct catechism schools.

Seminaries, colleges and schools. — During this period no primary Catholic schools existed. All religious instruction was given in special Catechism classes, which were conducted in the churches, chapels, abandoned military buildings, or in the open, as circumstances demanded. On October 1, 1949 a *minor seminary* and *day school* for native boys desiring to prepare for the professsions was opened with priests of the Congregation of the Stigmata of our Lord (Stigmatines) as instructors. The seminarians are required to reside at the school, and observe strict seminary discipline. The seminarians numbered 12 at the start, three of whom did not persevere for the complete year. The buildings of the seminary are temporary structures, which were taken over from the military, and remodeled for the present needs. Permanent buildings are a necessity if the seminary is to continue. This should be given the greatest consideration because the Vicariate is capable of producing many worthy vocations. During this first year approximately forty boys enrolled as day students.

The Third Order. — Three Fraternities of the Third Order have been canonically erected on Guam. None in any of the other Islands.

Hospitals, orphanages and similar institutes. — No Catholic hospital exists on Guam, due to the fact that the Naval Government which has been the governing power of the Island of Guam since 1898, would permit no other hospital than one run by itself.

Orphanages, till now, have not been necessary, because relatives and baptismal sponsors have always assumed responsibility for needy and parentless children.

Members of other Religious Institutes. — On Guam the Stigmatine Fathers, five in number have been conducting the Seminary and day school for boys. These Fathers also assist on Sundays in the various parishes. The Sisters of Mercy of Belmont N. C., as reported last year opened a novitiate for native girls. During this year 19 novices made first professions, and sixteen others were received into the community. The community now numbers 39 members. On Saipan the Missionary Sisters of Mercy of Berriz (Spain) have a community of six religious who teach Catechism and help in the work of the mission.

An excellent spirit of charity and cooperation exists among the missionaries, which has helped to lighten the burden of the friars.

Fr. Cyril of Waukon,
Sup. Reg. O.F.M.Cap.

Relatio Missionis de Guam
(1951)

Most Reverend Father General:

Since the last published report of this Mission two priests and one brother came to us from the Province of St. Joseph. One returned from a rest in the United States. Several priests have had spells of sickness but in general the health of the Missionaries is good.

Evangelization.

In regard to the work of evangelization we are putting forth every effort to strengthen the faith among the people. This we do especially by intensified religious instruction of the children, and by interesting the adults more and more in parish societies. The increase in the number of Sisters makes it possible for some of the priests to have the Sisters assist in the instruction of the children. The Sisters have better training than the lay teachers and can draw the children more effectively. Some of the Sisters help in this way in Sinajana, Barrigada, Agat and Dededo. We have also had a number of converts from among the Americans on the island.

(2) *AOFMC a. c.*, p. 29 ss.

Besides the natives there are thousands of others in this Mission. It is difficult to report on the Catholics among them. Some are married to natives. There are about twelve thousand Filippinos working on the island. These men live in camps and at least eleven thousand are Catholics. Two Filippino priests have come from the Philippines to care for these men. Both priests are doing fine work but they cannot cover the entire group. Some Filippinos are working for the army and are cared for by the army chaplains. These men are under work contract and return to the Philippines upon completion of the contract. Hence there is a constant shifting of this population. There are also many American civilians working for the military, and living in camps. They, too, are under contract and constantly coming and going. The majority of these are non-Catholics. The Catholic men must go to Mass and the Sacraments as best they can. In only one of these American camps is there a chapel where Mass is offered on Sundays. There are many thousands of military personnel on Guam. Six Catholic chaplains attend to their spiritual needs, but many of these men come to Confession also in civilian churches.

Father Marcian has been stationed permanently on the Island of Tinian for two years. He is the first resident priest. Formerly a priest came there at times from the Island of Saipan. We must have a resident priest on Tinian now because the Chamorro colony, who had been living on the Island of Yap, returned to Tinian, and the leper colony, formerly on Guam, has been transferred to Tinian. On Saipan the people are beginning to spread out across the island after the withdrawal of the military, and the return of property to the natives. Steps are being taken to erect chapels in suitable locations. Two have already been started.

Personnel; Capuchins.

Recently Father Rufin was severely burned. He was filling a generator with gasoline. The engine backfired and he was enveloped in flames. The habit was burned off of him. He sustained a third degree burn on the left leg and second degree burns on the right leg and arm. Thirty percent of his body was burnt. He was rushed to the hospital in Agaña and is receiving excellent treatment. Nevertheless he is truly undergoing his Purgatory now. He will remain in the hospital for several weeks and the doctors claim that it will be six to eight months — barring all complications — before Fr. Rufin will be able to work again.

The monthly conferences are conducted regularly. In the moral cases, we study a compendium of Moral Theology chapter by chapter and apply it to the needs and conditions of the Mission. This method results in many interesting discussions and helps to bring uniformity into the manner of handling cases found in our pastoral work. The Friars hold their annual retreat regularly in the seminary. We follow the hourplan of the provincial retreats. The Capuchin retreat has been separated from that of the other priests in the Vicariate. Every month the Friars have a Day of Recollection, usually on the second Tuesday of the month. Three conferences are given by one of them, the Office is recited in common, and the same schedule is followed as on a retreat day. The exer-

cises close with Matins, Lauds and Benediction.

Other Missionary Priests.

There is one American secular priest, the Rev. Louis Brouillard, who was ordained for the Vicariate three years ago. He is assistant at Barrigada and is doing fine work. He is an excellent young man, gives good example by his devotedness, and is well loved.

We have six Stigmatine Fathers from the United States. They teach in the seminary and day school for boys. They also help in the parishes on Sundays and Holy Days. Their work is difficult, but important. They have forty boys in the minor seminary and 110 in the day school.

Native Priests.

We have two native priests. The V. Rev. Msgr. Oscar L. Calvo was ordained almost twelve years ago and is quasi-pastor at Agaña Heights, Guam. The other is the Rev. Felixberto Flores ordained almost three years. He is secretary to the Vicar Apostolic and administrator of the quasi-parish of Asan, Guam. We hope that the native clergy will increase as the years go on, since great efforts are being put forth to train candidates for the priesthood.

Native Lay Brothers.

For the native candidates to the Capuchin Brotherhood a school was established on the Island of Saipan. There they study English before being sent to the Province in the United States for further training in the religious life. Till now three boys have gone to the Province. Two are in simple vows, a third is a novice. All are giving satisfaction so far.

Native Seminarians.

We have three Chamorro boys in the major seminary of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, California. All are theologians, one in the second year and the others in the first year.

The minor seminary on Guam, opened by Bishop Apollinaris Baumgartner, our Capuchin Vicar Apostolic, three years ago, has forty boys from Guam, Rota and Saipan. Of these boys, four are in the second year of college, the rest are in the high school department. These students board at the school and follow the routine of any minor seminary. They are the hope of the Church in these islands, and therefore we are doing all we can to foster vocation among the natives.

Catechists.

Our catechists are instructed by the pastors on how to conduct the catechism class and what matter to cover. The catechists vary from year to year. Most of them are young girls of the Sodality, who are helped by a few members of the Christian Mothers Society. Of the 147 catechists in the Vicariate there are only about three or four men.

Missionary and Native Sisters.

We are blessed with two Sisterhoods whose services Bishop Baumgartner secured from the States, namely the Sisters of Mercy of Belmont, North Carolina, and the School Sisters of Notre Dame, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The eleven Sisters of Mercy have a fine school at Agaña and the ten School Sisters have another at Yona. Within six months after their arrival on Guam in 1949 these Sisters accepted six girls as candidates for their

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Congregation. The Sisters also teach the children catechism in various places. They now have fourteen native candidates. Three are at the Motherhouse in Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the others are being trained at the high school at Yona. The Mother Commissary General visited Guam this past year. After consultation with the Bishop and the Missionaries she decided that the Community should not establish a novitiate on Guam until a sufficient number of native girls shall have been properly trained in the States.

The Sisters of Mercy have a beautiful Convent and have been receiving many candidates. At present there are three American Sisters and 62 native Sisters including candidates. Eight Sisters are in the United States at present, four on scholarships, preparing for high school teaching. The others are at the Motherhouse in Belmont, North Carolina. There are scholarships available for other native Sisters as soon as they can be sent.

The Mercedarian Sisters on the Island of Saipan are Spanish. Lately, they, too, have accepted several girls as « aggregatae » who will renew vows every year. The novitiate is on the Island of Panope outside of our Vicariate. Thus, in the three Congregations there are about 80 native Sisters.

Schools.

Besides the minor seminary and the Father Dueñas Memorial day school for boys conducted by the Stigmatine Fathers, there are two complete grade schools with eight grades as in the States. One is conducted by the School Sisters at Yona and is the best school in the Vicariate. The other is at Agaña, where the Sisters of Mercy teach. Each school has a capacity enrollment of about 350 pupils. The Sisters in both schools raised the standards and in two or three years they hope that the schools will be on a level with American schools. At Agana all the Sisters are natives. They began a high school with 35 girls, all of whom are in the first year. Each year an additional class will be added until there is a full high school course. The native Sisters are doing very well in their teaching. The priests of the cathedral teach classes in religion. There are also some lay teachers. These Sisters have an elementary school of four grades at Dededo. Each year another grade will be added until there is a complete elementary school. The Superioress and Principal are Americans, all the others are natives. The best school building is at Yona, but none of the schools have permanent buildings as yet. The Mercy Sisters conduct catechism classes at Inarajan. The schools conducted by the Sisters are far superior to any of the public or government schools on Guam.

Hospitals.

There are no hospitals or dispensaries run by the Mission. The only ones in the Vicariate are owned and run by the government. Lately steps were taken to procure the services of the Medical Mission Sisters to conduct a school of nursing for the government. The Mother General came to Guam and wrote a tentative contract. However, great pressure was brought to bear by American Masons and other anti-Catholic groups. Thus a contract was drawn up which the Sisters could not accept. But the Governor still hopes that difficulties can be overcome, and that the Sisters will finally be

able to come to Guam for this work. The priests take care of the patients on Guam and Saipan. The hospital authorities call a priest whenever necessary. Besides that they hear confessions every week, say Mass once a week and distribute Holy Communion.

Leprosarium.

The leprosarium is now on Tinian Island. Here the authorities have welcomed a priest and built a beautiful chapel. Father Marcian works there and offers the Holy Sacrifice three times a week for the patients, bringing Holy Communion to those who cannot come to the chapel. The patients are from various Islands and speak different languages. Father Marcian gets along quite well with them. There is a Protestant missionary there too, but he knows neither Chamorro nor Japanese and doesn't bother to learn them nor the other languages. Thus he is harmless and cannot propagate his doctrine. Among the 100 patients only a few are Protestants. Some cases are cured or arrested and the patients dismissed. But more cases are discovered and this keeps the number about the same.

Charitable Works.

There are no orphanages or similar institutions in the Vicariate but we feel the need of one. Formerly the baptismal sponsors or near relatives took care of orphans. But the constant increase of business life and the higher cost of living is leading to a neglect of orphans, and those separated from their parents for other reasons than death, and there is a tendency to use such children for free labor without giving them a proper education. There is also a growing neglect of old people. Then, too, we need some agencies to care for wayward boys and girls.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is established in most of the quasiparishes to help the poor. There is a Vicariate Organization on Guam composed of a board of officers and the presidents of all the parish organizations. This board meets monthly with the Vicar Apostolic and assists the poor who cannot be helped by a parish unit.

Confirmations.

The number of confirmations is low because until five years ago infants were confirmed. Now the practice obtains of making children wait until they are of sufficient age to receive some instruction in religion. Hence it will be some time before there are regular Confirmation classes in the parishes.

Baptisms.

The people are most careful to have their children baptized, and always within two weeks of birth. It is noteworthy that the births are higher in number than the deaths. This is due to the fact that the schools teach cleanliness and the care of health to the children. Regular courses in home nursing are given yearly to mothers in the villages. These courses are sponsored by the Red Cross. Facilities for the care of the sick have increased. The Islands have excellent doctors, most of whom are displaced Europeans of much experience. Barring some extraordinary occurence the number of school children in the Vicariate will be doubled in ten years.

Marriages.

All mixed marriages are cases of na-

tives marrying Americans. Whenever possible the non-Catholic party is converted before the marriage. If he refuses, he must receive at least twelve instructions before the dispensation for marriage is granted. There have also been a number of civil marriages, but many of these gradually break up, or are validated by the Church. But here the rule now is, that no civil marriage may be validated until at least six months after the civil ceremony.

Much building has been going on in the Vicariate for the past six years. In many places entirely new churches, chapels and houses had to be built. In other cases they had to be rebuilt. We hope soon to build a religious house of the Order at Agaña.

It may be of interest to add that the Mercedarian Sisters on Saipan are now working on the Chamorro hymn book. They are writing out all the old Chamorro hymns and the Sisters in Spain are arranging an organ accompaniment for them. The hymn books are being reprinted by a man in Appleton, Wisconsin. He is also reprinting many of the Chamorro Novenas. We want to keep them up because the Rosary is always recited at these Novenas.

The Friars of Guam beg your paternal Blessing and assure you and all the higher Superiors of the Order of their continued prayers and cooperation.

Fr. Cyril of Waukon,
Sup. Reg. O.F.M.Cap.

Documents 1950A

The Scripps Institute of Oceanography expeditions

Expeditions of 1950 and 1952-53 to Bikini and Eniwetok, Marsnall Islands

[Attached]

BIKINI AND NEARBY ATOLLS, MARSHALL ISLANDS

SEISMIC-REFRACTION STUDIES OF BIKINI AND KWAJALEIN ATOLLS AND SYLVANIA GUYOT, 1950

By RUSSELL W. RAITT[1]

ABSTRACT

Seismic-refraction studies made at Bikini Atoll, Sylvania Guyot, and Kwajalein Atoll on the joint University of California–U. S. Navy Electronics Laboratory Mid-Pacific Expedition of 1950 expanded the scope of the original 1946 studies to include a section across Sylvania Guyot and several deepwater sections extending from Bikini Atoll. Also Bikini Lagoon was surveyed in much greater detail, with particular emphasis on more complete control with reversed profiles. In addition, one short section was obtained at Kwajalein Atoll.

It was found that the seismic velocities beneath Bikini Lagoon vary laterally as well as with depth. They can be grouped into six more or less well defined layers averaging approximately 2.5, 3, 4, 5.5, 6.5, and 8 kmps. The first four were observed only in the lagoon profiles, and the remaining two were found only in deep water.

From sections taken on Sylvania Guyot and the flanks of Bikini Atoll near regions where samples of volcanic rock were obtained from the sea bottom, it was concluded that the third layer, of about 4 kmps seismic velocity, represents volcanic rock. Its estimated depth under Bikini Lagoon ranges from 600 m to 2,100 m and averages about 1,300 m. One short section at the south end of Kwajalein Lagoon shows somewhat greater depths of the third layer than that at Bikini Atoll but the lagoon coverage was insufficient to demonstrate that Kwajalein differs significantly from Bikini.

Indications were found that the 6.5 kmps layer is deeper under Bikini Atoll than under the surrounding deep sea. If real, this local depression is unlikely to be greater than 3 km.

INTRODUCTION

The seismic-refraction studies of 1950 in the Marshal Islands took place during the period September 29 to October 9. They formed a concluding phase of the seismic program of the joint University of California–U. S. Navy Electronics Laboratory Mid-Pacific Expedition (Revelle, foreword of chapter A, Professional Paper 260).

The previous seismic-refraction survey of Bikini in 1946 (Dobrin, Perkins and Snavely, 1949) indicated the existence of at least three layers, with velocities of the order of 7,000 fps (2.1 kmps), 11,000 fps (3.4 kmps), and 17,000 fps (5.2 kmps), respectively. The first layer, extending to a depth of 2,000 ft to 3,000 ft (0.6 to 0.9 km) was inferred to consist of calcareous lagoon and reef deposits on the basis of drilling to 2,556 ft on Bikini island in 1947.

The zone with a velocity of 17,000 fps was inferred to represent igneous basement. Its depth was indicated to be 7,000 ft to 13,000 ft (2.1 to 4.0 km). The second zone, with a velocity of 11,000 fps, was more difficult to identify. Available circumstantial evidence suggested that it was calcareous material similar to the first zone with a higher velocity caused by increasing compaction and cementation with depth. However, the possibility that it was volcanic material could not be excluded.

In planning the seismic operations within Bikini Lagoon the spacing of stations was chosen to attain an optimum degree of reversed control on the second zone. The results of the 1946 survey were very helpful in this planning.

In addition to the operations within Bikini Lagoon, an approximately equal effort was expended on operations outside the Lagoon, on Sylvania Guyot and extending down the flanks of Bikini Atoll into deep water. This work had two major objectives: (1) to seek clues for the identification of the second zone by means of outcrops and (2) to determine the relationship of the subsurface structure of Bikini Atoll and Sylvania Guyot to the structure of the deepwater region surrounding it.

A trip to Kwajalein Atoll for supplies gave an opportunity, on October 1, 1950, for one day of seismic observations in the southeast end of Kwajalein Lagoon. Although there had been no previous work on this atoll to guide this operation the principles applied to the Bikini Lagoon operation were successfully followed at Kwajalein Atoll.

[1] Scripps Institution of Oceanography, University of California.

NOTE.—Contribution from the Scripps Institution of Oceanography New Series No. 723.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Seismic-refraction operations at sea, thousands of miles from the home base, required careful planning and the cooperation of many people, whose help is gratefully acknowledged.

The work reported on was sponsored by the Bureau of Ships and the Office of Naval Research, the Institute of Geophysics of the University of California, and the U. S. Geological Survey.

Dr. Roger R. Revelle, director of Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and leader of the 1950 Mid-Pacific Expedition, was responsible for initiating the project. His infectious enthusiasm and inspiring leadership were essential to its success.

All shots were fired from USS EPCE(R)-857, whose captain, Lt. Comdr. D. J. McMillan, and officers and crew skillfully executed the difficult navigation required among the coral knolls and reefs of Bikini and Kwajalein Atolls. Major credit for the successful reception of the weak refraction signals is due to the sympathetic cooperation of Mr. James L. Faughn, captain of the receiving ship, the M. V. *Horizon*, and the officers and crew.

The friendly help of the commanding officer of Kwajalein Naval Station and his staff in supplying explosives, provisions, and fuel to the expedition was greatly appreciated.

Mr. Daniel K. Gibson supervised the shooting operations, assisted by Chief Gunner's Mate Albert Obregon, who was responsible for firing the shots. Mr. Arthur D. Raff was responsible for the receiving-equipment installation and for acquiring the vast quantity of supplies and spare parts required in its operation. In recording the seismic waves on the M. V. *Horizon* the author was assisted by Mr. T. Wayne Runyan and Mr. Jeffery D. Frautschy. The travel time data were read, plotted, and analyzed by Miss Gloria J. Slack and Miss Gwendolyn A. Roy.

Helpful discussion and criticism have been received from B. Perkins, Carl Eckart, R. S. Dietz, H. V. Menard, E. M. Hamilton, R. F. Dill, and T. A. Magness, who have read this manuscript in rough form.

OPERATING PROCEDURE

The plan of operation for the Bikini area and for Kwajalein Atoll is shown in figures 140 and 141. Points designated by letters represent receiving stations occupied by the receiving vessel, the M. V. *Horizon*, of *Scripps Institution* of Oceanography. At all stations within Bikini and Kwajalein Lagoons, the *Horizon* was at anchor. At all other stations the *Horizon* was either lying to or under way slowly to maintain position. Seismic shots were fired by U.S.S. EPCE(R)-857 along the solid black lines shown in figures 140 and 141. For the profiles *outside* the lagoons standard speed while firing was 12 knots. Inside the lagoons the risk of navigation among coral knolls required a slower speed, usually 8 knots.

With the exception of twenty 20-pound demolition charges of tetryrol obtained from Kwajalein Naval Station, all charges were made up with one-half pound TNT demolition blocks. They were fired with slow burning fuse cut to fire about a minute after ignition. Standard charge sizes of 1, 4, 20, and 50 pounds were used. The time of firing was recorded by picking up the direct blast on the firing ship's echo sounder and transmitting it by radio to the receiving ship where it was recorded by the oscillograph used to record the seismic waves.

The refracted ground waves and the direct water-borne waves were picked up by three pressure-sensitive crystal hydrophones capable of responding to sound frequencies as low as three or four cycles per second. The hydrophones were supported by buoys at a depth of 120 feet. They trailed out from the receiving ship separated by intervals of about 300 feet. It was desirable, but not always possible, to lay the line of hydrophones in the direction of the line of shots in order to obtain a rough estimate of wave velocity from a single shot. However, even when wind and current caused the hydrophone spread to make a large angle with the line of shots, the use of three separate pickups gave a great advantage in identifying a weak refracted wave in the presence of noise.

Signals from each hydrophone were recorded on a Miller oscillograph in three rather broad frequency bands centered roughly at 10, 100, and 1,000 cycles per second. Frequencies of the refracted ground wave were generally of the order of 5 to 10 cycles per second and were received only on the lowest frequency channel. The higher frequency channels recorded the water-borne waves used to determine distances between shots and hydrophones.

Timing lines were flashed on the oscillograph record at 0.01 second intervals with a slotted disc driven by a fork-controlled synchronous motor. The timing accuracy was controlled with a break-second chronometer which was checked daily with WWV time signals. Travel times of both water-borne and refracted seismic waves were read to 0.01 second. The sharp onset of refracted waves of near shots permitted the beginning to be read to this degree of precision. However, the more distant shots frequently had very gradual beginnings and the error of reading the instant of first arrival of these shots is several hundredths of a second. Figure 142 gives samples of records at various ranges inside and outside of Bikini Lagoon.

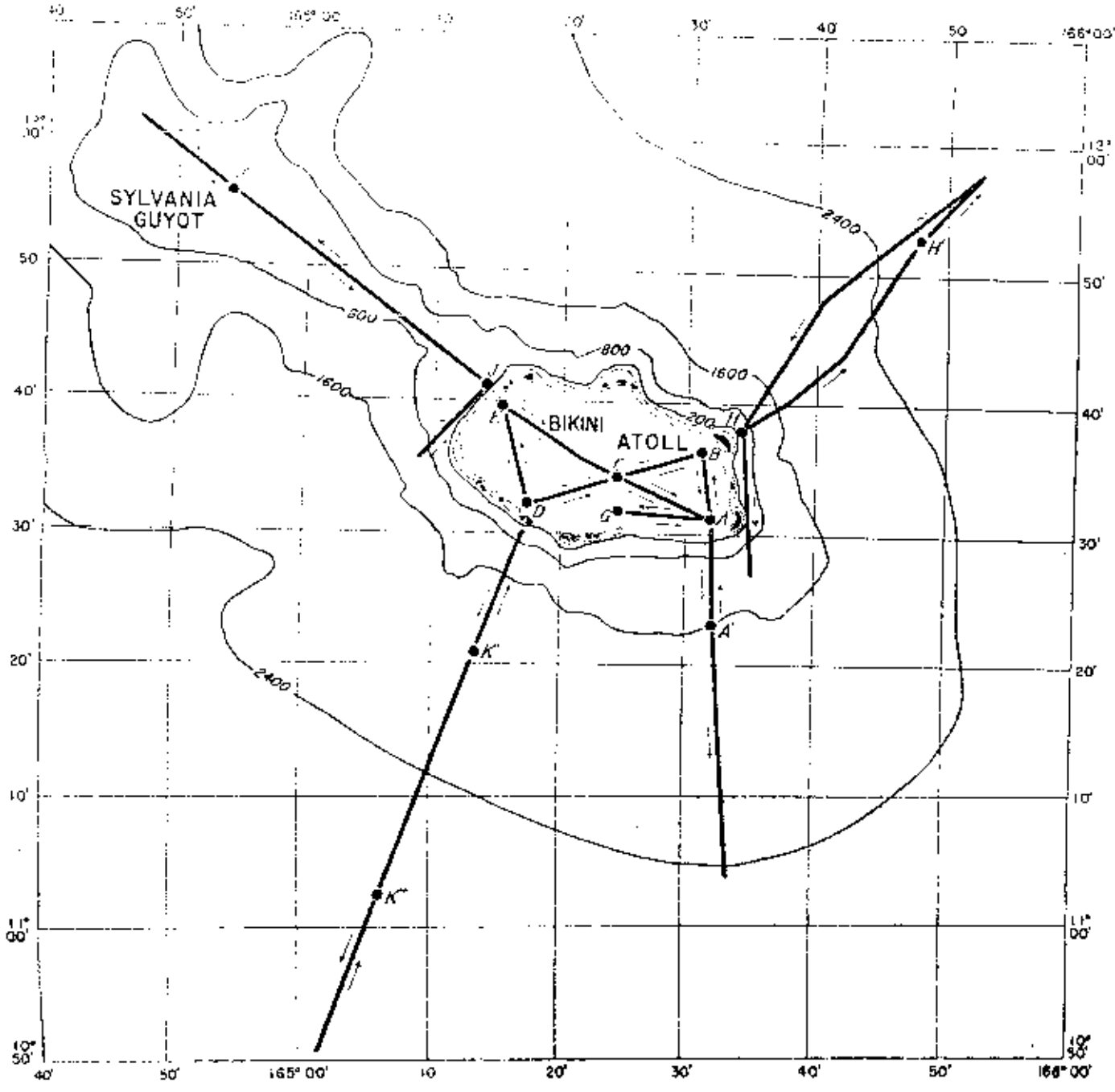


FIGURE 140.—Plan of operations in the Bikini area. Depth contours are given in fathoms.

For determining the shot-hydrophone distance from the travel time of the water-borne sound, the velocity tables of Kuwahara (1939) were used. The temperature of 29° C and salinity of 34.5 parts per thousand gave a velocity of 1.54 kmps, which was used for all the distance determinations.

THEORY OF INTERPRETATION OF SEISMIC-REFRACTION OBSERVATIONS

Travel-time data for seismic waves rarely yield a unique picture of the subsurface structure. Not only is it difficult to determine the nature of subsurface rocks from measurements of seismic-wave velocity, it is also in many cases impossible to obtain a unique solution for subsurface velocity as a function of depth and position, from travel-time data alone. In most situations it is possible to set up a model of subsurface velocities consistent with the curves of observed travel time. This model may resemble the true structure to a greater or lesser degree dependent on the local conditions and on the control achieved in shooting operations.

BIKINI AND NEARBY ATOLLS, MARSHALL ISLANDS

SEISMIC-REFRACTION STUDIES OF ENIWETOK ATOLL

By Russell W. Raitt[1]

ABSTRACT

Observed seismic velocities at Eniwetok Atoll indicate the presence of 6 layers of rock, in which the average velocities are 2.41, 3.00, 4.15, 5.59, 6.90, and 8.09 kilometers per second, respectively. Previous drilling permits the identification of the first 2 layers as calcareous deposits and the third layer (4.15 kmps) as volcanic. The calculated depth of the third layer beneath the drilling sites was about 0.3 km greater than the depths at which volcanic rock was penetrated by the drill. This may be due to the fact that, in calculations, the vertical seismic velocities in the first 2 layers were assumed to be equal to the horizontal velocities measured in those layers, whereas the vertical velocities are probably less because of the presence of unconsolidated material between the cemented layers in the first 2 zones.

The fourth layer (5.59 kmps) is thought to be a hard crystalline rock, probably basalt. The fifth layer (6.90 kmps), identified with the crustal layer extensively present in the Pacific Ocean basin, is found at a depth of 9–10 km, and the sixth layer (8.09 kmps), characteristic of the layer just below the Mohorovičić discontinuity, is reached at a depth of 16–17 km.

INTRODUCTION

Seismic-refraction observations at Eniwetok Atoll in October and November 1952 had as their objective the delineation of the volcanic-rock layer immediately beneath the lagoon and the determination of the seismic-wave velocity as a function of depth down to the Mohorovičić discontinuity. Primary emphasis was placed on determining the seismic velocity in the layer of calcareous sediments forming the upper surface of the atoll and the configuration of the volcanic rock immediately beneath.

In planning the survey, the previous seismic-refraction studies at Bikini and Kwajalein (Dobrin, Perkins, and Snavely, 1949; Raitt, 1954) and the drilling at Eniwetok (Ladd, Ingerson, Townsend, and others, 1953) were very helpful. The Bikini studies indicated the form of the travel-time data to be expected. The drilling at Eniwetok reached a hard formation at a depth of 4,610 ft (1.41 km) beneath the island of Elugelab and 4,170 ft (1.27 km) beneath Parry Island. At Parry Island the hard formation was determined to be olivine basalt. This gave additional support to the identification of the 4-kmps (kilometers per second) layer at Bikini, found at an average depth of 4,300 ft (1.3 km), as volcanic rock and indicated that the structure at Eniwetok and Bikini is similar.

[1] Scripps Institution of Oceanography, University of California.

Note.—Contribution from Scripps Institution of Oceanography, New Series 928.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This work was supported by the Office of Naval Research under Contract Nonr–233(05) and the Bureau of Ships under Contract NObsr–43356. Support from the Office of Naval Research was administered by J. W. Smith, who arranged for the delivery of the large quantities of explosives and other supplies needed in the investigation.

A seismic-refraction operation of the magnitude of the Eniwetok studies requires the cooperation of many people, whose help is gratefully acknowledged.

H. Kirk Stephenson of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory directed the project for that organization, and his active participation in the survey was an essential feature of its success. J. D. Isaacs was scientific leader, and Comdr. C. N. G. Hendrix was liaison officer for the Scripps Institution scientific group. Comdr. John Lofland, USN, and Comdr. Theodore Funson, USN, arranged for the necessary shore installations, transportation, and ship facilities.

The officers and crews of U. S. S. *Lipan* (ATF *85*), R/V *Horizon*, and R/V *Spencer F. Baird* were of great help. Their commanding officers were Lt. R. M. Hughson, Noel L. Ferris, and Laurence E. Davis, respectively.

Members of the firing and recording groups were Joel H. Swartz, U. S. Geological Survey; Edwin M. Hamilton and Maxwell Silverman, U. S. Navy Electronics Laboratory; Chief Gunners Mate Daniel Howlett, USN; and Willard C. North, Daniel K. Gibson, Arthur D. Raff, Richard J. Smith, Alan C. Jones, Richard P. VonHerzen, and Winter D. Horton, Jr., Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

Document 1951A

Guam, U.S.A.— Birth of a Territory—A book by Russell L. Stevens

Source: Book bearing this title. Note: Mr. Stevens was Attorney General of Guam from 1951 to 1953.

Foreword of this book

The soft flash of the sign "fasten seat belts" was the first indication in early March of 1951 that our airplane was settling for its approach to the landing field of Naval Air Station, Agana, Guam. Shortly after the sign's flash the green velvet of Guam appeared through the portholes of the airplane. It had been approximately six years since I had seen the tropical island, and from the air approach it looked much the same as it had upon departure just prior to the close of the second world war. On closer approach, however, subtle differences were noticed which sharply increased as the plane settled lower.

My last sight of Guam in 1945, upon departure by airplane from the same airfield, disclosed large amounts of rubble and the paraphernalia of war strewn about the beaches and their landing approaches across the reefs, where so many of our armed forces personnel had given their lives in wrestling this tiny island from its Japanese defenders. The rusted, twisted hulks of landing craft; ugly bodies of amphibious tractors and tanks; twisted wreckage of coastal defense guns; charred and blasted sides and tops of pillboxes, gun emplacements and defensive positions long since had disappeared from sight. Those which had not been cleaned from the land or washed into the sea were overgrown and rotted in the inexorable march of the tropical jungle. The heavy, damp foliage quickly reduces man-made material to decay and ruin, and structures which had not been kept free of the stifling undergrowth had fallen.

As we dropped lower, the substitution of straight ribbons of asphalt highways for the tortuous, dusty roads which formerly wound their way through the almost impenetrable undergrowth familiarly referred to in Guam as "boondocks", became obvious. The roads were improved to the extent that their appearance was not different from similar stretches of roads in the United States. The inevitable quonset,[1] so familiar during the war years, was still present in almost countless numbers, but interspersed here

1 Ed. note: Half-cylindrical building first manufactured in the town of Quonset, Rhode Island.

and there among the forest of tin was evidence of permanent structures, both in the civilian and military communities.

The landing at Naval Air Station immediately recalled memories of my first landing in Guam, which was during the invasion of the island. We landed while the fight for Guam was still in progress, and the landing was bumpy and precarious. Our taxi time then was short and we were unceremoniously discharged from the plane at the farthest end of the runway. During the walk back along the landing strip, we were surprised to notice how narrow and rough it was. It had been hacked from the jungle and was the roughest type of wartime strips.

We were directed to a tent, unprotected from the glare of the sun, which served as administration headquarters for the airfield. Behind the tent and at various places around the runway could be seen the wreckage of several Japanese airplanes. Some were in a fair state of repair, others were reduced to rubble. Japanese anti-aircraft guns were visible in the vicinity and we noted with pleasure that each had been subjected to a near or direct hit by our forces. Of considerable interest were some dummy guns placed in the vicinity which had been ignored by our forces. The chatter of gun-fire in the quiet heat of that tropical midday still crackles when I recall the incident. The buzzing of innumerable flies and insects, heat waves dancing from the runway; almost complete lack of vegetation in the area due to our intensive bombing and bombardment, were indelibly stamped in my mind.

Our landing in 1951 was completely different. The strip was wide, long and smooth. The plane taxied a mile or so back to the administration building, which was a handsome, although temporary structure housing complete facilities for comfort. The interior of the station was cool and comfortable, and there were no insects and flies. The station was surrounded with the attractive shrubbery so prevalent in this part of the world. Multi-colored crotons, stately palms and brightly-colored hibiscus were in evidence throughout the area. Trim hedges surrounded the air station and the picture was one of a modern, well-kept military post. No hint of the fury and filth of battle which permeated the atmosphere a few years before was apparent upon even close inspection.

The short trip from the air station to the town of Agana also was filled with surprises. The plodding caribou [carabao] so frequently seen pulling dilapidated, two-wheel carts over the dusty roads during the war years were not to be seen. They were replaced by whizzing automobiles and smooth asphalt strips. Many of the roadside shanties patched together with bullet-ridden and rusted tin sheets, with pathetic attempts at beauty by way of a few potted plants were gone. In their stead were several modern houses and stores bearing close resemblance to those seen in Hawaii and California. True, even these modern houses were built upon rocky, rough lots and lacked many of the finer niceties of such homes in our established communities. Also, their number was not great but the structures were modern, the paint was new and obviously they were the harbingers of finer things to come.

Upon arrival at the intersection of Marine Drive and Route 8 we noted with surprise, a traffic light. During the war this intersection alternately was a sea of mud

churned into a barely recognizable road, and a plain blotted out by a fog of coral dust. The wartime jeeps, practically the only cars on the road at that time, would never be hampered by a traffic light. They were manhandled by personal direction. This was all gone now, and we proceeded to the next traffic light about two blocks away, which was even more of a surprise than was the first one. By now it was expected that such lights were common-place, but it was later learned that only a few are in operation on the island.

Upon arrival at our quarters I became aware of being in almost the exact spot at which I was stationed during the war. A short walk of about one city block brought us to the quonset I occupied immediately after the invasion of Guam and for several months thereafter. The quonset was little changed, but the area presented a different aspect. The former fields of coral were overgrown and the few shrubs and trees we planted about the quonset in a half-hearted attempt to dress it up were now in beautiful full growth. I could not help but be proud of our earlier plantings. The strangeness of the situation later was enhanced when the quonsets were dismantled to make way for a new Naval hospital and we uprooted a number of the plants to beautify our living quarters, which also was a quonset.

During the following evenings after work we often strolled with the children through the area where I served a few years before, and walked almost the same route that I once patrolled fully armed. The thought of later pursuing such normal family life in this spot never occurred to me while there in early 1945, when the area was still infested with Japanese, and the situation still seems a little strange.

Reminiscing became almost habit during the next two years, and we seldom visited a beach or went for a ride but what I recalled with wonder the vast change between then and now. However, this element of change is the identifying mark of Guam today. It seems certain that the changes six years from now will be s great as during the past six years. The economic, political and social life of the island is proceeding at such a headlong pace that nothing can be expected to remain stable in the immediate future.

This dynamic activity which characterizes the community fascinates even the most casual observer. Guam today resembles nothing more closely than one of our early American communities on the Western frontier, with its open saloons, questionable characters, unrest and constant change, but superimposed upon this is a community in the making which shall be modern and which can compare favorably with other American communities. Underlying all this activity is the charm of the old world, a wonderful potentiality and the promise of everything good that American democracy can develop. America surely will be proud of its newest territory.

Documents 1951B

Visit to Ebeye, and other stories from the Micronesian Monthly

Source: Articles in the Micronesian Monthly, January, February, and July 1952.

B1. Memoirs of a Traveller, by Jack Taylor

(Mr. Taylor, an editor of your monthly magazine, is presently acting in the dual capacity of Education Inspector and roving correspondent for the Micronesian Monthly.)

If you become an itinerant traveller in the Trust Territory and take advantage of the Military Air Transportation Service, you will sooner or later visit Ebeye, an islet in the Kwajalein Naval Station. Ebeye furnishes some 200 laborers for the various military establishments as well as a number of domestic servants for the homes. Transportation is provided morning and night across the lagoon for the family bread-winners.

About a year ago the last of the Marshallese were moved to Ebeye where a model village had been built by the Navy. A few months later the ITC [Island Trading Company] Headquarters moved across the lagoon also and, with Henry Wahl, set up shop. Assisted by Allen Bell, ITC is doing a flourishing business in buying and selling the essentials of life as well ass running the hotel and a water taxi for travel-worn briefcase carriers from Headquarters, plus an occasional mother with three children and even a pair of honeymooners.

In the spacious 3-bedroom hotel, situated on the water's edge, Heinie and Al hold forth from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. when their services aren't needed elsewhere. "Lightning", their Marshallese maid, caters to wants of the travellers. Gracing the living room is a brilliantly lighted juke box—nickels are furnished by the hosts—and seventeen of the latest recordings. Heine and Al take turns with the can opener and do a mighty fine job of cooking in their spare time. Educators call this a type of "in-service-training."

The Navy-Marshallese planned village faces the lagoon and has a main and two secndary side streets. All houses are of frame construction, nicely painted, and with let-down flap windows. Each structure houses a single family. Each roof has a gutter to carry rain-water to the individual catchment tanks. Pigs, chickens, and dogs are plentiful. Coca-cola bottles are everywhere. A dynamic culture is in evidence!

A church is under construction. A two-room school bulges with 40-odd youngsters. Amer Ishada, a graduate of the Guam Medical School, very efficiently runs the dispensary, doles out pills and looks after aches and pains. The American flag on a tall post floats high over the village. A half dozen or more freshly-painted sailing vessels lay off the pier a few hundred yards. Locally-owned, they carry copra, supplies and passengers to and from Ebeye. On my visit the **Milleeta** was loading copra from the ITC warehouse in preparation for a run to Majuro. Its skipper, Capt. Narramore was in Honolulu but the Marshallese crew had everything ship-shape. Much in evidence was Brown, O'Keefe's 84-year-old cook, and Fred Narruhn, the much decorated scout and member of British-Australian Army in World War II. The former is a member of the **Milleta**'s crew and the latter is employed by ITC, Ebeye.

This is Ebeye!

B2. Saipan Soundings—Mayor Sablan's story

Elias Parong Sablan, Mayor of Chalan Kanoa and Chief Commissioner of the entire island of Saipan, was born on Saipan, November 8, 1899. During his youth he traveled all over Micronesia but attended German schools on Saipan. In 1913 he was sent to Yap by the Germans to learn communications and after completing school he operated the cable station at Yap which connected with Guam, Shanghai and Menado (Celebes Is.).

In March 1915, Mayor Sablan was repatriated to Saipan by the Japanese. After returning to Saipan he became a foreman with the Nishimura Sugar Co. He continued working for the sugar mill until September 1923 when he opened his own retail store and farmed his own ancestral land and at the same time acted as labor supervisor with NBK, the South Seas Trading Company. In 1937, Mayor Sablan was elected Commissioner of South Garapan which position he held until the invasion in 1944.

Mayor Sablan was captured [sic] on July 2, 1944 by the U.S. Marines and put in Camp Susupe with other Chamorros. He still held his position as Commissioner and was given additional duties as Chief of Camp Susupe Police. The health and housing situation in the camp was poor but food was plentiful. Mr. Sablan had charge of 250 policemen whose duties were to oversee the Japanese-Korean-Okinawan compound.

In November 1944 Mayor Sablan moved to Chalan Kanoa, the only village left on Saipan. There were a few concrete buildings still standing but most of the village had to be completely rebuilt. In 1947 Mayor Sablan resigned his office in order to offer the people an opportunity to elect the man of their choice. He was re-elected by the people at this time and again in 1951.

Mayor Sablan is an excellent orator and is much in demand at banquets and parties as an after-dinner speaker. He will long be remembered as the genial, efficient Mayor of Chalan Kanoa.

B3. Matalanim Plantation, by John Ingram

(Condensed from "Kolonia en Pohnpey")

The Matalanim Coconut Plantation in the Ponape District is one of the many Japanese Government properties acquired by the United States in the territory, and elsewhere, through right by conquest and cession. The large plantation was originally conceived by NBK—the Nanyo Boeki Kaisha—in 1927, which planned it to contain 2,768 acres. The Japanese South Seas Government, while approving the project as economically sound and feasible, advised the company to begin its program with approximately 500 acres and to enlarge its leasehold at subsequent dates as the program developed. This arrangement was accepted and the plan was launched with the leasing of 551 acres at Kapiroi Village in Matalanim District on July 21, 1928, with a 30-year lease running to December 1958, and the first trees were planted in 1930. Subsequently additional leases were entered into to increase the holdings to 2,685 acres.

Plantings were made continuously from 1930 through 1939, with selected, high producing trees, most of which came from Truk, Nukuoro and Ponape. Working with a labor force of some 300 Okinawans, Saipanese and Ponapeans, NBK planted a total of 124,035 trees. According to a report submitted in November 1945 by the Nanyo Kohatsu Kabushiki Kaisha [NKK, Nanko, or South Seas Development Co.], into which company NBK was incorporated in 1942, there were 88,434 fruit-bearing trees, 15,203 trees nearing the fruit-bearing stage, and 20,398 young trees. Last reports on pre-war production indicated that the Japanese were producing 50 tons of copra a month in 1942.

NBK ceased activities in 1942, and the plantation was allowed to go to seed. When American personnel inspected it on occupation of Ponape, the 2,700-acre area was covered with a 30-foot high growth of lantana, hibiscus, ipomea, ferns, and various grasses. Faced with other problems of a more pressing nature, Military Government officials let the problem of rehabilitation of the plantation slide through 1946. In early 1947 inquiries began to flow to CINCPAC [Commander-in-Chief Pacific] concerning the possibility of reclaiming the plantation and bringing it back into production. In April 1947 CINCPAC aproved a plan for the rehabilitation of the Matalanim Plantation under th auspices of the U.S. Commercial Company, with the Navy providing logistic and material support on a reimbursable basis. On the first of July 1947 a USCC representative assumed charge of the rehabilitation of the Plantation, and operations began. Within less than six months, however, USCC's enthusiasm for the possibilities of production of copra waned to the point of non-participation, and the Plantation once again became an exclusive problem of the Navy. It was then decided that the problem should be directly administered by the Navy, and provisions were made for the financing of the project out of Island Government funds, the Navy [through the Island Trading Co.] to resume operations on January 1, 1948.

Manuel Sproat (Mannie), the manager of the USCC branch at Kusaie, was hired as plantation manager, and he proceeded directly to Ponape. He spent one month in Kolonia requisitioning supplies, procuring locally-available materials, and hiring em-

ployees. In February he was off again to Kusaie to procure and mill lumber, and to employ skilled craftsmen. During his three-month stay on Kusaie, with the aid of Jack Youngstrom and some 20 natives, he procured logs and sawed 30,000 board-feet of lumber. In May he arrived at Matalanim with the lumber, 20 Kusaieans on six- months' contracts, equipment, supplies, and Youngstrom as Construction Supervisor. By November a major part of the original building program was completed, with 12 permanent type buildings with cement floors providing over 11,000 square feet of living, working, and storing space built. In addition to this accomplishment, two cattle corrals of 20 acres each were erected; 1-1/2 miles of roads were constructed, with all the rock used being crushed by hand (done by 35 Ponapeans in 3 months); and a sunken Japanese Pompon was raised and repaired to provide transportation and to supplement the Plantation's 28-foot pulling whaleboat. In September the 20 Kusaican carpenters and Youngstrom's contracts terminated and they returned home. Three more Kusaieans were hired to complement the Ponapean help. Three more buildings were constructed to provide framily quarters to house the Kusaiean families and one Ponapean family. This was done to hold the key men: the mechanic, the cook, the carpenter and the gardener.

In November 1948, the actual work of bushing [i.e. clearing] the Plantation was begun. At first only 15 women were assigned to the job, but this number was later increased to the present male and female bushing force of 35. The bushing crew works every other forthnight; during alternate fortnights it collects and husks coconuts and prepares copra. Up to the present time, 1,000 acres have been completely cleared, with 750 acres bushed twice. Until the Plantation is completely cleared of underbrush, bushing is a continual process, but once this is accomplished it is a chore which will come up only once every 18 months. The bushing process is currently aided and abetted by some 42 heads of cattle which belong to the Plantation. These animals, eight bulls and 34 cows, range through some 600 acres of previously bushed land, and help to keep grass and bush down. The cattle were originally imported to the Plantation from Tinian by the U.S. Commercial Company.

The first load of ten tons of copra left the Plantation in June 1949. This was achieved with the help of some 60 Ponapeans. However, because of a tendency on the part of the local people to spend considerable amounts of time at home, a program was finally instituted in September 1950 to recruit out-islanders. There are now 50 men employed at the Plantation; 45 of them are from Pingelap, and two from Kusaie. They work for one year, return home, and are replaced by other recruits. The 7 key men are permanent workers and have their families at the Plantation.

January 1952 production was 27 tons, a level which has been established with the aid of a recently-installed Chula Copra Dryer. This copraland equivalent of "Mother's Little Helper," which doubled production upon installation, takes charge of 10,000 nuts in one fell swoop and, within 20 hours, reduces the moisture content of the copra to a neat seven percent. The eight and one-quarter ton wonder is fed with copra husks, which make a fire for heating air which is blown through steel tubes over the copra.

To satisfy this machine's weekly appetite requires an expenditure of some 3,240 man-hours to cut copra. About 60,000 nuts are collected off the ground each week (the nuts are allowed to fall into a bed of fronds at the base of each tree). Except for the 6,000 nuts per week which are husked at the drying shed to feed the heating end of the machine, all are cut in the field, each man producing 350 pounds of fresh copra per day (this comes out of the Chula weighing a miserable 200 pounds). Mannie informed us that one nut yields about 1/4 pound of copra on the average. Average fruit-bearing life is around forty years. Production is presently low in comparison to the area cleared because coconut trees covered by bush don't bear fruit, and it takes some 18-20 months for them to drop fruit after an area has been cleared. The estimated potential production of the plantation is around 100 tons a month, and this is the goal at which Mannie is aiming.

Mannie won't admit it, but it is he who put the Plantation back on its productive feet. Within 4 years he has wrested 1,000 acres back from the jungle, has created a neat community of 18 buildings, has reconstructed half of the 10 miles of Japanese roads in the Plantation, and has built or reconstructed 9 bridges throughout the area. And on the side, he has been ferrying copra to Kolonia for more than 2-1/2 years.

B4. Tinian leprosarium

Kalaupapa on a small scale. Diminutive white cottages resembling a typical tropical village. Cheerful patients, nearly self-sufficient, living independent lives within the confines of a 900-acre area. Modern humane therapy administered by competent personnel.

This is Tinian leprosarium on Tinian Island in the Marianas, the site of the only Hansen's disease settlement between Hawaii and the Philippines and part of the vast Pacific area under the jurisdiction of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

Tinian leprosarium had its beginning in September, 1948, when 63 islanders, the majority of them from Yap in the Western Carolines where the disease is most prevalent, were admitted as patients. The Navy, at that time the administrering authority, chose the site on what was considered the most practical island for such a sanitarium. The island is only three miles from Saipan where the best hospital in the Trust Territory is located.

The establishment of Tinian marked a long stride forward in the treatment of Hansen's disease in the Pacific. Under Japanese rule, little was done toward isolating the afflicted from the rest of the population. The Germans, in the years preceding World War I, had a small leprosarium on Yap but did little toward rehabilitating sufferers.

The Tinian colony is administered by a staff of four Trust Territory employees headed by Dr. Raymond Dowidat, physician in charge. They are assisted by island nurses and hospital aides and by native doctors, all of whom serve a three-month rotating internship at Tinian. Lloyd L. Ostrander, formerly of Maui, is the agriculturist, Miss Jessie Lindsay, formerly with the Territorial Department of Public Health, is Dr.

Dowidat's secretary and Lawson Fish the hospital administrator and chief laboratory technician.

At present, there are 109 patients at Tinian, the majority of them ambulatory. During the past year, 28 patients were discharged as the result of findings of a three-man medical board. Those released are given the choice of returning to their home islands, remaining at the Leprosarium or taking up land holdings on the island of Tinian.

Daily life at Tinian is similar to that of any small village in the tropics. Each morning, the patients who are able to work arise, eat their caarefully prepared diet and make ready for a half day's work in the fields. Before setting out to their 500-acre farm, they are given their daily shots of promin, diasone and diamidem. They are given a weekly allowance for the work they perform with which they purchase essential items at their own general store. They may buy soap, food, perfume and other necessities and luxuries. Their favorite luxury is chocolate milk.

The patients raise most of their own vegetables. They sell no produce to visitors but keep everything for their own use. Tomatoes, watermelon, cantaloupe, yams and numerous other products are carefully cultivated and harvested.

According to Mr. Ostrander, every effort has been made to provide the patients with a diet similar to that which they had on their home islands.

As a result of the excellent facilities and care at Tinian, the benefits of which are recounted to the native population of the Trust Territory by patients who have been discharged, a number of previously un-discovered sufferers have come forward and applied for admission to the Tinian Leprosarium.

Document 1952A

Grass-skirted Yap, by W. Robert Moore

[Attached]

Grass-skirted Yap

War Made Uncle Sam Foster Parent to These Far Pacific Islanders, Who Prize Old Ways, Taboos, and Huge Disks of Stone "Money"

By W. Robert Moore

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THE TINY naval freighter shuddered and reeled as she nosed out of Guam harbor breakwater and headed southwestward. A typhoon careening off toward the Philippines had kicked up a lively sea.

On a small space of the unsteady afterdeck sat seven of us—a priest going to the Palaus, a trader in island products, four Harvard anthropologists, and I. We clung to our seats amid a chaos of suitcases, boxes, camera gear, and sleeping cots under a canvas awning that was to prove inadequate to ward off either tropical sun or sweeping rain squalls.

But what did it matter? The strange and inviting Yap Islands lay over the horizon, only 500 miles away.

During the war in the Pacific I had seen Yap as I flew between Guam and the Palau Islands. Our forces had bypassed the Yap group of islands, but Japanese antiaircraft guns made the climate above them a bit unhealthy. Since then, Yap, like the other Pacific islands of the former Japanese Mandate, has become part of the Trust Territory under United States control.*

My four anthropologist shipmates—William D. Stevens and David M. Schneider, social anthropologists; Nathaniel R. Kidder, demographer; and Edward E. Hunt, Jr., physical anthropologist—were members of the Peabody Museum expedition from Harvard. They were one of the teams in the comprehensive project called the Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology—CIMA for short—sponsored by the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council and by the Navy Department.

Theirs was the nine-month task of making a detailed study of the customs in the Yap island group, of finding how the Yap mind ticks. Some of the facts they found were generously shared with the National Geographic Magazine.

Man Added an Island to Yap

When first seen from a plane or ship, Yap appears as a single land lump. Actually it is made up of four main islands and several small ones closely set within a hemming coral reef. Overall, the group is some 16 miles long and 6 miles across at its bulging midriff (see Pacific Ocean map, a supplement to this issue).

Once there were only three main islands—Yap, Map, and Rumung. The fourth, Gagil-Tomil Island, formerly was linked to Yap Island by a low mangrove-covered strip of land at the upper end of deeply indented Tomil Harbor. But the Germans, during their occupation before World War I, sliced it away by digging the shallow Tageren Canal to afford easy access by small boats to Map and Rumung (pages 808-809).

Like Ponape, Kusaie, and the chief islands of Truk and the Palaus, Yap is a "high" island group. It has hills. Although the highest ridges rise slightly less than 600 feet, these islands form sharp contrast to the multitude of flat coconut-studded coral atolls that comprise part of the Carolines and all the Marshalls.

Islanders Proud of Their Culture

Yap islanders are an independent folk. They want no truck with foreign clothes and foreign ways. Hiking about the islands with my anthropological companions, I found hardly a native wearing trousers or a dress. The men wear loincloths; the women fashion skirts of grass, reeds, and ferns. For centuries such garb has suited their needs and economy. So why change?

As we roamed from one village to another, we saw these grass-skirted women cooking food over outdoor fires, sweeping their yards, weaving baskets, and digging in the taro beds. On island paths they looked like perambulating haystacks (pages 815-817 and 828).

Breechclouted men worked in the canoe sheds, building outrigger canoes or repairing nets. Some were busy erecting new "men's houses," or clublike gathering places, to replace those destroyed during the war. Other men sailed the lagoon to tend fish traps. Many loafed in the shade and chewed blood-red betel nut (pages 819 and 825).

At first glance the Yap people might seem to be among the most primitive of island folk

* See, in the National Geographic Magazine: "Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam," July, 1948, and "South from Saipan," April, 1945, both by W. Robert Moore; "Yap Meets the Yanks," March, 1946, by David D. Duncan; "Hidden Key to the Pacific," June, 1942, and "Mysterious Micronesia," April, 1936, both by Willard Price; and "Yap and Other Pacific Islands Under Japanese Mandate," by Junius B. Wood, December, 1921.



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Yap's U. S. Administrator, King Chapman, Congratulates a Newly Elected Magistrate

Finiginam, chief of Dalipeebiinaaw district, put on GI clothes out of respect for Mr. Chapman, who came to congratulate him upon winning the first popular election ever held on Yap (January 7, 1952).

in all Micronesia. But their rejection of foreign ways does not mean lack of a well-developed culture of their own. In fact, they possess one of the most complex native social systems to be found in the western Pacific and are proud enough of their own traditions and customs to want to retain them.

Until recent years these islanders were a seafaring people. They sailed their outrigger canoes southwest to the Palaus and roamed among the atolls that lie hundreds of miles to the east. A number of the "isles of Ngek" (islands to the east), as they are known locally, still look upon the Yap chiefs as their masters.

Although Yap has experienced the control of Spain, Germany, Japan, and now Uncle Sam, foreign influence has made little impress.

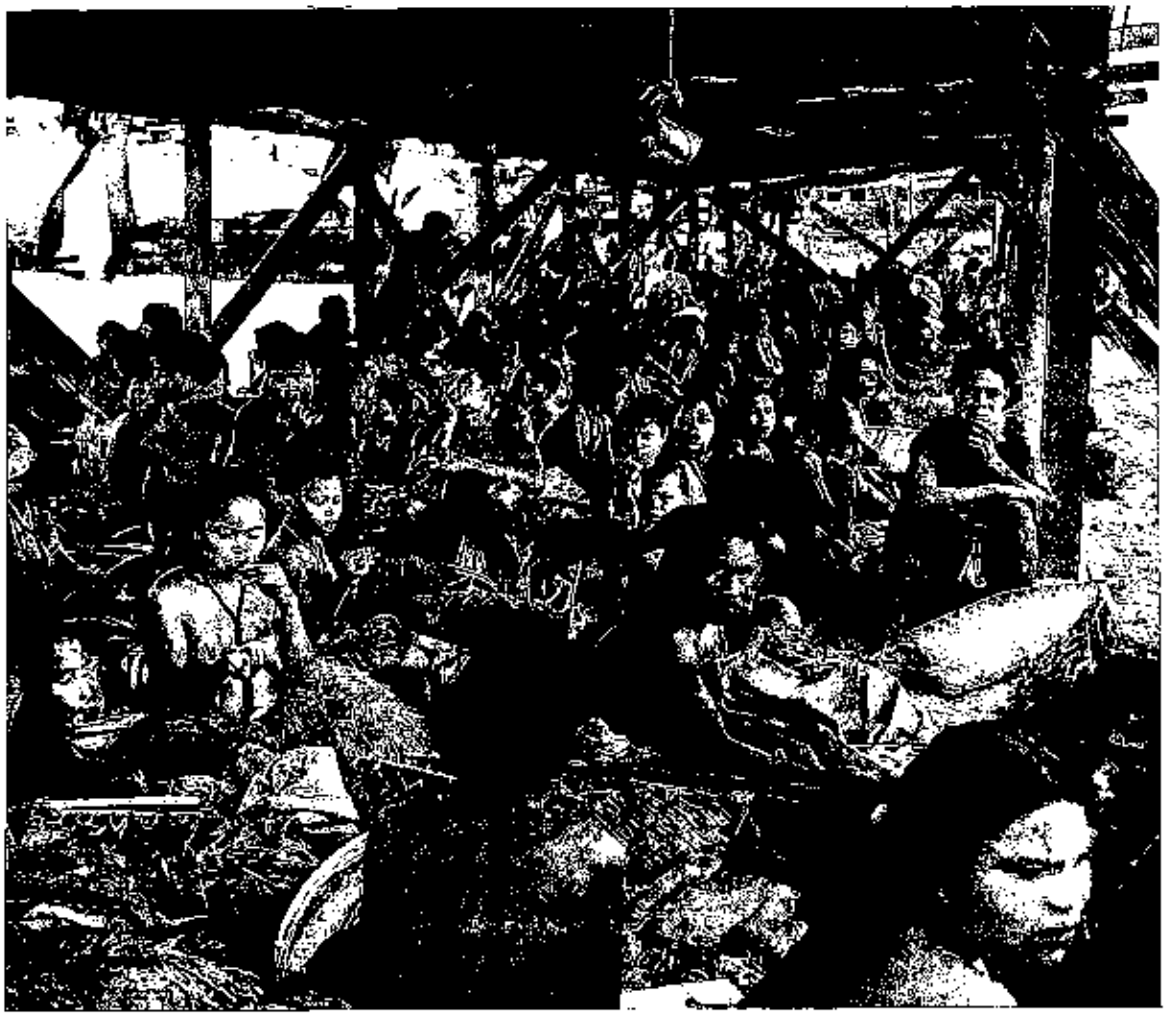
The Germans and the Japanese did succeed in limiting some of their practices. The Japanese, for instance, made the youngsters wear clothes in the schoolrooms; but the moment classes were ended, off came the clothes!

Japanese officials also forbade tattooing. Despite the ban, many of the younger men have rising suns, flags, and other tattoos on their arms. But these decorations pale beside those we saw on a few of the older men.

One such classic figure was bearded, aging Foneg, second high chief of the Gagil district, whom we met at Gatjapar. His arms, body, and legs were almost solidly covered with striped patterns (page 827).

Aptly, the Yap word for writing, *yawl,* is the same as that used for these symbolic tattoo markings.

On many of the other Pacific islands I had visited, the people lived in closely settled villages. Here on Yap I found homes widely scattered around the coasts. Even in so-called villages, the houses are so secluded in gardens that seldom are there more than two or three within view of each other.



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Islanders Waiting for Holiday Dances Worry about Nothing but the Fun Ahead

A tarpaulin-covered shed in Colonia provides an umbrella for these visitors. Some eat taro root; others chew betel nut (pouched cheeks), or pick their teeth. All take life easy, free of work for the day.

Part of the isolation stems from the fact that the population is considerably less than it was years ago. But much of it is due to the islanders' own desire for privacy.

Coconut and areca palms, banana plants, and shade trees usually hem the thatch-roofed houses that are set in the center of sanded or coral-graveled yards. Much of the family's daily life is spent in these carefully swept grounds. The women cook the food in small outside cookhouses and sit outdoors to weave. Guests, too, are entertained in the shade of the house or under the trees. The house serves mainly as sleeping quarters and as storage place for the family possessions.

Most of the homes are built on raised stone terraces and stone walls. Paths about the island also are paved with coral rock.

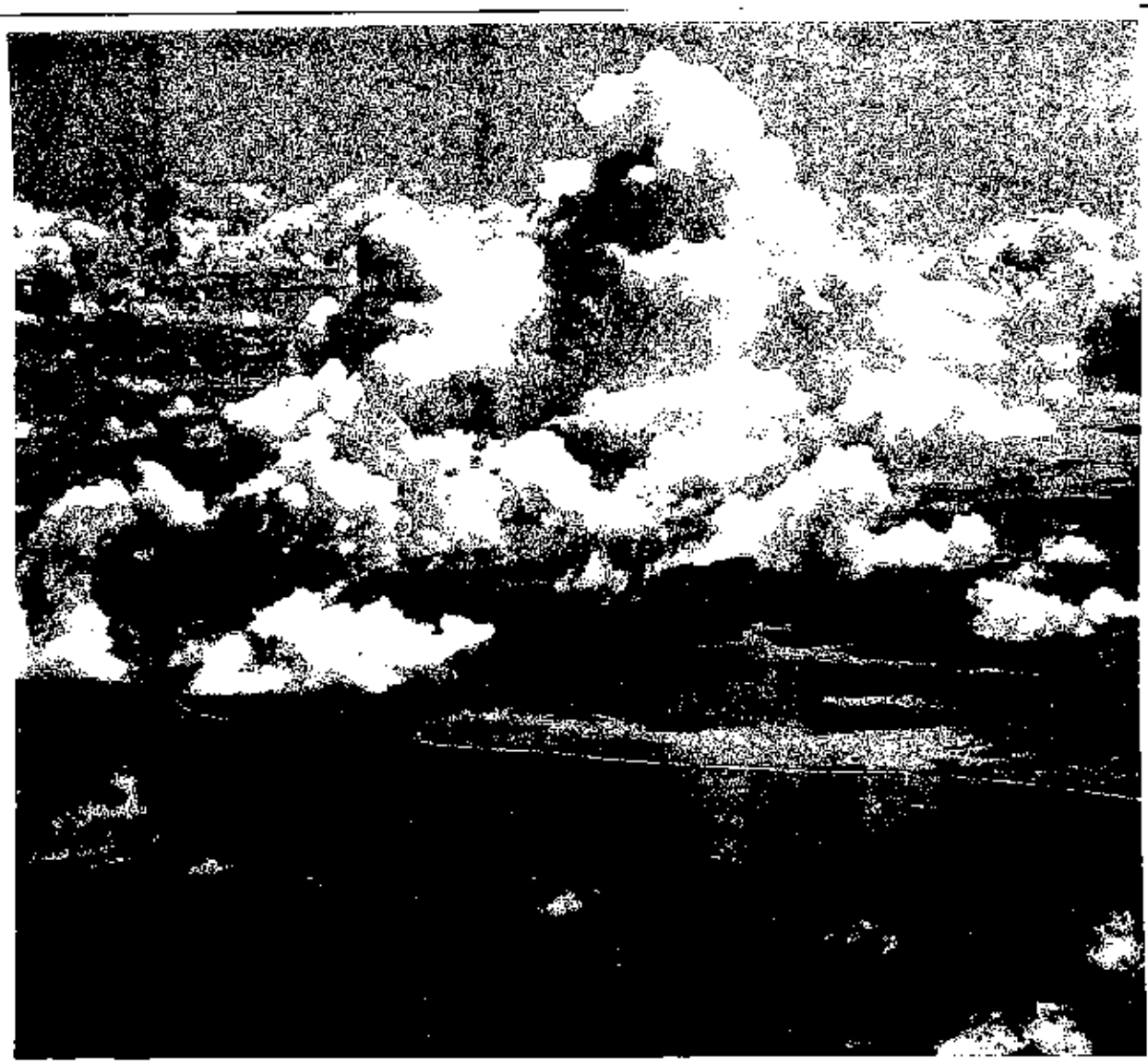
In most village centers we found stone-terraced areas where people gather for ceremonial meetings and dances. Stone uprights set in these platforms serve as back rests against which chiefs and others may lean. Even a rock slab, I imagine, affords some measure of comfort during protracted pow-wows!

Banks of Cartwheel Stone "Money"

"You'll probably want to go to the Yap bank," an American official said when we first landed at Yap. There was a twinkle in his eyes. He took us to Balabat, near Colonia (Yap Town).

The "bank" consisted of rows of huge millstone-shaped stone disks of so-called Yap stone money, propped against terraces. Some stones were only about two feet in diameter, but others were as much as 8 to 10 feet across. All had a hole in the center through which a pole could be thrust for moving them (page 820).

Later we were to see hundreds of other stone disks leaning against terraces or beside homes. Actual count at one time showed





Clouds Float Across Yap Like Galleons

Yap Islands, part of the Carolines, lie at the Pacific's western end, southwest of Guam. Volcanic rocks and coral betray the origin of the four main islands and 10 smaller islets. White surf edges the barrier reef, which encloses channels where fishermen navigate freely. Coral heads that once lurked beneath the surface have been blasted to permit seaplane landings at Colonia.

←Mangroves line the German-dug Tageren Canal separating Yap and Gagil-Tamil. Here two Harvard anthropologists studying Yap's customs take advantage of high tide to cruise the waterway (page 829).



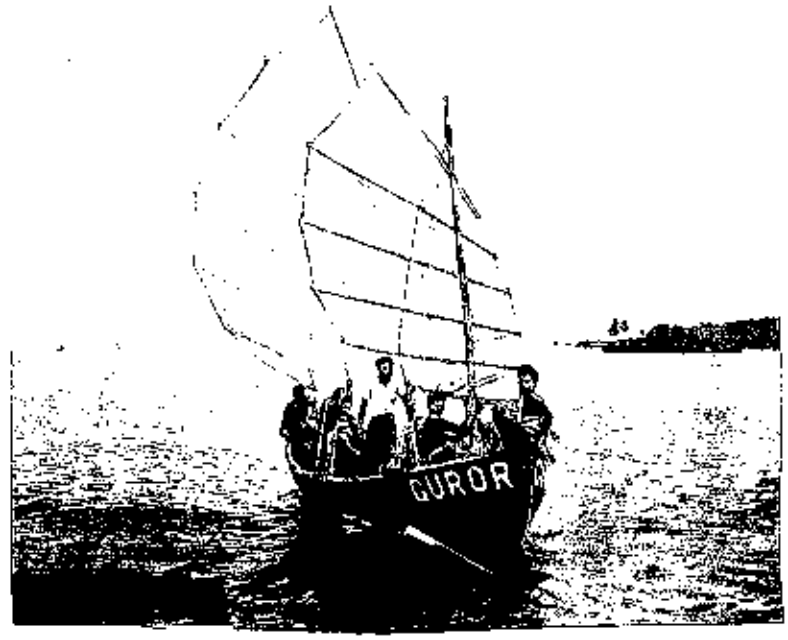
U. S. Air Force, Official

Oriental Sails → Drive a Navy Whaleboat

Despite generations of Spanish, German, and Japanese rule, and present United States administration, Yap's proud people have yielded little to modern custom. They still sail outrigger canoes, for example, like those of their forefathers.

Yet these sailors find a U. S. Navy whaleboat to their liking. Here men from Gorror, racing with homemade sails, bring their craft past the finish marker.

The aerial view above shows Map Island in the center foreground, with Gagil Tamil at left and Rumung at right. Beyond lies Yap Island, with Gorror at distant tip (center).





813 U. S. Navy, Official

Yap Men, Swapping Loincloths for Dungarees, Learn the Art of Swab Making

Medical taboos and magic rites are gradually giving way on Yap. Here a Navy lieutenant supervises native assistants in the Colonia dispensary maintained by the United States Government.

resemble such Indonesians as the Balinese. Still others have Caucasian features and, with their brown skins, would not look out of place on a street in India.

One of the rarest and most remarkable types we saw among the islanders had the long face and hook nose characteristic of many Armenians and Syrians.

Notably absent, however, is the brawny, thickset Polynesian type, such as is seen among many of the peoples of eastern Micronesia.

The ancient migratory paths of Yap forebears from the Asiatic mainland supposedly swung through the Philippines and Palaus.

Typewriter Ribbon Finds New Use

At community celebrations we saw the people in their finest garb. Women and girls donned newly made grass skirts, many of which were made gay by added strips of bright yellow reed and bits of red-dyed fiber.

One standard ornament for women is a black ribbon *marafau* worn about the neck. This black neck cord is first worn by girls when they reach maturity. Thereafter they wear it at all times, whether they stay single or marry (page 823).

Any narrow black band seems to serve. One day when Stevens was changing his typewriter ribbon, several Yap women hovered around to watch. Quickly they snatched up the old ribbon when he discarded it. A short time later one young woman came back looking somewhat irked. She had made a length of it into a marafau, but the black had come off on her neck.

Stevens soon set things right. He explained that she should first wash out the excess ink.

Men's costumes vary with the age of the wearer. Young boys wear a simple G string, called *thu*. Then, upon reaching their early teens, they add a cloth or woven fiber band, called *begiy*, about the waist. Finally, when they attain full manhood at 18 to 21 years of age, the *gal* is added.

The gal consists of a loose skein of shredded hibiscus fiber which is passed between the legs and looped over the loincloth. It is purely decorative, but for an adult man to appear in public without it would be like an American businessman appearing on the street in his shorts.

When clad in a new loincloth begiy made of finely woven pandanus fiber and a freshly shredded gal of creamy, bleached hibiscus bark, a man is really dressed in the height of Yap fashion (pages 818 and 825). No Westerner wearing striped trousers and a morning coat for the first time ever felt more formally attired.

To this eye-arresting toggery a man of the upper class frequently adds a long wooden comb, thrust into his shock of curly hair. It might be considered the Yap equivalent of a top hat (pages 827, 828).

Now that many of the men have become partial to short-cropped hair, one sees fewer such combs worn today than in earlier years. Those who are privileged to wear them, however, usually carry them in their woven basket "purses" or have them among their possessions at home.

Scarlet Lips, Black Teeth

Both men and women are inveterate chewers of betel nut. I saw numerous youngsters, still far short of their teens, whose cheeks bulged with walnut-sized quids. The betel nut makings include the nuts of the areca palm, peppery leaves, and white lime made by burning coral. When chewed it stains the saliva red and darkens the teeth.

As if this staining were not enough, both sexes also blacken their teeth. No doubt they reason much the same as some folk in Southeast Asia who say, "Any dog may have white teeth, but it requires effort to have nice black ones!"

Yap society is divided into an elaborate caste and class system in which a sort of feudal lord and serf relationship obtains. In all there are nine classes. The lowest four are landless and live as tenants on their masters' property, growing food for their own needs. In exchange for land use, the lower classes are required to perform certain services, such as repairing roofs, building roads, and burying the dead.

When a young Yap Romeo puts a hibiscus flower over his ear and goes courting, he is expected to select someone of his own class. Women may marry one or two stations above the rank to which they are born and thus attain a higher social position. But if a man marries outside his class, he must choose one from a lower rank. As Yap maidens of the lower groups reputedly possess greater beauty and industry, the idea of a man's mating outside his class is not necessarily displeasing!

Threaded through Yap society, too, and crossing all caste, class, or political units are the clans. Members of a single clan are those who trace their maternal line back to a common maternal ancestor. These ancestral lines usually reach back into the realms of myth and involve beautiful maidens supposed to be descendants of lizards, fish, and various strange creatures.

Members of the same clan, however, are considered relatives of one another and as such do not intermarry. Should a person go from one part of the island group to another, he is received by those of his own clan.

Chief Known as "Big Voice"

It is but slight exaggeration to call the native chiefs of Yap the "big noises." The title *pilung* which they hold means the "person with a big voice." The term applies not to their vocal ability but to the fact that when they speak everyone pays heed.

The islands are divided into 10 districts, and normally each has its own Big Voice, although at the time of our visit one was without a chief. Of these nine, three were currently most influential—one in Gagil, one in Tomil, and the other in Rull, a portion of Yap. The other districts had alliances among themselves or with one of the big three. Since then, Gorror has also become more influential.

Traditionally, a chief attained his position by the ownership of a certain piece of land, the inheritance of which was supposed to have been derived through the maternal line. But here, as in many other lands, claimants to position are sufficiently numerous to confuse any orderly descent.

A sidelight on one of the chiefs came one day when Kidder was taking a census of the population. Among the questions he asked was the routine one of occupation. To it the old chief answered: "Unemployed."

The chief was honest. He produced no copra, did no fishing, nor did he help build canoes. That he was master over lands and people and was perhaps the biggest political voice in Yap did not, to him, constitute an occupation, for the duties involved no manual labor.

One of the most influential district chiefs we met was Fithingimo Niga, ruler at Gatjapar (page 828). Paralyzed in his spine by an accident suffered several years ago, he had to be carried whenever he wanted to move from one place to another. His long hair was snow-white, or would have been had he not kept it colored bright orange with turmeric.

In keeping with his age and his wisdom, his words carried much weight in Yap council.

Like everyone else, however, he had no honorific titles. Both young and old called him by his nickname, "Old Fith."

The chiefs and many other individuals in Yap are astute politicians. Many accomplish their ends with a subtlety that would make some Western politicians seem crude.

When political maneuvering fails, they can, and often do, resort to magic. Though many people in Yap profess Christianity, local gods and incantations play an important part in their lives. When a house is built, a new canoe completed, or men go fishing, special rites are performed. Birth and death, too, are accompanied by special rites.

Magic Words to Weaken Fish

If a fisherman hooks a large fish while out trolling, he mutters a formula calculated to weaken it so it may be hauled in easily.

Witnessing such an incident one day, Schneider asked a young man what had been said. Because the islander was avowedly Christian and emphasized that he did not really believe in such phrases, he agreed to repeat it.

"But I must turn my back to you," he said.

"Why turn away?" asked Schneider.

"So that it will not make you weak," was his reply.

As he repeated the words—words so full of double meanings that they are not in present-day Yap language—Schneider wrote them down. When the lad had finished, Schneider started to read the words back to be sure he had copied them correctly. Instantly the islander again whirled and turned his back upon Schneider!

Professional magicians are called upon to make serious supplications to the gods. They gain their position by inheritance. They do not call upon the gods on their own initiative, but do so only when requested by their chiefs.

Some of the lesser gods are spirits of ancestors who supposedly hover about the tombs of those individuals. Others are superior spirits which are believed to dwell in certain sacred groves of the islands and can be approached only by the magicians.

Taboos, too, influence the behavior of the islanders from birth to death. They restrict the gathering of food and preparation of it, determine whom a person may marry, how families may live, and what places they may or may not go.

In family yards we came upon housewives cooking food over several different fires for various members of the family. Men and women ate separately.

Stevens studied Yap eating habits. "A mature man," he summarized, "has his food grown on a special plot, cooked in special dishes over a special fire, and prepared by a special person. No one can eat with him except another man of his own age and rank.

"An aged woman and a young boy are permitted to eat from one pot, as also are a young girl and her mother. Adolescent brothers and sisters, however, cannot share the same food."

In fact, as soon as children of a family reach maturity, the girl has to retire to separate quarters, usually a building erected for her near by. The boys move to the local men's house or, if none exists, to other quarters in the village.

When a person dies, those who have had contact with the deceased are restricted by taboos for a certain period. If the person possessed land, no one may pick the coconuts from his groves or use other produce growing there for a specified time, usually a year.

Stringent family taboos, no doubt, have been partly responsible for the decline in population that occurred during the last century. But disease and other factors had a share in causing this decline, not only on Yap but on various other islands in Micronesia.

On certain islands, health and sanitation measures have checked disease to such an extent that populations now are increasing. Here in Yap, however, the ratio of births to deaths is only now beginning to level off. Today, approximately 2,700 persons dwell on the four islands (page 819).

War Bombings Caused Much Damage

When the Japanese controlled Yap, they had a sizable community at Colonia. Many of their buildings were damaged or destroyed during bombing raids. American administrators, upon their arrival, erected Quonset-hut headquarters.

Very few Yap natives live in the Colonia settlement. Most of them prefer to remain in the semi-isolation of their own villages.

To get to outlying native villages, we had to hike—and what hikes they were when trails were muddy or stone paths slippery! To reach the settlements on other islands, we went by boat, which threaded winding channels and took a circuitous path outside the enclosing reef.

One day we decided we wanted to go to Map by way of the short cut through the Tageren Canal. The native operator of the small launch that was to carry us set the departure time. He had to time his arrival at the canal to coincide with full tide; otherwise even the shallow-draft boat could not get through (page 808).

Almost scraping the mangrove bushes at times, we slid safely through the narrow, shallow cut and reached the northern lagoon.

Outrigger canoes, their sails catching a

fresh breeze, skimmed over the lagoon which sprawls between the north end of Yap and the islands of Map and Rumung. The channel between Tomil and Map is so narrow and crooked that the islands seem joined.

In shallow waters were many fish traps. I was surprised to learn that fishing grounds, like land property, are privately owned. Boats have "navigation" rights over the water, but a Yap fisherman does not drop a line or set a trap in someone else's portion of the big lagoon puddle.

Returning to Colonia, we again slipped through the Tageren on high tide. When tides drop, the water pours out of the canal much as if someone had pulled the plug from a bathtub.

Dancers Celebrate for Americans

A few days before I left Yap, it seemed as if all the people were converging on Colonia. They were coming to watch or take part in regattas and dances as an anniversary celebration of American control.

Hundreds of men, women, and children arrived in old landing craft, by outrigger canoe, or afoot over island paths. They brought stems of bananas, thirst-quenching coconuts, and other food supplies. All were attired in their Sunday best. Babies bounced on the grass-skirted hips of their mothers.

From midmorning till midafternoon the islanders formed an animated grass fringe about the shore as they watched outrigger sailing canoes, rowboats, and sailing whaleboats go through their paces over choppy waters.

As soon as races ended, dances began. From their woven-coconut bags and bundles the performers extracted feathered headdresses, strips of reed to decorate arms and legs, and turmeric to smear on their faces and shoulders.

Each village executed its own traditional folk dance, men and women performing separately (pages 813-817). Darkness finally halted the celebration.

A few days later there was little gaiety on Yap. A typhoon had struck.

When I boarded a plane for a flight to the Palaus and back to Guam, skies already were sullen and spewed heavy rain squalls. In Guam I saw the first radio report telling of the fury that had been unleashed across the islands and read the extensive list of emergency supplies needed.

My Harvard companions had stayed in Yap. They saw screaming gales crush in walls, snatch roofs from houses, and hurl pieces of corrugated iron into the air like razor-edged flying saucers. Coconut and areca palms snapped or were shorn of fronds and fruit.

Hardly had the people had time to make temporary repairs and assess the damage caused by this tropical monster when along came another. And another. And still another, this last followed by a tidal wave.

In less than four months Yap had been scourged and beaten more than at any other time the islanders could remember.

Typhoons are no strangers to Yap, for the islands lie within the belt of those storm tracks in the western Pacific. But seldom does one center over Yap more than once in several years.

By the time these four blasts had ended, virtually every house on the islands was damaged or completely blown apart. Crops were so devastated that most foods were short for six months and coconuts for a year. The destruction of coconuts was the most distressing loss, for both young and ripe cöconuts are an important food for the people and their animals.

An incidental aspect, too, was the immediate shortage of *tuba*, the fermented sap drawn from the top of the palms; as a result, the islanders were forced to keep sober. The betel-nut supply was so depleted that long afterward the people searched the ground for old dry nuts which they might chew.

In sections of Yap where young areca shoots survived, men immediately began collecting and transplanting them to replenish the supply. One of the atolls to the east, also hit by the typhoon, sent pleas to the Yap chiefs to furnish them with areca palm plantings.

The Quonset buildings and the homes of the group of Americans in Colonia were badly hit. Until new housing could be built, some had to move into damaged Japanese structures which had withstood both bombings and typhoons. When the Japanese first went to Yap, they, too, had built flimsy structures; but they soon learned that they had to have reinforced-concrete buildings.

When Magic Backfires

This multiple typhoon scourge gave rise to a strange Yap story. It seems that one of the chiefs felt his people were beginning to stray from proper Yap ways. And to correct their behavior, he felt, they should be punished.

So he called his magician to utter incantations with the idea of giving them a salutary lesson. The magician uttered his formulas, but he did not gauge the power he possessed.

Every Yap sorcerer knows well that he must exert proper care in conjuring his magic lest it get out of hand. One typhoon he may conjure; perhaps, with impunity, even the second. But three or four, never.

This magician did, and brought about his own destruction. Yap people feel assured they know who he was—a man found dead, but unmarked, after the fourth typhoon passed.



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Decked with Feathers and Shells, a Grass-skirted Yap Woman Leads a Folk Dance

Festive Villagers Gather at Colonia to Race and Dance

Only an obscure line divides work and play in easygoing Yap. Communal groups rather than individuals do most of the work. Often they turn large projects, such as house building, into occasions for feasting and dancing. On the other hand, the Islanders work hard getting ready for holidays.

One celebration commemorates the islands' liberation in World War I. Virtually everyone hikes or canoes to Colonia, where American officials administer affairs under United Nations' trusteeship. Dressed and combed, racing before the day's festivities. Each village preserves its own folk dances and chants, trying to outdo its neighbors. Men and women perform separately.

Wearing their best loincloths, these men don gay headdresses and tie yellow fronds around arms, legs, and necks. They stamp to the cadences of age-old dances.

Schoolgirls, dressed in the same grass-skirt costumes as their mothers, sit at the edge of Colonia harbor watching outrigger canoe races. Later they hopped and swished in gay stick dances first to native chants and then to the tunes of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," learned in school.

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Grass Skirts Sway and Sticks Clash as Yap Women Step to a Lively Chant

Women from Gagil-Tomil perform a stick dance. Twisting, swaying, weaving, and whirling, they clack bamboo batons together in rhythm with their chanting.



817 Kodachrome by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Staff

Navy Signal Flags Lend a Modern Touch to a Primitive Celebration

Costumes of grass and fern carry colorful streamers. The woman in foreground adds scraps from an old cigarette package to her feather headdress.



Custom Decrees No Clothes above the Waist. Seminudity Is the Acme of Respectability



← **Flying Fingers Weave a Basket of Palm Fronds**

Yap women spend most of their time out of doors, working when the need arises but resting and gossiping at other times. They prepare food, sweep stone courtyards, care for children, and hoe taro patches.

This Gorror housewife makes mats as well as baskets from split coconut leaves. She fashions the inner bark of hibiscus and pandanus plants into loincloths. Every female dons the black throat ribbon on reaching maturity.

→ An heirloom necklace is the prized adornment of this girl.

Kodachromes by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Staff





A Bronze Fisherman Poles His Craft to Yap Island

Until recent years Yap men were seafarers. Sailing large canoes, they visited the Palaus, where they carved thousands of stone disks (page 820). Somehow they towed these cumbersome cartwheels on rafts behind their canoes. A number of men died on the hazardous voyages.

Yap mariners also sailed among the low coral atolls hundreds of miles to the east. Some outlying island groups still look upon Yap's chiefs as their masters, though they rarely see them.

Today small canoes sail through the lagoon and channels separating Yap's four islands, or go on fishing expeditions beyond the reef.

This fisherman, who has been visiting traps across the lagoon, poles his outrigger craft to the thatched canoe shed, where shade prevents cracking by the sun. The hull was carved from a breadfruit or mangrove log. Not a simple dugout, the canoe is made of five parts: hull, two side pieces, and two end sections.

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Old-time Styles and Crafts Seldom Change on Yap

← A young man follows high fashion with a bulky skein of shredded hibiscus fiber. All adult males wear this garb, even if it be only a few shreds looped over the loincloth. On festive occasions it dominates the costume.

Small boys wear a simple G string. Reaching teen age, they put on a loincloth. The hibiscus fiber is added at 18 to 21.

→ Yap craftsmen, following patterns passed down by generations, put the finishing touches on a canoe. This prow, shaped like a tern's tail, duplicates the other end of the craft.

Yap mariners do not tack, but come to a stop and reverse directions, letting bow become stern.

Magic rites to assure fortune usually precede such projects as building a canoe or a house.

Color photographs by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic staff





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A Canoeist Sets Off for a Race. His Outrigger Balances the Tug of the Sail and Prevents Capsizing



Yesterday's Styles: Aristocrat's Comb and Full-body Tattoo

Island society divides into a complex caste system. Upper classes hold rights such as owning land or using certain types of shell currency. Lower classes repair roads, build houses, and bury the dead in return for use of lands.

Only an upper-caste man may wear a comb like this. Nowadays most men crop hair too short to support such an adornment.

During their long rule the Japanese forbade tattooing; therefore, only a few veterans can show a striped skin like that of Foneg, second chief at Gatjapar.

Foneg endured pain to get his zebra markings. Bone needles, which drove each tiny dot into the skin, were tipped with carbon from charred coconut husks.

Embellishments by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Staff





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Kodachrome by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Staff

Thirty Pounds of Grass and Fronds Make Ankle-length Bustles

These perambulating haystacks cost nothing but time to collect and assemble the materials. Women welcome American DDT spray to rid skirts of insects. Modestly, they wear them even when bathing.

"Old Fith," a Crippled Chieftain, Rides a Military Stretcher

Fithinzimo Niza's age and prestige carry weight in Yap council. Paralyzed by a spinal injury, he is carried everywhere. He knots long white hair and stains it with turmeric. One bearer wears a decorative comb.





NGS Photograph by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Staff

On Yap, as in Ypsilanti or Yuma, Baby Demands the Spotlight

More children are needed to keep up Yap's population, now about 2,700. Low birth rate and high mortality have cut the number by two-thirds since the beginning of the century, but it is now increasing slightly.

Yap Men Feel Content When Cheeks Bulge with Betel

Both men and women show teeth blackened from chewing a mixture of areca nut, a peppery leaf, and lime (made from burned coral). Islanders carry betel mixings, knives, and other gear in coconut-leaf purses.





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Millstone-size Disks Are Treasured as Token Money, but, Like Fort Knox's Gold, They Are Rarely Spent

Daring canoeists brought the perforated slabs 300 miles from the Palaus' limestone quarries. Large ones have names; they are almost never moved.



A Bird's Breast Tops a Dancer's Headdress

Nature gives Yap islanders a wealth of material for personal decoration. Ferns, flowers, and feathers make headdresses, and cotton from the American dispensary sometimes forms topknots. Inner layers of coconut fronds make glistening yellow strips.

One of these dancers has painted his face and chest. Common coloring materials are red clay and turmeric, the ground root of a native herb. A dim-skinned hand on the man's chest indicates a visit to a foreign tattooer, perhaps in Guam or the Palaus.

Soon these two will be absorbed in their dance. Bodies will glisten with sweat as they stomp, slap thighs and arms, and pantomime an ancient folk tale.



→ This youngster in Colonia for the festival, wears her everyday grass skirt. Her fancy headdress carries a paper heart. The metal bracelet came from Japan.

Kodachrome by W. Robert Moore
National Geographic Staff

Teacher and Students Forget the Three R's for a Day's Outing

Yap stoutly resists efforts to change its time-honored ways. Japanese colonial officials required the children to wear Western dress in school, but clothes came off the moment classes ended. Now Americans sanction the native garb.

These youngsters come from Gatjapar on Gagil-Tomil's eastern shore. Most of the girls have cropped hair like the boys'.

Schoolmaster Pitemog (right) speaks English well and teaches it to his charges. The author met him in Guam. There Pitemog endured hat, confining shirt and trousers; but, upon arriving home, he lost no time getting into his comfortable loincloth.

Loincloths have no pockets, so Pitemog carries personal possessions in his coconut-frond basket.



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Document 1953A

Marianas' status clarified by executive order

Source: Article in the Micronesian Monthly, August 1953.

The status of the Marianas generally, and the island of Rota in particular, was clarified last month by executive order. The order, signed by President Eisenhower on July 17, places all the Marianas except Rota under the jurisdiction of the Navy.

Technically, Rota has been the responsibility of the Interior Department since 1951. However, with the transfer of Saipan and Tinian to the Navy on January 1, 1953, there has been some doubt as to whether the balance of the Marianas thereby was transferred to Naval control. As a matter of convenience the navy [had] assumed responsibltity, unofficially, for the remaining islands.

Rota is the smallest of the three principal islands in the Marianas; the other two being Saipan and Tinian. A very fertile island with tremendous possibilities for truck farming, it has a population of a little more than 900. It is only 35 miles from Guam, which can utilize all the fresh vegetables amd products that Rota can produce. Upon the signing of the executive order, High Commissioner Frank Midkiff sent a dispatch to the people of Rota pledging the assistance of the Trust Territory administration to the islanders. Mr. Midkiff's despatch follows:

"Since I myself cannot be with you on this happy occasion, I am requesting Alfred Hurt, my executive officer, to express to all the people of Rota my warmest greetings. As you may know the President of the United States has recently assigned continued responsibilty for caring for the island of Rota to the Interior Department. It is my great privilege to be able to pledge our assistance to you and to your leaders in your work of self-advancement so that your homes, your livelihood, and your commerce may be nearer to the ideals you seek.

"We will at once begin to aid you to improve your channel so that your ships can come and go safely. Then, if you develop your crops, you will find a good market on Guam. I wish to assure you that both I and my staff take the responsibility for your welfare most seriously. In order that I may better know and assist you in meeting the problems of daily life on Rota and in the other islands of the Trust Territory, I am assigning a member of my staff to live among you on your island and to help carry on the good work first started by the American Navy.

"There have been many times since my return to Headquarters of the Trust Territory when I have recalled with pleasure my too short visit to your lovely island. I trust that not too long a time will pass before I shall again enjoy visiting with you on Rota. Meanwhile, my sincerest best wishes for your health and success. May God bless you all."

Frank E. Midkiff

Document 1953B

Guam interlude, by Anita M. Elvidge

Source: Anita M. Elvidge, Guam Interlude (n.p., ca. 1972). Note: Mrs. Elvidge was the wife of Governor Elvidge whose three-year term lasted from 1953 to 1956.

Contents of her book.

—The appointment
—Our arrival [see below]
—To market
—Cooks
—Alfred and Quina
—Boondocks and snails
—Hot lockers and pets
—Typhoons and tuba
—Outer island people
—The new house and garden
—Official entertaining
—Will you please?
—I paint
—Departments and golden locks
—Conclusion

[Excerpt attached]

Our Arrival

We circled above a long green island that was studded with palm trees and surrounded with white breakers which outlined the coral reef. I pressed my nose against the cold glass of the plane window as we descended over the tops of the jungle palms, the better to see the twisting brown trails leading to isolated clearings with their tin-roofed shacks. Then came larger clusters of rounded quonset huts as we glided to a stop on the white concrete of the Naval strip. I thought, "Am I going to be glad that Ford had said, 'Yes, I will accept'?"

As we stepped through the opened door of the plane to the top of the landing stairs, I blinked in the strong tropical sunlight reflected on the airfield and fumbled for my dark glasses. There lay Guam soil at our feet—soil of America's newest Territory and our home for some time to come.

I held on to my hat with one hand and clutched my ballooning skirt with the other as I met, head-on, the warm, humid wind of the tropics. We were led down the steps toward a group of Winslow Homer palms that stood with their backs turned to the wind, their fronds waving on their tall, graceful stems. For one fleeting second I thought, "Palm trees instead of fir trees! Ah, painting possibilities!" And then came the out-stretched hands.

In all the excitement and anticipation of coming to Guam, it had not occurred to me that the Guamanian *people were* just as curious about us as we were about them. Their leaders stood in line to greet us, friendly but solemn. This getting a new Governor was no light matter.

The Speaker of the Guam Legislature was there, Mr. Won Pat, a black-haired little man with fine Oriental features, dressed in an immaculate white business suit, Mr. Randall Herman, the Secretary of Guam and the second in command of the Island civilian government and his wife, Pauline, Federal Judge and Mrs. Paul Shriver and the Admiral and his wife. As we walked down the receiving line shaking hands, other military officials saluted us, colorful leis were placed around our necks and a Girl Scout handed me a large bouquet of gorgeous red and yellow flowers in a hand-woven basket of palm fronds. In the background an interested audience watched from the screened windows and openings of the airport quonset huts.

A young woman reporter from the Island paper tried to hold my attention as she asked me questions, scribbling furiously in her notebook. Had we lived in the tropics before? Were we glad to come to Guam? Did we have any family? It was difficult to concentrate on such answers as - no, we have never lived in the tropics; yes, we are happy to come to Guam; yes, we have three children and four remarkable grandchildren - when all the while cameras were whirring and flashing and rows of brown hands were waiting to be clasped.

Finally the greetings ended and the photographers closed their cameras, so entering the shiny black limousine that was the Governor's car, we were driven along the highway, through the main town of Agana, to the old Navy quarters that were to be our first home.

I looked through the rear window of the car and there, in a battered jeep, grasping the steering wheel with both hands, her hair flying, her knees almost up to her chin and her jaw set with determination to keep up with us - no matter what - came the lady reporter. She wasn't going to miss anything. She followed us to the House, turned the flag circle and headed back to town.

The next morning, the paper described our arrival and dwelt upon members of the Legislature who were present, the Admiral and the Governor. All that I received was - "and the Governor's wife was busy exuding charm." An introduction that left me gasping but still undaunted.

After weeks of imagining and wondering about Government House, here it was before us - a low, wide-brimmed, white bungalow, L-shaped and with a long canvas-covered approach, set behind a tall, red hibiscus hedge on the edge of a two-hundred foot cliff. It looked down on Marine Drive and across the ocean to China. Broad wooden shutters protected the screened windows and the interior looked cool and inviting.

We alighted from the car. The white-gloved, uniformed driver stood at attention. With big brown eyes following our every movement, Alfred, the house-boy and his wife, Joaquina, waited for us at the House door. Behind the louvred pantry door, I glimpsed the slanting eyes of Kong, the Chinese cook, quietly peeking through the openings. The House was calm and restful, after the welcome of the people at the airport, and this was home at last.

We were conducted along the screened hallway, open to the hedge-enclosed garden, past the two guest rooms and bath with their horizontally louvred walls, to our suite at the end of the bedroom wing.

"Where does a person sit in an open house like this, to keep out of drafts?" questioned my northwest husband, with apprehension. Before long he realized the difference between a breeze on Guam and a draft in Seattle and welcomed those same breezes which scattered our papers and blew our hair yet made the heat bearable and our large, airy bedroom a heavenly retreat.

I contemplated its two wide beds, its dressing room, its closets and - - - -dear me, what's that big thing!!!

I froze as I watched a huge beetle - at least two inches long - come slowly from somewhere, skitter about, then stop, wave its antennas and scamper into the shower stall. Ford exclaimed, "A cockroach! A giant cockroach!" It disappeared down the shower drain which ever remained a place of suspicion from which that grandfather roach or some of his prolific progeny might erupt at any moment.

But that first day, it was wonderful to be on firm earth again and I did not worry about details. I had been told that Pauline Herman, the wife of the Secretary of Guam, had been in charge of the House since the former Governor and his family had left the Island. I knew that this lively, copper haired woman and I also would see much of one another as the days passed because she was to be my informant. She was the one to tell me of the customs of the people, the ways of shopping, the rules for Government House and its servants - in fact, she was to answer all my questions.

Her husband, "Pat", and she, along with the Federal Judge and his wife, Paul and Melba Shriver who later became our dear friends, had lunch with us that first day. We cautiously appraised one another, knowing that here were the tops of the Island civilian government and whatever lay ahead, we were all together.

That night, my husband and I had a quiet dinner by candlelight and then - there we were, alone. Alone on Guam. Alone with 35,000 Guamanian-Americans and thousands of military Americans and Statesiders on a little island only thirty-five miles

long and from four to nine miles wide, in the middle of the west Pacific Ocean.

Later we walked in the garden under the velvet-black sky that was spangled with myriads of stars. Suddenly we discovered that the lawn jumped with countless garden toads that hid from the heat of the day and hop, hopped everywhere at night. When we stood still, our ankles were stung by busy garden ants! We started to learn about Guam in a hurry!

We slept fitfully that first night, our only cover a sheet and a pillow too hot for our heads. The wind sighed through the screens as I wondered what time it was in Seattle. After skipping a day and a night on the way and travelling with the sun, where were we? Twenty-four hours ahead, minus two hours with the sun to Honolulu and another four hours to Guam, meant six hours off the twenty-four -- leaving eighteen hours ahead -- or was today yesterday - or maybe, tomorrow?

I drifted in a dancing jumble of numbered hours. All too soon came the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs in the village below and the hoarse hum of heavy trucks on Marine Drive.

This was Ford's inauguration day when he was to become the second civilian Governor of the Island of Guam. Later in the morning, we drove to Agana and there Judge Shriver administered the oath of office before a throng of Island people, Statesiders and Filipinos as we stood upon the small bandstand of the Plaza. I later learned that that same, red-tiled bandstand had witnessed much of the recorded history of the Island.

It stands in the center of a small park or plaza that once was the approach to the old Spanish palace. That palace was the headquarters and residence of the Spanish governors and later of the United States Navy governors - the place where belles of the day watched from its arched windows the gatherings below. One Governor who liked the quietude of the morning hours issued an order forbidding noise in the Plaza, especially whistling.

But the Plaza was the center for the social life of the village, for the gay evenings of song and strolling, for the Presentation of Arms and drilling of the Island Militia, for addresses by the Governor, for gatherings of school children and for the occasional interested but silent, barefoot islander who might linger on his way to and from his village, reached only by foot, on jungle trails. He may have been dressed in trousers left at a certain place - there was such a place - on the trail for public use of a visitor to the big village of Agana. On his way home, he returned them to the same spot for the next visitor requiring trousers for a proper entry to the town.

The Palace was destroyed by bombardment in the last war. Its walls and arches, its gardens and wrought iron grilles were left as rubble but the little bandstand remained unharmed. Today, it stands in the Island's only park that serves as the front garden to the new Agana Cathedral, new administration buildings of the government and the playfield for the children of the nearby parochial school.

For us it was the stage from which we viewed the prospect of a new and challenging life. Flash bulbs popped and cameras clicked in the hot sun. The palm trees swished in the moist breeze, the band played and the flag waved. It seemed like a fascinating dream in an unknown world.

When we returned to the House afterwards, all was bustle with preparation for the Governor's reception. Pat and Pauline Herman had made all the arrangements, ordered all the food, engaged the extra help and invited the guests. We still were in the guest stage ourselves but not for long.

In our absence in the morning, our first house-guest arrived, the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory, Frank E. Midkiff of Honolulu. He had stopped previously at Government House so quietly took his place in the receiving line and shook the hands of four hundred callers, as we did.

Frank, as we soon called him, was the gentleman school master in manner as well as in actuality. For years, before he became Chairman of the Board of the famous Bishop Estate of the Hawaiian Islands, he was the revered head of Kamahamaha School for Hawaiians. His kindly manner attested to his sincere interest and consideration of others. Needless to say, he made an ideal house-guest and assistant host. We looked forward to his future visits.

The other reception guests were naval officers and their wives, Air Force and other personnel, Guamanian government officials and Americans from the mainland who, on Guam, are called "Statesiders". The Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church and his assistant were there as well as civilian leaders in professions, business and education.

There were those who wore white dress uniforms and tuxedos, silk, satin and gay cocktail gowns - as gala an affair as any Stateside one. The dining table was laden with flowers and hors d'oeuvres of every description. The glassware shown, the silver sparkled and soft music came from the orchestra on the patio outside. There were blond people, black people, brown people, large and small, who showed Oriental ancestry, with straight black hair except for the "permanent waves" which all the women seemed to have. All met as equals. There were far more men than women because, I later learned, the Spanish religious customs of the Guamanians discourage activities for women outside of their family circle and their church activities.

After the last guests had departed from the largest party to date on the Island, we mopped our faces and took to the veranda.

"Well, that's that," announced Pauline to me. "Tomorrow I will call for you at nine o'clock and start to educate you. We will go marketing. Be ready!"

We walked with them to the door, through the spacious reception room with its fiber rugs, its rattan davenports and

easy chairs, its tropical plants and softly lighted lamps.

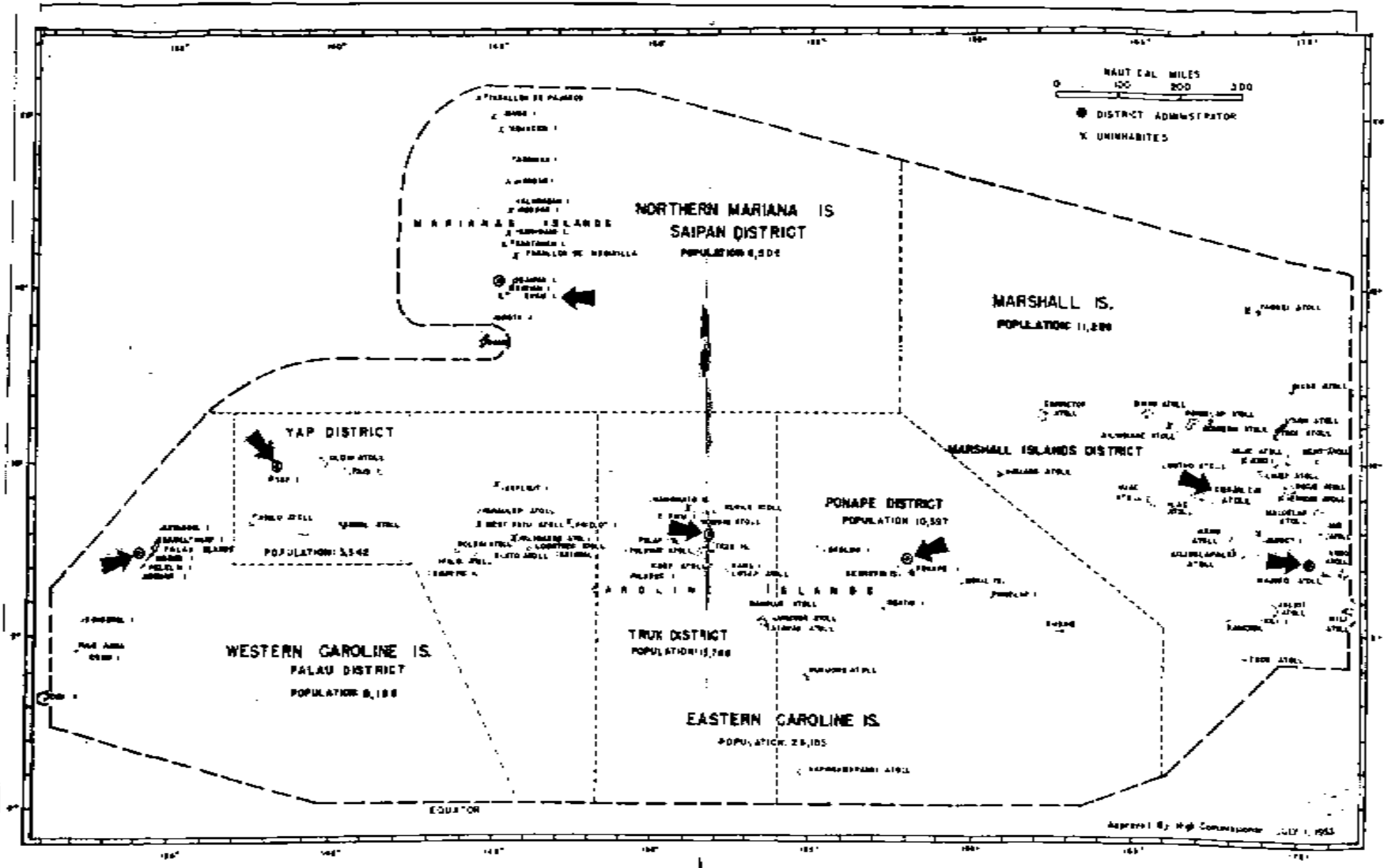
"The House is lovely, Pauline, and thank you so much for having it so beautifully prepared for our coming. And of course, for all the other arrangements. We love it all."

She laughed a chuckly laugh as she patted me with her freckled hand. "Just enjoy it while you can. When the rains come you may have other ideas about it all. Chuckle, chuckle.

Later, I recalled that conversation many times.



DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN THE PLAZA



HUGE STRETCH OF TRUST TERRITORY is shown on this map including all six of the districts. The party of officials from Washington, D. C., entered the Trust Territory from the Southeast, flying from Nandi, Fiji, North and Northwest, first to Kwajalein Atoll (shown by upper arrow in the Marshall Islands District) and thence Southeast to Majuro Atoll. Majuro Island in Majuro Atoll is headquarters for the Trust Territory administration in the Marshalls.

Thence the party flew to Ponape; to Truk; to Guam; to Yap and Koror; back to Guam; thence to Honolulu and continental United States. All the Trust Territory key points are designated by arrows.

The Islands of Saipan and Tinian (just North of Guam which is designated by arrow) were formerly under the Trust Territory. By Executive Order they have been removed from the Trust Territory and placed again in the jurisdiction of the United States Navy. The only island in the Northern Marianas-Saipan District now in the Trust Territory is the small island of Rota which lies Southwest of Guam. This was not visited by the inspection party.

Document 1953C

Journey to the Trust Territory, by Riley H. Allen

Source: A series of articles published in the Honolulu Star-bulletin.

[Attached]

JOURNEY TO The TRUST TERRITORY

UNCLE SAM'S WARDS IN THE PACIFIC

From a Series of News Stories
NOVEMBER - DECEMBER
1 9 5 3

By
RILEY H. ALLEN
Editor of the
HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN
HONOLULU, HAWAII

Journey to the Trust Territory

INTRODUCTORY

"Journey to the Trust Territory" is a republication, in booklet form, of a series of newspaper stories written on a tour of the Trust Territory of the Pacific, November-December, 1953.

I had the unusual opportunity and privilege of accompanying two United States Senators, three others from Washington and one from Honolulu on an official trip through the vast area of the Trust Territory—3,000,000 square miles, with hundreds of islands, and a sparse population of about 50,000 Micronesian natives.

All but about 350 miles of our more than 10,000 miles of travel was by air—first by commercial air lines, then by a Navy work plane, then by a commercial plane chartered by the Trust Territory Government for inter-island and inter-sea communication.

THE TOURING PARTY

The main party came to the Pacific from Washington, D.C.

It was composed of:

Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon, member of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, and chairman of the sub-committee on Appropriations.

Senator Milton R. Young of North Dakota, member of the Committees on Appropriations and Agriculture and Forestry.

William C. Strand, Director of the Office of Territories, Department of the Interior.

Delbert H. Nucker, Executive Officer of the Office of Territories.

Robert B. Parkman, Administrative Assistant to Senator Cordon.

ROUNDABOUT ROUTE TO TRUST AREA

I joined the group at Honolulu, and we flew south to Fiji, thence to British Samoa, thence by a little steamer to American Samoa, thence back to Fiji by the same routes and conveyances. As explained more fully in the news stories, this long (and costly) trip to Suva and detour to the Samoas was made necessary by a deplorable lack of direct air transportation between Honolulu and American Samoa.

Returning to Fiji, we were met there by a U.S. Navy flying boat—a big, sturdy workplane (anything but a "plush" job)—and flew to Kwajalein, well to the northwest in the great Marshall Islands group. Thence we flew south to Majuro and thence through the Eastern and Western Caroline Islands and to the Marianas, Yap and Palau groups, with two stops at Guam, thence to Honolulu.

* * *

High Commissioner Frank E. Midkiff of the Trust Territory met the party at Kwajalein, having previously greeted the group from Washington when it arrived in Honolulu. From Kwajalein he made the Trust Territory tour with the group.

At Kwajalein also we were met by Navy Commander T. R. (Ross) Fink, assigned as an escort officer. The Trust Territory was formerly under U.S. Navy Administration. It is now under the Department of the Interior. Commander Fink is relatively an "old timer" in the Trust area. He is Island Affairs officer of the Navy at Guam.

Senator Young found it necessary to return to the Mainland before

the tour s completed, and left the party at Nandi, after visiting American Samoa.

EAGER FOR KNOWLEDGE OF TRUST TERRITORY

The series of newspaper stories is issued in booklet form because as the installments appeared requests for clippings from The Honolulu Star-Bulletin quickly became so numerous it was impossible to fill them.

This shows an eagerness for knowledge of the Trust Territory areas and their peoples.

As a newspaperman in Honolulu for many years, I have lived on the edge of the Trust Territory. Yet I, and, I am sure, most other residents of the Territory of Hawaii, and of continental United States, have known little of this immense area which has been placed in our keeping by the United Nations.

It is of great strategic importance in maintaining peace in the Pacific, and it is for the United States taxpayers a considerable financial obligation.

* * *

The news articles that follow are purposely not filled with statistics. The writer has tried to give essential facts, and round these out with some general description of the remote, strange, beautiful islands and people of this vast domain—an area as large in square miles as continental United States.

* * *

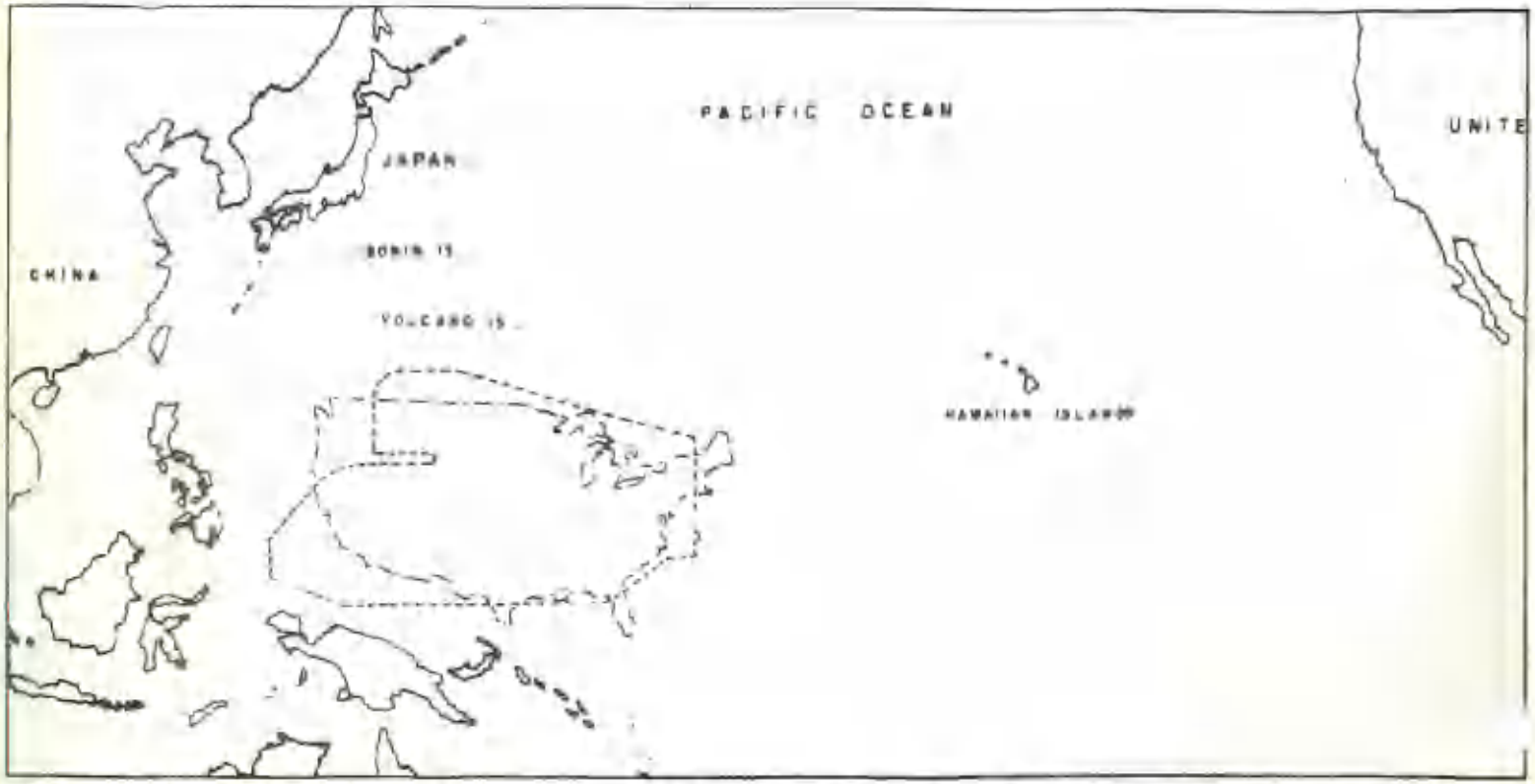
This booklet does not assume to be conclusive in the suggestions and opinions expressed. One trip to the Trust Territory does not make a visitor an "authority" or "expert" thereon. It is hoped that the news stories will give readers a better picture of this little known area than they have had.

* * *

For me the experience was not only of absorbing interest. And it was a happy experience in spite of the discomforts of intense heat and humidity, and transportation in some of the world's worst motor vehicles over some of the world's worst roads. If the Garden of Eden had had such roads, there'd be a couple of extra chapters in Genesis!

Our party was both enduring and companionable, with Senator Cordon setting the pace in official investigation and in inimitable wit.

Thanks to genial traveling mates, even the jolts were enjoyable. . .



TRUST TERRITORY AREA—This map shows the location of the Trust Territory in the Western Pacific and its geogtaphical relation to the United States mainland, the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China and the huge island masses off the Asian Coast. The Trust Territory area is superimposed on a similar outline map of the United States. This comparison shows that the area of the Trust Territory, 3,000,000 square miles, is almost exactly that of continental United States. Directly to the West of the Trust Territory is the Philippine Archipelago with Borneo to the Southwest and the huge island of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands to the South.

© R. Lêvesque

Kwajalein Base, in Marshalls, Is Strong Point in Pacific Defense

XVI. AT KWAJALEIN ATOLL, PACIFIC BASTION

KWAJALEIN, Marshall Islands, Dec. 1—Our party flew in here last night on a big Navy amphibian, a PBM-5A (originally a patrol bomber—Martin) for two days in the huge Kwajalein atoll.

From Nandi, it's 1,540 miles. Our Navy amphibian, an unadorned work plane—no plush job—flew slightly northwest from the Fiji group, past the Ellice and the Gilbert islands (great archipelagoes in themselves) and so to Kwajalein deep in the northern part of the Marshalls.

This is our entry into the Trust Territory of the Pacific.

It is also an area made familiar to millions of American newspaper and magazine readers and radio listeners by the dramatic events of World War II on the Pacific, and by the stories of experiments with atomic and hydrogen bombs.

Three hundred miles to the north is Eniwetok atoll, where these experiments and tests were centered.

ISLAND STRONG POINT

Once Japan held the little coral islands and from them launched attacks to the east.

The grim vestiges of that war are here—and almost everywhere else in the Pacific.

Almost every island in the Kwajalein atoll and many others in the Marshalls group were literally swept bare of the enemy—and virtually all the coconut palms, breadfruit and other trees and shrubs from which the Marshall Islands natives—called Marshallese—drew sustenance.

The miracle is that somehow so many of the natives survived, and are now under the friendly flag of the United States.

Kwajalein Island itself is a strong point of our Pacific defenses. In a few years its facilities and accommodations have grown almost magically.

It is a Naval base, with small but significant representation of other branches of our military army, especially the Air Force. It is also one of the major crossroads, sea and air, for traffic through the upper section of the South Pacific.

VISIT TO EBEYE ISLAND

A feature of our visits (prolonged from one night to two nights and a day) was a visit today to little Ebeye Island, one of the tiny, low lying islets that fringe the major Kwajalein atoll.

This is an islet half an hour by launch from the Kwajalein base or station itself. It is inhabited by Marshallese, and is off limits to military personnel on the base.

As the home of many natives, it is under the Trust Territory of the Pacific. Last evening, as we flew in, we were met by Frank E. Midkiff of Honolulu, High Commissioner of the Trust Territory; Rear Admiral R. S. Clarke, commanding officer, U.S.N.; and Captain D. A. Sooy, executive officer, and several others.

Today we crossed the sparkling lagoon waters in the admiral's barge (or launch) to Ebeye Island. With us were John Palmeter, formerly of Honolulu, now district representative of the Trust Territory (T.T.) Government for Ebeye and for other Marshall Islands affairs (outside of military) which arise in this general area.

NEW LIFE FOR MARSHALLESE

Ebeye islanders have come to a new life. Long years ago they were under German domination, for the Germans occupied and controlled all this part of the Pacific—and exploited its copra and other resources with German thoroughness.

Then after World War I (which defeated and dispossessed the Germans) came the Japanese. They acted under a "mandate" (really a permissive agreement of the World War I allies).

The Japanese, already thirsting for world conquest, also exploited the mandated islands from the Carolines and the Marianas far to the southwest, off the Asian coast, to the Marshalls.

Their exploitation was triple—economic, political and military. Step by step they moved to turn this vast Pacific area into a forward zone for trans-Pacific and south Pacific war offensive.

WALL OF SECRECY

They threw a wall of secrecy about their operations, violating their trust with the Allies, even-

tually withdrawing from that agreement and closing the area against all "outsiders."

Then came December, 1941, and the Japanese war offensive against not only Oahu and Alaska but the areas to their south. And in that war the Japanese, their military might and their proud dreams of empire shattered, lost the Marshalls and the other islands they had fortified and peopled with tens of thousands of their own race, and large groups of Okinawans and some Koreans.

Now the United States has the mandate, and the Trust Territory of the Pacific is our responsibility. Little Ebeye Island is one symbol of that.

On Ebeye live some 800 Marshallese as permanent residents. Some scores of transients come and go, many living on little trading schooners anchored in the lagoon or drawn up temporarily on shore.

NEW COMMUNITY LIFE

Ebeye Island, like all these Marshall strips or dots, was once a part of the Japanese defense chain. Small as it is, it served as a seaplane base—and the American attack launched from Pearl Harbor took care of that. The seaplane base was reduced to wreckage and the islands swept more bare than any hurricane could make it.

Most of the Marshallese retreated into shallow dugouts and miraculously most of them escaped.

Today Ebeye is revived, and struggling back to something like normal life. But there is not a grass hut on the island. All are now of wood with roofs or corrugated iron or rough boards. The lumber is largely discards from Kwajalein itself, where rebuilding with permanent, weather-proof construction goes forward fast.

Most of the adult men and a good many women find ready employment at the Kwajalein base, and are transported back and forth by the Navy.

COAST GUARDERS ON THE JOB

A notably neat and well-run installation on Ebeye is the loran (or electric signal) station operated by the U.S. Coast Guard.

Its commanding officer, Lieutenant (junior grade) E. E. Bush, showed me around the little station with commendable pride. He has been her ˙nce last April. He has a detach˙t of ten men—all interested in ˙eir work, proud to display it.

The loran station has a 700-mile range, serves aircraft in the area with efficiency and fidelity.

Moreover, this is something of a community center for the Marshallese who live on Ebeye. The Coast Guard boys have installed an open air theater. Here they show movies every night—rain or moonshine. It's immensely popular.

In fact, says Lieutenant Bush, any time there's no show—lack of films, or something else amiss, the Ebeye folk sadly ask what's wrong.

MANY STORES

On little Ebeye we saw a surprising number of stores, scores of dwellings, mostly bordering well laid out streets (unpaved, of course), a fire station, a schoolhouse, a jail (empty) and several other community facilities.

Among them is a little dispensary. It also serves as a hospital. Today it welcomed three babies. Two Marshallese mothers came in early this morning, had quick and easy deliveries. One of them bore twins.

As we entered the dispensary, the mothers, lying quietly on their beds, looked at us with their soft dark eyes — the immemorial proud look of young mothers—and smiled with the gracious welcome so natural to these gentle natives.

One of them motioned to the next little room—and we walked softly across the bare boards and entered the "maternity ward." There the little ones lay peacefully and sweetly in their first hours of life, the tiny twins under one blanket, the single child under another.

BABES IN A WORLD OF WAR

And the strange, sad contrast of the scene struck us all.

These are babies born of mothers who had survived the terrors of air and sea attack.

These are babies growing up in a world which may bring to them the same crashing cataclysm of war's tremendous, remorseless weapons.

These babies are now getting all the tender care which the little, meagerly equipped dispensary-hospital can afford.

These are babies over whom

watches a great country, the Uni* ' States, as the trustee of the Un Nations.

Somehow all that the United States has done and is doing for these people seems little enough when it is reduced to the treatment of dark-skinned babies in a bare-board building hardly more than a shack—only a few miles from a powerful Pacific base where we have spent and are spending many millions of dollars.

From here we fly to Majuro, Trust Territory administrative center for the Marshall Islands.

Majuro Is Center of Big Marshall Islands Area of Trust Territory

XVII. DEEP IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

MAJURO, Marshall Islands, Dec. 2—Flying southeast from Kwajalein early today, we are tonight deep in the Marshall Islands and at one of the centers of Trust Territory administration.

The magnitude of the Trust Territory was impressed on our party as we flew south hour after hour over brilliant Summer seas with only occasional islands far below us. This is our first real move into the Trust Territory.

There are six districts in the 3,000,000 square miles of the Trust Territory.

It's an immense, a magnificent expanse.

Most of these three million is water—far-stretching blue ocean. From east to west is 2,765 land miles—500 miles further than from Honolulu to San Francisco.

Its eastern border lies 2,100 miles west and south of Honolulu, and the western border is only 500 miles east of the southern Philippines.

This is the great territory, with 97 district islands and atoll groups, over which the United States has a trusteeship conferred by the United Nations.

MUCH AREA, FEW PEOPLE

There are only about 56,000 people native to the islands in this immense stretch of island-dotted rolling ocean. But they are spread from one side of this huge Pacific domain to the other, and to care for them Uncle Sam has set up this Trust Territory guardianship and aid.

MAJURO IS THE CENTER

The area of Majuro is the sort of a coral atoll one dreams or reads about in South Sea tales of romance and adventure.

We left Kwajalein naval station this morning at 9 in an amphibian plane—a Transocean PBY-5A under contract for Trust Territory work.

Veteran Captain John Blanchard and his crew of three took up the plane from the big Kwajalein land strip in the bright morning sunlight, and we flew southeast through fleecy clouds at elevations of 5,000 to 5,500 feet.

Soon after 11 o'clock low-lying Majuro atoll was sighted—green palm trees thick as a jungle and stretching along a narrow strip far as the eye could see. We were on the western rim of the atoll—which is an oblong circle of low reef islets hemming in the blue lagoon area of 114 square miles.

LITTLE LAND AREA

There are only 3.5 square miles of land area in the Majuro atoll. The highest land is only seven or eight feet above sea level. All around the outer side of this oblong circle white coral sands glisten in the sunlight, and waves dash up to burst and rush in foam on the beaches. The one break in the circling reef is on the northeast side—a break through which a trade steamer can pass.

Majuro is one island whose thick-grown coconut palms escaped the ravages of World War II.

The Japanese were on it, as they were on virtually every habitable island in the Trust Territory, which they fortified and armed as an advance base for attack across the Pacific. But there were only a few, relatively. Here they were cut off—surrounded, their seaplane base smashed—and they surrendered. So the Americans did not have to do, as they did from Tarawa and the Solomons to Iwo Jima and Okinawa—blast the land to desolation.

Majuro atoll escaped. Its lovely, primitive wilderness of palms and breadfruit and pandanus (lauhala)

and other tropic trees and shrubs were unscathed. Today a new and different life from the domination of the Japanese is enjoyed by the people.

ONCE BIG U.S. BASE

Majuro became a strong American base as World War II moved westward. There were thousands of American troops and sailors and fliers here. They built barracks and officers' quarters and roads and public utilities here. One of the most spacious and best equipped military clubs in the Pacific used to be the scene of lively parties, and "big names" in the stage, screen and radio world entertained here.

Gone is the panoply of war, and most of the buildings—temporary buildings of wood. But many still remain, and are the basis today of housing not only for the Trust Territory staff but for the Marshallese—a friendly, responsive people now rather shyly but proudly loyal to Uncle Sam.

TROPIC WEAR AND TEAR

It is these buildings which are at once a godsend and a problem to the Trust Territory staff.

Their deterioration is rapid in this humid climate, with salt spray and salt-laden winds carrying easily across the narrow land strip.

Deterioration is rapid too, in the equipment which the Navy and other combat groups left—later used by the Navy when it became administrator and trustee of the Trust Territory, to be succeeded in 1951 by the U.S. Department of the Interior and civil government.

We have been on Majuro, at the district headquarters, only half a day.

But we have seen how both buildings and equipment are wearing out without sufficient funds granted the Trust Territory of the Pacific by Congress to replace them with new material and machinery.

The policy of economy of the national administration is understandable, for the set program is to balance the national budget. But one result this has been sharply to cut the budget of the Trust Territory. Here we see that result in local, human, personal terms.

WELCOME TO MAJURO

Our welcome to Majuro was picturesque and touching.

As the amphibian plane landed and came to a halt on the airstrip (it's wearing out, too) and we climbed out, we saw a long line of people a few paces from the plane—a line of Americans and Marshallese.

At its head was Donald W. Gilfillan, the tall, husky, affable and competent district administrator. And down the line, as we stepped along shaking hands, were members of his staff, both Americans and Marshallese.

They gave us a hearty greeting, and we started to a row of motor vehicles parked a few yards away —old jeeps, weapons carriers and nondescript conveyances which hybridized everything from a Model A Ford to a Higgins landing boat.

Then I saw, between us and the cars, a gate of welcome. It was made of a few old slabs and planks, covered with soft greenery by deft hands. And over the portal were these words: Yokwe Kom.

They are words of hearty welcome. They have somewhat the same significance, though not the literal meaning, of Hawaii's famed "Aloha Oe."

It had rained hard earlier this morning and where the portal stood beckoning, stood also four or five inches of muddy water. But our Marshallese hosts were so proud, so touchingly proud of that portal that I had not the heart to pass it by. So I and others splashed cheerfully through the muddy waters to our cars.

Then began a memorable ten hours of seeing the Trust Territory staff at work, and talking with them and many Marshallese. That will be described in the succeeding article.

Be tiful Mashalls Pose Many Problems for U.S. Civil Government

XVIII. PROBLEMS IN PARADISE

MAJURO, Marshall Islands, Dec. 2—Exquisite Majuro atoll is one of Nature's masterpieces of coral island beauty. But in this natural paradise there are plenty of problems for the American staff of the Trust Territory administration.

We saw them all afternoon, and heard about them again tonight at a staff meeting of department heads and visiting Washington officials.

We saw them in many phases of the work, and saw also how the American staffers, and the friendly, intelligent Marshallese who are being trained here, are meeting these problems with skill, devotion and even a good deal of humor.

EDUCATION BROADCASTS

Some of us went immediately after a delightful lunch at the home of District Administrator Donald W. Gilfillan and his gracious wife, to the broadcasting station.

This has been developed from some equipment left by the Navy and pieced out ingeniously with odds and ends. It is Station WSZO and its 150 watt transmitter broadcasts to all the Marshalls—a big territory in itself.

MIRACLE UP TO DATE

This station illustrates how American initiative and ingenuity and native intelligence, can achieve minor miracles.

It's a home-built station, largely of Navy equipment which had to be refabricated.

It is proving of great value for education, even though only a few Marshallese have receiving sets, and virtually all of these must work on batteries.

HAS GOOD PROGRAM

But it puts out a good program of news and entertainment.

The station operators want to thank Ezra J. Crane, editor-publisher of the Maui News, for sending them usable records. From a friend at Majuro he heard of the need, and the records came quickly.

Small world: The friend is Carl J. Kunz, communications officer now for the Truk T.T. district. Mr. and Mrs. Kunz and their family spent five years on Maui, knew the Cranes. So, when Kunz was at Majuro, refabricating the radio station, he thought of Ez Crane—hence the records.

MIDKIFF SPEAKS

High Commissioner Frank Midkiff of Honolulu, accompanying the Washington party, broadcast briefly. His message dealt with a new sales tax of one mill per pound of copra, the tax fund to go for education.

Thence we dropped in at the office of the Marshall Islands Import-Export Company, a private company, chartered by the office of the high commissioner. It is now capitalized at $120,000 and its capital is being extended to $400,000 as its business grows. It deals mostly by wholesale, selling all sorts of goods from simple hardware to textiles and lumber to smaller stores in the Marshalls area.

Its president is Dwight Heine, a young man I had previously met in Honolulu. He is a Marshallese who attended the University of Hawaii in 1948 and again in 1950. He was then on a Navy scholarship, earned when he was an interpreter for the Navy Military Government of the Marshalls area, after the Japanese had been driven out.

M.I.E.C.O., as the company is generally known, is doing a growing business. It illustrates that there is a capacity for business among the Marshallese.

HOSPITAL AND DENTAL WORK

Next we went to the Marshall Islands Memorial Hospital, and saw a heartening illustration, in both the medical and dental sections, of American doctors carrying on in quonset huts with limited equipment and supplies but with professional skill, devotion and pride.

Dr. Dunham Kirkham is the district director of public health. He is a Yale University Medical School graduate, with World War II experience that stretched from Australia and New Guinea to Leyte in the Philippines, and to medical service in Korea in 1951.

Dr. Aaron A. Jaffe is the district dental officer here. With a few crisp words he described his extensive work. A graduate of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, he has served as a dental officer in both World Wars.

Both departments, medical and dental, are models of cleanliness and economical use of equipment and supplies. And each has problems of limited facilities and long delays in getting replenishments.

NURSE CHIEF FROM BOSTON

The hospital administrator and chief nurse is Mrs. Mary Lew, an American of Chinese ancestry, and from Boston. This tiny little woman is a bundle of energy and a bubble of good humor, who has been with this 40 bed hospital for six months, and, like other Trust Territory employes, is on a two year contract.

VOCATIONAL WORK IN SCHOOLS

A visit to the Intermediate school (housed in old wooden buildings kept in fair shape only by constant carpentering and painting mostly by the boys in the school) showed much stress on vocational work.

Its principal is C. M. Clendenin —Virginia born, with a Bachelor of Arts degree from King College, Tennessee, and a Master of Science in Agriculture from the State College in Virginia.

Boys and girls from all over the Marshalls area make up the student body of 113. They work hard — and love to play baseball. They do much of their own cooking and all their own janitor work. They are studying agriculture, home economics and animal husbandry, and getting on-the-job training as electricians, mechanics, supply clerks, ship repair men and hospital aids.

All the American teachers testify to the intelligence and eagerness to learn of the Marshall Islands youngsters.

We saw also something of the public works, finance, and copra production sections and the many difficulties they confront.

NIGHT SESSION ON PROBLEMS

After dinner as guests of the Trust Territor[illegible]iff in a club developed with [illegible]husiasm and ingenuity in an old quonset building — an excellent buffet dinner it was — there were talks to the assembled staff members. Those who spoke were High Commissioner Midkiff; William C. Strand, director of the Office of Territories of the Department of the Interior —which has jurisdiction over the Trust Territory; Delbert H. Nucker, executive officer, Department of the Interior; and Commander T. R. (Ross) Fink, U.S. Navy officer, Island Government section, and an oldtimer in these parts.

He is regularly stationed at Guam, flew to Kwajalein to join the Washington party and accompany it through the Trust Territory.

TALKING OVER PROBLEMS

Then the department heads went to Administrator Gilfillan's home for a round robin session with the visiting officials. Here their problems were aired in detail 'til far into the night.

All the visitors were impressed not only with the problems but with the earnestness and determination with which they are being tackled. Some of the staff members feel, and with reason, that the American people as a whole know nothing of the fine work these American men and women are doing in isolated stations and with often distressingly poor facilities.

And you can't keep capable men and women on remote jobs like this unless they are provided with reasonably adequate facilities—or have the dedication of fervent missionaries.

We fly early tomorrow morning to Ponape, district headquarters for one of the two areas in the Eastern Carolines, thence to Truk, the other district headquarters in the Eastern Carolines. Our stay here has been all too short—but revealing and stimulating.

The problems at Majuro, and in this part of the Marshall Islands, principally concern supplies and communications.

Both are too meager. Majuro is sorely isolated so far as mail and personal transportation in and out are concerned.

Flying Into Ponape Atoll Area On One Engine and a Prayer

XIX. THE STORY I ALMOST DIDN'T WRITE

PONAPE, Eastern Caroline Islands, Dec. 3—Guy Cordon, the genial and dry-witted U.S. Senator from Oregon, has furnished me the title of this article.

The Senator gave me the title a couple of hours ago, as the twin engined amphibian plane in which we were flying from Majuro to Ponape settled safely, though with a couple of bounces and a final prodigious splash, onto the blue choppy waters of Ponape harbor, well inside the circling coral reefs.

For the past three and a half hours we had been flying on one engine. We had gradually been losing altitude for 200 miles, dropping early from 5,000 to 2,000 feet and then sliding down a long, long slope—1,500, 1,000, 800, 500 and during the final minutes right down to the surface.

'I WAS EXPENDABLE'

A couple of times during that flight on one engine my companions on this tour had trustfully suggested that I'd better write the story at once, then my portable typewriter could be tossed overboard to lighten weight.

And one of them even mentioned that an editor is more expendable than a member of the U.S. Senate or an official of the U.S. Interior Department.

It was then that Senator Cordon remarked, with a glance at the huge expanse of open sea around us, that if we survived—IF—I'd have a great title for the news story.

NOT SO BAD, AT THAT

I could go on and make this news story a tingling narrative of men whose nerves of steel held them steady even as dire disaster stared them in the face. But actually it wasn't that bad.

We were in an amphibian.

It could at least land on the water—though maybe not stay afloat. A search-and-rescue plane was flying swiftly down from Naval Air Station, Kwajalein, to stand by if need be. The sun was high in the sky—plenty of light when we approached Ponape. One engine had conked out but the other purred steadily and strongly. And we had in the crew of this PBY-5A a group of experienced, skilled men.

They were headed by Captain John Blanchard, a veteran of 23 years of flying, a man with 17 years of Naval experience, and two and a half years flying Transocean planes on this Trust Territory charter service.

ALL GOOD MEN

The other three are all good men to have about when a plane is in trouble. They are Henry Jubinville, co-pilot; Ernest F. Zimmerman, navigator, and Russell Varner, flight engineer.

So we flew on through the sunny afternoon above that shining, deep Pacific sea; and as we flew the jokes flew too among our party of eight. And there was nothing forced about the jokes.

Most of us had been in tougher spots; we took it "all in stride," and the amphibian flew steadily on to the fantastically beautiful main island of the Ponape group and landed on the lagoon almost as prosaically as a milk truck rolling up to deliver the morning bottle.

The landing in the lagoon didn't actually end our transportation troubles. It took an hour to tow the amphibian to shore, and twice the rope line (no wire line here) broke as a big oil truck tried to drag the plane up over the ramp to the concrete.

It was a ramp and a dock, by the way, built by the Japanese during their pre-war occupation of the Caroline Islands. We were happy the Americans didn't have to demolish this in taking the island group. It proved mighty handy for us!

HEARTY WELCOME ASHORE

We came ashore to a hearty welcome by Henry M. Hedges, district administrator, Trust Territory, Ponape department, and several of his staff chiefs. One of them was Dr. H. Eugene MacDonald, district public health director, wryly offering to treat any of us who had suffered from heart shock or other ailment in a one-engined plane. None had — or at least none admitted it.

We went from the seaplane ramp to the Ponape center in a launch. At Ponape the dock was

filled with people to welcome us. All the local constabulary were there, erect in their trim khaki, saluting in a line on the wharf.

Fronting this line three paces away was a contingent of boys and girls from the Catholic mission schools, singing a Ponapean song of welcome.

They were in charge of Mother Inez Goitisala and Mother Arda Garcia, Spanish teaching Sisters of the order of Our Lady of Mercy of Berriz, Spain. And Father Hugh Costigan, Jesuit priest who hails from the Bronx, New York, and took his priesthood studies at the Catholic College at Woodstock, New Jersey, hailed us heartily.

There, too, was Lela Morgan, of the Kolonjia Church school, conducted by Protestants here, like the others devoting herself to the good of the people of Ponape.

And on the [illegible] were several hundred Ponapeans, lined up in two long double rows through which we passed, giving us happy smiles and cheerful greetings.

DINNER WITH T.T. STAFF

Tonight we had a bounteous buffet supper at the home of Administrator and Mrs. Hedges, with about 75 people, most of them members of the Trust Territory organization here, giving us informally a wealth of information about their work and about Ponape and nearby island groups.

Tomorrow we spend on a "jeep tour" of Trust Territory work. We will see the local T.T. organization, the work it is doing and something of Ponapeans in their own lives under the flags of the United Nations and the United States.

Tour Through Ponape Shows Much Ingenuity; Natives Learn Well

XX. Team Work With Natives

PONAPE, Eastern Carolines, Dec. 4—This has been the busiest day thus far on our tour of the Trust Territory.

It might well be called a "jeep journey." For we have ridden from early morning to late this afternoon in jeeps that only ingenuity keeps out of the scrap heap, and over roads that I can recommend for an obstacle race complete with jutting rocks, hub-deep ruts, water holes and plenty of oozy mud.

SPEAKING OF RAIN

Ponape is one of the wettest islands in the world inhabited by modern human beings.

The annual rainfall over much of the main and surrounding "high islands" is 300 inches a year —and Waialeale on Kauai, Hawaii, called the world's wettest spot, runs, as I recall, about 500 plus.

Along the shore and the slopes above where are most of the offices and habitations of Trust Territory staff members, the average is 180 inches.

It had rained steadily for two weeks before our arrival (on one engine) yesterday afternoon.

But providentially the weather was clear, clouds were light and high, visibility good when our two engined amphibian limped in on one engine and brought us down nicely into Ponape lagoon. And today the weather was again clear—and everybody in Ponape and suburbs had not only clothing but mats, sheets, and even worn raincoats out sunning on the lines or spread on the grass.

TOUR OF T.T. WORK SCENES

This morning we toured some of the work scenes of the Trust Territory staff—and were again made proud by what is being done by American men and women under many handicaps.

We jeeped through the "business district," saw construction installations and repair work of Trust Territory buildings with Ponapeans doing most of the work.

The Ponapeans learn quickly. They operate not only hammers, saws and adzes but big dump trucks and tall, swinging cranes.

Much of this they learned when American military forces occupied Ponape; other opportunities came when the U.S. Navy was given the job of administering the Trust Territory after the United Nations made Uncle Sam the trustee for the T.T.

INGENUITY WITH MATERIAL

Americans and Ponapeans are using old Japanese and American stuff with much ingenuity. For instance they are building an oil

sto : plane utilizing huge steel tai the Japanese had used to extract alcohol from sugar cane.

All around us are the grim remnants of war, and out in the jungle (which grows here with extraordinary rapidity) are other hundreds of tons of iron and steel scrap, the ruins of Japanese commercial and housing installations.

Kolonia, the Ponape central town where the Trust Territory headquarters is centered, had a population of more than 3,000 "foreigners"—Japanese and Okinawans—when Japan precipitated World War II in the Pacific. It was a thriving agricultural and industrial center as well as a military base.

T.T.'S EFFICIENT HOSPITAL

We visited the Ponape hospital run by the Trust Territory. Dr. H. Eugene MacDonald and his staff are doing a notably good job. Ponapean mothers and children in a long line patiently took turns at the out patient's clinic. Here the main hospital building was a former Japanese school structure.

We visited a spacious educational center, with schools, cafeteria, playgrounds and a nearby printing plant. There are dormitories for students from other islands.

We saw the agricultural school and experiment station—on the site of a Japanese experimental farm. Here are growing coffee, tea, vanilla, cacao, macadamia nuts, cinnamon, rubber, in groves planted by the Japanese.

Now the T.T. agronomists and agricultural scientists are trying to improve the stock and get the seedlings and shrubs and plants out widely to the people in scores of remote villages.

Underfoot in these shady groves hundreds of toads, big and little, hopped and skittered. These are the bufo marinus, well known in Hawaii.

Above, through the branches of trees some of which were 100 feet high, flitted swift, darting shadows, and strange tropic birds chirped, chattered, squawked, trilled and tittered as we passed.

IN A POLYNESIAN VILLAGE

This afternoon we went to what is sometimes called "Little Kapingamarangi" but better known here as Greenwich.

Here live some hundreds of people from the atoll islands of Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro, to the southeast of Ponape.

They are not, as are Ponapeans, of Micronesian stock—they are Polynesians. As such they have been specially studied by the late Sir Peter Buck and Dr. Kenneth Emory and others of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu.

In physique and demeanor they are quite unlike the Ponapeans, they show less trace of that long distant descent from Malayan stock.

The Ponapeans are inclined to be slight; quite different are these ample-bodied folk from Kapingamarangi and Nukuoro.

This, we are told, is something of a nomad people. Many of them journey back and forth to their native islands, waiting long months for transportation by little trading schooners.

We saw the little church they have built—a Protestant church of which they are immensely proud.

Deep Religious Zeal Evident Among Native Peoples of the Ponape Isles

XXI. RELIGIOUS WORK IN PONAPE AREA

PONAPE, Eastern Caroline Islands, Dec. 4—The people of most of these scattered atolls and islands are religious folk.

They are deeply devoted to the Christian religion, and various sects of that religion have been long in missionary work in the South Seas.

This is general throughout the Trust Territory. In many places, there are Catholic schools, conducted by devoted missionaries and by educated natives.

There are few Protestant schools in the Trust Territory.

In the Ponape area there are two Christian organizations — Protestants and Catholic.

Here the Protestant missionaries date back more than a hundred years. There were a few Protestant missionaries in this general area some decades after the first missionaries came around the Horn to Hawaii in 1820.

The famed Morning Star, missionary sailing vessel, is said to have made several stops here—either the first Morning Star or one of the four by the same name that followed her.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL WORK

The Protestant church and Protestant school work here are under the general auspices of the American Congregational Church and the Hawaiian Board of Missions. Both give some support to the work here, sending clothing, school supplies and occasional cash donations.

We visited the Kolonia (Ponape Island) Church School. It is recognized as a Congregational school. It is struggling, as other Congregational mission churches here are struggling, with small congregations and meager funds.

The Kolonia Church school has a new building, a small structure put up by fathers, mothers and children of the congregation in a humble labor of love.

TRAINING SCHOOL AT OHWA

At Ohwa, about 10 miles away and accessible best by small boat, is a Congregational Christian training school. It has 55 boys but is to expand to a coeducational school. In charge are Mr. and Mrs. Chester Terpstra. He was formerly pastor of the Makiki church and started the Kaimuki Evangelical Church.

Lela Morgan, formerly a teacher at Wahiawa public school, came here as a volunteer Protestant worker two and a half years ago and has remained. She lives on the grounds of the Kolonia Church school and showed us over the premises. This school has about 140 pupils. It has been approved as a credentialed school by the Trust Territory division of education here.

A PLACE FOR GENEROSITY

I asked Miss Morgan what the needs of this little, very poor school are and she said "Everything!" but revised that, carefully, to say "If we could only get some very simple picture books, specially about people in other parts of the world; a set of Junior Britannica or some other simple encyclopedia; some geography books and a few things like that—oh, how happy we would be!"

If there's any reader of this who feels moved to give, the easiest way to [illegible]t is through the Reverend J. [illegible]ie Dunstan, of the Hawaiian Mission Board at Honolulu. He's the contact man for these faraway Protestant Christian congregations in the Ponape region.

WAR AND A CHURCH

Next we went to the almost finished new and big church being put up by the Jesuit Mission of Ponape for the large, growing Catholic parish here.

Father Hugh Costigan of Brooklyn, New York, is in charge of Catholic work in the Ponape district. His energy is boundless, and he's a very practical priest.

The former Catholic church, almost a cathedral in architecture, is in ruins. That's war's devastation. The Japanese held it; Americans came swooping across the skies; the Japanese evacuating this area, blew up the church—an inside job of demolition.

Father Costigan regrets the destruction, but he's building a much bigger church. It will seat 800, has been about two years under construction, and will be dedicated December 13.

Part of the old church still stands—including the lofty, Old-World-type belltower. And the bells were undamaged. They will continue to ring as the new church serves an increasing number of devout Ponapeans.

Catholic mission work dates back three quarters of a century here.

In the days of proud, imperial Spain, the Spanish Crown claimed all this part of the Pacific as its domain but did little to colonize or govern it.

In 1876 the Spaniards sent officials to possess and administer what they had expansively claimed since the mid-16th century. Spanish priests came about the same time, and Catholic missionary effort began.

The United States and Spain went to war in 1898—the Spanish-American war. Spain lost not only in the Caribbean but in the far Pacific.

It was then we got Guam, liberated the Philippines and swept the Spaniards out of most of their overseas possessions.

The Germans, already long busy industrially in the Pacific, took over the Ponape area as the

Spain relinquished it, in 1899. Germany in turn lost a world war—the First—because of an overriding ambition to rule the world. And Japan, with a mandate from the naive League of Nations, took over Ponape with the rest of the Carolines and all the 3,000,000 square miles of what is now the Trust Territory.

JAPAN LOSES IN TURN

Japan made the same fundamental, tragic and disastrous error as did Germany. Japan set out to conquer the world, spreading south to Manchuria and China successfully. But when Japanese bombs rained down on Kaneohe Naval Air Base and Hickam Field and Pearl Harbor, the end of imperial expansion for Japan had begun.

In September, 1944, Japan lost Ponape. There was no real fighting. The Japanese surrendered peacefully. September 11, 1944, was "Occupation Day" in Ponape, and thousands of uniformed Americans came ashore to "secure" the island and the base—and make ready for a further drive against the Japanese.

CATHOLICS DIED IN FAITH

Japan's harsh rule here is remembered. Priests and nuns were executed. But today the Catholic church with renewed life is planning to dedicate one of the largest, most modern churches in the South Seas.

It has five parishes here, five schools, and is training Ponapean girls to take their vows as Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy. One such Ponapean girl I saw today. She was little more than a child, going to the Catholic school, when the Japanese soldiers came, early in World War II. They tried to seize her and other young girls—girls who refused their brutal advances. This young girl fled to the hills, returned when the Americans came in, and told a Catholic Sister she too wished to be a nun.

Today in the garb of Our Lady of Mercy, she was teaching a class in sewing as we visited the school. They are making garments for the dedication of the new church and for Christmas.

Today Ponape is a scene of peace. These lines are typed just as the sun sets across a range of green-clad mountains. The bells of the old church, victorious over the blasts of war, are ringing in mellow tones.

And thousands of Americans, in many parts of the world, are striving earnestly to show the people of more than 60 different countries and nations that we are a people of peace, of goodwill, of helpfulness.

In Ponape is a group of Americans doing just that.

How Long Will U.S. Remain in Trust Territory? Policy Important

XXIII. LONG PULL AHEAD?

PONAPE, Eastern Carolines, Dec. 5—How long is the present Trust Territory of the Pacific set-up to remain?

How long will the United Nations continue the trusteeship it has conferred on the United States?

How long must the United States continue to spend millions of dollars to finance the considerable operations—economic, health, transportation and otherwise—carried out in the Central and South Pacific?

These questions come more and more insistently to the minds of members of the party touring the Trust Territory. When we complete our trip, at Guam and Honolulu, this phase of the Trust Territory inspection will be discussed more fully. Here at Ponape, about half way through the great Trust Territory area, it already becomes a major topic.

If, as seems likely, the trusteeship will continue for a long time to come, adequate preparations must be made for that long pull.

PROBLEMS AT MEETINGS

Today we spent our last morning on Ponape in a round table discussion with members of the American staff of the Trust Territory administration.

The problems they brought up were significantly similar to those at similar meetings earlier on our long swing through the great atoll groups of the Pacific.

The personnel is here to do a good job and is doing it. But most buildings are of wartime construction, old quonsets, wooden shacks and the like. They are wearing out. Equipment of all sorts is wearing out. There's no money for permanent roads, and jeeps, pick-up trucks and heavier vehicles bounce and rattle over roads that cause abnormal depreciation of rolling stock.

NAVY LEFT MUCH MATERIAL

The U.S. Navy, when it turned over administration to Civil Government as represented by the Interior Department, left a great amount of building and equipment everywhere. But already it was old. Much had been actually dis-

cat but not removed. Much other was marked for discard.

One thing this party from Washington is sharply considering is whether the current budget is large enough to meet the actual, imperative needs of continued operation.

Staff members today at Ponape —health, lands, public works, native affairs, education and the like —are not complaining. They understand the pressure on the national administration and Congress to balance the budget and cut taxes. They are almost pathetically eager to know whether they are to carry on with equipment that depreciates abnormally fast; or whether replacement and additional outlays may be expected.

MISSION ONLY STARTED

It is already apparent, I think, to all on this trip that the mission of the United States as trustee of the Trust Territory is only begun.

Micronesian peoples are not ready to stand alone—and the world situation makes it absolutely necessary for the United States to hold to this great expanse of water and strategic island outposts, for security purposes.

OFF FOR TRUK

These were thoughts that came to the minds of Washington officials as they listened to the staff round table talk at Ponape, then packed for the next hop, and were given a last ride on Ponape's almost ingeniously fiendish roads to the dock and thence six miles to another dock to take our amphibian plane for the next over-water flight.

Transocean Air Lines (T.A.L. or T.A.L.O.A.) had another plane waiting for us. The twin-engined craft on which we had limped in day before yesterday with one engine dead, was up on the concrete dock, the engine under inspection.

SYMBOL OF LOST WAR

This dock, as briefly mentioned previously, was built by the Japanese—one of the many seadromes they constructed all over the Trust Territory—when they were exploiting it for the political, economic and military benefit of the Empire of Japan.

Our aerial marksmen in World War II did on it a typically accurate job of pin-point disabling.

We wanted to save the ramp and the big concrete dock. We wanted to smash the hangar and the planes. We did.

I walked up the huge dock, landward, for more than a quarter of a mile. All the smooth concrete surface was there except for four big holes. The naval marksmen who flew on this strike from carrier planes against Ponape put in just enough holes to make the dock hazardous for any stray Japanese planes that might come in after the raid. Our men left the ramp—the apron of the dock that runs down into the water—quite alone. We didn't want to have to repair that.

SKELETON IN WILDERNESS

But we riddled the big hangar. It was completely gutted by missiles, explosions and fires.

Its gaunt skeleton of twisted steel girders and beams still stands—like a giant quonset hut with no roof of corrugated iron. For nine years now it has been standing broken and quiet under the heavy tropic rains, the hot, brilliant sun, and the stars.

Over the rusting skeleton, vines have crept and clustered, and most of the big building has been thus re-roofed by the bounteous—yes, profligate nature of the tropics.

A huge tree, like our own kamani, has grown in the center. In ten years it is more than 40 feet high, its trunk three feet thick, its great branches spreading far under the twisted roof girders.

Under the tree, as I strolled in, pigs and goats were chummily rooting and browsing about, unafraid and contented.

Nature is covering with her spreading green vines and trees and her bright flowers, the skeletons of Man's war everywhere in the South Pacific. Yet many vestiges remain, in rusting hulks lying on the reefs, in smashed hangars and storage warehouses and in demolished towns.

They remind the spectator today that war for conquest inevitably leads to defeat for the conquistador.

Our Trust Territory staff members through this 3,000,000 mile area, are busy binding up the wounds of war inflicted on peaceable communities, and will be busy long years to come.

Truk Atoll, Once Formidable Enemy Base, Now Peaceful; Ruins of War

XXIV. WAR-SCARRED TRUK

MOEN ISLAND, Truk Atoll, Dec. 5—Truk is a name that still resounds in the ears of Americans and millions of others who recall World War II days in the Pacific.

It is the great atoll which once sheltered much of Japan's battle fleets.

It is the atoll which was one of Japan's brisk, far-spreading business centers in the Central and South Pacific.

It is the atoll believed by the Japanese war lords to be impregnable.

It is the atoll over which, from Uncle Sam's carrier planes, two terrific "strikes" were made in September, 1944—and Truk was impregnable no longer.

CENTER OF BIG TERRITORY

Moen Island is the Trust Territory center for one of the main districts of operations. It is also the administrative and educational center for a larger area.

Truk Atoll in the eastern Carolines is huge. The half dozen high volcanic islands in it are surrounded by an immense lagoon 40 miles across, much of it deep water.

This lagoon has an area of 900 square miles, yet the total land area of the atoll is reckoned at only 38½ square miles. The islands rise, green clad and lovely, steeply from the azure waters circled by foaming reefs. The beaches are brief and usually narrow.

Truk District is one of the largest, in population, of the Trust Territory. The people are estimated at 15,900. Many of them live quiet, almost primitive lives in villages remote from the world. Civilization—and civilization's wars—have brought them strange men and strange ways, yet they retain much of their old-time customs and thinking.

RECEPTION AT AIRPORT

Our two engined Transocean plane, an amphibian, on hire for Trust Company business, flew in here this afternoon from Ponape.

We set down smoothly, easily on the air strip, to meet a hearty and unexpectedly elaborate welcome.

There were the usual lines of uniformed constabulary, smartly alert, to salute us, and of Trust Territory officials and staff, to welcome us, as we alighted from the plane.

There was a gateway erected of light timber on the edge of the field, decorated with vines and flowers and with the painted legend over the top, "Welcome to Truk."

And there was a little platform, with seats for the arriving guests and for native chiefs and Trust Territory department heads. There was even a loud speaker, with an alert Truk teacher, Napoleon Dfang, to interpret into Trukese what the Americans said.

And just in front of this little platform were rows on rows of children and teachers, and behind them a considerable number of other Moen island residents.

HONORS PAID VISITORS

In speeches and in the simple leis given us, deferential honors were paid.

The District Administrator for the Trust Territory here, Willard C. Muller, was chairman. He introduced High Commissioner Frank E. Midkiff; U. S. Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon; William C. Strand, director of the Office of Territories, U. S. Interior Department; Delbert H. Nucker, executive officer of the Office of Territories; Robert B. Parkman, administrative assistant to Senator Cordon; Moore Pilgrim, president of the Pacific Micronesian line, who had flown with us from Ponape; U. S. Navy Commander T. R. Fink, of the Navy's Island Government section, who had flown with us from Guam, and myself, each for a few words.

We were welcomed in simple but sonorous Trukese by Chief Petrus, who had just been presiding at a conference of Truk district magistrates.

Public school children, neatly dressed, sang a special song, written for the United Nations Day celebration here a few weeks ago and sang it well.

We got greetings from children of the Catholic schools, in charge of Fathers George McGowan, Catholic superintendent of the

Tru[illegible]istrict, and Andrew Connol

Then we were taken to the Trust Territory hotel, a former Navy club — spacious, cool, hospitable.

REQUEST FROM CHIEFS

Tonight there was a dinner at the Trust Territory Club, attended not only by American personnel but by all the chiefs of the big Truk district who have been at the magistrates' conference for nearly a week.

One earnest request was voiced by the chiefs—that the over-all administrative center for the Trust Territory be moved from Honolulu (at Fort Ruger) to Guam. This the chiefs believe, will bring the Trust Territory administration closer to the people.

Senator Cordon, Mr. Midkiff and the others listened carefully and will give this due attention. Senator Cordon spoke at some length on the necessity for complete cooperation between the peoples in the Trust Territory and the Trust Territory staff. He assured the chiefs that the United States is willing to cooperate and counts on them for loyal assistance.

"This," he said, "is a mutual matter. You must stand with us and we will stand by you."

Tomorrow we go "out in the field," to see nearby islands and the work on them done on behalf of the Trust Territory.

Udot Isle in Truk Atoll Presents Picture of Beauty, People Happy

XXV. UDOT, HOME OF HAPPY PEOPLE

MOEN ISLAND, Truk Atoll, Dec. 6—Today we visited the exquisite tropic island of Udot, home of happy people.

Udot is one of the gems of green islands inside the great Truk atoll. It is on a direct line only three or four miles from Moen, the Administrative center here. But it took us three hours to get there.

We started from the Moen dock aboard the Metomkin, a good-sized steamer of the Pacific Micronesian line. We went out into the deep waters of the atoll and by a winding route through the channels between treacherous coral reefs, till we anchored nearly a mile offshore, after more than eight miles of travel. We dropped (literally) over the side of the Metomkin and into a good-sized rowboat, which was rowed to shore by husky Trukese sailors.

INTO IDYLLIC SCENE

The rowboat landed at a long, narrow little pier of stone and gravel jutting out from the beachside coral crags. And then we walked into a sort of modern fairyland.

At the sea end of the pier half a dozen brown urchins, boys and one little girl, had gravely awaited us. As we hailed them, their serious faces lighted with smiles. They said, carefully, "Good morning" and broke into musical laughter.

Those smiles, that gay laughter, were with us all day on the little island.

MET BY THE ELDERS

Ashore, the elders of the village and a whole host of other youngsters awaited us. Some of the chiefs who had come on the Metomkin from Moen ceremoniously introduced us to the Udot chiefs. There was a slight moment of hesitation, then it seemed that everybody in the village was saying "Good morning." That broke the ice—if there were any ice on Udot. In a second everyone was laughing, talking, calling excitedly to each other.

More villages came, more children began to hop and shout about us.

We started to walk along a wide, clean path by the shore—and the village went with us. The place was alive with gay children of all ages. They gathered around Senator Cordon as he started taking pictures, and presently he was leading them in Oregon yells.

Youngsters came up to the visitors and as we held out our hands, they too held out theirs. Presently I had a little boy of four or five and a little girl of perhaps six gaily leading me down the path under the giant trees.

Our progress was apparently heralded by volunteer runners. This island is well populated along the shores. At one time we had close to 150 people accompanying us as we walked.

Few could talk English but that made no difference. They chatted with us, and we with them.

Grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers and mothers and children made up this gallant, gentle escort.

'MANUELA BOY' IN YAP!

Behind me I heard the unmistakable words and tune of Manuela Boy. I looked around. One of the Trust Territory men from Moen who had come with us on the Metomkin had organized a juvenile chorus. The youngsters, with immense care in pronounciation, were singing that well known Hawaiian ditty—and with appropriate gestures even to the point where Manuela Boy goes "Aala Park hia moe."

Then they sang My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean—words and tune correct, their childish voices giving sweet accompaniment to our well-escorted stroll through an enchanting island garden—Nature's garden.

I learned afterward that one of the American staff had taught these songs to a Trukese teacher, and she, going to Udot, had in turn taught the children.

'CHRISTIANS, PERSEVERE'

After about a mile and a half of walking, we stopped at the village of Fanomo. Chairs were brought with hospitable speed from the nearby church. Two youngsters raced up coconut trees and the nuts fell around us. A young man with a big machete sort of knife skillfully topped the coconuts, and, sitting in the shade of a giant breadfruit tree, we drank the cool, refreshing juice.

The breadfruit tree's wide branches covered nearly half an acre of ground. Our entire procession and the smiling villagers of Fanomo stood or sat under it, with the children still hopping and skipping about us, naive and friendly.

Then they all sang for us, at our request. The men and women, the boys and girls, fell quickly into the usual formation for a choir or glee club, sopranos, altos, tenors and basses.

The song they sang is a Catholic hymn. Its title, in Trukese, is Achocho (pronounced Atuoto) Ami Souneng. It ans Christians, Persevere, an s theme is remarkably like Onward Christian Soldiers.

They sang it with solemnity but zest—excellent part-singing, too. And many of these church people had indeed gone onward in their faith during World War II and the exactions and brutalities of the Japanese soldiery.

As we sat there and listened to the song, even the smallest child was quiet. And in the shade of nearby pandanus and hau trees and of bushes on which flowered the red hibiscus, mothers sat and nursed their chubby babies, unself-conscious and unashamed.

WELL CLOTHED AND WELL FED

All the people we saw on Udot seemed healthy and they were certainly happy. There were a few elders—old ladies who tottered forward to meet us; old gentlemen who limped along on canes. But it is a young population, and typical of the rise in births that is accompanying the end of war and the spread by Americans of clinics, dispensaries, the teaching of nurses and the care of health aids.

The children were clean and were cleanly clothed. In these islands the natives do not go half naked. They dress as modestly as even the most prudish could desire. There are some sewing machines in the villages and the women and girls love to use them.

Few wore shoes. They do not need to. In fact, they are probably better off to go barefoot in this tropic land where heavy rains are so frequent that there's mud somewhere always about.

VISIT TO DOUBLON ISLAND

Later in the day we walked across the island, to another pier, to another group of friendly villagers, took a small launch out to the Metomkin, and hurried off to visit Doublon island—renamed by the Japanese Natsushima (Summer Island).

There's a proposal that the Trust Territory headquarters be moved from Honolulu to this island. But funds are lacking for the considerable construction of buildings and a water system that will be required.

BIG JAPANESE CENTER

Doublon was the big Japanese urban center in the Truk atoll.

One there were 17,000 Japanese civ s here. Vestiges of their stay are everywhere—including a "last ditch" command post cut deep into a mountain; two fighter seaplanes almost intact but rusting to final decay, and bomb pits everywhere—our carrier planes blasted this crowded Japanese military and business center into oblivion.

A few miles away is Eten Island where the Japanese had a fighter plane strip. It was in September, 1944, that our planes from giant carriers far at sea came over at 4:30 in the morning, caught more than 100 Japanese planes parked on the strip and the field, and in a series of lightning passes, smashed every plane and ruined the field.

Remembering December 7, 1941, and Pearl Harbor, that story made me feel a bit better!

TO GUAM, YAP, PALAU

From Truk we fly to Guam, thence swing into the southwest Pacific and the Yap and Palau areas of the Trust Territory.

Yap is said to be one of the most primitive areas of this great area of the Pacific map—fly-specked with hundreds of islands.

Yap; Island of Contrast: Stone Money Wheels and Modern Trailers

XXVI. STONE MONEY, ELECTRIC LIGHTS

YAP ISLAND, Western Carolines, Dec. 8—Yap lies in a shimmering tropic sea 3,757 miles southwest of Honolulu and centuries away in some of its primitive customs.

I am writing this story tonight in an electric-lighted modern trailer—one of several brought into the Trust Territory for personnel residences. Emergency housing was needed—it was cheaper and easier to get these trailers than to build and equip dwellings.

They were shipped intact from a West Coast port, transshipped a couple of times and finally brought to the end of a little dock and rolled up on a hill overlooking one of the quiet, beautiful little bays with which the small island of Yap is surrounded.

A CONTRAST

Yet only a few yards away is a huge, heavy cylinder of limestone which in Yap is money—money of a sort. It represents power, position, prestige.

There are hundreds of such great wheels of stone money on Yap, and that is only one of the things which makes Yap one of the still primitive places of the far Pacific.

The town—rather, a village—is a vivid study in contrasts. It is called Colonia—spelled with a C, *unlike* the main town of Ponape, which is spelled with a K. Both names date back to the days of German occupation and exploitation, and there is no apparent reason for the difference in the initial letter.

'THE END OF THE LINE'

Trust Territory staff members here call this "the end of the line," and in some respects it is for these Americans carrying out the duty entrusted to the United States under the mandate or permission of the United Nations.

The T.T. staff members here are, in many material respects, less provided for than in any other district headquarters we have visited.

One reason for that is that when the U.S. Navy was administering the Trust Territory (the U.S. Interior Department has it now) the Navy installations here were few and small. Only a small group of Navy men were here—an officer and a few enlisted men. They did not require, and therefore did not have, much in the way of housing or utilities.

So when the Interior Department took over, it didn't inherit much from the Navy. And what it inherited has gradually deteriorated very much.

Meager funds have precluded any extensive new building.

The housing now is not only meager, it is, even though of wood and corrugated iron and a few concrete buildings and a half a dozen trailers, quite inadequate for even the small staff of the Trust Territory. And such utilities as water and lighting are precarious.

DOWN FROM GUAM

We flew in from Guam—by comparison a teeming, modern

and highly militarized island area —this morning in a Transocean twin engined plane.

Last night at Guam we were guests at a dinner given by the Trust Territory staff in the comfortable, large Navy club called the Top of the Mar—a play on words reminding us of the famed Top of the Mark in San Francisco. At 9:35 this morning we were off for Yap and Koror.

Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon and his administrative assistant, Robert B. Parkman; Commander T. R. Fink of the Navy, and I got off at Yap. High Commissioner Midkiff, William C. Strand, director of the Office of Territories, Interior Department; and Delbert H. Nucker, executive officer of the Office of Territories, flew on to Koror, center of the Palau administrative district, also in the Western Caroline Islands. We landed in the Yap bay, 450 miles from Guam, at 1:05 p.m.

'WELCOME TO YAP'

From the amphibian plane out in the bay we went ashore on a launch, to meet another hearty welcome. A picturesque gate like a football goalpost—but wrapped and bound in coconut leaves—carried the sign "Welcome to Yap" and just beyond that was a three-sided rectangle of human greeters.

On the left, nding smartly at salute, was the local constabulary, or police — Trust Territory employes. In front, as we walked to "review the troops" was a line of Yap chiefs; and on our right, a group of school children.

We had a hearty buffet lunch at the home of Eldredge (Jack) and Patricia Mobley, of the Trust Territory staff, a quonset hut that is a fascinating museum of South Seas decorations — shells, fans, bright-hued coral, carved wooden images and a thousand other things.

Donald Heron recently took over as district administrator. He has made a good start in adjusting some serious personnel difficulties. But he has not had time to get the wheels turning as diligently as they are in other areas we have visited.

At the dock we met most of the personnel of the Trust Territory staff. They are hospitable and hardworking. But there is an obvious feeling of dissatisfaction and frustration.

Most of the "modern life," as it is euphemistically called, of Yap centers around Colonia and the Americans. A few hundred yards away, old-time Yap prevails.

Greedy Jungle Swallows Roads in Yap; Stone Money Bank Deserted

XXVII. VISIT TO STONE MONEY BANK

YAP ISLAND, Western Carolines, Dec. 8—By jeep this afternoon we left the little town of Colonia, Trust Territory headquarters for the Yap district, for a drive along the curving shore lines.

The road was little more than a path. The Japanese, who colonized and militarized this part of Yap, once had a fairly good road. The small American Navy force later stationed here, tried to keep up only the roads needed for their limited use.

The Trust Territory staff has no money for any but the most imperative road repairs, and insufficient money to keep up rolling stock.

So in many places the jungle, rampant and greedy, takes over. Rains wash out the tracks. Grass and vines spring up in weeks; shrubs and trees rear flamboyantly. And a few hundred yards from the Trust Territory wireless station, its power plant, its clanking tractors and bulldozers, Nature's silent battalions writhe and creep and conquer.

RESERVED PEOPLE

Ours was a drive into a thousand yesterdays. The Yapese are a reserved and a conservative people. Even the impact of Spaniards and Germans and Japanese and Americans, and the waging of a great war that with uproar and flame touched these remote shores with terror, has changed them far less than an outsider could imagine.

of the houses are still of wooden posts and beams and thatched roofs—thatched with the fronded branches of the nipa palm, which here grows profusely. We met a good many people as we drove or walked along the road. They greeted us with deference. Many of the children smiled, even returned the wave of the hand we gave them. The elders were courteous.

But there was none of the shrill gaiety, the infectious mirth, the instant fellowship that had greeted us on the little island of Udot, near Ponape.

None of these villagers came from their homes to look at the strangers. They sat sedately and let us pass. There was no surliness about this, merely an aloofness.

INTO PRIMITIVE VILLAGES

Outside the town, the Yapese dress much as they did before the white men came. Naked children looked at us with some curiosity. The older boys wear loin cloths, usually of brilliant red. This garment, the "thu" (pronounced "thoo") is worn by the adult men as well as the boys who are beyond babyhood.

Many of the women wear only grass skirts, thick and flaring. About half we saw were unclothed from the grass skirt up; the others wore thin blouse-like garments.

Many of the adults and a few of the larger boys and girls were chewing the betel nut, their lips and tongues and teeth colored a deep scarlet from its chemical action.

AT THE 'STONE MONEY BANK'

Our way led to one of the concentrations of stone money for which Yap is famous. It is not produced here. Most of it was brought from the island of Babelthuap (pronounced "Babeldaup") far to the southwest, in the Palau district.

There are a hundred stirring stories about this money—the lust for it, the trading in it, the wars raged for it. Most of these stories revolve about the soldier of fortune David Dean O'Keefe, recently more or less immortalized in the film His Majesty O'Keefe. He was the Irish-American who came out here, saw the native regard for the stone money, went to Hong Kong and brought back a junk to transport the huge cylinders from Babelthuap (and a few from Guam) to Yap.

About three miles from Colonia is this "money bank"—the Fort Knox of Yap. Here there are scores of these cylindrical blocks of carven limestone. Many of them weigh more than a thousand pounds, some a ton or more.

Imagine the incredible effort of cutting these wheels, solid save for a rather small hole in the center—cutting them with stone adzes, from limestone hills and stalactitic caves, and transporting them to far places. Decades before the ingenious and blustering O'Keefe came with his sailing ships and junks, these islanders of Yap and Palau and Babelthuap were transporting the great stone money in their sailing canoes across hundreds of miles of sea. They sailed by the sun and the stars and the winds and the currents and the flight of birds and the changing colors of the water.

Like the Hawaiians and the Samoans and the Tahitians, these were the sailing masters of the world, steering their argosies and galleons, laden with tribute or loot, across waters into which no Viking had ever ventured, no Phoenician had pioneered.

TREASURE AND DEATH

Treasure and death—these were the risks.

We stood on ancient paved platforms in the midst of these monuments of stone. Some of them had been three or six months in transit from Babelthuap, 270 miles away. Often the sailing canoes had been driven far to sea by lashing storms. Many a craft was lost.

Today the money bank, where grave brown men sat and counted their wealth, is a scene of immense quiet. One could read, with deeper appreciation than ever before, Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, with here the soft waves lapping the shore of the lagoon only a few yards away, and, in this quiet dusk, the flying foxes already shuttling their zigzag, unerring route through the jungle trees.

This is still money to the Yapese. Today the currency and coin of the United States is familiar, and of course, much desired. But ownership of this stone money is known, by families and by individuals; and this ownership is part of their lore and their tradition, and their contemporary well being.

He who robs them of their stone money is cursed. We were told of one "haole" skipper who took some of it by fraud or force, and tried to put his steamer through the channel to the open sea.

On him native priest imposed a solemn curse—and the steamer piled up on the reef, a rebuke and a warning to anyone who defies the customs of the Yapese.

Tolerance and Patience Needed in Trying to Teach the Yap Islanders

XXVIII. YAP AND ITS PEOPLE

COLONIA, Island of Yap, Dec. 9—Most Americans who think of Yap at all think of it as an island.

There is an island of Yap, but it's only a part of one extensive district of the Trust Territory of the Pacific.

This district consists of the many Yap Islands, large and small, and a string of "coral islands" stretching 700 miles eastward as far as the atoll of Sawatal.

Total land area of the island of Yap is about 38.7 square miles.

Yap is known as a "high island" — one formed by land upheaval, and rising well above sea level, as distinct from the "coral islands," also known as the "low islands." These latter are formed by coral growing, over the ages, from submerged shoals or underwater mountain tops, to the surface, the formation of coral reefs, and, again over slow ages the gradual accumulation of enough soil, of a kind, to give a base for coconut trees.

SIZE OF THE PROBLEM

These basic facts about Yap—perhaps tiresome to readers—are given to show the physically enormous size of the Trust Territory problem.

For in all this great area of more than 3,000,000 square miles from Majuro in the Marshall Islands on the east to Yap and Koror in the Western Caroline Islands, there are immediate and often urgent problems that the Trust Territory administration must handle.

The lands problem alone is complex. There is no general way of summing it up except to say that in primeval times (to the coming of the white man) ownership of lands differed greatly in different districts, and sometimes within one atoll group. But it was usually a feudal or family clan system.

Sometimes the land was owned in part individually and in part communally. Sometimes it was owned by families and sometimes by villages. Sometimes there is what might be called "public domain" for part of an island, the rest privately owned.

PROBLEM FOR STAFF

The lands use problem is one that the Trust Territory staff must deal with, for land must be used for wharves, warehouses, hospitals, schools, etc., necessary for Trust Territory work.

So in every locality where the Trust Territory operates the use of land must be worked out with the local, native authorities. This calls for patience, sympathy, an intuitive tolerance of what often seems to the hustling American, incredible slowness.

Judged by the standards of more "advanced" people, Yap is under-producing. It could, for example produce four or five times the amount of copra (dried coconut) that actually gets to the market. The production now of this district is about 125 tons a year. Hundreds of tons of coconut fall to the ground, or into the swamps, unheeded.

The Yapese are keenly intelligent in some ways, but not in the ways of modern commercialism.

This is not all their fault—if you wish to call it fault. They learned virtually nothing about organized industry from the Spaniards, the first white men to assert a jurisdiction here. The Germans, coming later, used the people as copra producers and did not, on the whole, treat them badly—but the Germans were not interested in teaching the Yapese to become individual entrepreneurs—traders, shippers, land developers, etc.

OPERATIONS OF THE JAPANESE

Nor were the Japanese. They

move to the Pacific on the heels of a reluctant League of Nations permission after World War I. They sent thousands from their own over-populated land to colonize what is now the Trust Territory more extensively and intensively than ever before. Indeed, the Japanese often worked the Yapese hard, and during World War II, forced labor was common.

Yet today many of the Yapese remember that under the Japanese, there was more money current and more trade goods to be had, than today. For the Japanese paid wages, of a sort, and their far-flung war preparations and operations, added to what the thousands of civilian Japanese distributed among Yap laborers and servants, produced a sort of false prosperity which the Yapese do not find now.

This memory of Japan's days of occupation is one of the problems with which Americans of the Trust Territory staff must contend today. It is not peculiar to Yap—it exists elsewhere—a fact that would surprise many Americans.

We are apt to think that all we need to do is to hoist the Stars and Stripes, and natives of these lands automatically become happy because they are "free."

Imprint of Three Empires Remains On Atoll, People of Primitive Yap

XXIX. RUINS OF THREE EMPIRES

YAP, Western Caroline Islands, Dec. 9—Today in the space of six hours we cruised through the ruins of three empires in this atoll domain.

Spaniards, Germans and Japanese by turns moved in, regimented the native Yapese and others in this atoll, and in turn were displaced.

The Spaniards, who came into the Western Pacific long before the others, did least of all in the way of colonial industrialism. The Germans were much more methodical, and successful, and the Japanese set out to make the Pacific Islands not only a rich industrial tributary but a place to send a part of their surplus, intensely active population.

CRUISE AROUND YAP

We left in a 25-foot motorboat, after a 7 o'clock breakfast. At 8:30 we went out into the lagoon, then cruised along the wooded shores and through a series of natural, and some artificial canals. Yap is the Venice of the Pacific: its waterways far vaster; its shore line jungle instead of palaces; its people Micronesian brown instead of Italian swarthy. But there's a vague resemblance in over-all theme.

We turned north from our Yap landing, and slid past the island of Tagerang, the island on which the adventurous, swaggering Irishman from Savannah, Georgia, David D. O'Keefe, set up his flamboyant shipping and trading schemes. Then we slid from wide natural channels into a narrow waterway, each side close-bordered by the mangrove trees that grow in the water and thrust their green branches to the water's rim.

NATIVES WATCH WATER

Our boatboys were two—a Yapese, Falerog; and a native of Ulithi atoll, Fungol. We moved into very shallow water, with muddy bottom impossible to see. They watched the channel ahead, gauging with unerring eye every wavelet, the play of light and shadow, the set of the current.

The motorboat was heavily loaded with people, but we never touched bottom. These Pacific natives have eyes like eagles, a sense of the waters that is uncanny.

The narrow canals and the occasional causeways that led from one island to another were planned and their construction supervised by the Germans.

One causeway, nearly half a mile in length, with its approaches, was perhaps 20 feet wide, stone walled and stone based up to the road surface of gravel and ground coral. This causeway was apparently smashed by a bomb dropped from an airplane. But most of it remains. Its making must have cost the labor of thousands of natives and taken them a matter of two or three years. It was an herculean job.

This is just one of the many remnants of empire rule from the

outside. Today the Trust Territory administration encourages the development of local self-government.

COUNCIL OF CHIEFS

At the village of Tammil, which is on a remote shore of the island of Yap, there was a meeting of our party and a council of chiefs.

All the major chiefs of this area were there, the spokesman being Chief Magistrate Rovoman.

We met in the great "men's house"—a structure originally built before the Spaniards came. It is on a huge wharf or lock made of stone, jutting out into a quiet bay. Here for centuries the chiefs of the district have met in solemn session.

TELL OF DISTRICT'S NEEDS

Chief Rovoman spoke gravely, with measured, deep cadences in his voice. He told how, during and since World War II, his district has suffered greatly.

Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon responded. "We came not to hurt you but to aid you," he said. "We in the United States have our problems—we came to say that we hope we can help you help yourselves. We shall ask our people to help you forever in ways that will aid you to earn for yourselves what you will need."

Don Heron, Trust Territory district administrator, also spoke, asking the chiefs to communicate with him when they have any thing specific to ask.

All this is in line with the idea of getting native leaders to analyze and help solve their own problems.

PART OF INSPECTION TOUR

Today's tour—made at the cost of sunburn by nearly everyone on the bright sea under a burning sun—was in line with what Senator Cordon has done from the start—see for himself as much of every district as possible.

He has emphasized personal observations as well as talks with Trust Territory staff members; and he has done this day after day, on a schedule that keeps every member of the party hustling.

He intends to get every item of information possible before returning to Washington.

Land Titles in Pacific Edens Add To Complications of 'Modernization'

XXX. LAND TROUBLES IN GARDEN OF EDEN

COLONIA, Yap Island, Western Carolines, Dec. 10—Nothing is said in the Bible about land titles in the Garden of Eden, but I am sure there were some. And sure also that they somewhat complicated the home affairs of Adam and Eve.

In these Eden-like islands of the Far Pacific, land titles run back to remote antiquity. And they complicate the efforts of the Trust Territory staff to establish and encourage production of foods and fruits that would aid the island economy.

These systems of land titles are many. They differ somewhat from atoll to atoll, from one island people to another. Even in the larger areas, they may differ in one part of a huge, atoll-encircled group of islands, from another.

YAP AN EXAMPLE

Yap atoll, and the islands and islets within it provide an example.

This morning Senator Cordon and Robert B. Parkman, his administrative assistant, sat for nearly three hours at a staff meeting of the American department heads of the Trust Territory staff.

Our amphibian plane was due to get away for Guam at 12:30 p.m. but at 11:30 Senator Cordon was digging in for facts as to the way the T.T. job at Yap is being done.

We heard the same story here that we have heard with variations, all the way through the immense stretch of Trust Territory:

Natives of all these islands look on their land not only with pride of ownership but jealousy of encroachment.

Their titles have in the main not been written down. But they are in the minds of the natives themselves, and their traditions and word-of-mouth lore are definite and cherished.

DON' 'ANT TO MOVE

The, do not wish to move, or be moved, from the homes and usually the rather small plots of land where the homes stand. They have no communal lands. They are little or individual farmers.

The task of educating them to modern agriculture, even in its simplest form, is arduous. They are both skeptical and wary.

LAND TITLES

Many of the Yapese houses, usually thatched huts, are on damp lowlands, little better than marshes. Often they are floorless. Often they are in jungle so dense the people are in perpetual shadow. But they are unwilling to move. The land is theirs by ancient inheritance. Even if they wished to move, they might find it difficult —the land to which they would go belongs to someone else, who resents and opposes intrusion on his land, even if the newcomer were a friend.

Of all the island peoples we have seen, the Yapese are the most conservative, not only by our own observation but by what the people here tell us.

It is not an unfriendly attitude, it is that of people whose thoughts and habits persistently, stubbornly follow the thoughts and habits of their ancestors. We could call them primitive. But they are intelligent. They have survived all the vicissitudes of time.

LONG JOB

Our Trust Territory people do not, because of this situation, give up.

They feel that as they themselves get better known by the natives, more trusted, they will slowly but surely make progress.

One of the Trust Territory staff here—a Honolulan and a former University of Hawaii man — describes the human problem. He says that in dealing with a group of village chiefs, or a large influential family, he has sat and chatted with them for three or four hours before he felt that he had gained some measure of their confidence. Then he could begin to advise them on what they can do to improve their agriculture, produce more of their own food supply.

This is not remarkable. In a few generations they have had Spaniards, Germans and Japanese telling them what to do. They know that the Spaniards, Germans and Japanese were driven out by great wars that swept into the Pacific. They have no assurance that another great war may not drive out the Americans and bring in another race of administrators, doctors, agriculturists, teachers and religious leaders.

STAFF IS HOPEFUL

Our Trust Territory personnel —in the great majority—are not giving up.

Most of them feel a good deal of encouragement at the progress that has been made, imperceptible though it may be to a short-time visitor.

But these Americans have no illusions that the job of lifting the whole scale of life and economic production in the Trust Territory is a short one. Several have told me seriously that it will take 10 years to show major results.

One reason for this is the present very limited facilities with which the Trust Territory staff works. This will be the topic of the next article.

Trust Territory Equipment Is Ravaged by Time, Tropic Weather

XXXI. EVERYTHING'S WEARING OUT

COLONIA, Yap Islands, Western Carolines, Dec. 10—We were about to shove off in a little motorboat for our amphibian plane waiting out in the Yap island harbor today when the motorboat's propeller fell off.

The launch stopped a dozen feet from the dock. Fortunately the water wasn't deep. One of the Yapese boat boys dived overboard, went to the bottom, grabbed the propeller, brought it up, and the crew, after about 20 minutes, got it on.

Now we are ready to go out to the Transocean PBY waiting in the bay, and take off for Guam.

This is my last article from Yap—island group of dramatic contrast between primitive jungle

life and modern man's inventions of the electric age.

INCIDENT IS ILLUSTRATIVE

The incident of the break-down in our motorboat transportation is illustrative of the trials and troubles with equipment and supplies that beset the Trust Territory staff and all its operations.

All over the vast Trust Territory there is deterioration of equipment and housing that is not merely deplorable but injurious to the work. And the length of time required to get in even the simplest replacement would try the patient soul of a super-Job.

'FOR WANT OF A NAIL'

The dropping-off of the motor boat propeller as we were about to leave was the climax to a series of incidents at Yap that were both harassing and humorous.

Do you recall an old verse:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
"For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
"For want of a horse the rider was lost—
"And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

Well, here is a brief summary of what happened when we got to Yap—hot, humid, though physically beautiful, Yap:

1—At the Trust Territory hotel (a pretty bare and uncomfortable hotel, at that) the water went off. No water — no bath, no shaves; cooking periled.

2—An engine out at "Spanish Lake" — a small reservoir about two miles away, had broken down.

3—A crew was sent out to repair the engine. Presently the crew walked back—engine out of gas.

4—Gas was sent out in a light truck.

5—The truck got stuck in Yap's famous gray clay mud; couldn't deliver the gas.

6—One man of the truck crew walked back through the gathering dusk to tell the sad news.

7—The staff's chief engineer, "Snuffy" Warner, started out in a jeep to pick up the gas, detour by the stalled truck, get the gas to the engine, start the engine, get the water going.

8—"Snuffy's" jeep got stuck. While he and his helper were struggling to get it loose from the mud, the tropic darkness fell like a blanket—as thick and as hot.

9—Everybody walked back to Colonia, the [illegible] town which is headquarters h[illegible], groping in the dark.

10—I was awakened, in the trailer where I was sleeping, at 5:30 the next morning by a prodigious series of snorts, clatters and whangs. Some of the Yapese drivers and mechanics were unhooking a heavy tractor from a new, big refrigerator box that was being installed.

11—They took the tractor out to the scene of disaster, and, with its caterpillar treads, hooked it on to the stalled jeep and the stalled truck and yanked them out of the mud.

12—Twelve hours or so after the water went off over much of our Trust Territory housing and offices, at Colonia, it was back on.

13—But meanwhile the old "reefer," the one that was being replaced, well loaded with cold storage food, was standing out in Yap's burning sunshine, and what the deterioration of the contents had been was unknown when we pulled out of Yap harbor at 1:10 this afternoon.

TYPICAL OF TROUBLES

This incident is a bit dramatic in its sequences but it is unfortunately typical of the troubles of T.T. personnel which inevitably impede and impair their work.

The American and Yapese staff members are spending an inordinate amount of time in what might be called "housekeeping"—repairing their physical facilities.

Just to get that water going took more than 45 hours of manwork. Most of this could well have been devoted to the prime mission of the Trust Territory staff—"helping the islanders to help themselves."

Much of the equipment was inherited when the U. S. Interior Department succeeded the U. S. Navy as the agency actually administering the U. S wardenship of this war-scarred Trust Territory.

Deterioration of woods and metals is rapid in the climate of every part of the Trust Territory.

Heat, drenching rainfalls, high winds in some localities, thick salt spray sweeping all the shores, and driving across the low beaches and narrow inland area of the coral atolls, combine to injure supplies of all kinds.

Everything from typewriters to tractors gets heavy punishment, and show it.

HC 'TALS AND DE AL CLINICS

Hospitals and dental clinics are well kept up. In fact, their neatness and care of the instruments, medicines, etc., is remarkably good. Yet they are mostly in quonset hut arrangements that deteriorate even with the most diligent care.

EFFECTS OF CONDITIONS

The effects of these conditions is to slow up normal work alarmingly, sap morale and cause feelings of frustration and bitterness that sometimes become impossible to deal with except by separation of the afflicted personnel from the service.

Perhaps the most disturbing fact to these Americans on far away islands is the feeling that the Trust Territory budget is going to be further whittled down, and that there is no hope for improvement in the supplies and housing situation.

It should be encouraging to Americans everywhere, as it was to me, to find so many of the Trust Territory personnel carrying on with a cheerful energy and militancy that is inspiring.

Their attitude is "We'll lick this yet" and meanwhile in many areas they are demonstrating an ingenuity as well as a determination which deserve our admiration and commendation.

Official Tour Ends at Guam and Analysis of Complex Data Begins

XXXII. LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

GUAM, Marianas Islands, Dec. 11—Our tour of the Trust Territory ended late yesterday, but not the work of the party headed by Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon.

Much of that has just begun—the assembling of data, the analysis, the drafting of the report he will, as chairman of the subcommittee on Territories, make to the full Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

Some of this has been done en route.

We left the Yap atoll by a Transocean amphibian plane at 1:10 p.m. and reached Guam in the early evening. We are stopping today on Guam. Early tomorrow four of us will take off on a Pan-American plane for Wake Island and Honolulu.

The four are Senator Cordon; his administrative assistant, R. B. Parkman, myself, and Frank E. Midkiff, high commissioner of the Trust Territory and head of its extensive organization. Senator Cordon and Mr. Parkman will be in Honolulu four or five days, before proceeding to the States.

The two who remained on Guam for a few days are William C. Strand, director of the Office of Territories of the Interior Department; and Delbert Nucker, executive officer of the Office of Territories.

WORKING ON REPORT

As we flew over the far-spreading, beautiful atolls and isles plumed with coconut trees, under the sun that has shone brilliantly every day of our trip, a good deal of work on the coming report got under way.

Mr. Strand and Mr. Nucker in Guam will continue some of this work, also see something of conditions on Guam, which is not a part of the Trust Territory but a part of our own United States, and under the Interior Department.

SOME ASPECTS OF COMING REPORT

Senator Cordon has carefully avoided any conclusions but the tour has projected certain aspects of the Trust Territory situation that are plain. These include:

1—Military security.

2—Needs of the Trust Territory under present set-up.

3—Possible change in headquarters.

Though Senator Cordon has made no statement of conclusions, his trend of thought is revealed in a statement for publication he gave me on the plane coming from Yap to Guam yesterday afternoon.

The Senator said in part:

"We have first the primary problem of military security.

"To secure military security we must have representatives of our

Government in the Islands themselves. That administrative authority cannot be shared.

"It follows as a natural course that we must so contrive as to have friendly, loyal, cooperative people throughout the indigeneous populations.

"One thing is certain: We cannot on the one hand refuse to help the natives again learn to help themselves, and on the other refuse another nation the opportunity to perform that service."

The other nation referred to can be but one—Japan.

RESULTS OF WAR ON ISLANDS

One result of World War II on the Islands and people now in the Trust Territory has been to interrupt and sadly to dislocate their native economic systems and ways of life.

Under the German colonial rule, Micronesia was developed, economically, mainly for the production and export of copra, (the dried meat of the coconut) which is in constant world demand for vegetable fats.

Germany lost her Micronesian colonial dom early in World War I. The anese Navy was a prime factor in flushing the Germans out of this great area. Japan was then an ally of the United States and Britain.

JAPAN LOSES MICRONESIA, TOO

Japan, against the early opposition of the United States, was given a "mandate" by the then existing League of Nations whereby the Japanese took over Micronesia supposedly under benevolent administration.

But Japan had already seen the enormous value of this immense area for military purposes.

So Japan, in addition to extensive exploitation of the Islands commercially, quickly moved to develop air, surface, submarine and land bases. And Japan had control of this strategic, productive area from World War I to World War II, roughly two decades.

The effect of this colonization and its ending has both economic and military significance.

Document 1953D

Ponape Cathedral is dedicated, by Father Hugh Costigan

Source: Article in Micronesian Monthly, January 1954. Reprinted from Ponape's News of the Month.

Ponoape Cathedral is dedicated, by Father Hugh Costigan

On Sunday, December 13, 1953, the new Catholic Pro-Cathedral of Our Lady of Mercy was blessed and dedicated. This service brought to a conclusion the work of the Cathedral which had begun almost four years before and brought happiness and contentment to the many Catholics who were present for the ceremony.

The new church, called Pro-Cathedral, rather than Cathedral in that it will serve temporarily (probably 50 years) until Bishop Feeney shall build one on the Island of Truk, is perhaps worth a word of description.

It was started in March 1950 to replace the former German-built church destroyed in the last war by the Japanese... after it had been damaged by a bomb in one of the many air raids on Ponape. The original intention in 1950 was to put in a concrete foundation and build a wooden temporary church sufficiently large to accommodate the normal Sunday congregation at Kolonia. To this end, lumber was cut locally and the first foundation forms placed. At this point, Ponape was finally blessed with a large supply of cement, a commodity that heretofore had been very scarce and at a price which old-timers here will recall with a misty look in their eyes... 93 cents a bag!

The original plans were hastily scrapped, the site enlarged and we decided to build more permanently with concrete blocks for the outer walls and reinforced concrete for the facade, pillars and upper walls. This was done, with many a delay for other needed construction or for lack of funds. However, December 13th finally brought the major portion of the work to a close. The final dimensions of the church may be of interest. It runs 178 feet in length, 52 feet in width and at its highest point rises 42 feet from the ground. These are about 5,000 bags of cement in the structure, but more revealing to local residents will be the corresponding amount of sand secured from the sea in buckets to mix that amount of cement![1]

1 Ed. note: I hope the salt was leached out of that sand with river water before it was used!

Final cost of the edifice will of course be determined by future developments, but as of today the outlay runs about $40,000. Of this amount, about 10% was contributed locally by the Ponapean and non-indigenous Catholics (and non-Catholics) on Ponape. The remainder was donated by Bishop Feeney, the Society of Jesus and friends and relatives of the Fathers in the states and Guam. Like all respectable churches, this one carries a debt which we trust to liquidate before too long.

On the afternoon of the dedication, too late for reading at the ceremony, the plane brought two very fine letters of greeting, one from His Holiness, Pope Pius XII to the people of Ponape and another from Bishop Feeney who could not arrive on time for reasons of business in the States.

This short note should end with a further word of gratitude for technical advice and assistance from the personnel of the Ponape District Administration, in particular Mr. Hedges, Mr. Roles, Mr. Takuma, Mr. Ihara, who were extremely generous with advice and time. But no one will doubt that prime thanks and admiration must go to the Ponapean people for the energy and interest and resourcefulness in accomplishing so vast an undertaking.

Document 1953E

Gilberts Revisited, by Dr. D. W. Hoodless

Source: Article in the Pacific Islands Monthly, September 1954.
Note: The author, Dr. D. W. Hoodless, formerly principal of Suva Medical School, and now living in retirement in Fiji, spent some months last year on relieving duty in the Gilbert Islands.

Changes in the Pattern of Islands

Sir Arthur Grimble's recently published book, *Pattern of Islands* gives a delightful picture of the glamour and romance of the Gilbert Islands as they existed some thirty years ago, but the Second World War and the Native Co-operative Trade Scheme have caused a complete change.

For two whole years, during 1942-43, Japanese naval and military forces occupied the Gilbert Islands with their main units on Tarawa and Butaritari, while their planes and destroyers paid frequent visits to the other fourteen islands in order to take as prisoners the European coast-watchers, and to ensure that the natives or missionaries were not in radio contact with the outside.

On Betio, the most westerly of the islets of Tarawa, there still remain the long lines of rusty wrecked American landing-craft and motor vehicles as sole material evidence of the Japanese invasion, but the effects of the war on the natives themselves have been far-reaching.

The system of forced labour and rigid discipline of the Japanese forces during 1942-43, was succeeded during 1944-45 by the free and easy manner and ready money of the American Marines and soldiers. The Japanese destroyed much European property, and ruthlessly cut down groves of coconut palms to make air-strips, or used the coconut tree trunks as gun emplacements. The Americans, regardless of cost, carefully chartered each of the principal lagoons, put down many pilotage beacons, and improved existing roads, and paid all labourers with good USA dollars.

With the return to peaceful conditions and British Administration early in 1946, the Gilbertese might have found themselves hopelessly befogged and puzzled, but fortunately the high price of copra has helped to offset the complications caused by the war, and outwardly the islanders appear now to have returned to their former easy life, although they are perhaps a little less courteous even to one another.

A three months voyage among the Gilbert Islands during April-May-June of 1953 allowed visits to many islands—in fact, Beru was visited five times, Abaiang four times

and each of the other islands at least twice. Long conversations with eight of the native medical practitioners and an equal number of the native hospital dressers showed that the health of the natives and the sanitation of the villages were being carefully controlled again.

The Gilbertese are small, dark-skinned and robust. They are expert in their outrigger canoes and fishing expeditions. As children, they seem to spend half their life in the sea, and the sloping sandy beaches are their playgrounds for there are no village greens.

The surrounding seas abound in marine life of all descriptions: whales, schools of porpoises, sharks, huge sting-rays, turtles, tuna, etc. are frequently seen while sailing between the islands—and inside the lagoon myriads of tiny fish form scintillating pictures in the shallow waters of the anchorages.

Mosquitoes and flies are the chief pests on shore, but the natives do not seem to find them very irksome. The absence of pure fresh water in unlimited quantity, and the scarcity of any kind of fresh green vegetables make the duties of a European housewife difficult. Well-water is hard and brackish, but the natives seem to be able to use it freely and to thrive on their apparently limited diet.

Normally their teeth are excellent, and although they often appear to be rough and unwashed, their general standard of health is high.

* * *

As they lie between 3° N and 3° S, the Gilbert Islands are not visited by hurricanes, and the climate, although hot is not unhealthy. Occasionally fairly strong easterly winds will blow for several days on end, and during the wet season, westerly winds are a danger to shipping for nearly all the normal anchorages are unsafe in a "westerly."

The flimsily-built houses and the huge high-pitched roofed meeting-houses are clear evidence that winds of hurricane strength are unknown.

In the Gilberts the words "winter" and "summer" have no meaning for JUne 21 is the first day of summer on Aranuka, just north of the equator and the same day is the first day of winter on Nonouti only forty miles away but south of the equator. It is therefore more reasonable to divide the year into the dry and wet seasons, but even these names are misleading for it may rain every day for a week or two in the so-called dry season, and vice-versa.

During long periods of drought in the central Gilberts, the coconuts become shrivelled and the output of copra is greatly diminished.

The specialised form of native co-operative trade store in the Gilberts which has developed during the last two decades has ousted all European trade stores. There were not many of these European storekeepers but they were picturesque and their stores were the centre of daily gossip and entertainment, and the present native trade store makes a poor substitute.

The principal hardship in these islands is the lack of transport and communications. Now the island copra-shed often remains full to the roof with extra copra piled up outside it, waiting week after week for transport to Tarawa for shipment by one of the

Bank steamers to England. Formerly a Burns Philp steamer or a Carpenter steamer paid regular and frequent visits to many of the island anchorages, and free trade was the order of the day.

At present the Gilbertese native copra growers receive less than half the price paid for copra in Fiji or Samoa. The balance of the price paid by the UK Ministry of Food is credited to the Gilbert and Ellice Government and utilised in several extremely complicated processes for social and administrative services.

In Fiji, Samoa and Tonga the communal system among the natives has been highly developed and rank according to family descent is important. Chiefly rank in accordance with native tradition often takes precedence over any special rank due to Government appointment in the Civil Service, and on ceremonial occasions, e.g., wedding feasts, chiefly rank is rigidly observed.

By contrast, in the Gilberts there is straight-out democracy and all are of equal rank, with the exception of the very few remaining members of the families of the former high chiefs in Butaritari and Abemama. Here in these atoll islets there is an ancient and efficient form of self-government under which the ordinary affairs of the island are conducted by their own native officials with little or no help from the occasional visit of a European Adminsitrative or Medical Officer.

Nowadays the native magistrate, chief headman (*kowbure*), medical practitioner, postmaster, and native scribe give a full measure of self-government in secular affairs, and alongside of these officials there are the native pastors and teachers appointed by one of the Missions.

Each village has a *maneaba* or meeting-house, a huge native building with a very high roof and open sides, used for council meetings, island dances and various kinds of gatherings or festivities. Each family has its own portion of the floor as a "reserved seat" in the *maneaba*, but when European visitors are present these ancient rights are readily suspended.

A casual observer would say that the usual dietary is extremely restricted and consists of nothing but fish, coconuts and "babai"—the latter being a giant form of taro.

In addition, imported foodstuffs (flour, biscuits, tinned meats, etc.) are available at the trade stores, and pawpaw, pandanus and bread-fruit trees grow everywhere. On most islands, bananas can be grown with some success, so that if a Gilbertese housewife goes to a little trouble, she can prepare a well-balanced diet for herself and family.

Perhaps the chief difficulty is in infant feeding, but this has been largely overcome by the training of native nurses by both Government and the Missions, so that mothers can receive advice.

There are no cows or goats in the Gilberts but good supplies of tinned milk in powder form have been made available for free distribution if necessary.

Although the natives house is cool and breezy, to live in it has two main drawbacks—it lacks privacy and it is usuless for fresh water catchment. Lack of privacy is a personal matter and if necessary can be overcome by partitions and screens, but lack of rain-water tanks is a great hardship, and the only means of obtaining supplies of rain-water

is by using the concrete tanks adjoining churches or the very few buildings with iron roofs.

The Gilbert and Ellice Colony has three ports of entry: Tarawa in the Gilberts, Funafuti in the Ellice Group, and Ocean Island with its phosphate diggings.

The upheaval caused by the Second World War has once more brought into prominence the vexed question of the selection of one or other island as the capital of the colony, and after seven years of indecision it has been finally agreed that the capital shall be again on Tarawa. On June 3, 1953, the new King George V school was officially opened on one of the southern islets of Tarawa; and it is officially stated that the new hospital buildings in ferro-concrete will be erected during 1953-54 close to the new school.

This had been received with deep satisfaction by the natives and Europeans alike, for it cannot be denied that there has been undue delay in re-organizing both the medical and education departments of the Colony since the war.

The Gilbert and Ellice Colony, under the control of the Resident Commissioner assisted by European and Gilbertese officers, is without any executive council, legislative or even an advisory council, and the residents (native or European) are therefore without the usual means of ventilating hardship or grievance—whether real or imaginary.

Colonial Office regulations, if too rigidly applied, can cause absurd results—e.g., a native medical practitioner who had received no salary for three months owing to lack of communications from Tarawa, and who was without any relations on that particular island, was compelled to spend most of the day in his fishing canoe out in the lagoon in order to provide the necessary food for himself and family. The appointment of some form of advisory council to assist the Resident Commissioner is long overdue.

These curious islands contain so much and yet they lack so much. They are extremely interesting and yet having seen one you have seen them all.

Returning to Fiji, with its glorious hills, valleys and rivers and its communications and contacts with the outside world, there are perhaps three things that stand out in my memories of the Gilbert Islands: a magnificent sunset seen at Tarawa, the fleet of canoes catching flying-fish at sundown off the reef at Tamana, and a wonderful solo dance by a girl on Little Makin Island.

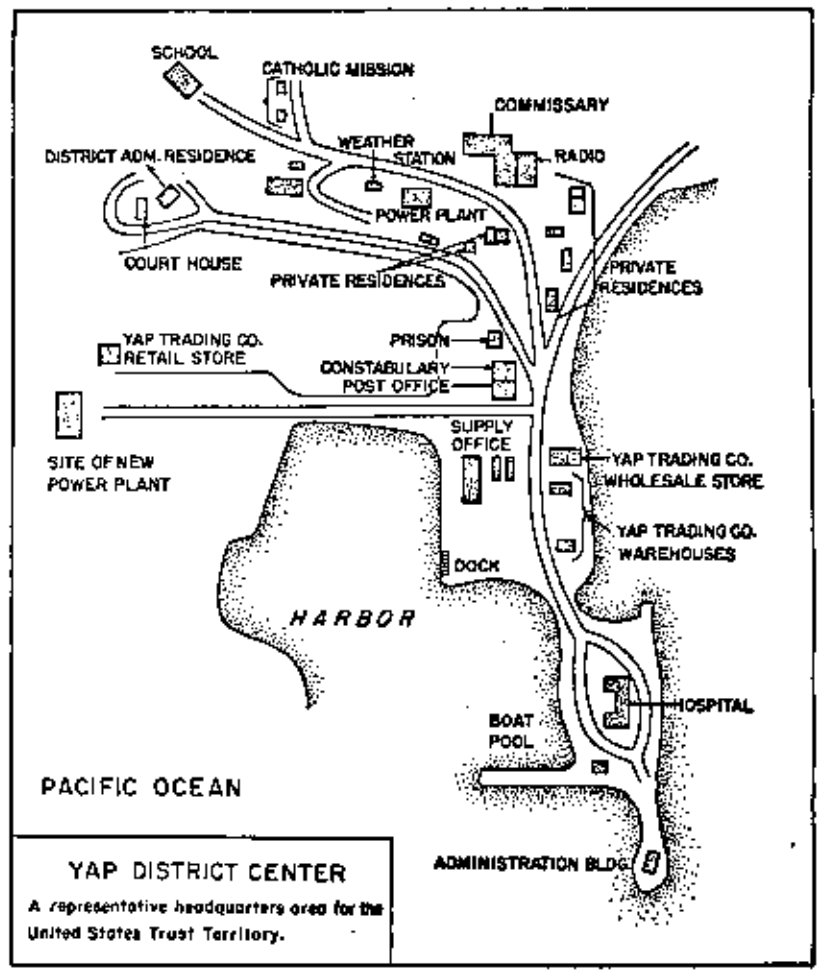
The sunset at Tarawa was a wonderful mosaic of gold and purple; one of those sunsets that can never be forgotten. The fleet of canoes of Tamana was truly picturesque—heavy storm clouds overhead and a slowly-fading sunset formed a sombre background for a fleet of twenty canoes each containing one or two natives with huge palm-leaf torches emitting showers of sparks and masses of smoke. With a sudden movement the scoop net would flash and in a single sweep of the arm a flying-fish was transferred from the sea to the canoe.

Up and down along the six-mile coast the canoes were sailing, keeping quite close to the ocean side of the reef and this would continue as long as their palm-leaf flares lasted. What a glorious way to get fresh fish for to-morrow morning's breakfast!

My third cameo of native life in the Giblerts was the solo "dance" on Little Makin.

It was at an evening concert and there had already been a number of vigorous but noisy group dances. The *maneaba* was packed to capacity when there came a sudden lull, and everyone became quiet. A young woman in native dress stepped forward and then stood still as a statue with outstretched arms. Quietly the drumming started, and we were watching the famous bird dance.

With quick but only slight movements of the head and wrists we saw an imitation of a sea-bird patiently standing in shallow water—and searching the water ahead. Everyone—native and European alike—was spell-bound for there was not a sound except the monotonous low beating of the drum while that girl remained almost immobile, with staring eyes fixed, as it were, on some distant point of the horizon.



Document 1954A

Visit to Pingelap and Mokil, by John Wesley Coulter

Source: Chapter XIV of his book, entitled "The Pacific Dependencies of the United States (New York, Macmillan, 1957).

Note: John Wesley Coulter was then Professor of Geography at the University of Cincinnati.

Introductory note.

In his preface, the author says, in part:

"I began with the intention of pursuing a study of land utilization, land tenure, and increase in population on Pingelap Island in the eastern Carolines where a growing pressure of numbers on the means of subsistence in a little coral atoll is causing grave concern. It was suggested that I concentrate on the problem of overpopulation there and in other islands that I would visit. When I arrived on Pingelap, I found a food shortage, for the breadfruit trees had yielded a smaller than normal crop, in part, according to the natives, because of a "blight" which was appearing on the leaves. To add to a discomfiting prospect, a jundred-pound bag of rice which I had shipped from Ponape, for my own use and to trade for other food, "disappeared" and no trace of it could be found. I therefore paid a shorter visit to Pingelap than I had planned; but, on the other hand, I had ample time to visit the three archipelagoes which comprise the United States Trust Territory and to carry on investigations on various islands during stays of from one to three weeks. Sometimes I used opportunities to attend meetings of chiefs and met some of them personally to talk about their problems. On other occasions I made the acquaintance of part-Japanese Micronesians and from them learned about Japanese government of the natives and about the Japanese colonists who settled in the islands."

XIV

Pingelap and Mokil

In this chapter on Pingelap and Mokil, the author begs the reader's indulgence to diverge from the objective nature of the previous discussions and relate personal experiences on a small island in the Pacific where he went to study the problem of overpopulation. Overpopulation problems in Pacific islands are not new, for they have been faced by the indigenous inhabitants from time immemorial. However, they were solved by the aborigines in ways which are entirely contrary to the dictates of modern, civilized people. At the time of the discovery of many islands in the Pacific, or at least when the first missionaries arrived, abortion was a common practice, induced through various means by the local medicine men or witch doctors. Furthermore, what few authoritative records are available indicate that two infants out of three were killed at birth. Malnutrition took a quota from those that were allowed to survive, and casualties in wars between clans were of some consequence. Children who were subnormal or crippled were also put out of the way, and old people were quietly allowed to die.

The birth of twins was considered an ill omen, and one of the two was always killed. The author knew in Fiji one of twins who had been exposed at birth. Exposure by leaving the child for three or four days in the brush or forest was one of the ways of getting rid of it. In the case of the Fijian, when some women going to bury the remains found the infant still alive womanly compassion induced one of them to take him home to bring him up. Turning out to be more intelligent than the average boy, when the author knew him he was a student at the Suva Medical School, preparing to be a native physician among his people. During my visit to Pingelap one of twins

"died" under conditions with regard to which I could not get a satisfactory explanation.

Christian teachings, backed up by promulgations of the various governments concerned, have resulted in the lessening or partial abandonment of the practices which kept the population of an island down to the number that could be fed at a subsistence level. However, during the last one hundred years, the greatest factors not only in restricting the increase, but in causing very serious decreases in what might be considered the normal populations of the islands, were the infections and diseases introduced by whalers, castaways, and various other foreigners who visited the archipelagoes, some of whom stayed permanently. Tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases still take a heavy toll.

During the last few decades modern health measures and discoveries such as penicillin have tended to keep down mortality, so that now, in nearly all parts of the central and eastern Pacific, births exceed deaths and the population is gaining. In American Samoa, where, as was already pointed out, the situation is serious, current trends suggest that the indigenous population will double within the next twenty years. The Samoans of Western Samoa are increasing almost as rapidly. In the Gilbert Islands the problem of subsistence became very serious in the middle 1930's. There the Government had successfully prohibited all controls except abortion, which it discouraged but was unable to prevent. The extreme poverty among certain families with insufficient land demanded that some measures be taken to relieve the situation. After careful planning, two thousand Gilbertese were taken off that archipelago to colonize three islands in the Phoenix group. Unfortunately, the settlement scheme on one of them, Sydney Island, proved a failure because of the small annual rainfall there.

Another factor which aggravates the situation now as compared with the pre-European era is that since the advent of missions and modern government, the native can no longer consume the entire product of his lands. He must have a surplus to pay his Government tax and subscriptions to the church, to buy clothing for himself and his family, as well as to provide many other necessities of modern life. With what we regard as a higher standard of living, the islands can support smaller numbers than before foreigners came.

Pingelap has had an increase in population of appreciably more

than the atoll can support, and the pinch of hunger is beginning to make itself felt among natives there who have only small scraps of land from which to try to gain subsistence. Like thousands of islands in the Pacific, it has no radio communications, and its only contact with the outside world is the field-trip ship which calls every two or three months. During my stay I was the only Caucasian on the island, and my impressions of the atoll and the circumstances of the natives are representative of those which one still gets in many parts of the Pacific. [1954]

My first impression of Pingelap, on a rainy afternoon in July from a stormy ocean, was a dark-green, elongated forest which, on nearer approach, appeared to be separated into two islands by a distinct gap edged with a white line of surf stretching out along the reef. As our field-trip ship, the *Roque*, came closer, another island came into view at the rear, near the south end of which the bright gray roof of a steepled church contrasted with the dark background. Then other small shiny roofs, in line with the church, glistened northward along the coast among the coconut palms.

Fourteen whaleboats filled with natives, all men, put out to meet us, while the remainder of the village population stood in groups on the beach. As the boats drew alongside, nimble brown bodies climbed up ropes and halyards to clamber on board.

I was introduced to Chief Dicksolomon, who wore a straw, stovepipe hat painted blue to match his denim trousers rolled up to the knees. His first words, spoken in halting English, were "Have—you—a—match?" I learned the significance of his request a little later. Nine native boys, each carrying part of my luggage, prepared to help me off the ship. "Too much rain. We wait," said one of them, so I took refuge in my cabin; but it was not worth while, for a little later, after I had transferred to a small boat, we shipped a wave which drenched all of us. When we reached shallow water a husky native took me on his back to wade ashore, where, in my new quarters in the village, the boys watched me undress to put on dry clothes in a house which, by native standards, was very comfortable. It was the new, half finished Japanese-style house of the chief. I was to live on the second floor; the ground floor, still rocky, was spread with mats of drying copra. Ambilos, who was to be "my man Friday" on the island, unpacked the oil stove, but searched the village in vain for a

match; mine were stowed in the bottom of a case which had not yet come ashore.

Pingelap is a representative small coral atoll, a group of three islets, seven or eight feet above high-tide level, enclosing the lagoon, 6°14′35″ north and 158°21′45″ east. A brief account of it in records of the Thilenius expedition (see references chapter XV) states that it was "sighted" in 1793 by Captain Musgrave in the *Sugar Cane*, and that it was discovered by Captain MacAskil in 1809. Captain Moore of the mission ship *Morning Star* also sighted the atoll in 1857. Pingelap, the largest islet, is on the southeast; Tugulu and Takai are on the northwest.

The following are approximately its dimensions, measured on a map with a planimeter:

TABLE XXI

AREA OF PINGELAP

	ACRES	SQ. MILES
Pingelap Islet	275.4	0.43
Tugulu "	140.5	0.22
Takai "	16.9	0.026
	432.8	0.676
Area of Lagoon	298	0.466

The lagoon, entirely enclosed, contains coral heads and inward extensions of the reef, which at the village is shelving and extends far out, but at high tide is sufficiently submerged to permit a canoe to float to the sandy beach. The material of which the reef and islands are composed is wholly coral limestone and its derivatives: boulders, cobbles, pebbles, and sand. There are no climatic records for Pingelap, but the data available for sea level at Ponape, in almost the same latitude, indicate temperatures in the shade between 80° and 85° F for every month, and rainfall approximating 100 inches annually. Trade winds prevail most of the year, strongest in January and February, which is the period of least rain. The last recorded typhoon occurred in 1905. The island lies in the North Equatorial Current, in

that part of the Pacific where the direct sunshine keeps the surface-water temperature close to 100° F the year round.

There is no runoff from the island, for at the most the water trickles a few feet on the packed coral of the main trails. There is little real soil, the surface material almost everywhere being stony. Most of the rainfall seeps very quickly into the highly permeable surface, where an hour after a heavy rain there is no water. Artificial catchment of precipitation, very important, furnishes the entire supply of water for cooking and drinking and by far the major supply for domestic purposes in general. It is collected in drums either from houses with galvanized-iron roofs or at the bases of inclined coconut trees, the trunks of which are scored to channel the flow.

The village, strung out along each side of a single straight street starting from the church at the south end and running northward parallel to the beach, consists mostly of frame structures, with a few thatch—all set up two or three feet above the ground. Papayas, bananas, and ornamental shrubs and herbs grow sparsely about the houses, and also a few stalks of sugar cane. In the early part of the day and in the evening children appear in swarms to lie or play in the main thoroughfare.

The morning after I arrived, I asked Ambilos to tell the chief that I wanted to have a meeting of the principal people in the village to tell them why I came. Saying that I wanted to give a present to the chief, I asked, "Shall I give him cigarettes?" Ambilos said slowly, "No; he is a Christian."

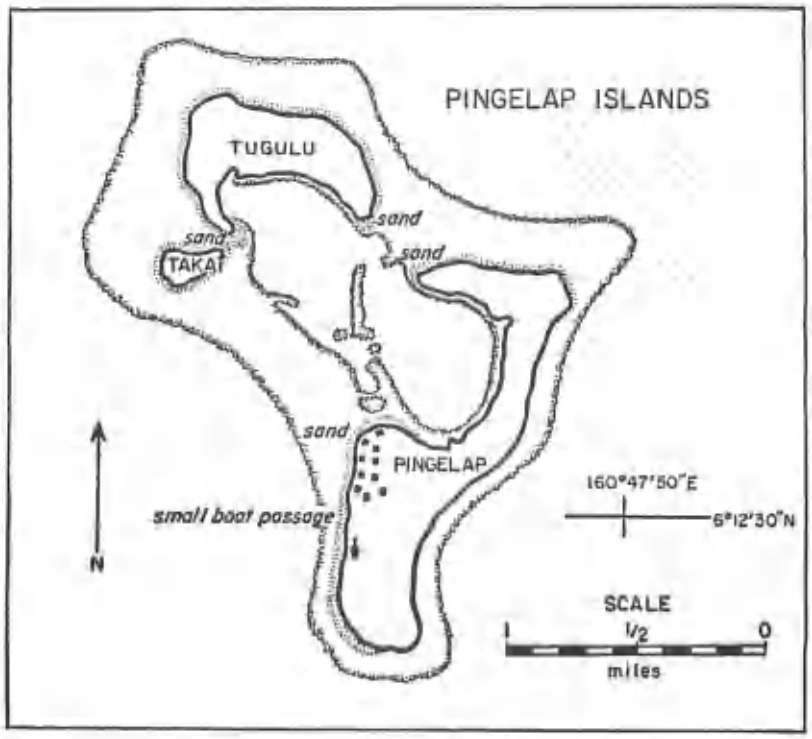
Nine leaders of the village assembled at the Government house: Chief Davidsolomon; his son secretary Dickenson; Judge Dikery, Sheriff; Kisio; "Doctor" Kulion; Peter, chief Medical Aid; Dengke; Alden; and Aidel. Chief Dicksolomon was absent.

"What is the greatest problem on Pingelap?" I asked.

"Food," one replied. "When we have some coconut and pandanus, we often call it supper." I told them the reason for my coming: that the administration was interested in their problems, especially their population problem, and hoped to take some of the people to Ponape. They listened very attentively and at the end asked questions: "Who will be chosen to go? When will the emigration take place? The government told us four years ago it was going to take off some people and it has not done anything yet." I said that I thought that the people themselves would choose who should go. Questions about the

number of people who lived on the island in the past elicited the information that in 1905 there were 900 people,* but that a typhoon had wiped most of them out.

In 1940, according to their information, an epidemic of "cowpox" killed many, and at intervals in the history of the island famines occurred because of storms which destroyed their food plants or because



of winds which blew ocean water into their swamp, killing the taro. Their current food shortage was due to a breadfruit blight and also to the wearing out of the land. The yield of breadfruit was very small that season. I did not see one breadfruit on a tree on the southern third of the main island; however, it was near the end of the regular

* Inquiring closely about this figure I came to the conclusion that it is not to be relied on. There may have been only five or six hundred, for there are no "records" except for the memory of older people.

season. The yield from bananas and other crops was also less than it used to be.

When I asked the sizes of the larger families in the village, they discussed the question for a minute or two among themselves and then one of them answered, "Ten children"; the smaller ones had "two or three." Why did some have only two or three and others ten? They replied, "We try to have as many as we can and that is the way nature works!" Later I gave Chief Dicksolomon at his house a present of a yard and a half of cloth, a piece of soap, and candy.

After a few days I said to Ambilos, "Tell your sister to ask some women to come to her house, for I would like to know how women live in Pingelap."

"No," said Ambilos, picking his words, "I will not ask my sister. I will ask the second chief's wife, and she will command the women to come." He added: "In America, the women can say something about things. In Pingelap, no."

Sixteen women, all married, and a few children gathered in the village community house, where the second chief himself, Aidel, was sitting, though I told him it was just to be a women's meeting. He smiled, saying, "I want to listen." Three other men also came, to stay for a while. The first question I asked was, "What is the most important thing the women of Pingelap do?" They tossed the question about among themselves for a minute or two. Then one of them, apparently the oldest in the group, said: "Weave mats and make hats, cook, wash, and look after the children. If there is any time left, we help our husbands get taro, or fertilize it or do some other work for them." They agreed with the men that the larger families had about ten children. A girl generally goes to school until she is about fifteen, when, usually, she is married; if not, she starts to help her family. "Although the first child does not come sometimes for four or five years," they said, amused, "we start trying right away." When I asked, "Who wants a big family, the men or the women?" they replied, "Each wants it about the same." If babies come when the people are not married, what happens? "If the man wants it, he can take it into his family. If not, the woman must take it into hers."

My next question, "What do the women of Pingelap like to do best?" caused considerable discussion among them before an older woman who was generally their spokesman said, "We get together in

a group of fifteen or sixteen, and each day we do all the things that each woman in turn wants to have done."

All but two of the women had been to Ponape and had seen an automobile, but only six had ever seen a horse, also at Ponape, during Japanese times. They told me the animal was taken out each day in order that people might ride on its back. When I asked about food I found that they used a little rice and sugar in German times, and much more after the Japanese came.

The main evidences of the Japanese occupation of the atoll are the remains of naval and weather stations, heavily built of concrete, the ruins of which still stand, shattered by shells and riddled with bullet holes. The natives told me that the maximum number of Japanese on the island at any one time was fifteen, and that all of them had been taken away in a submarine near the end of the war.

The land of Pingelap, wooded with trees, shrubs, and herbs similar to those on other islands, may be divided into two categories as far as agriculture is concerned: coconut jungle and taro land. The former consists of a dense stand of coconut palms, some pandanus, and bananas, with papayas and giant taro scattered thinly here and there; underneath them grass and various species of ferns grow profusely. The ground, strewn with dead leaves, rotting coconut husks in piles, fallen coconut trunks, and large coral rocks overgrown with moss, is marked by trails leading through the jungle in various directions, most of them to the taro swamp. That area, the heart of village agriculture, comprises about two acres six feet below the general level of the island. There *mwang*, or giant taro, and four other varieties of their staple food grow. It was evident that the swamp land had been extended recently by pick and shovel, for small taro pits had been excavated near it by hard digging through the coral down to permanent ground-water level.

One day I asked: "Why not extend the taro land indefinitely by digging? Then everyone would have enough food."

Ambilos replied: "That would be to take the land from people who don't want to give it up for taro, for they have enough taro land in the swamp. They want the area next to the taro land for coconuts or breadfruit." Fractionalization of land on Pingelap had gone so far that nobody wanted to give up any land for anything.

In the morning on weekdays, men, women and children were continually going to or coming from the taro swamp, some of them to fertilize their rows by placing cut grass and weeds at the roots

and covering them over with dirt, others to take back coconut baskets full of taro to their homes in the village. On Saturday a supply is laid in and cooked for Sunday, for, like the natives on most islands, the Pingelapese are strict Sabbatarians.

The morning I talked with the heads of the village, they complained that not only was the soil wearing out, but a disease had attacked the breadfruit trees. While fear of a breadfruit famine probably caused the people to exaggerate the situation, it was evident that all was not well with that species of vegetation. In a space of about fifty yards each way I counted six breadfruit trees, four of which had been felled, because, according to Ambilos, they had the disease.* The leaves of the two still standing were slightly yellowish. Ten minutes' walk from this count, I saw two trees with leaves turning yellow, a small one entirely killed, and a fourth recently felled. It is probable that there were still some trees bearing in the northern part of the main island and perhaps on the other two islands, for I was served baked breadfruit several times. Breadfruit trees, pandanus, and bananas form less and less a part of the coconut jungle as one goes northward from the village, since these food trees are raised, for convenient access to them, mostly on the lands near where the people live.

Copra is the money crop of Pingelap, and much work in making it was carried on between the first call and the second call of the *Roque*, five days apart. The vessel went to Kusaie, the end of its run, before returning to Pingelap, Mokil, and Ponape.

One morning I watched a man and a boy husking coconuts from a pile under the trees near the shore, each of them standing beside a hardwood stake of mangrove stuck firmly in the ground, about three feet high and sharpened at the top. Grasping a coconut in both hands to raise it above his head as he bent over the stake, a husker would bring it down firmly and quickly on the sharpened end, with the nut off center so that he would not break the inner shell. As the top of the stake cut through the outer covering, he would twist the nut to wrench off a piece of the husk, and repeat his work until all the husk was removed. Then he would throw the husked nut aside, pick up another, and go through the same process.

Husked coconuts are carried to the village and placed in a heap

* I doubt if they were felled because they had any disease. Their trunks were very large and probably they were old trees past their best bearing age, cut down to make canoes.

under or close to the owner's house, where a man or woman with a bush knife, at one blow of the blade splits a nut in two. With a copra knife another worker scoops out the meat into a box or on a mat which is then placed in the village street. Each evening, or at any time before showers, these boxes and mats are moved for shelter under the houses. In two or three sunny days the product is ready to be sacked.

Pingelap vegetable foods in order of importance are taro, breadfruit, coconuts, arrowroot, and pandanus, occasionally papayas and wild yams. Rice, for which the natives acquired a taste during German times, became a habitual food during the Japanese régime. Flour, sugar, beans, and onions were also introduced by the Japanese. Pingelap people still like to flavor some boiled food with dried onions, and I had brought onions with me for exchange. Among the goods I observed in the village store were rice, flour, tea, sugar, canned mackerel, and sardines.

What did I have for food on Pingelap after my bag of rice "disappeared"? For breakfast, taro cakes fried in coconut oil, breadfruit, boiled fish, and papayas. At dinner and supper I ate fish, two kinds of baked breadfruit, and taro. Once I had a whole baked young chicken, but was never offered any rice. Those who brought me meals asked several times to make sure that I would exchange shares of rice for the meals if and when the sack of rice were found. But it never turned up!

Natives catch tuna and swordfish in the open ocean, and, with spears and nets, take reef fish, keeping some of them alive in two fish ponds in the lagoon, built at the insistence of the Government and finished early in 1954, in hopes that fish from them could be marketed. Doubts of any market discouraged the practice of stocking them, although the Pingelapese could make them function importantly in their economy.

I learned through the resentment of two young men not very adept with boats that the village council had ruled that all the men in the village must fish. The would-be fishermen set out early one morning while I was there, were nearly blown out to sea, and returned in the late afternoon, exhausted by paddling, without catching anything.

After fish, pork is the most important and almost the only meat on a South Sea island. On Pingelap it seemed that there were almost as many pigs as children in and about the village: small pigs,

medium-sized pigs, large pigs, poking here and there under houses, between houses, at the backs of houses, and on the beach, picking up pieces of coconut, rinds of breadfruit, and anything else that was edible. Some were white, some black, others spotted. I heard their grunting day and night. Mother pigs with litters licked the sides of troughs where they had just been fed ground coconut meat. A few ducks and chickens mixed among them, picking from the same source. The swine, apparently all those on the atoll, increased the problem of keeping the village clean.

The tasks of Pingelap people are nearly all associated with procuring food. Men going fishing were up at five in the morning to have their canoes ready to start out at the streak of dawn. After fishing four or five hours, they were back by eleven, when the catch was immediately cleaned by the women. After the noon meal nearly all the natives lounged on mats on the floors of their homes or underneath the houses until four or five in the afternoon. Then they went for a swim, had supper, and visited one another for the rest of the day. The women told me they got up at six, did not often eat any breakfast, but started to cook food in the ground oven for the noon meal.

One early afternoon I watched activities on the beach, a hundred yards from the village street. Half a dozen little boys were swimming and another one was fishing with rod and line near a man who was overhauling his canoe. A little girl filled two coconut cups with ocean water to take back to the village. Two women standing in shallow water were washing the entrails of pigs and fish, while three others on the beach were preparing to put two pigs in a ground oven. They were the only natives out of doors at that time, the hotter part of the day.

Grating coconut meat for various uses is a chore generally relegated to children. Little girls sit cross-legged on pieces of logs into the ends of which small-toothed scrapers are fastened. Grasping half a coconut in both hands they grate the meat firmly against the scrapers, from which the particles drop into dishes to be squeezed later to extract the "milk" which is a favorite sauce for many kinds of food.

Village economy on Pingelap centers around the fragmentation of landholdings, which has gone so far as to reduce the amount for some families below the subsistence level. The chiefs and a few others

are still sufficiently well off to give feasts. The pattern of land division on the island is that of parallel strips across the atoll, a reasonable manner in which to divide predominantly elongated land forms. The boundaries of holdings are marked by standing coconut trees, coconut branches, or the trunks and branches of coconut palms or other trees laid along them; in some cases low "walls" of coconut husks formed the dividing lines. It is difficult to make quantitative comparisons of taro rows and coconut land belonging to various families, for there seemed to be no standard length of taro row and no unit of area for the coconut land. The people know that some taro rows are longer than others and that some pieces of coconut land are large and others small, for over the years both have been divided and subdivided until the present pattern has resulted.

A man's wealth is basically measured by his rows of taro, a row, I was told, being considered as fifty feet. However, many people have some considerably shorter. In trying to find out what a representative landholding might be, I elicited the information that an average man had three rows of taro about fifty feet long, and, in addition, a piece of land about ninety yards long and twenty yards wide on which there grew about fifty coconut palms, five pandanus, one or two breadfruit trees, and twenty banana plants. It was evident that bananas could not be raised on much of the land where other trees were growing.

Dikery told me that his father, moderately well-to-do, had holdings in different parts of the main island with the following dimensions: four pieces of taro land with four rows in each piece, all, of course, in the swamp; four pieces of coconut land: the Willes piece, fifty yards by twenty-five yards; Namal, fifty yards by fifty yards; Matiap, fifty yards by eleven yards; and Sigor, fifty yards by eleven yards. His father had given him two rows of taro and the Matiap and Sigor pieces of coconut land. There was nothing written, of course; he had just his father's word. He had one brother and one sister with whom his father planned to share the remainder of his holdings when they were married.

Dison, a wealthy man who had thirty rows of taro and a piece of coconut land about seventy yards long and twenty yards wide, divided his holding among eight children. Another, who had four sons, divided his small plots between two of them, for it was no use to give away pieces any smaller. The other two went to Ponape to look for

jobs. A less wealthy native owned five small pieces of land scattered over an area of half a square mile, the smallest unit, approximately thirty yards by four yards, having two bearing coconut palms and five immature trees just beginning to bear nuts.

Scattered holdings apparently imposed no operational handicaps, for only hand tools are used, and whaleboats and canoes give ready access to all parts of the atoll. The problem of overpopulation arises from the fact that the amount of land available for some families is insufficient to support them even at native subsistence standards. A consolidation of the little, scattered bits into one holding by exchange is out of the question, for, everyone knowing how many coconut trees, breadfruit, and pandanus there are in each piece, it would be impossible to exchange all of them for pieces with a like number.

Occasionally there is considerable altercation and argument over trees and boundaries. In some cases if a man has given a friend the right to harvest coconuts from one tree on his land, and if the friend dies, his son claims the right, saying his father told him it was his tree and the son would have it when he died. But the original owner argues, "I gave that tree to your father and not to you." Argument as to ownership arises also if a coconut tree growing near or on the boundary between two parcels of land shifts its position slightly during growth or in a high wind.

A fruitful source of trouble is the sprouting of a new breadfruit tree from the root of an older one. If the right to pick breadfruit has been given to someone besides the owner, does he also have the right to pick breadfruit from the younger tree when it grows up? When a shoot sprouts from a root on a piece of land adjoining the one where the tree is growing, the consensus of opinion seems to assign it to the adjoining owner.

Sometimes trouble stems from absentee ownership when a man goes to Ponape or elsewhere for an indefinite stay. According to the traditional native code, he does not lose his rights to his land, but custom decrees that he must assign his property to someone, generally a brother, to care for until he returns. Perhaps the owner after years of absence dies in Ponape, and his son comes back to claim his inheritance, but in the meanwhile the brother and his family have held the land so long that they have come to regard it as their own. In some cases the brother has died, and his son, becoming owner, refuses to recognize the claim of the returned stranger. The problem

of absentee ownership was one of the more important subjects of discussion of the village council, most of whose members felt that a time limit should be placed for the return of the native owner. After that date, if he did not come, he would lose title to his land.

The village government seemed to be divided among the council, the hereditary chief, and the church, the last making itself responsible for the moral behavior of the people. A council, first elected in April of 1954 with one member from each of eight units into which the village is divided, meets twice a month to discuss problems of the village, and of land on the atoll. It also arranges certain village social occasions, such as welcomes for Government officials.

The main events of social life on Pingelap are village feasts, which among the indigenous peoples of the South Sea Islands are held regardless of general shortages of food, for they are an essential part of their way of living. There are always feasts, though the quantity and quality of the food varies. Often given after the arrival of a vessel which brings rice, flour, sugar, and other imported food, they are then bigger and better. The more impressive are the events with which they are associated, the finer are the feasts. On Pingelap they celebrate the birth of a first son, a death, a farewell, the renovation of a church, and other occasions. Men and women united in saying that the greatest festival of the year on their atoll is Christmas, but that it is celebrated only in their homes by families. At the time of my visit they were preparing for a great festival to celebrate the completion of an addition to their church. One of the congregation, commenting on the quality of the woodwork, said proudly, "We have a carpenter who was trained in Japan."

I was a guest at a feast which celebrated an unusual circumstance, the drowning of a chief's son. In January of 1954 when Kulion's son and a younger man went fishing in a sailing canoe on a stormy day, the boat capsized in the open sea beyond the reef. After both men had tried in vain to right it, the older asked the younger to swim ashore and wave his *lava lava* (wrap-around) above his head to attract help. He said he would stay with the canoe in an effort to save it. When the young man, after reaching the shore of Takai Islet, turned to look, neither the canoe nor his companion could be seen. It was now mid-July and Kulion decided to give a feast in memory of his son. As preparations for the event were going on, groups of women were at work, one steaming rice, another boiling taro, a third baking it in

a large ground oven, and so on. No breadfruit was prepared because of the scarcity. Half a dozen men and women were preparing to put two full-grown pigs and a young one in another ground oven, where a pile of coral rocks were heated over burning wood. When hot they were raked apart, breadfruit leaves spread over the center, the pigs laid on, covered with more breadfruit leaves, and then the hot rocks from the sides raked up over the whole.

One group of women boiled water in six huge basins set on coral rocks under burning wood, using some for tea and some for coffee. To each they added plenty of sugar. Six or seven women came to the feast carrying loaves of bread of various sizes and shapes, which they piled up on mats at the side of the house.

Preparations went along slowly, for time means nothing to the natives of the South Seas. Men cut coconut fronds and breadfruit leaves to spread on the floor of the house where the feast was to be given. Women gossiped as they sat about, some of them remarking on the possible age of that American who was always taking pictures! A woman near me, employing her time making a coconut-leaf basket to carry away food from the feast, said she was fifty-four. When I told her she was as good looking as a schoolgirl, she replied, "I am good looking," and added, "because my grandfather was a German." Large groups of children hung about amusing themselves in various ways, one little boy blowing up, like a balloon, a fresh piece of a pig's intestine.

At last the rice was ready, near where eighty-nine dishes, pots, pans, and baskets were placed in rows to receive it. Portioned carefully from the many containers in which it was cooked, large lumps of it were put in each receptacle and a little more a second or third time to divide the whole amount as evenly as possible. Kulion seemed to be feeding half the village population. The women, taking their containers with the rice, filed past one end of the house to have pieces of taro, bread, and pork placed on top of it. When I commented to Ambilos on the skill of the carver, in serving the partially cooked pigs, asking if he was specially employed for the feast, Ambilos said indignantly, "He is one of Kulion's friends, but everybody in Pingelap knows how to carve a pig!" High chiefs who attended the feast were served first, sitting on mats on a raised platform at one side of the house.

Kulion made a speech before the rice was served, saying that the

feast was in memory of his son. He told me afterward that he did not want him to go fishing that day because of the rough sea, but people urged him to go for they wanted food. He said the feast cost him two sacks of rice, each one hundred pounds, five fifty-pound sacks of flour, and two sixty-pound sacks of sugar, besides cans of shortening, packages of candy for the children, and other materials. Eighty large taro plants were baked. The next day three more pigs were killed and cooked as part of the feast. So in the midst of poverty on Pingelap there is occasionally a scene of seeming plenty. At the feast only fingers were used, the flies came in swarms to share it, and the general conditions of cleanliness were poor.

Some feasts, of course, celebrate weddings. Courtship and marriage are simple affairs in a village on a small island in the Pacific, for the boys and girls know each other well from the time they have been small children. Ambilos described it this way: "The boy speaks to the girl and they agree to marry. Then they tell their parents." Sometimes the marriage is arranged by the parents, a boy's father giving a feast if he is a favorite son. Occasionally the parents on both sides combine their resources to give the feast. A boy marries from eighteen up and a girl from fifteen; usually the couple live at the home of the boy's father and the boy has a little piece of land which his father has presented to him as an inheritance, but sometimes there is not any to give because the plots have been so subdivided. Those who are church members and other churchgoers are married in the church, but a few are married by the chief in his house. Sometimes when there are strong objections to the marriage, the lovers elope in a canoe and flee to Ponape, as two did about five months before my visit. The journey of 175 miles is not very hazardous in good weather, for the regular trade wind blows in that direction much of the year.

Wind, rain, and sunshine on Pingelap are important factors in sanitation, an outstanding problem which the natives don't appreciate. Leaves and other vegetable trash lie about the village, and only heavy drenching tropical showers with a run-off from the hard-surfaced street keep things tolerable. I noticed that the children had a good many scars on their bodies, and in some cases open sores, and that many of them and a number of adults were suffering from an eye disease which made them squint all the time. On asking about one small boy thus affected I got the reply, "He was born that way."

Kulion said that the most serious afflictions of the people were

"sores, tuberculosis, and leprosy." There were twenty lepers in the village, ten of them returned convalescent patients from the leprosarium on Saipan. A man and his wife were pointed out to me walking down the street, returned patients from Tinian, apparently cured. Three of the lepers were children. The people of Pingelap are beginning to be sensitive about the high incidence of leprosy in their village and it is possible that some kind of campaign among them might make them ashamed to the point of cleaning up the place. On the *Roque* the Officer for Island Affairs introduced me to several natives of the island, calling me "Doctor," whereupon one of them whispered, "Is he going to Pingelap to study leprosy?"

Kulion's experiences are representative of those of higher families in many islands. On graduation from school in Ponape at the age of twenty-one, he remained there for fourteen years and a half—as a teacher for four years and a half, and as a policeman for a decade. After a visit to Pingelap he continued to live at Ponape for three more years, during which time he received hospital training from the Japanese. Then his father died, and he came back to live in the atoll. In 1940, however, when the epidemic of "cowpox" was at its height, the people in the village united to urge him to return to Ponape for more training to help their sick. Accordingly, he stayed there for three and a half additional years. He has been "doctor" in Pingelap since 1943.

Early in the morning after I arrived on the atoll, I heard a commotion beside the house and looked out to see four young men carrying what looked like a tall, heavy chicken coop. After placing it at the back, one of them, Tigkery, came to me to say slowly, "This is your toilet." It was the only one on Pingelap. The seat was almost waist high, and I had to climb up to sit down. The hole was heart-shaped with a rusted can below. In view of the unsanitary state of the village I had considerable satisfaction in knowing I was the only one who used it. Men and women squat at different locations on the reef at low tide or wade out a little into the water when the tide is full, the customary procedures in most islands. On islands occupied by our Navy during the war, tiny backhouses were erected along the shores over the water at regular intervals. I was told that, in some places, Marines did sentry duty to make the natives use them. They stand now, dilapidated and abandoned monuments to the sanitary zeal of the ocean branch of our armed services.

Missionaries, traders, and Government people have been the three types of agents in Pingelap, as in hundreds of other islands in the Pacific, who have made the natives aware of the outside world. The atoll is about halfway between Ponape and Kusaie—two high volcanic islands, and for a hundred and fifty years missionaries and traders traveling between them have stopped off at Pingelap. One of the early traders who came from time to time was an Irishman called Higgins who had headquarters on Mokil Island. His grandson, a chief three-quarters Micronesian, was our helmsman on the Ponape boat trip. He told me that his grandfather had been murdered by a Gilbertese in a drunken brawl.

The church seems to be the strongest social and religious institution in the atoll. There are five services every Sunday: Sunday school, regular church, and Christian Endeavor in the morning, and church and prayer meeting in the afternoon. The people cannot afford lights in the building for evening worship. On weekdays there are two services, six to seven in the morning and five to six in the afternoon, and on Wednesday afternoon there is an extra one, prayer meeting. Two "prayer houses" in addition to the church, one near each end of the village, were for the convenience of people who said it was too far for them to go to prayer meeting in the main building. Some of them would have to walk five hundred yards! A more important reason is that the people of the Pacific Islands, under the influence of missionaries since the middle or early nineteenth century, have developed into fundamentalist communities where they vie with one another in the size and decoration of their churches and in building other places of worship. A native of Mokil Island, showing me the place of worship there, asked: "How are the people of Pingelap getting along with their new church? Will it be as nice as this one?" Incidentally, Mokil also has two prayer houses in addition to the church. On Pingelap each morning, at five-thirty and again at six o'clock, the sound of a horn summoned people to prayers. Children's voices singing hymns rose above the deeper tones. The horn blew again at five in the early evening when once more the singing was conducted.

When I asked the Pingelapese if they performed any native dances, held ceremonies like drinking kava, preserved traditional chants, or carried on other customs handed down from old times, they said they did not, except for a stick dance which the men performed occasion-

ally. It seems that missionary influence and decimations of the population on the atoll from time to time by hurricanes have obliterated almost all aboriginal customs and ceremonies. Perhaps also conquering peoples from other islands may have helped to blot them out.

Pastor Leopold, trained by the Japanese at a "church training station" at Oa on Ponape, received a salary during their régime, but since they left he said he had not received anything. "However," he added, "I was born on Pingelap and my father left me a small piece of land, so we have enough to eat." Later on, I saw his son working in the taro swamp.

The lack of a substantial soil on Pingelap sets one of the more severe limits to agriculture as it does in atolls in general, and is, therefore, the most restricting factor in the number of people the atoll can support. The population of Pingelap was about 500 at the end of the war, in 1945; in 1953 there were 639 people in the village; in mid-1954 the number was estimated at 700. The population problem is specially related to the American administration, with its emphasis on health and sanitation. Many times in answer to questions, I got the reply: "During Japanese times many babies die. With American medicine, all babies live." The problem will probably increase as the children grow older and eat more food and as more keep coming. It is paradoxical on Pingelap, as in the Gilberts and elsewhere in the Pacific, that the work of missionaries and governments which rightly maintain that cleanliness is next to Godliness, should indirectly result in a serious overpopulation problem.

The problem of sanitation in aboriginal times in the Pacific was kept within bounds by witch doctors backed up by the chiefs, all of whom worked together to their mutual advantage. A belief in black magic strongly inculcated the idea that if human excrement, hair, pieces of cast-off paper bark, and other personal coverings were not buried under the soil, an enemy could cast a spell on them which was instantly conveyed to the person responsible. It is not unlikely that the association with witchcraft was developed as a method of dealing with a human problem. The Christianization of the people, not providing any observable penalty for filth, has resulted in a difficult situation now universal in the Pacific among all natives who have partially abandoned their old animistic cult.

A practical way of at least temporarily relieving the population

problem on Pingelap is to take several hundred people to colonize part of Ponape, the island with most available land in the Carolines, and a "New World" for people living in impoverished atolls. Sixty-three families totalling 216, or 35 per cent of the population in 1953, want to leave Pingelap to establish homes on other islands. Their first choice is Ujelang, second Kusaie, and third Ponape. The attraction of Ujelang lies in the fact that the greater part of the atoll was planted in coconut trees by Pingelap people taken there during the Japanese régime. It was inspected by chiefs from Pingelap and Mokil in 1947 as a possible outlet for the growing population of these islands. However, soon after the survey Ujelang was placed under the jurisdiction of the administration of the Marshall Islands, which circumstance would now entail considerable red tape to arrange an emigration. The preference of Kusaie over Ponape is due to the lingering memory of very kind hospitality by the Kusaians when the native surveyors visited that island. Ponape, however, has much more land available for colonization than both of those two islands together.

It must be remembered that not only is there overcrowding on Pingelap so far as the taro land is concerned, but that the people have advanced from the days when a mere subsistence on taro and breadfruit was enough. They have now become accustomed to flour and rice and sugar, and to various articles of clothing from the store, to get which they must sell copra. But part of their income from copra goes for taxes, and the increasing population means an ever decreasing amount of coconut land per person. One man told me he had only enough coconut palms to produce one bag of copra for each field-trip ship, that is, every two months. At five cents a pound, this amount brings him thirty dollars a year for clothes, fishing equipment, taxes, and certain foods which he and his family now regard as necessaries.

The day the *Roque* called for copra on the return trip to Mokil and Ponape, an animated scene took place in the village. At six o'clock in the morning people were out on the street, asking if the ship had been sighted. Yes! Someone saw the funnel away out on the horizon. Men began to carry sacks of copra from underneath their homes to be weighed at the community house, a roof of coconut thatch on stout posts in the center of the village. Considerable argument arose over a decision that those who had made their copra during the last three days would get five cents a pound and those who

had prepared it before that time would get five and a half cents. Presumably, the former hurried up when they knew the ship was coming and their product was of lesser quality. I noticed that people had climbed trees to get the unripe coconuts for copra. The fact that the price had fallen as of July 2nd from five and a half cents to five cents a pound brought up the question, Who had dried their copra before July 2nd and who after that date?

At Government headquarters, a wooden shack just across the street from the community house, names and amounts were recorded. Then began a parade of natives each with a sack on his shoulder, through shallow water to the canal blasted through the reef to afford nearer access to the shore. My baggage was placed on top of a pile of sacks in a boat loaded to the gunwales. We couldn't have made it in a rough sea, but the rowers pulled slowly to reach the *Roque*, and my things were on deck in a moment. Then began the hoisting and dumping of sacks into the hold. Pingelap copra was off to the world market.

MOKIL VISIT

On the way back, the *Roque* called at Mokil, another small atoll, to load copra. The approach to Mokil is the most difficult one I know in the Pacific, for when we got over the side of the trading vessel and were being rowed toward the reef, the ebbing tide left the water too shallow for the loaded boat. So we all got out to wade about half a mile while the empty whaleboat was dragged across. We embarked again near the outer margin of the lagoon, but after a short distance three of the heavier passengers had to climb out once more to walk through the water. Although the *Roque* was off Mokil reef at seven in the morning, copra loading did not begin until high tide—about three in the afternoon, and even at that time our boat had to be pulled and dragged over two parts of the reef.

Mokil Village, called Kalap by the natives, is the prettiest and cleanest I have seen in the South Seas—a great contrast to Pingelap. A graveled road, raised about six inches above the general level of the ground, and bordered with curbstones, runs the length of the village—about a mile and a half. The street is well shadowed by interlacing branches of coconut palms and pandanus trees growing along each side.

The homes, lined up far apart on the landward side, are painted frame buildings, on posts three or four feet above the ground, with the usual galvanized-iron roofs. Underneath, the earth was hollowed out and the depression filled with a thick layer of coral gravel. Covered concrete cisterns at the back caught the runoff from the roofs. On the lagoon side of the village was a long row of large native boathouses, with gabled roofs of coconut or pandanus thatch, set on stout breadfruit posts, six feet high. One or two canoes were inside each. At the back, similar small roofs protected native ground ovens. Neat stone wharves projected into the ocean between the boathouses, where ramps sloping down to the water were covered with palm leaves, husks of coconuts, and other vegetable debris so that whaleboats and canoes could be dragged over them without scraping their keels. Pigs are kept in pens or tethered to trees, and fowl are kept in chicken houses at the backs of the homes—an arrangement which promotes sanitation.

As I walked along the village street hoping to meet a native who spoke English, Leben approached and introduced himself—a graduate of the Intermediate School in Ponape. He offered to show me around.

The villagers were, as usual on boat day, getting their copra ready to ship. In the village church, one of the nicer ones I have seen in the South Sea Islands, the pews had back supports, well carpentered; the two "prayer meeting houses" in the village were also neat and well constructed. I was struck by the quality of the carpentry work all through Micronesia, where the Japanese chose capable men from the islands each year to send to a carpentry school in Koror in the Palau Islands or to Japan. This interest in vocational training seems more practical than the emphasis which the present régime places on academic subjects. Mokil school was clean-looking, and its children have ambitions to go to the Intermediate School in Ponape. However, if they graduate in Ponape they are not likely to be much better off after they return to Mokil, where only a few of them will get government jobs, teaching or working up copra records. At least one educated boy there was thoroughly dissatisfied with his lot and wanted to go back to Ponape to look for different work.

The children of Mokil were clean, apparently none afflicted with sores or eye diseases. Three groups of youngsters played marbles, another hopscotch. Two little girls sitting on the ground with a squared, native pandanus mat between them were playing on it with

pebbles. Boys were wrestling on the piles of copra sacks at the wharves. I was not astonished when the village pharmacist said, in reply to a question, "We don't have many sick people in Mokil."

Leben, nineteen years old, was engaged to be married to Mely, sixteen, and wanted to go to Ponape to get a job as a sailor. He told me that the oldest son in a family on Mokil always marries a daughter of the father's sister. For younger boys in the family, when they are still small, the father arranges later marriages with girls from other families in the village.

A girl has to take her chance that some man will want to marry her. When the parents involved offer strong objections to an engagement, the young couple, like the Pingelapese, put off at night in a canoe. The parents, much concerned, and making diligent inquiries when the next boat arrives from Ponape, generally find that they have gone there. The hundred-mile trip, shorter and therefore less hazardous than that from Pingelap, is accomplished with the same prevailingly favorable winds. After a while the young people usually return to their village and are reconciled with their parents.

Leben had been married twice already, and in the English words commonly used by natives, he had "trowed his wives away," meaning that they had returned to their parents' families. Relations between young men and women in Micronesia, as elsewhere in the Pacific Islands, are very casual. Boys take the girls out under the coconut trees or crawl into the girls' rooms at night.

"What would you do if her father caught you?" one of my American friends asked a boy on Mokil who was bragging about his "affairs" with girls.

"I would just jump out of the window," he said.

"But what about your clothes?"

"Oh, we just wear *lava lava* [wrap-arounds] when we call on girls."

"But what would the girl say to her father?"

"She would say that a boy was trying to come in and she did not know who he was."

Although High Chief August of Pingelap has a curfew rung every evening at nine o'clock, it is interpreted liberally, for young men and women keep the letter of the law by staying off the main street after that time, going to their homes the back way.

It is difficult for an American to imagine the difficulties in the way of courting a girl where the movements of everyone in the village

are watched, where privacy is all but impossible, and especially where there may be a rival in the picture. Everyone knows what everyone else is doing. The fact that the women as well as the men do most of their work in groups makes it difficult for a lover to find his sweetheart alone. The young man must be constantly alert so as not to miss the rare opportunity which may occur to arrange a rendezvous. Go-betweens, indispensable for both the boy and the girl, must familiarize themselves with elaborate signals. Even after a time and place have been arranged, perhaps someone else has got to know about it, so the tryst may not be prolonged. What is to be done must be done quickly.

The man who is at least partly responsible for the upkeep of Mokil Village is August, the highest hereditary chief, the elected chief magistrate of the island, and the biggest landowner. He is both respected and feared. The day before our boat arrived he had fined a man five dollars for beating his wife.

The Mokilese had only thirty tons of copra to ship, not as much as usual, because they had been making more boats for the expanding market in Ponape and other islands. The people of Mokil, expert whaleboat and canoe builders, use the excellent hardwood timber of the breadfruit tree. Their whaleboats, about twenty-five feet long, are bow-shaped fore and aft, so that they can be rowed either way without being turned around. The men saw the wood for the boats from squared logs with handsaws, working in groups of five or six. After the thickness of a piece is carefully measured, a man saws until he gets tired, when another takes it up, and so on for each one in the group. When it was suggested to Chief August that he buy a small kerosene-fired saw to cut boards for making boats and canoes, he threw up his hands in remonstrance. "What!" he exclaimed. "Get a sawmill to let the people have all the extra time on their hands to get into mischief?"

The boats, caulked and painted, are promptly repainted when the first coat begins to wear off, and are thus kept in good condition. A spick-and-span one may be twenty years old. The Mokilese made forty boats for the Navy during its régime, to send to Guam, the Navy furnishing the lumber and the nails. Both boys and girls learn to manage boats at an early age, rowing and steering as well as the men. A boy of six held the helm of our whaleboat, loaded with copra, all the way from the village to the *Roque*.

Examples of the industry of the Mokilese in agriculture were large hollows, excavated in the stubborn ground near the backs of houses, into which had been piled banana leaves, rotting coconut husks, and other leafy plants. These, left to decay, provided a good compost bed in which banana plants were growing, although beneath the compost was hard coral where nothing could subsist. Mokil has had a fish pond as part of its economy for many years.

Our day at Mokil was drawing to a close when all the sacks of copra were stacked in the hold of the *Roque*, and the decks piled with baskets of taro, bananas, rolls of pandanus floor mats, boxes and cartons of dried fish, two whaleboats and three canoes. Forty-three native passengers, men, women and children—the total allowed—with their small lockers, packages, and parcels, found room on the deck among the cargo. A girl of eighteen carrying a baby of eight months squeezed past me at the rail, while three live ducks found standing room on the afterdeck. Children chased one another up and down the companionway to the forward deck, called over the rail to their friends in the boats below, and talked excitedly about their first trip to Ponape. Four of the friends, seemingly under seven, rowed off after an orange, dropped accidentally into the water and quickly carried away by the tide.

Twenty-four whaleboats and two canoes were hugging the sides of our little vessel or moored to one another near it when, at ten minutes past six, the *Roque* blew a blast on her siren. A brisk breeze had arisen, and amid great splashing, rowing, and towing the flotilla got clear. Eight of the craft were towed in close to the reef against the wind before we turned around to head out to sea. The captain and the Government Officer for Island Affairs kept calling to those in the boats to take off more people because there were more on board than had bought tickets! I heard the Government officer going about after dusk looking for stowaways. At eight o'clock Mokil was a thin gray line far behind on the eastern horizon.

Document 1954B

Notes on Mokil and Pingelap, by Margaret Hill

Source: Article in Micronesian Monthly, August- September, and October-November 1955.

Note: Peg Hill started working for the Trust Territory on August 1950, during the Navy Administration. She was a Teacher at PLITS on Moen, Truk. In June 1952, she was transferred to Ponape, first as a teacher in the Intermediate School, then as one of the Teacher Trainers of Ponape District. The latter position has taken her on numerous field trips in the outer isalnds of Ponape District, one of which she narrates below.

Visit to Mokil

I spent two months on Mokil Atoll last January [1955?] working in the Elementary School with the four teachers. Kilinton is an old man while Nelson, Anes, and Ishiro had just completed our 4-month teacher training course. In between times and in the evenings we worked on a standard spelling for the Mokilese language; before this practically nothing had been written in this language. I helped the young teachers do some translating and to write some original text-book materials which will be printed in our print shop on Ponape as will the Mokilese legends and stories.

When the field-trip ship came again on March 7, I went on as far as Pingelap Atoll and remained there working with those teachers for four days while the ship went on to Kusaie and returned.

* * *

The following extracts are a few of the "highlights" from my diary. Also I would like to call your attention to one thing and this is that we "Robinson Crusoes" of the Ponape district Education Department don't bother with such luxuries as electric lights and radios. Nor do we have bi-monthly communication with the District Center. I had been there for six weeks before the small ship, the **Lucky**, arrived with mail and news from the home front. Also a couple of years ago I spent three months on Nukuoro and had no contact of any kind with the outside world during all that time.

Mokil, Sunday, January 9

This morning the small boat landed Nick (my black cocker spaniel), me, and all my belongings at the beach near the dispensary. I knew that nothing had been done about fixing up my living quarters (a 10- by 25-foot room in the dispensary building) because the ship had arrived ahead of schedule. But only when I had carried my bags up to the

building did I discover, to my distress and embarrasment, that a family consisting of many grown-ups and one small sick baby, was occupying my future quarters! Kilinton stood by and said nothing while I tried to figure what to do. Finally, I remembered the school office, a room 8 feet square with coral gravel on the floor and iron bars on the two tiny windows and on the door (no lock on the door, however!) Said office was filled with school desks and benches as the children were still having Christmas vacations, but we moved these to the adjoining schoolroom leaving only the big desk. Then the boys set up my wooden bed and I put a mat over the coral and brought in my aladdin lamp and one bag. The rest of my things were stacked in the schoolroom where we also put up my kerosene stove. Here I shall live until Wednesday when the patient will be discharged so the family can move out and the work group start to remodel my room. I shall have to get all my water by dipping it up in a measuring cup through the small hole in the top of the water tank, (this last went on for ten days before they finally put the faucet in).

Wednesday, February 2

Today was a holiday in Mokil. Kilinton explained that the Mokilese have only three real holidays: Christmas, New Years (when they have their canoe races), and the second of February. I thought rapidly but all I could remember about February second was that it is Ground Hog Day and somehow I didn't believe that the Mokilese celebrate **that**. And they don't. It is (shades of the good old missionaries) Christian Endeavor Day! Kilinton was vague as to just why it is so called but said that I would see. Frankly, even now I'm still confused!

The first thing on the agenda was a *kamadipw* (feast). Anes was to come down and get me about 8 in the morning. Knowing my Micronesians, I was sure they would be late, but reluctantly arose at 6:30 and was just drinking some coffee and fruit juice when he arrived—early. So I hurried and, taking advantage of a lull between showers, we walked up to the village, (the school and dispensary are located at one end of the island some distance from the village proper). To my surprise, as we approached the church, we met many people; the women in lavalavas, men shirtless and barefoot, and the small children naked. All were returning to their houses laden with huge coconut leaf baskets heaped with food. No one offered me any and I felt foolish, also hungry because the food looked and smelled delicious. When we got close to Kilinton's house he came out and said flatly that I was too early; church was at 9:30. The boys had told me there would be different church services all day but at 7 in the evening there would be a song contest (I later termed it an endurance contest!) along with the regular evening service and I had promised to go then.

Anes left me to go home and eat so I strolled on through the village returning by the lower road which goes along the water front. I took a picture of the child's grave near the house of Olsen's son. It is protected by a little building with a pointed roof and decorated by thin streamers of bright colored cloth and paper hanging down on the inside. When I was here before, we walked past it one evening and a woman and two children

were sitting out in this little house. They had a lantern and the woman was sewing while the children looked at a book. Kilinton has a small grave yard connected with his house; the front room of the upper story is built out over it.

Under each house I passed were the members of that family, all happily eating and each one smiled and returned my greetings. Most Mokilese houses are neat wooden frame buildings but they are built high off the ground and underneath is an open-sided room with a coral gravel floor covered with mats. This apparently is the "living room" for the family while their sleeping quarters are in the house above.

Just after I arrived home and was debating which C-ration can to open an old woman came with a fried fish, a couple of pieces of breadfruit and a baked banana. Later Jimiai, my little trader, ran over with some more fish and breadfruit. I gave him some gum in return. He amuses me because whenever he is hungry he thinks of something to bring me so I will give him a cracker or a cookie.

Later Ishiro appeared to tell me the evening service was going to start at 4:30 instead of 7. So I started out **early** this time. I met the people, dressed in their best, strolling down the road away from the church! Several wanted to know if I was just strolling around and when I answered, "No, I am going to church to listen to the singing. Do you know when it will start?" They all smiled happily and said: "Saikinte" (not yet). I wanted to call it quits and comoe home but instead wandered down to one of the little fish ponds on the ede of the lagoon. There I sat on a stone, smoked a cigarette and watched the many colored fish. At length, I heard the *sowi.* On Mokil they blow one of the big helmet shells to summon the people to church. So I walked on up to the church. There they again said "Saikinte" that the *sowi* was just to warn the people it was time to get **ready** to come to church. So I sat on the bench and looked at the church and the small children stood around and looked at me. Finally the minister arrived and led me inside and up to one of the front pews.

I sat (alone on my bench) close to the window. There were many babies and small one-to-three year olds wandering around or crying and being ssnatched up by anxious mamas and carried out. One little boy just able to walk strutted about proudly in an obviously new suit—a little shirt and long trousers made of bright red flowered Japanese kimono cloth. His head was shaved and the trousers kept slipping so his bare, round little belly stuck out. On the bench in front of me (apparently reserved for the special singers) was a flat-faced homely little woman with a very new baby. The tiny thing was carefully wrapped in a couple of thin big towels and wore a charming little long-sleeved, high-necked embroidered gown made out of flowered outing flannel. The mother had a baby bottle and after a while she fed the baby and laid her on the floor to sleep. The women, dressed in short shapeless dresses of thin white or light-colored material were all barefoot. I have noticed this on all the islands; on Sundays most of the men wear shoes but none of the women do. These men, dressed in long trousers and wearing white or aloha shirts, might have passed for dark-skinned Americans.

...

The Bible readings by individuals and the group singing went on and on. To my mind this singing isn't as good as that of the Ngatik people nor of the Nukuorans. Several songs were started by one woman with such a high shrill voice that the first time I gave a jump because it seemed as if the cry were coming from the balcony at the back of the church. It grew dark and someone lighted a pressure lantern and hung it on a wire which stretched across the front of the church. Finally the readings stopped and then apparently spontaneous singing, individual or duets started.

At this point Olsen left his place on the men's side and came over to sit beside me and explain about the songs. I was amused because this was the first time I've seen a Micronesian sit on the "wrong" side of a church (the men always sit on the right, and the women on the left). He, the father of one of my former PICS [Pacific Islands Central School] students, is such a charming old fellow and is my favorite Micronesian. These songs were in different languages (all hymns, of course). After one girl had finished I was surprised to learn from Olsen that her song had been in English! At long last there was a pause—I held my breath for fear someone else would stand up—but no, it was the end. After the final prayer we got up and went out to find the night bright in the light of the moon.

Almost forgot—part of the day's celebration is the "converting of Christians". A "Christian" is one who does not drink nor smoke and who goes to the daily (6 a.m.) prayer meeting. Also only such "Christians" are allowed to attend the second church service on Sunday morning. Today the people all marched around the roads of the village and then inside the church where all those wishing to become "Christians" went up to the front. And I missed all of this! Later, teacher Anes told me that he almost went up and joined. I said, "If Miss Hill weren't here to keep you supplied with cigarettes, you probably would have."

Visit to Pingelap

We arrrrived at Pingelap about sunset and again the unloading was a long slow process but it was not a silent one! This was the first time I had been to this island and all during my visit there I was continually being surprised and amused at how "vocal" the Pingelapese are. No matter what is being done it is accompanied by much talk, shouting, and laughter.

The sun had long since set and a full moon risen by the time my boxes (only a few this time) and I were lowered into a boat and the men started rowing towards the island. The tide was low so we "parked" the boat by the narrow *kepidau* (pass) and walked the rest of the way through shallow water across the reef. Shadowy but noisy figures were moving to and fro upon the moonlit beach. Some were carrying boxes of cargo from the boats to the huge native-type community house. Others merely stood and watched, giving loud advice, while the small children raced happily about. The combination of bright moonlight, the unfamiliar place, and my own weariness gave an unreal aspect to the whole scene. I was escorted to the palatial guest-house of Dens, the

magistrate, where we sat on the steps until the other teachers brought up my boxes and I could go up to my room and get settled for the night.

Wednesday, March 9

From what little I have been able to observe, I think that the Pingelapese ---- a long pause here while I waged war upon a pair of flying cockroaches! They came in through the unscreened window and practically attacked me! I killed one and am now glancing nervously around to locate the other. I think I prefer RAT (my Mokilese house pet) because he at least kept his distance. I yelped so much I fully expected my neighbors, who are carrying on a lively conversation under my window, to come up and rescue me, but no-one appeared.

As I was saying, the Pingelapese seem a light-hearted people. No 9 o'clock curfew for them, and on moonlit nights they never seem to go to sleep. It is midnight now and I just came back from a short stroll along the beach. The children were still playing in the sand; a few people were walking up and down by the water's edge; some were sitting on a canoe drawn up on the beach while others were catching fish in the shallow water near the shore. As I came up from the beach, picking my way carefully along the little rocky incline by the canoe house, and past the breadfruit tree where the very thin pink and white mother pig is tethered by one foot, I heard many voices coming from the shadows of the community house. And two women, with a naked baby asleep beside them, were sitting on a mat in the middle of the street enjoying the light of the moon.

This all makes me homesick for the lovely moonlit nights on Nukuoro where the people used to walk slowly up and down the roads and stop to sit on my steps and chat with me.

Being here even this short time has made me realize that if one wants to learn much about the people he or she should live right in the village. Both at Ngatik and Mokil I was so far from most of the people that I seldom saw them in their "off moments." It is harder, of course, because of the noise and lack of privacy but probably is more fun in the long run. Speaking of privacy---I do hope the Pingelapese have the "honor system" about bathing. Tonight I figured that if I waited until dark and then bathed by the light of a flashlight beam turned away from me, I might get in a good scrub but as it is they all probably have had a good peek so I shan't worry. And soon I'll be home to my own lovely private shower!

Free souls or not, the Pingelapese are all good "Christians", at least for the time being. I came bearing many cigarettes as gifts for the teachers and what do I find? On the second of last February they all became "Christians!"

Thursday, March 10

The people are either anticipating a long hard day tomorrow, or they are tired out with the work of getting the copra ready for the ship tomorrow morning. It is now 11 p.m. but the only sounds to be heard are a baby crying softly up the street and a brisk cat fight somewhere near.

This morning the street was lined with coconut mats on which the last-minute copra was being dried under the hot sun. But by late afternoon all of it was bagged, and these and the other bags were being stacked in the community house. There was a wild babble of voices, women crying shrilly; children were yelling, and babies crying. Everywhere you looked there were little naked children, playing or just standing around. My neighbor, just under my window, was washing clothes and the pl-op, pl-op! of her pounding stick sounded as if it were right in my room. I foolishly attempted to take a nap in the midst of this confusion, but was not successful.

Tonight I am "watching over" the salt fish for the Intermediate School. Fortunately I don't have to keep it right beside my bed. The Pingelapese teachers and students caught 180 fish and the parents salted and dried them and I am to take them back with me to Ponape.

Time for bed. This will be all from Pingelap if the ship arrives as scheduled. I certainly have enjoyed it here and hate to leave. But I will be back for a long stay some time.

Document 1954C

Ulithian canoes that drifted to the Philippines

Saga of men at sea—Ulithians, adrift 19 days in canoes, get cool reception at P.I.

Sources: Article in the Micronesian Monthly, June 1954; reprinted in Hawaii Weekly, July 11, 1954.
Note: This story was written by William Erawechog as interpreted by Vicente Talugior, an English-speaking fellow traveler.

When we left Ulithi Atoll, we were going to Fais to buy tobacco. The weather appeared good, and we expected no trouble. We were between Ulithi and Fais, one day's journey out, when a storm suddenly arose. We all worked very hard to keep our four canoes together so that no-one would get lost, because we had only one compass with us. The storm lasted four full days.

After the storm, we knew that we had been blown a considerable distance away from our course, so we took a heading on our compass to try to find Yap. The wind was coming from the east, which made travel very difficult. After three days, having been unsuccessful in locating Yap, we tried a new heading to locate either Ulithi or Fais. We had gotten into the southwest tidal current, and the wind was still blowing strongly from the east, so we decided that the best thing we could do would be to head for the island of Samar.

We had brought only enough food and water to last us for four days, anticipating the possibility that we might have some minor difficulties on our trip to Fais. We had no equipment with us to catch fish, and there was no rain after the storm, so we had no water to drink other than small amounts of moisture that gathered on our sails from the early morning dew. It was not possible for us to think of going to any place except the Philippines.

As time went by, six of the men became very sick. We had drunk all the water from our coconuts and eaten all our food, so the only thing left was the copra from the coconuts which gave us almost no water, but at least we had a very small amount of food. We would cut open three coconuts each day and give each man one small piece which was his food for that day. When the six men became sick, they would not eat the coconut, so we divided their portion among the rest. The very little water that we caught in our sails from the dew was given to the men who were sick. There was no rain, so they

all prayed for rain or any kind of water. We prayed the fish would come into the boat so we would have something to eat and drink because we knew we would all die soon if nothing came in.

One of our group knew of the town of San Antonio. After having spent 19 days at sea, we arrived on the beach of San Antonio, on April 26 at 4 p.m. in the afternoon. We were all very hungry and thirsty, and asked the people to please give us food and water. They said they would give us these things but we must pay for them. They only thing we had in our boat that could be used for payment was some dried, salted fish which we could not eat because it would make us thirsty. We traded this for coconuts and some green bananas. The bananas made us sick, but it was very good to have anything to eat. The police arrived from Gamay one hour after we arrived in San Antonio.[1] That night we were all made to sleep in a small shack, and the next morning all but five of us went with the police chief to the town of Gamay. The five men who stayed behind were very sick, one of whom, Thil, died on April 20th.

The others were able to travel several days later and stayed with us at Gamay. We left there on May 10th for the town of Lawal where we stayed for three days, then we went to Manila on May 14th. All the time until we arrived in Manila, the only way we were able to obtain food was to break up into small groups and go with the policemen from house to house in the village, asking for something to eat. Some days we ate pretty good, but most days it was not so good. We always seemed to be hungry.

When we arrived in Manila, the police put us in a house with 14 Chinese. Several of them had TB, and were sick most of the time. The house in which we stayed should have accommodated about eight people, but they put the fourteen Chinese plus our 24 Ulithians, all in the one place. The room was so small we could all hardly lie down to sleep at one time. Each morning at breakfast they gave us three small slices of bread and a cup of coffee. At lunch time, and at supper time, they gave us a bowl of rice and a small cupful of small fish. We were told that we should stay in the Chinese house all the time, because there were many bad people in Manila who might kill us if we were to go out in the streets. Even if we had liked to go out and walk around in the villages, it would not have been possible because a policeman was always with us and told us to stay by the Chinese house.

We were very happy when we heard that we were going home. None of us had ever ridden in an airplane before, and we thought it was very wonderful, very fast. The people on the airplane treated us very good and gave us much to eat and drink.

We have been told that someone reported that it might be considered bad luck if our canoes were returned to Ulithi, because the canoes had not taken us where we were supposed to go. We know that the bad luck of a storm cannot be helped but that it would

1 Ed. note: Gamay is located on the northeastern corner of Samar Island, somewhat southeast of Palapag.

be very, very bad luck for us if our canoes are not returned, because they are so hard to build and it takes so much time. Would the Trust Territory please see that we get our canoes back as soon as possible, because we need them all the time in Ulithi.[1]

1 Ed. note: The Hawaii Weekly copy adds the following paragraph, probably added by TTHQ: "We want to thank the Government for the very good way we have been treated since we have come back and we are all very happy to go home."

Documents 1954D

Three newspaper stories by Robert C. Miller, United Press correspondent

D1. Jungle taking Truk back—Japan bastion now tumbled ruin

Truk, Caroline Islands.

This was once the nerve center of Japan's mighty South Pacific empire—her "Pearl Harbor" where the powerful fleet anchored in the deep lagoon.

From Truk's airfields Japanese planes commanded the tropic skies far beyond the horizon, and some 40,000 of her people dedicated three decades of sweat and skill to create an Oriental Gibraltar.

Walk carefully, for the jungle is again deep, and it hides the broken foundations upon which Japan planned to build an ageless dynasty.

You land on Dublon, one of the 245 steep-sided islands lying within the 40-mile-wide lagoon. For more than 30 years it was a great and secret military base. Since 1914, when the Japanese captured it from the Germans, Truk was the most dreaded of Japan's mysterious strongholds. Not until its surrender on Sept. 2, 1945, did the western world get a look at Dublon.

There's not too much to see today, for Dublon is a ghost town.

The stone and concrete dock is intact, and the giant unloading crane stands on its spider legs with cables dangling. However, rust has already eaten into the girders, and its collapse is a matter of time and a high wind.

Offshore the stern of a merchant ship juts crazily out of the harbor. She was one of the 43 sunk in the lagoon by Allied planes. Apparently she was unloading at the dock when the raid came, and her crew tried desperately to get her under way. She had only traveled a few hundred feet when the exploding bomb ripped her apart. The clear, quiet waters form a tomb for the crew far more appropriate than anything fashioned of marble.

No more flags

Two torpedo planes are still standing off the concrete ramp. Buried in the wing-high undergrwth are six rusty torpedoes. Assembled with the greatest precision and skill and designed to kill and destroy, they seem oddly out of place among the lush vegetation

and the uncivilized beauty of the tropics. One of them measures 24 feet in length and still carries enough explosives to kill and injure hundreds.

Off to the left is the parade ground and steel-piped flagpole from which the Rising Sun was so proudly flown and was raised each day with great military pomp and ceremony. Now there are no sunset bugles or call to colors, only the distant sound of a laughing native child.

Two high-wheeled field pieces flank the flagpole; the white paint is splotched with rust and the breech locks have been removed. No gold-braided dignitaries will ever be saluted again by these guns.

Across the concreted parade ground stands the communications center which transmitted and received the orders that sent men to their deaths thousands of miles away. It was built to last, this concrete and steel building with the inch-thick cast iron shutters. It was the nerve center that directed the destinies of millions. The desks and tables are still inside but the only sign of life is a rat that scurries across the floor. The only sound comes from the warm, evening breeze rustling the palms outside.

No defense

A cenment road parallels the coast, complete with curbs and side streets. Rummage in vines and undergrowth and you'll find steps and foundation blocks of what was once a community of homes and dens. A bare-chested native, Fiten, explains in his studied English that they were the homes of Japanese officers and technicians. You have to take his word for it that they were "very pretty," for there's nothing left today.

Farther along the road is a huge bee-hived blockhouse of lava and concrete. It was never used, and the weeks of back-straining labor that built it were wasted effort, for a landing was never attempted at Truk, and the flag came down nine years ago with only anti-aaircraft guns ever having been fired in its defense.

It's easy to imagine what life was like in pre-war Dublon. It was a typical Japanese community transplanted in a tropical setting with a high state of civilization and most modern conveniences. The difficult thing is to estimate the time of its downfall.

When you survey the rubbish that was once a proud, Japanese stronghold, it's hard to tell whether the remains are of prehistoric origin by an unknown people, or the work of contemporaries who built them in our times.

D2. Trust Territory natives favor Japanese comeback to islands

Source: UP story dated April 22, 1954 from an unknown newspaper, courtesy of J. C. Meredith.

Ponape, Trust Territories.

A majority of the natives of the Trust Territory favor the return of a limited number of Japanese civilians to these South Pacific Islands.

The idea is almost unanimously opposed by American military and civilian officials.

The Japanese have been banished from these islands which they governed for nearly 30 years under a Mandate from the League of Nations.

This surprising attitude of the islanders is based upon dissatisfaction with the American occupation. The information was gathered in direct conversation with native leaders and Americans working with them.

The people repeatedly emphasize that they want no part of the Japanese military.

Boiled down in one phrase, they put it this way: "Japanese soldier no good. Japanese businessman OK."

The American opposition to the return of the Japanese falls into two classifications:

The military, which is predominantly Navy in this area, claims such action would jeopardize the security of the island chain which forms our second line of defenses guarding the Pacific coast.

The navy contends that the area must at best be "neutralized"—kept clear of all foreigners—if it is to be of any use in our defense preparations, or exploited and developed by Americans whose trustworthiness could be relied upon in event of war.

Businessmen and civilian officials in the area say a return of the Japanese would result in mass exploitation of the natives.

"Within six months," contended one Guam businessman, "the Japanese would be in complete control of everything. The natives just can't compete with them, and we'd be right back where we were before the war."

The islanders know very little about international politics and American security plans, nor do they worry about being exploited.

The feeling, as expressed by the various chiefs, is that the economy of their people was much more stable during the Japanese administration. They believe immigrants should be allowed to return, bringing with them the beneficial policies which helped the islanders. They feel the evils of the previous Japanese administration could be easily eliminated.

Melchior Mendiola, a Chamorro leader from Rota, gave a typical explanation of those favoring a return of the Japanese:

"The Japanese," he claimed, "could help us in many ways. We need them to teach us and show us how to do things."

"There are thousands of Japanese who want to return to the islands," Mendiola continued, "it should be simple for the Americans to select a few of the best and allow them to return."

"We are the bosses here now," he concluded, "and if any of them caused trouble we could have them sent back to Japan."

The islanders feel that the Japanese would bring a permanent stability to their communities which they now lack. They have repeatedly expressed a desire for either Americans or Japanese to become residents and help them with their economic and social problems.

D3. Kapingamarangi is Paradise; trouble is, you can't go

Kapingamarangi, Trust Territories.

Tired of it all? Want to get away from everything? How about the South Sea island of Kapingamarangi?

The nearest television sets are in Hawaii, 2,900 miles northeast, and the nearest telephones are on Guam 900 miles north. Clothing bills are unknown, as Kapingamarangi is just 64 miles above the equator and the temperature averages about 82 degrees [Fahrenheit], with plenty of shade and tempering winds.

Kapingamarangi is the island Hollywood had in mind when the movie people began casting Dorothy Lamour in those sarong sensations years ago. The Polynesian maidens are among the fairest in the South Pacific.

Bill collectors and credit agencies are an unknown menace here where there is no postal system and communication with the outside world is limited to the three-times-a-year copra boat that makes the run from Truk.

Food easy to get

Nor is the 15th of March a black day on the Kapingamarangi calendar. They never heard of income, sales, inheritance or property taxes here. It's an island of individual enterprise ruled by a chief whose pride and joy is his red aloha shirt and dark sun glasses. Yet one of the 11 islands on the atoll has been set aside as community property where any villager may pick his fill of coconuts, breadfruit or pandanus.

Housing is a simple matter on Kapingamarangi that is accomplished without mortgages, architects, building inspectors or labor problems. A good solid home goes up in two weeks unless the fishing is good, and then it may take longer.

Imported essentials are paid for by exports of copra at six cents a pound, giving everybody sufficient money to buy whatever needs can't be found on the island.

Kapingamarangi was one of Japan's "mystery islands" of the Caroline group, and was used during World War II as both a weather station and seaplane base. Four of the float zeros are still on the beach, and the sunken seaplane tender—destroyed by the Navy dive bombers—is visible in the shallow waters of the lagoon.

However, the war had little effect upon Kapingamarangi, as the Japanese remained on their two islands, and left the people pretty much alone.

Transportation is no problem on Kapingamarangi. You can go every place there is to go on foot or by boat. If you need a boat, you just chop down a breadfruit tree, allow it to dry out for three months and then hollow it out. Attach an outrigger and sail, and presto, you have your transportation with no down payments, insurance or carrying charges.

There's no closed season on the fishing around Kapingamarangi, and it's among the best in the world.

But before you put the family homestead up for sale and plan to change your mailing address to Kapingamarangi, it's only fair to reveal the chief drawback of the island—you can't go there.

As part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific, travel to the area is restricted, and probably will be for some time. And it's just as well, too, for a migration of outsiders would soon spoil its idyllic charm, and then there would be no utopian South Sea island for anybody to dream or write about.

Document 1954E

Modern atomic exiles, by S. H. Riesenberg

Source: Article in Micronesian Monthly, June 1954.

Modern atomic exiles, by S. H. Riesenberg, Trust Territory Staff Anthropologist

The hydrogen bomb test of March 1, 1954, was followed by some unexpected results. The unusual strength of the blast, coupled with an unpredictable wind-shift, resulted in fall-out of radioactive material in parts of the northern Marshall Islands. It proved necessary in consequence to evacuate the inhabitants of two atolls, Rongelap and Utirik, to Kwajalein, where they were housed and fed and given medical attention.

Dr. Riesenberg was assigned to supervise the subsequent relocation of these people, as the following account of their adventures describes.

The 156 Utirik and the 82 (in the next three months, after two births, to become 84) Rongelap people were settled in barracks directly across the road from the runway at Kwajalein Naval Air Station. Here they were fed from Navy rations prepared by Navy cooks, saw movies, watched the procession of aircraft landing and taking off, and purchased such luxuries as smoked glasses, shoes, and bubble-gum. Here they received daily medical inspection and treatment. Despite their unusual and sometimes exciting experiences, many of them, after a time, began to express a great longing for their home environment.

A short distance from the Navy base, in the same atoll, is Ebeye Island, where the Marshallese workers for the Navy live. At one end of this island a "tent-city" was now built, which was to house the two groups of people as soon as they no longer needed daily medical attention. As soon as the team of doctors and scientific personnel charged with this responsibility declared that the need had ceased, the Utirik people were moved to this new location. The Rongelap people, who were severely affected, remained on the Naval base, and it was planned to move them to Ebeye later. At Ebeye the Utirik natives did their own cooking and regulated to a great degree their own activities, under the supervision of Jack Tobin, Marshall Islands District Anthropologist, and Marion Wilds, District Administration Representative. Under such circumstances their morale soared, particularly as they began to accumulate belongings for the homeward trip.

Also, they were paid, while still on Ebeye, for the three months of lost copra production, and were able to make various purchases.

Early in May, after a survey party visited the two affected atolls, it became clear that for scientific reasons it would not be possible to return the Rongelap community to their home atoll for some months to come, but that the Utirik people could safely go home. It then became necessary to cast about for a temporary home for the Rongelapese. We did not consider that the tent-city at Ebeye would be suitable for habitation for such an extended period, and we also felt that residence in the congested Kwajalein area, so far removed from their normal life and economy, would be destructive of the morale and cultural integrity of the people. We finally selected a site at Ejit Island, in Majuro atoll, not far from Uliga Island where the American district administration offices are located, and it was arranged that the Atomic Energy Commission should construct a new village there.

On May 15, in company with Mr. Hardison and others of A.E.C., Lt. Cdr. Wells, whom the Navy designated as their liaison officer, Mr. Tobin, and John, the Rongelap magistrate, I flew to Ejit to inspect the twelve acres of coconut-planted land that constitute the island, and lay out a village of fifteen wooden houses, church, school, dispensary, cookhouse, and store-house. The A.E.C. then brought a team of men in to do the construction work, under the eye of Biliet, Rongelap school-teacher. The **LST 1157**, Lt. Cdr. Scott as captain, brought the building supplies in and carried me back to Kwajalein.

During the three weeks of construction at Ejit, we loaded the whole Utirik community on the LST, with all their belongings, and took them home. We towed an LCM behind us, which, with the small CCVP's carried on the ship, was to shuttle back and forth between ship and village, since the pass was too shallow for the LST to enter Utirik lagoon. The survey party had reported that all the chickens were dead, the dogs gone wild, and the pigs turned hostile and dangerous. We felt it would therefore be necessary to destroy the animals, for the safety of the children and on account of the new fowl we were to bring in. So the first party that went ashore, on May 30, was a team of sailors, armed with rifles, to act as hunters. Lt. Keith, in charge of the team, was immediately christened ComDogPac, or, alternatively, ComPigPac. En route to Utirik the marksmen, selected from many volunteers, had spent hours firing at empty cartons and cans tossed overboard for practice. These doughty hunters, marked with red armbands, secured Utirik and bagged at least 1,000 coral heads, 7 dogs, and 10 pigs. (The natives claimed that over 100 dogs and 191 pigs had been left behind when they abandoned the island, as well as nearly 1,100 chickens. To be sure, the survey parties had captured a few animals for examination and analysis).

We attempted to put the natives ashore that evening by lowering the ramp of the LST and joining its open bow with that of the LCM, loading the passengers from the tank deck. The seas proved too rough to permit this, however. Next morning the companionway was rigged and the passengers disembarked into the small boats, except for the aged and infirm, who were lowered in P- boats from the davits, then taken ashore.

As soon as they landed the people, under the direction of Compass, the magistrate, went to work cleaning up the village and moving household belongings outside to air. The younger children made a bee-line for the beach and virtually all the time, for the four days we were at Utirik, there was a group of 15 or 20 of them splashing happily in the water. The hunters were much chagrined to note, after the first few hours, a dog and some pigs taking their ease in the village very much at home, and the people very much unconcerned about it. For the rest of our stay we pretended they didn't exist.

The job was complicated by the necessity to replace the stagnant and probably dangerous water remaining in the concrete village cisterns. The cisterns had to be pumped out, scrubbled, and refilled with fresh water from the ship, which was laid to outside the lagoon. This involved pumping water from the ship into a steel pontoon carried by the LCM, transport to the beach where it was re-pumped into another pontoon carried by a DUKW, then transport to the cisterns for final pumping into them. While this was finished the ponhtoons were left with the people, for extra water storage. The numerous trips back and forth, together with the unloading of supplies, prolonged our stay to four days. Utirik men served as pilots on each trip, and performed with evident self-satisfaction and pride.

To stand on the beach and watch the supplies come ashore was an edifying experience and increased one's respect considerably for the ingenuity and acquisitiveness of the Marshallese. As the small boats would beach in shallow water, a mixed party of sailors and Marshallese, often including women, would form a bucket brigade and pass articles from hand to hand to the beach; larger aticles would be taken in on rubber rafts, and the lumber was floated in. The A.E.C. had agreed to furnish the people with a two-month supply of food, medical supplies, and a certain quantity of building materials. These came ashore, along with the mattresses and beds from the barracks at Kwajalein, clothing acquired during the past three months, lockers, sets of drawers, kitchen utensils, most of the canvas, lumber, and plywood from the tent-village at Ebeye, also a great quantity of lumber from wrecked Kwajalein structures turned over to them by the Navy, also such odds and ends as wardroom chairs, cans of paint, kegs of nails, drums of DDT and kerosene, and a miscellany of other items, acquired by purchase, gift, and "boondocking." The Utirik people are perhaps the wealthiest Marshallese today.

Meanwhile a number of men, some of them from the Rongelap group who had come along, spent their time diving for cats'-eyes and doing a thriving business with the sailors; others quickly sold out allt he glass balls (from Japanese fishing nets) that had been left behind or drifted ashore in the last months.

On the last day at Utirik Mr. Wells, Tobin, Wilds, and I were invited to a little party given us by the womenfolk to express their thanks in behalf of the community. We were seated in an open-sided thatched shed which serves normally as the council house. The women approached in a procession, singing ss they came, and deposited before us as they filed by small gifts, some of fruits, mostly of cats'-eyes. In the midst of this, old Iron, the hereditary chief, hobbled up and began to lay about among the women with

his stick, scolding them in a high voice as he did this for not consulting with him first in preparing the party. He would not subside for at least ten minutes, while the women stood about shame-faced and we pretended to be elsewhere; finally the leader, an ancient woman, apologized and the much dampened party went on. When we finally left Utirik we reciprocated with gifts of cigarettes, lighters, and candy.

We next proceeded to Rongelap to pick up for removal to Ejit whatever moveable belongings had been left there when the Rongelapese were evacuated to Kwajalein. We carried fourteen Rongelap men for this purpose. They quickly located and loaded their household articles, as well as a small sloop which was hoisted aboard the LST. Then we went on to Ailinginae, a nearby atoll owned by the Rongelap people. Normally uninhabited, it is used from time to time for making of copra and obtaining of some foodstuffs. At the time of the fallout, some eighteen people were staying there temporarily, and they were evacuated to Kwajalein with the others. We now picked up a few small belongings and a second sloop that had been left behind, and returned to Kwajalein.

Here we loaded the rest of the Rongelapese, together with all their belongings and supplies; the people of Rongelap were not far behind the Utirik natives in acquisitive ability. At the last minute one of the women began to have labor pains, and she was left behind, to be flown down to Ejit later with her baby. Meanwhile Harry Tsutsui, poultryman from Ewa [on Oahu], had flown in on MATS [Military Air Transport Service] with 1,100 fine Hampshire chickens to replace those lost at Rongelap; he and his chickens came aboard too. (191 pigs for Utirik and 10 pigs for Rongelap are to arrive next months).

We anchored off Ejit on the evening of June 9. There was obviously some activity on the beach, but we were not aware until that night that a big welcoming party had assembled, many of the local people walking over the reef from Uliga, expecting the Rongelapese to come ashore at once. We apologized, and the party was repeated the next morning—a big welcome sign in Marshallese, singing, speeches, church service, and all. The people quickly made themselves at home in their new village. By the next day they were sawing up partitions, making sleeping platforms, spreading coral about their doorsteps, and in general adjusting to their temporary exile. Mr. Tsutsui went back to Kwajalein to carry to Utirik by air 300 more chickens that had arrived from Hawaii, then returned to Ejit to help get the first lot adjusted to atoll life.

By now the two groups of people are well settled, the Utirik people having resumed their normal life. The Rongelap people, in their temporary home on an island with few resources and no opportunity for subsistence activities, are being issued rations and are being paid for lost copra production. The AEC has promised to repair or rebuild where necessary their village on Rongelap when they return. Both the Rongelapese and we will be thankful and relieved when this happens during the next year and they can return to their usual mode of life. Generations to come will no doubt hear much, and folklorists of the future will undoubtedly record, an elaborate legend of the great exile during the atomic age.

[Note: See Doc. 1957B for follow-up story.]

Document 1955A

Ten-year war fugitive captured on Peleliu

Source: Article in Micronesian Monthly, April-Mayu 1955.

The people of Peleliu ahd known for some time that there was an enemy straggler hiding in their island jungles. They could tell by the way the tapioca fields were being destroyed and the way things mysteriously disappeared from their houses.

The story of Keiki Tukugawa's capture on April 28 is told dramatically in the P.E.A. Bulletin.

"Late in the evening... three boys entered one section of a field where they saw tapioca plants shaking as though they were being uprooted... Suddenly the boys caught sight of a figure running towards the hill. They raced after it and discovered a man wearing patched clothing that made him look like a ghost. The boys struggled with the man, throwing each other down on the rough ground covered with sharp-edged stones. Finally the man gave up."

Tukugawa was taken to the police station where he was fed and given a place to sleep. He revealed later that he had been for ten years a fugitive living on whatever food he could manage to scrounge from native houses, suplemented with coconut crabs, wild yams, and taro.

Tukugawa later told interpreters in Guam, where he was flown in custody of Deputy High Commissioner D. H. Nucker, that he was a Korean by birth and a farmer by profession. He had been transported in 1942 to Angaur to work in the phosphate mines as a contract laborer under the Japanese. He was later conscripted and brought to the island as a member of the labor battalion Setsu Butai. When the Americans landed, Tukugawa said he fled with nine others to the hills. The group dispersed and Tukugawa said he had not, in the years of hiding, come across any other straggler on the island.

He professed to know nothing of the Korean war and to have had no knowledge that the Second World War was ended. Indoctrination by the Japanese that he would be subjected to torture if captured by the Americans kept him from surrendering. He preferred the hardships of his jungle existence to the possibility of having his hands and feet and ears cut off, he said.

Tukugawa, about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighing about 120 pounds, is to be repatriated to his home near Tiesen City in what is now known as South Korea. He had left his wife and daughter there when he went to Angaur, he said.



AFTER 10 YEARS—A NEW WORLD

Document 1955B

Ifalik, Lonely Paradise of the South Seas

Source: Article in The National Geographic, April 1956.



Ifalik, Lonely Paradise of the South Seas

A Trio of Scientists Finds Ancestral Ways Holding Their Own Among Contented Islanders of a Remote Pacific Atoll

By Marston Bates, Ph.D. 547

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THE beginning of the Ifalik expedition, so far as I was concerned, came by way of a telephone call. It was Dr. Alexander Spoehr, talking from Chicago. Alex had recently resigned as Curator of Oceanic Ethnology at the Chicago Natural History Museum to take the directorship of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. He and I share the view that palm trees make a much more attractive landscape than snow, and my envy of his shift from Chicago to Honolulu had been obvious.

This time Alex had a concrete proposition. "How would you like to spend next summer on a Pacific atoll?" he asked.

Ifalik Provides Ideal "Laboratory"

An official letter of invitation came a few days later from the Pacific Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. The site selected for the study—the fourth in a series of intensive atoll studies financed by the Geography Branch of the Office of Naval Research—was Ifalik, in the western Carolines. Three scientists were to spend the summer there, analyzing the relationships between man and his environment in a relatively simple situation, uncomplicated by the gadgets and specializations of modern civilization.*

At Ifalik that environment consists of a circular reef with small patches of coral rock and sand, situated in the vast reaches of the tropical Pacific (map, page 550). Somehow, despite successive administration by Germany, Japan, and, finally, the United States under a United Nations trusteeship, the kindly people of Ifalik have held firmly to their ancestral ways. The atoll promised to be an ideal laboratory for such a study.

We made up a well-rounded trio. Edwin G. Burrows of the University of Connecticut is an anthropologist. With a colleague, he had spent six months on Ifalik in 1947-48 and was familiar with the people and their language. Donald P. Abbott of Stanford University knows about the life of the sea, which is so important to man on a tiny Pacific island. I am on the faculty of the University of Michigan and would study the plants, insects, and tropical climate—in short, the ecology of the land itself.

The three of us stopped for a few days in Honolulu to talk over plans and then flew on to Guam, where we were busy for a week with final preparations. The Coast Guard had arranged to take us from Guam to Ifalik on the converted Army cargo ship *Nettle*. We sailed at noon on Saturday, June 20. 1955

It was a marvelous feeling to be sailing a tropical sea; to relax, to wash worries and busyness from the mind; to lean over the rail and watch the bow cutting cleanly through the sapphire water; to do nothing, to feel no need to do anything. I shed my shoes and shirt, not to wear them again until September.

We were free! We were off to Ifalik, to an atoll, a coral reef, a lagoon, a fragment of Micronesia, a summer in paradise!

A Flaw Appears in Paradise

We arrived at dawn on Monday. Don noted the first impression in his journal:

"Looked out of the port on awakening ... and there was Ifalik—reef, lagoon, islets, and all, everything a remote South Sea atoll should have—impossibly attractive and looking at us with the love light in her eyes."

That first love light, however, was clearly a product of faith. The weather was cool, the sky overcast, and there was a strong surf running. There was no sign of human life.

The atoll's first messengers were flies, hordes of them, that settled everywhere on the ship. We hardly noticed them in the excitement, but later, when we were able to make some appraisal of the flaws in paradise, the flies won first place.

Presently an old man appeared, paddling a canoe through the heavy swell. We threw him a line, and he came scrambling over the

* See "Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam," by W. Robert Moore, National Geographic Magazine, July, 1948.



Billions of Corals Gave Their Skeletons to Form Ifalik's Three-fifths Square Mile

Once controlled by Germany and later by Japan, this Caroline Islands atoll changed hands after each world war. Today it is part of the United States Pacific Trust Territory under the United Nations. Atoll's high point rises only 20 feet above the sea.

side, all smiles. Ted Burrows unlimbered the native words he had stored from 1948, and the old man responded volubly.

Then a larger canoe appeared. In it sat Fagolier, the paramount chief, and Totogoeitin, better known as Tom, who had served as interpreter for Burrows and his colleague Melford Spiro during their earlier study. Soon canoes surrounded the ship, and islanders climbed to the decks.

Tom Talk Spans the Language Barrier

With Tom aboard, the line of communication was established. In his youth Tom had somehow escaped from Ifalik and roamed the Pacific, working on ships from Singapore to Honolulu and living for six years in Manila. In the course of these wanderings he had learned a sort of English—not pidgin but a special Tom variety of the language. Ted and Tom understood each other easily. I was never able to make much of Tom's speech, but I could talk to Ted, Ted to Tom, and Tom to the islanders.

By this time the sky had cleared. Our ship's launch crossed the smooth, incredibly clear water of the lagoon and dodged among coral heads to ground on a beach of white sand. We waded ashore on Ifalik island and passed abruptly from blazing sun into the cool half-shade of an immaculate grove of coconut palms.

We found afterward that the grove actually is maintained as if it were a park. Periodically, when fallen palm leaves and other trash have littered the ground, the atoll's five chiefs decide that it is time to clean up. Early on the appointed day Toroman, the No. 4 chief, goes to the shore and blows a series of blasts on a conch shell. The people of the island come together and sweep the ground of the palm grove along the lagoon, piling and burning all the trash. The various households bring food, and after the morning of work there is a big communal feast.

The men's house on Ifalik island, which serves as a meeting place for the chiefs and principal males, is a big, high-gabled thatched structure among the coconut palms some 40 yards from the lagoon. When Don and I walked up to it that first day, Ted and the five chiefs were sitting on the grass outside, deep in arrangements for our residence.

The 1947-48 party had lived in tents. But

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Men's Life Centers on the Canoe House→

Women keep busy in the taro patches, in the cooksheds, and at their looms, but the men have few responsibilities unless a communal project, such as fishing or roof repair, is under way (pages 564, 566). They are free to spend hours at a time at the canoe houses, where they talk and gossip. Like women knitting, they make rope endlessly by twisting coconut fibers between palm and thigh.

Upper: Children walk past one of the atoll's nine canoe houses.

Lower: Men rest after carrying a small house across a narrow channel between the two main islands. Ifalikians abhor sitting on bare ground. If a mat is not available, an unhusked coconut serves as a stool.

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Kodachrome by Donald P. Abbott (above)







© National Geographic Society

Ifalikians Take Life Easy; They Dine When They Feel Like It

Eating is of supreme importance to the people of the atoll. They talk about food incessantly, and their word for happiness means "my belly is good." Coconut, breadfruit, taro, and fish are staples; pig and chicken, rarities.

Early in the morning each person takes his toddy, an unfermented sap gathered from the stalks of coconut flowers. Otherwise the Ifalikian has no fixed time for meals. Food is offered to visitors at any hour.

Above: This woman eats from a coconut-leaf basket. Decked for a dance, she wears white rooster plumes and a *lava-lava* of banana-trunk fiber.

←Page 548: Ifalik houses are covered with coconut thatch and coconut-mat siding (page 564). Mats are the only furniture. Mosquito net, kerosene lantern, and household possessions hang from rafters.

Lower: Food is usually eaten out of doors.

†Fearing shortage, women soak mashed breadfruit in the lagoon, then bury it in leaf-lined pits. Sealed with coconut leaves, it keeps for several years. Fermentation, like that in sauerkraut, produces a penetrating odor that the author found offensive, but the natives did not seem to mind. They in turn objected to the smell of mild American cheese.

Kodachrome (opposite lower) by Donald P. Abbott









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Bathroom Scales Tell Weight, a Notched Pole Gives Height for a Census Check

Dr Donald P. Abbott of Stanford University takes physical measurements of an Ifalikian family. Biggest man on the atoll weighed 182 pounds, and the tallest just missed qualifying as a six footer (page 558).

→ Islanders seized eagerly on the chance to learn English in exchange for lessons in their own language. Here by lantern light Dr Abbott uses printed cards to teach the names of the colors

the thatched houses of the island were more comfortable, and this time the chiefs turned the men's house over to us. And a very satisfactory home it made.

We slept aboard the *Nettle* that night. Next morning the captain, with marvelous skill, maneuvered his ship through the coral heads of the pass into the lagoon.

The day was spent unloading our gear, an appalling amount of it. Ted and I were staying until mid-September, but Don planned to stay two months more. The ship that was to take us off would bring four more scientists who would carry out special investigations during this later period. Thus, although there were only three of us, we had food and equipment for what would eventually become a seven-man expedition.

We said goodbye to the *Nettle* without a qualm. We were saying goodbye to the Western World for the summer, and it seemed good riddance.

Sunny Islets Breed Sense of Peace

The Navy had provided us with a radio for emergency use, and we had walkie-talkies to communicate with planes overhead. There was a plan that airplanes on weather patrol would occasionally circle to be sure everything was all right.

But these arrangements for contact seemed remote and unimportant—at most a vague reassurance for some improbable catastrophe. How could there be a catastrophe on a sunny atoll like this, among delightful people who already seemed not Micronesians but close friends?

Our first project was a census. Ted had all sorts of special anthropological interests—marriages, kinships, households, and comparisons with the census that he and Spiro had carried out five years before.

Don and I wanted to get a biological description of the population. We were not equipped for making fancy measurements, but we had bathroom scales and a pole to measure heights. Also, we hoped to get information about ages and family size.

Typhoon Threatens Expedition

The next day it rained—and of course the rain gauge wasn't yet unpacked and set up. A stiff wind came up in the afternoon and kept increasing in force. Later Tom came by with Maroligar, the No. 2 chief. Tom pointed across the island to the east and said, "Maybe typhoon." Maroligar agreed and looked worried.

The wind continued, and in the evening a number of men gathered around our camp. Maroligar borrowed one of our big battery-powered lamps and learned how to operate it. He wanted a light so that, if the weather worsened, he could lead his people back to the highest part of the island. Even there it was only about 20 feet above sea level.

Typhoons are the greatest danger on these low islands. Even more important than the direct hazard to human life is the destruction of food, houses, and canoes. The people usu-







ally rope themselves together in a fallen breadfruit tree or some such place, but, if they survive, they face starvation afterward on an island swept clean of food.

Fortunately, typhoons are rare. Ifalik had been in the path of a major typhoon in 1907, when the area was under German control. The marks of that blow are still clear in many places: huge blocks of coral rolled up on the reef and a few coconut palms—the only survivors of the storm—standing much taller than the others.

Census Starts Despite Storm Warning

I comforted myself, going to sleep, with the thought that typhoons strike suddenly, after a period of still, oppressive heat, so that this slow buildup of wind could hardly be dangerous. True or not, it was reassuring.

The next day was cold, with the sky completely overcast. But the rain had let up, and we started out on our census. We made quite a party. Fagolier and Maroligar went along to give the highest possible sanction to the procedure. Tom acted as interpreter.

Ted and Tom would lead the way into a household area, going inside the house if it was drizzling or sitting on mats in the open during dry intervals. The available people of the household would gather about. These included the men, all the women except those temporarily quarantined in the isolated menstrual house, and all the children except those who took fright and ran away.

Ted would open his notebook and, in the course of interminable palavering among Tom, the chiefs, and the members of the household, get a list of names, together with clan affiliations, marital status, and other lore dear to the anthropological heart.

When the list was complete, Don would supervise the weighing and measuring, with Maroligar hovering helpfully about, explaining to each person where to put his feet on the scales, trying to persuade people to stand straight for height measurement, and coaxing the shier women and children into cooperation (page 552).

There was plenty of time to look around while Ted was taking notes. Mostly I prowled about with my cameras, snapping whatever caught my interest and passing out used flash bulbs to the delighted children.

Each family unit consists of a large sleeping house, a separate cookhouse, and sometimes various sheds. The main houses are well built, with big posts stuck in the ground, to which stringers and rafters are firmly lashed with stout coconut-fiber rope. The roofs are of coconut thatch.

Boxes Hang in Floorless Attic

The rafters are low, so that people do not stand up and walk about inside but sit or sprawl on the floor, which is kept clean and covered with plaited coconut mats. There are no windows or fixed doors, but each wall of a house is made of several mats that can be put up or taken down as desired. The family possessions are generally stored in bags and boxes slung by ropes from the rafters. The whole upper part of the house thus serves as a sort of floorless attic.

We managed to catalogue three households —26 people—that first morning. Then we gave up because of the worsening weather. By midafternoon the wind had reached gale force. Green coconut fronds were being torn from the trees, and the coconuts themselves were blowing off in large numbers.

We kept worried eyes on the barometer and on the wildly swaying palms. Men everywhere were battening down their house walls with matting and running stout ropes from the gables, making them fast to the bases of near-by palms. Maroligar hovered about with obvious concern for our comfort, making it clear that he thought we should move to one of the houses farther from the shore if things got worse.

Then suddenly, about 5 o'clock, our worry was disrupted by a wave of excitement. An airplane had been sighted circling the atoll. Don gathered up a walkie-talkie. We hadn't tested it, but there was no time now.

From the battery-powered radio receiver, tuned to the walkie-talkie wave length, I could

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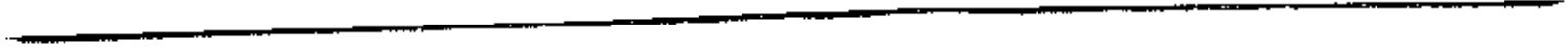
← Marine Biologist Hunts Tiny Animals Hiding Among Coral Heads

Ifalik people make extensive use of coral. They cover house floors with the reef's wave-worn gravel and use coral pestles to mash taro and breadfruit. Burnt coral lime makes pigment for decorating canoes; mixed with water and coconut-husk ashes, it putties up holes about the lashings in canoe hulls (page 568).

Upper: Dr. Abbott gathers marine specimens.

Lower: Where the sea pours back and forth across the atoll's protecting reef, small crustaceans flourish among the corals and algae. *Millepora*, a stinging hydrocoral, rises in erect fans (center).

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hear Don giving our position. The plane must have heard, because it turned and made a pass almost directly overhead. It was a weather observation plane from Guam. At the receiver set I could hear the whole conversation.

"Any damage there? Are you all right? Over."

"No damage. Nobody hurt. Is a typhoon coming? Over."

"Typhoon center already past now and moving northwest. Will report to Guam that you are all right."

The plane disappeared into the mist. Don lingered on the beach to make sure it would not circle again, and I kept my ear at the radio. Only static came through.

But we had heard enough. Western civilization had zoomed in from the sky to reassure us, and the relief was immense.

We relayed the information to the chiefs. Everyone was tremendously impressed with the whole business the appearance of the plane, the conversation with the little boxes, the pickup of the conversation on the radio in camp. As a matter of fact, we were impressed too.

Island Women Outnumber Men

It took us four more days to complete the census—and we kept making small changes and corrections all summer. There were 260 people: 134 females and 126 males. The count five years earlier had shown 250, so the population was growing.

For the most part, the Ifalikians are not very large or very tall. The heaviest man on the atoll weighed in at 182 pounds, and the tallest was half an inch under six feet. They didn't look to us very different from Europeans, except in their sensible failure to cover themselves with a lot of clothing.

As I got to know the Ifalikians and they became separate personalities to me, I found myself constantly reminded of acquaintances back home. The wiry Toroman, with his quick, alert intelligence and keen interest in everything that was going on, was strikingly similar in physique and personality to an elderly banker I once knew. Tall, handsome Sepeman, grave and reliable, reminded me of an old college friend.

Fagolier, the paramount chief, interested me most of all. He possessed extraordinary calm, poise, dignity, assurance—all the qualities that should go with his position. He stopped by our camp daily to be sure we were all right and to see if anything was needed. Yet he never gave us the feeling that we were being bothered by too much attention.

One night Fagolier stopped by just as we were sitting down to dinner. He joined us with apparent pleasure. When we were finished, he went off with his plate and washed it, then started in to wash a pot! It was precisely the gesture of a thoughtful guest back home, pitching in to help with the dishes.

Author Joins in Dance Rehearsal

Fagolier was very much the chief. Other people bowed respectfully in his presence and deferred to his judgment. Yet I never saw him impose his will or take any action that could be called arrogant. When there was work to do, he was always in the middle of it, hauling on the fish net, cleaning the trash from the coconut grove, working with an adz on a canoe (pages 568 and 570).

During the first part of our stay there were dance rehearsals every night around big fires by the lagoon. We often watched. One night when Ted and Don were busy, I trailed along after Fagolier. When we got to the fire, it seemed obvious that the people expected me to dance. I should have felt foolish if my fellow Westerners had been looking, but in their absence I gladly took part.

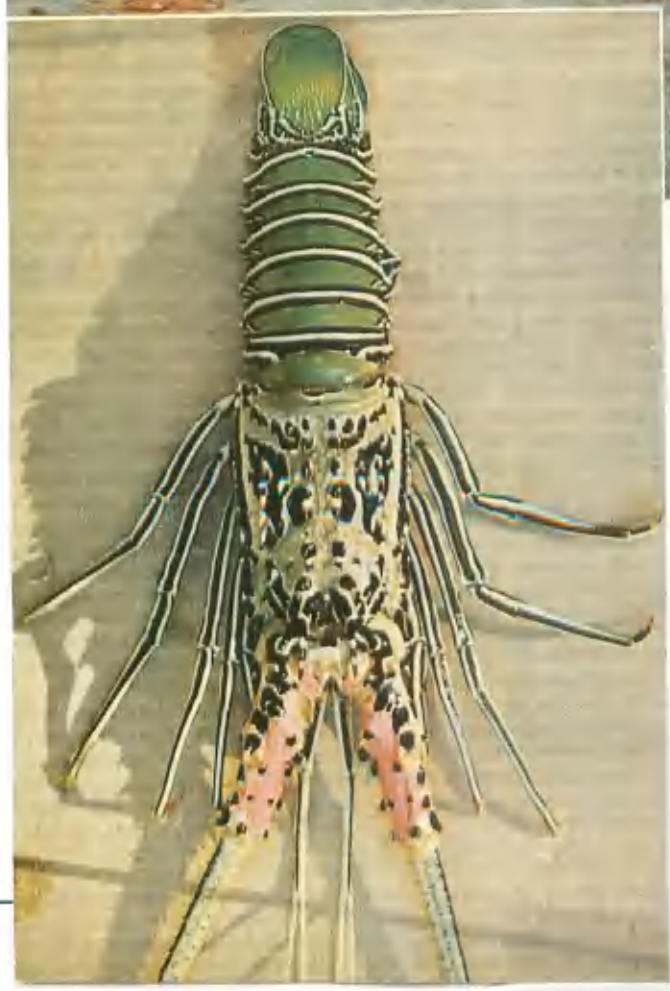
The dance involved a series of gestures with both hands, and chants that varied from hums to shouts but didn't seem to have any words. Fagolier directed this with gestures that were translated into full-scale action by the men. He was acting as leader and co-ordinator, again quietly, skillfully, and economically.

Atoll Youngsters Mimic Adults

A tremendous amount of energy went into these rehearsals. I was reminded of the effort that goes into amateur dramatics among similar groups at home. Here, however, it was truly a community effort. Even the children had play rehearsals, for they constantly imitate adult activities.

I wondered whether the function of the dance is to provide a sense of community solidarity. Then I wondered whether I was wrong in looking for a function, for a purpose, in everything. Maybe the dance rehearsals correspond to going to the movies with us. Perhaps they are merely a way of pleasantly filling in the time.





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↑ **Low Tide Bares the Reef Ringing Ifalik's Lagoon**

Even at high tide waders venture freely through two or three feet of water to get from one islet to the other (upper right). Elsewhere passes in the atoll's circlet of coral permit canoes to leave the quiet lagoon and dare the open sea (left). Navigating by stars, Ifalik seamen hoist pandanus-leaf sails and strike out for islands a hundred miles away.

← **Spines Protect a Clawless Lobster**

Like other spiny lobsters, *Panulirus versicolor* depends for defense on a prickly shell rather than on nippers. When he forages on the reef at night, he runs the risk of winding up in an Ifalikian pot. (One-fourth natural size.)

Tiger Cowry Bears Spots, Not Stripes →

Page 557: Gleaming polka dots make *Cypraea tigris* one of the most widely collected of ornamental shells. In the upper view *Cypraea* has extended its mantle around the shell; when disturbed, the creature quickly draws it back inside. (Natural size.)

Far right: *Pseudoceros bedfordi*, a large flatworm, is a relative of tapeworms and liver flukes. Its undulating swimming movements reminded the author of veils swirled by women acrobats.

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Donald P. Abbott (above)

↑ **Giant Sea Cucumbers on Ifalik's Beach Suggest Sections of Nonskid Tires**

Known as trepang and bêche-de-mer when dried, these unlikely looking cousins of the starfish are prized for soup in China and on some Pacific islands, but not on Ifalik. A slender fish makes its home in the water-filled gut of this species, *Thelenota ananas*.

↓ **Yani Weighs His Day's Rations for the Benefit of Science**

Contributing to a diet study, Yani listed all food used by his household for a month. Such record keeping was not easy, because the islanders eat so irregularly. These sea anemones, when stewed, faintly resemble oysters in flavor. Dr. Abbott takes notes.



I *had* wanted to get some idea of the economics of Ifalik, of the amount of effort required to get a living in this environment. The dance was one example of the problems involved. All the way through I found it difficult to distinguish between work and play, because the two seemed to be all mixed up. That, perhaps, is the ideal situation. Maybe the idea of work is part of the price we pay for civilization.

Tony, a young visitor from Ulithi Atoll, was an enthusiastic dancer. He was also very fond of English songs. He combined the two interests by working out new dance routines with the young men of Ifalik to songs like "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." Obviously, the dances are not always built on traditional subjects.

The grand performance was held a month after our arrival, at midday (page 562). Everyone dressed up in his very best flowers and paint, and the line of men went through routines for nearly an hour. Then, after an intermission, the women carried out their performance.

There was no more dancing during our stay, except for the play dancing of the children. Does that wreck my theory of community solidarity?

Westerners and Natives Trade Lessons

The trust territory government had taken three young men to another atoll for a few months' training, which had included English. They had been able to make only a start on the language and were eager to learn more. Since we wanted to acquire what we could of the language of Ifalik, we arranged to trade lessons with them. Soon we had a class of about 20 gathered around the camp every evening (page 553).

This experience gave us a keen appreciation of the intelligence of the people. They learn rapidly and well. We could see no way in which their basic intelligence varied from our own. Any difference seemed to be a product of the dissimilar cultures into which we had been born.

One of the young men, Yaniseman, became closely associated with all our work—became, really, a collaborator. He seemed to understand what we were doing and why we were interested in doing it. He was a good observer, as people in so called primitive cultures often are. But beyond that, in giving us information he distinguished clearly between what he had seen and what he had been told. This ability to separate direct and hearsay evidence is not common in my experience.

Yani was especially helpful in our study of the food habits of the people. He kept track of everything that was eaten in his own household for a month, weighing, counting, and measuring everything and reporting the results to us (page 559).

"Milk" Drips from Coconut Flowers

Ifalikians cook only one large meal a day, and this may be eaten in midmorning, noon, afternoon, or evening, varying from household to household and from day to day. I couldn't figure out what determined when a meal is cooked—perhaps the whim of the women, the time depending on when they feel like starting to cook. Of course, if the men have been out fishing all day, the big meal will be in the evening when they get back, with fresh fish as the main dish (page 549).

There is, in fact, little regularity about any aspect of life on Ifalik. The chief exception to this is the collection of *hachi*, or toddy, the unfermented sap from the cut stems of coconut flowers. Every morning and evening the young men make the rounds of their particular palm trees. This routine is strikingly similar in regularity and purpose to the twice-daily chore of milking at home. And the sweetish, nutritious sap takes the place of milk: served fresh, it is a main item of diet for the children.

Blossoms Vie with Food Crops

We arrived at the height of the breadfruit season, when this was the chief food. At least six quite distinct varieties are recognized, and there are several different ways of cooking.

When breadfruit is not in season, the chief sources of starch are the true taro, called *wot* (*Colocasia*), and the tarolike *pulach* (*Cyrtosperma*). Both are tubers of giant aroids, or elephant's-ears, that grow in swampy areas on the two inhabited islands. The different households each have rights to certain parts of the swamps. The gardens are kept up entirely by the women.

Looking at these gardens, I again found myself confused about the difference between work and play. The maintenance of the taro

(Continued on page 569)



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↑Taro Swamp Provides Food for the Body and Blossoms to Gladden the Heart

As they garden, women gather flowers for offerings to the gods and gifts to their menfolk, or less frequently for their own adornment.

↓ Ifalik's Gaudy Males Avidly Use Flowers and Perfume

The author found the male custom of wearing garlands in the hair and ears delightful after he overcame his initial feeling of self-consciousness.





Dwarfed by Coconut and Papaya, the Men's Dance Line Claps and Chants

Lacking calendars and other formal methods of reckoning time, Ifalikians hold religious ceremonies at irregular intervals. One ritual honors Tilitr, the atoll's patron saint, who protects the people from evil and illness. Islanders believe that Tilitr reports back to Aluelap, the chief god, after the ceremony.

Here the entire community puts on a show for the visiting scientists. A month was spent in nightly rehearsals; they reminded the author of an American community preparing for an amateur theatrical.

The grand performance, given at midday, lasted little more than two hours. Men opened the dances; the women followed after an intermission during which everyone drank coconut milk.

Dance "steps," in the Western sense, are unknown; in fact, the ritual is often performed sitting down. Arms and hands express all the meaning; occasionally palms clap biceps. Hums and shouts of the performers seem not to involve words.

Like an orchestra conductor, a chief directs the dancing with gestures.

Ifalikians make some of their own shell ornaments, but import others from Eauripik Atoll, 100 miles to the southwest. Red turmeric root, prized for ornament and medicine, comes from Yap and the Truk Islands.

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Small Fry Tag Along in the Community Dance

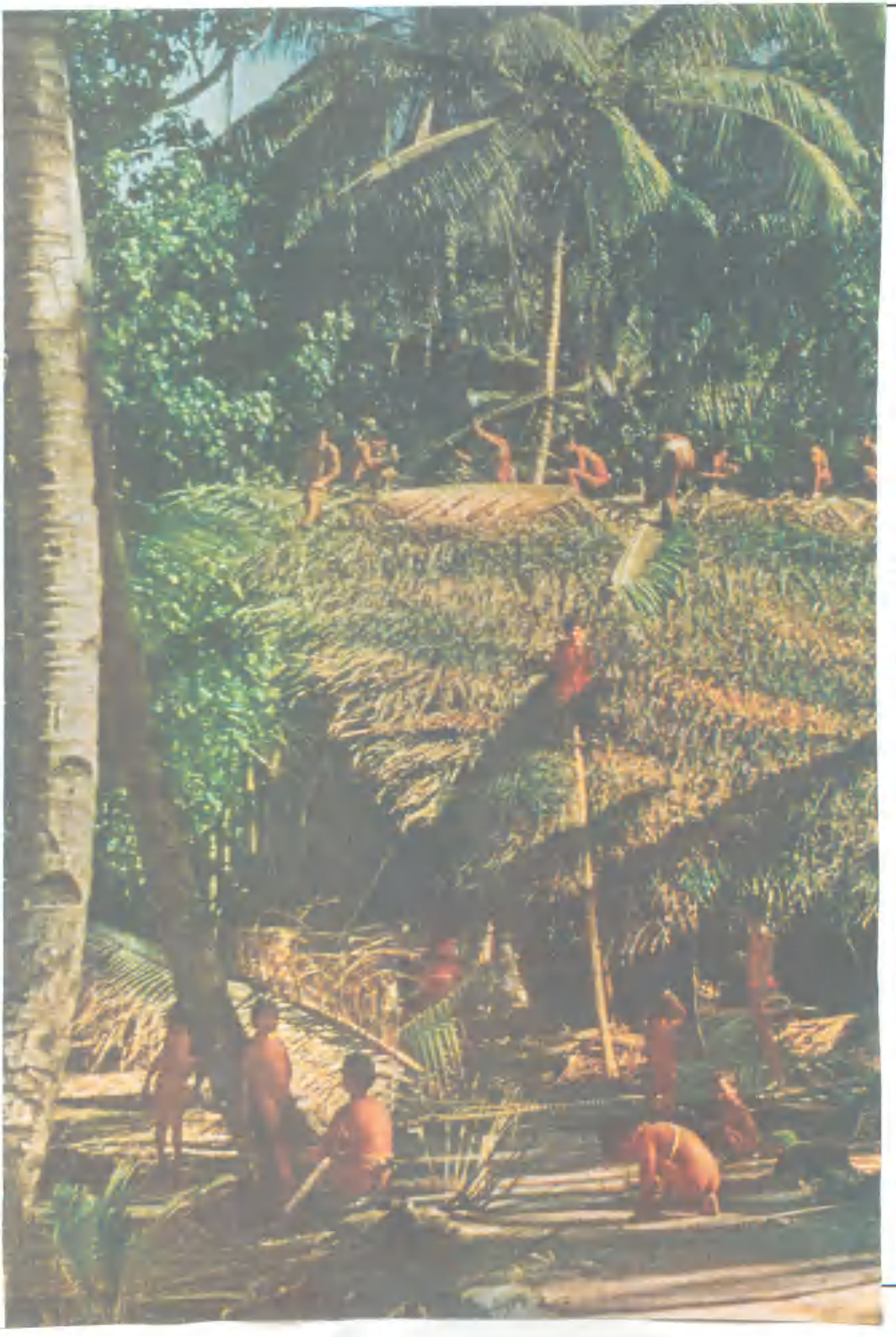
Basic ritual costume for both men and women is a green skirt made by splitting a coconut frond and tying half of it around the waist. Heads carry garlands of flowers and graceful white rooster feathers embedded in blocks of pith or cotton batting.

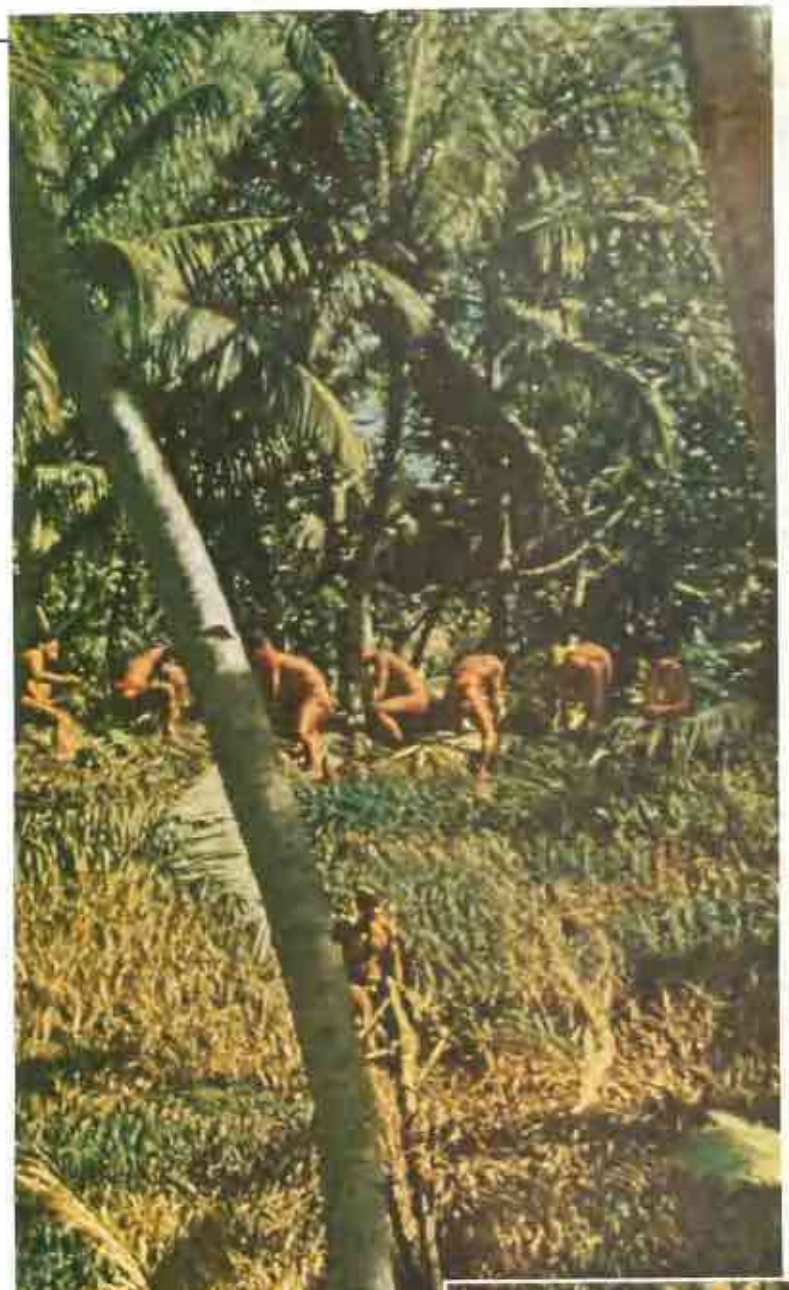
Blades of unopened coconut leaves—ivory-white and pale greenish-yellow—provide flat necklaces, anklets, and bracelets.

←Boy at far left wears a full-dress suit of coconut blades.

→Last child in line dresses fore and aft in tufts of dried fern leaves, the conventional attire for Halik girls of her age (page 551).







Every Man Is Boss When a Canoe House Gets a New Roof

Without the coconut palm, life on Ifalik would be inconceivable. Its milk provides most of the islanders' drinking water. Meat of the nut and the sap of the flower stem are prepared in numerous ways for eating.

Coconut husks become scrubbing brushes for baths, napkins for wiping fingers, and fuel for cooking. Spongy slices calk the planks of canoes. Husk fibers make cordage and rope for cradle springs and fishing nets. The dead are wrapped in gifts of rope before burial at sea. Leaves are plaited for mats and baskets.

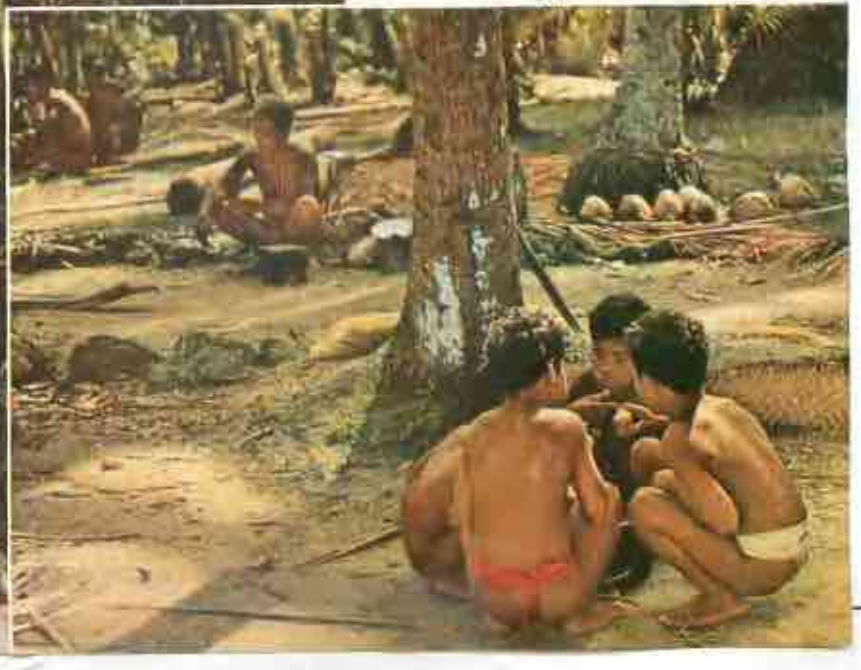
Ifalikians delight in rubbing their skins with coconut oil after a bath. Children spin small coconuts as tops. Ripe nuts serve as charms to ensure safe return of seafarers, and the juice is employed in healing rituals.

This most useful of trees also provides materials for housebuilding on the atoll; woven mats are used for siding and plaited leaves for thatch. Coconut wood goes into beams and rafters, but more rot-resistant breadfruit logs form the uprights.

Anarchy seems to prevail as this canoe house gets new thatch, for each man shouts orders. Yet everyone knows what needs to be done, and the job goes quickly. Ifalikians draw little distinction between work and play; communal projects are tackled with hilarity.

↓ Imitating their elders, boys squat around a pot of breadfruit after the rethatching is finished.

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↑ Bronzed Fishermen Load Half a Mile of Net

Gilbertians welcome most sea animals as a source of food. However, they traditionally refuse to dine on shark and octopus, hoping that shark and octopus will not eat them.

Methods of fishing are varied. Anglers outside the lagoon troll for bonito; when a fish strikes, it is swung up from the water with a continuous motion so that it hits the fisherman's chest and falls off the barbless hook.

Fish are also hooked on lines carried over water by kites, and formerly were taken on double-pointed bones attached to floating coconut shells.

Two flight expeditions go after flying fish with nets. Weirs of coral blocks trap fish along shore when the tide goes out.

These scenes show a communal effort to seine a school of bonito within the lagoon.

Above: An old man's tattooed back displays a style abandoned by the younger generation. Designs were traced under his skin with soot-laden needles.

Page 567, upper: Men in outrigger canoes lay the net, then draw it toward shore when the quarry is encircled.

→ Fisherman wears Japanese-made goggles.

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Kodachrome by Donald F. Abbott









↑ Children Smile, Anticipating Candy Promised by the Photographer

Baby is king on Ifalik. Until a child is dethroned by a new brother or sister, he is pampered by every adult. Boys and girls are allowed to take part in grown-up activities at the earliest possible age. These youngsters play at weaving strips of coconut leaves.

↓ Coconut Cordage, Not Screws or Nails, Holds a Boat Together

Most valued possession on Ifalik is the canoe. Only a handful of men are skilled at making seagoing craft like this one. Here Fagolier, the paramount chief, hews a breadfruit plank. Half a century ago his adz blade would have been part of a giant clamshell.



is work, all right—pulling weeds, digging the crop, setting out young plants in the hot, muggy atmosphere of the swamp. It is work with a clear, basic economic purpose—the provision of food.

But along with the taro, especially around the margins of the swamps, the women grow a profusion of flowers: ginger, cannas, lilies, and hibiscus. And the flowers seem to be as important a part of the garden as the taro. When the women go out in the morning to dig up the tubers for food, they also gather flowers for making garlands (page 546).

The widespread use of flowers for ornament in Polynesia and Micronesia seems a basic as well as a pleasant—aspect of these cultures. The flowers are not prized as beautiful things to look at in the gardens or to arrange in vases in the house. Most of them grow in inconspicuous spots, where the soil is most appropriate. The flower cult is entirely a matter of personal adornment: for garlands on the head, for single flowers stuck in hair or pierced ear lobes, or more rarely for flower necklaces.

Though women make the wreaths, the men are definitely the gaudier sex—the more addicted to flowers, paint, perfume, and other finery (page 561).

Scientists Wear Flowers in Hair

It didn't take us long to shed our prejudices. When, in our wanderings, we met people on the trails, they would often take off their garlands and offer them to us as a gesture of friendship.

I felt foolish at first with flowers in my hair. But Don would remark, "Say, Marston, those yellow four-o'clocks go very well with your dark skin."

I perked up at such comment and started looking critically at the others.

"Look, Don, that hibiscus wreath should be at a more rakish angle. Let me fix it."

Presently we forgot the rules and put up a mirror so that we could arrange our garlands properly before we started out.

Tachi, one of the boys who lived near us, cut his foot badly one day, and for a while I had a regular morning job dressing the wounds. In gratitude, Tachi brought me a beautiful cowrie-shell necklace. I put it on sheepishly, expecting to be kidded.

"What a fine necklace!" Ted said.

"Golly!" Don remarked wistfully. "I wish I had one."

So I wore it—but only every third day. Ted and Don wore it in turn on the other days.

The women, then, put time into raising flowers and weaving garlands with the same seriousness as they put time into growing and preparing vegetables. There is no struggle for existence here, no grim keeping up with the food supply; and the needs of the outer man seem as important as the needs of the inner man. Now, I kept asking myself, is one of these work and the other play? Or is there any essential difference?

Fish Take Place of Pigs and Chickens

The animal food of the people is largely fish, though Ifalik boasts a few pigs and chickens. We made a list of all the domestic animals as a part of our census: 5 dogs, 19 cats, 33 pigs, and 50 chickens. This isn't much of a showing for 260 people.

Fish there are, however, in untold variety, often gaudy to look at but also delicious to eat. The sea, as a source of food, is as important as the land.

Ifalik's 260 people have only three-fifths of a square mile of land surface, which gives a population density similar to that of Italy. Fortunately the Ifalikians have not only their land but also their lovely lagoon, which is a mile across, and the wide reef that completes the circle of their atoll.

Ifalikians practice many ways of fishing, from large communal operations on the reef or with seines in the lagoon to individual fishing with spear, throwing net, or line (pages 566 and 571).

Babies Bathed Three Times a Day

The lagoon is in constant use and not only for fishing. Mothers take their babies down morning, noon, and afternoon to bathe them; children play in the water off and on through the day. Every adult male owns a small canoe, and the lagoon serves as a highway.

We too used the lagoon, gradually shifting from random swimming and marveling to a systematic program of observation. It was my first real experience with goggles which enable men to see clearly under water; I will never swim again without them.

In the lagoon, of course, unending marvels are to be seen. The tide falls about two feet; the marginal zone thus exposed is white coral sand, followed by a narrow band of

"turtle grass." The coral growth starts a little farther out and continues as far as one can see into the deepening lagoon, which has a maximum depth of 66 feet.

The corals grow in heads separated by areas of open water and white sandy bottom. The smaller are only a yard or two in diameter, the larger yards or more across. All are made up of a bewildering variety of plants and animals able to secrete lime supports.

Visitors Become Fish Watchers

I'll grant the fascination of bird watching. But given this coral reef, my vote goes for fish watching as the most absorbing of natural history pastimes. Around these coral heads swam fish in all the colors, patterns, and forms that the books describe. We soon forgot about swimming in the ordinary sense and spent our time watching.*

The fish were not at all shy: they accepted us from the beginning as a part of their environment and went right on grubbing for food, or playing tag, or practicing precision maneuvers, or just resting pleasantly in the warm water. As far as they were concerned, marine zoologists with goggles and breathing tubes were an ordinary part of the reef fauna, familiar and harmless.

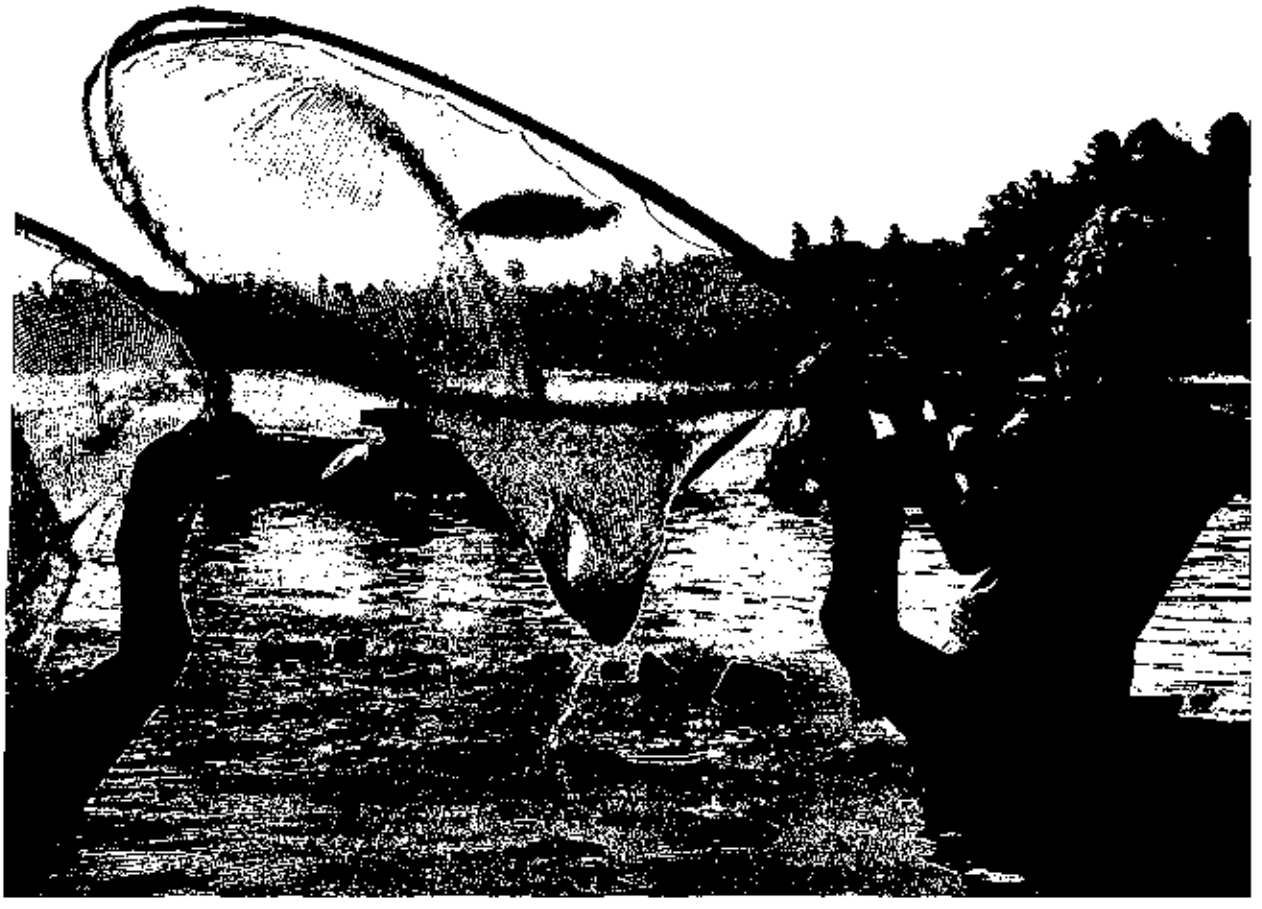
We spent many hours on the reef and in the water, collecting, photographing, and mapping the distribution of the different kinds of reef organisms. For me, at least, the coral reef is rivaled only by the rain forest of the tropical continents. We never got over our wonderment at its marvels.

And so the summer passed all too swiftly. September 11 came; a trade ship of the trust territory was due to pick us up the next day. I went to bed with the hope that maybe they had forgotten. Maybe the schedule had been changed and we could have another day . . . another week . . . another month.

* See "On the Bottom of a South Sea Pearl Lagoon," by Roy Waldo Miner, National Geographic Magazine, September, 1938.

Chief Fagolier, Working Inside a Canoe House, Weaves a Coconut-fiber Seine





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Huge Dip Nets Snare Fish Trying to Leap Free of the Seine

No such luck. I was awakened about 2 a.m. by a soft voice calling from outside—"Marston, Marston. Ship come."

I pulled myself out of bed and stumbled to the shore. There across the lagoon were the lights of the ship. The West had turned up on schedule to claim us.

The ship took us to the Truk Islands, a district headquarters of the trust territory government. There Ted and I glimpsed a people similar to those of Ifalik but with a long history of outside contact with Spain, Germany, Japan, and now with the United States.

We had, of course, no time to study them. But we could see that their contact with the outside world had given them no real advantage. The contrast with Ifalik was thought-provoking.

Life on Ifalik has been little changed by contact with the West. Indeed, it is because the islanders are "unspoiled" that we had wanted to study them. As far as we could see, their life in most respects is beautifully adapted to their environment.

The authorities of the trust territory are keenly aware of this. They have before them a whole array of islands with different histories of Western influence. In those where the most contact has occurred, the process looks much like degeneration. The people have lost their old skills; they have even forgotten how to fish and are dependent on canned foods. They acquire imported diseases, of the mind as well as of the body, and, while happiness is difficult to measure, here too they seem to lose instead of gain.

Learning Process a Two-way Path

But change is inevitable. The Ifaliklans want to take their place in the world, and I don't think we should protect them artificially, even if we could. I have enough confidence in them to believe that they can teach us as many things about living as we can teach them. Here perhaps is the key problem:—how to make the learning process a selective one, so that Ifalik's handful of well-adjusted islanders won't lose their self-respect and values, their kindness and manners, and their ability to manage their sea and atoll as they acquire the modern world's gadgets and science.



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Women of Ifalik Atoll Weave Flower Garlands for the Adornment of Their Men

Author Marston Bates and two fellow scientists spent a summer studying the Ifalikians and their speck of coral in the western Pacific. They found 260 Micronesians scarcely touched by alien civilization. Island men regularly wear wreaths of fragrant frangipani, hibiscus, and spider lilies.

↓ Gavileisei, a navigator and canoe builder, proved a talented craftsman at any job he undertook.



Document 1956A

Field trip in Yap District—First stop Ngulu

Source: Article in the Micronesian Monthly, July-August 1956.

Field trip in Yap District—First stop Ngulu, by Aaron A. Jaffe

It is Saturday... a beautiful morning, bright and sunny with a slight southeast breeze. There is great activity on the pier at Yap District Center. For the past 24 hours trade goods of the Yap Trading Company have been loaded on the **Errol** which is due to leave on a field trip to the Woleai-Ulithi Island in Yap District.

These trade goods consist of flour, rice, sugar, a variety of canned goods, cigarettes, matches, kitchen utensils, drums of kerosene, dress goods for the women, bright-colored materials to be used as loin-cloths for the men, and about fifty other items.

The vessel will carry about 35 Yapese passengers bound to visit friends and relatives on other islands. Like sea passengers in other parts of the world, they too sometimes get seasick, so they have brought along limes as a preventative measure. They must also bring their own food which consists mainly of taro, breadfruit, dried fish, bananas, coconuts and pandanus.

Besides providing for their own needs, the Yapese bear gifts of delicacies from their friends—bamboo, sugar cane, and baskets of *buyo*, the latter being large chestnuts which are prepared by boiling for about an hour, after which they are cracked open and the meat extracted.

Although there are several auxiliary reasons for the field trip, its main purpose—service—is in everyone's mind as the ship's whistle blows three times, lines are cast off, and she slowly inches away from the pier. The **Errol**, is a small ship of about 550 tons. The skipper and engineer are American and the remainder of the crew are people of the islands. The galley provides clean, good food and every two or three days some ice cream is served. On deck there is a large canvas to protect the passengers from sun and rain.

Among the field trip party group of 18 are representatives of the education, agriculture, public health, dentistry and sanitatioin departments of the Trust Territory Administration.



Flower leis from grateful friends adorn dental men. Left, Dr. Auron A. Jaffe, Director of Dental Services for the Trust Territory, and right, Dr. Jack Helkena, dental practitioner of the Marshalls--pictured at Yap.



DR. MOONFEL--Yap Medical Practitioner Rafel Moonfel often accompanies field trip parties serving the outer atolls of Yap District. He is pictured here just before leaving Yap for Hawaii to take advanced study at Hilo Memorial Hospital.

Our first stop is 60 miles southwest to the island of Ngulu with a population of 49 (at the last count). As we approach the island, the ship slows to quarter speed. Now and again flying-fish can be seen as they hurl themselves out of the water, some skimming along on their tails leaving a wake of foam behind them. The reflection of the sun reveals the shallow ocean floor with serrated and tree-like coral formations, a rainbow of many colors—blue, violet, amethyst, green and azure. From the top deck of the **Errol** can be seen the reef and the white foam of the ocean as it rolls against the coral beach until its force is spent, then gently recedes from shore. The island is a monument, bespeaking the thousands of years it took to form. The coconut trees stand like sentinels pointing to the sky.

Finally a row boat takes us to knee-high water and we wade to shore over coral which is rough and slippery even with our thick-soled shoes, but which is easy taking for the bare calloused feet of the men of Yap.

On shore the inhabitants are gathered to greet us—women in grass and fiber skirts, men in bright loin-cloths, and children wearing not much else but a bright smile. (The girls do wear fig leaves from about two years of age.) The men step forward and the Chief in faded red loin-cloth, tattooed from his waist to his shoulders in symmetrical pattern, extends a hand and smiles, revealing teeth that are black from chewing of betel nut. He leads us to the Community HOuse where seats are arranged on the ground. Everyone smiles, cigarettes are passed as a gesture of good-will, and a Council meeting begins.

We are introduced and each of us states his mission. I explain that we well go around the island and examine the toilet facilities and inspect the drinking water (from rain or cistern) to see if it is properly protected against flies, mosquitoes, and fallen leaves. We will make an insect and rodent inspection, and observe how they dispose of their garbage (generally by burning or throwing in the ocean). We will hold dental and medical calls. The school representative will consult with the local school-teacher and the agriculturalist will examine the coconut trees for foreign insects.

After stating our mission, the dental and medical team go to the local dispensary to see how the island health aide is getting on. The physician from the field party examines many patients. The dental team sets up its portable field dental unit and soon we are busy drilling and extracting teeth. Children, enticed by curiosity, and intrigued by the shiny instruments spread on a white sheet, await their turn. We start our sanitation inspection.

In the meantime, the Nguluans are busy loading hundred-pound bags of copra onto the row-boat which is pushed or rowed to the waiting motor-launch whence it is towed to the **Errol**. They trade the copra for flour, sugar, rice, cigarettes, tobacco, tea, coffee, safety blades, dress goods, buttons and needles. Like market places the world over, it is a bedlam of noise with bargaining back and forth. Because it is not possible to negotiate the ship through the pass after sundown, the bargaining continues until ten or eleven at night.

By accident one or two cans of kerosene are heaved overboard, but quickly someone jumps in the water, ties a rope to the drum, and pulls it ashore.

On shore, a complete sanitation inspection of the island has been made. Another meeting is held with the Chief and his people to discuss and recommend improvements. Having completed our work we pack up and return to the ship. The Chief accompanies us aboard to participate in the final hours of trading.

Suddenly the trading is over and it is quiet. The island people have departed. The low throb of the engine interrupts the quiet, and now that we are no longer busy, we realize it is hot and not too comfortable for sleeping. However, we have put in a busy day and are soon asleep.

At seven the next morning we pull up anchor. Natives in their dugout canoes wave another good-by.

This visit to Ngulu is just one—but it's typical of the 18 islands we visited in the 17 days before the bow of the **Errol** was homeward-bound. The knowledge that we had served humanity to the best of our ability gave us a feeling of serenity each time as we set out for the next stop, and finally for the trip back to Yap.

Document 1956B

Story of the Sonsorolese repatriaton, by Francis B. Mahoney

Source: Article in the Micronesian Monthly, January-February 1957.
Note: These Sonsorol people were the descendents of people hired by Captain O'Keefe to work on the plantation on Mapia Atoll, south of the equator, in about 1900, more than 50 years earlier.

The exiles return

On October 15, 1956, nine eager faces gazed anxiously from the rail of the **M/V Roque** for a first glimpse of their new home, tiny Sonsorol Island in Palau District, which their parents and grandparents had left more than forty years before in the service of "His Majesty" O'Keefe.

Gathered under the ship's awning and surrounded by their worldly goods, Johnny Victor and the Terry twins administered the final cinch to the mattress roll which contained their radio and electric hot plate. From the upper deck, Vrouw Betty Hagenbeek, acknowledged spokesman for the group, called to her four-year-old son Freddi in a strident mixture of Malay, Dutch and Sonsorolese, warning him away from the rail. Two old women, Tola and Katutu, looked unbelievingly at the clump of palm trees and pandanus beyond the breaking surf, searching for the sight of a thatched roof or an old canoe house that might somehow call up memories of the place they had left as children; they alone of all the group were born Sonsorolese and this knowledge gave them a certain satisfaction. As Yapese and Kusaiean crewmen prepared to launch the ship's dory, the island's only large canoe came alongside, propelled by three elderly men in G-strings. "Imahoi melie!" "Maholi melie!" They were home.

* * *

Thus ended one of the most remarkable repatriations in the history of Micronesia, bringing home to the Trust Territory from Netherlands New Guinea the last survivors of the group of Sonsorolese men and women who had gone to O'Keefe's Mapia plantation on a schooner years before; Johnny Victor, the son of Alfred; Jacobus Terry and his twin brothers, Francis and George; Betty Hagenbeek, her Javanese-Dutch husband and their son, and the two old ladies. Thanks to the High Commissioner, to Johnny's

mander Bridwell replied. "There's the harbor, plenty of land space for repair facilities, water, and everything we need for a forward base. It's the farthest Navy outpost in the Pacific that doesn't belong to some other country."

The base was down to skeletal proportions. The Navy complement, I was told, consisted of ten officers and eighty-seven enlisted men. There were also nineteen Navy civilian employes connected with the government of the 6,270 Saipanese. Kobler Field, where we landed, was the only airstrip of eleven that had been used during the war on Saipan and Tinian that was still in operation.

"These fields are too short for present-day big bombers," Commander Bridwell said. "To reactivate Tinian we would have to realign all the runways because of the shape of the island."

We were met at the plane by another young three-striper in white tropical uniform. This was Commander David N. Morey, Jr., of Portland, Oregon, the island administrator and commanding officer.

After going through immigration, for this was not American soil like Guam, we piled into Commander Morey's gray Navy sedan and headed up a hill I remembered well. During the war I had stayed here once with Captain Samuel Wilder King, then commander of the Navy Operating Base and later Governor of Hawaii. Commander Bridwell's quonset quarters were near the spot where Sam King had lived in a cozy cottage made of dunnage lumber that was the best house on Saipan at the time.

The hillside commanded a superb view of one side of the island and far out to sea. Mrs. Morey and the four Morey children were browned by the tropical sun that bathed the green and white island twelve months of the year. The children, said Mrs. Morey, regretted that the Navy tour of duty was only 18 months.

With the naval officers rotating every year and a half, it

was the nineteen civilians who gave continuity to the U.S. administration on Saipan. The agriculturist, for one, had been on the island for four years. Most of the civilians lived along a thin, golden beach in quonsets converted to bungalows.

Late in the afternoon Morey, Bridwell, and I sat in front of such a quonset, watching the sky change color, with the Johnsons, the Clendenens, and Jack Raker. Jim Johnson, from Birmingham, was the Lands and Titles Officer. He had participated in the invasion of Saipan aboard a destroyer escort, when his present front yard was Red Beach 3.

Part of the Second Marine Division had landed here, under Japanese mortar fire from the slopes of Mt. Tapotchau which reared at our backs as we lounged in deck chairs facing the sea today. Marines had died where we sat sipping cocktails and admiring the flamboyant sunset.

Some distance from the beach, in shallow water, a half-submerged tank and an amphibious tractor lay rusting. Jim Johnson thought they should not be removed, but remain as a memorial to the 3,300 Marines who lost their lives capturing this island from the Japanese in June, 1944.

Earlier I had made a pilgrimage to the war-time port at Garapan. I found no reminders of the war but a few beached and overturned landing boats with holes in their sides, and a dilapidated quonset occupied by a Saipanese family.

Garapan had once been a bustling tropical city with a population of 12,000 Japanese who lived in neat stucco cottages, each with its cistern for water catchment. There had been shops, movie theaters and geisha houses. The city had been blasted to rubble in the invasion. As we drove through the site on a hard-packed coral road with Commander Morey, there was no sign that a town had ever stood in this jungled area.

But the Navy had built another capital for Saipan at Chalan Kanoa, which had been the center of the former

Japanese sugar industry. The refinery had been destroyed and the cane land converted to grazing for cattle. No more sugar was being grown on Saipan, for the product had not been of good quality even in Japanese times. The Japanese had used Saipan sugar for making alcohol.

Nevertheless, five-sixths of Saipan's population were now concentrated in Chalan Kanoa. The people lived in small frame houses along wide streets paved with coral and shaded by large trees. Most of the men worked either for the Navy public works department, the Saipan municipal government, or the American company engaged in salvaging usable metal from abandoned military equipment that lay all over the island even now, thirteen years after the war.

Chalan Kanoa is a name that seems to have Malayan and English roots, and means "canoe road." Once, it seems, canoes were built here and dragged to the water. The actual Canoe Road—the name is in English—now leads to a one-room nightclub operated by Saipanese.

Around the central square of Chalan Kanoa, houses of cement blocks are beginning to replace the wooden buildings as the owners accumulate more money from a dozen thriving local enterprises. We visited Herman Guerrero's Bakery, where bread and cakes are baked for the Navy, and Joe Tenorio's store, which is stocked with canned goods from both the United States and Japan.

The Saipanese men wore slacks, "aloha" shirts and Japanese sandals, and the women wore thin cotton dresses as they shopped for American cigarettes, canned fish from Tokyo, and mayonnaise packed in Chicago.

We stopped at the administration building and Commander Morey introduced me to Elias Sablan, hereditary chief of the Chamorro community. "Chief" Sablan, as he was universally called, had been the elected mayor of the Saipan municipality for eight years, but now worked for the administration. He spoke fluent English, also German,

Spanish, Japanese, and several other Pacific languages, besides his native Chamorro.

"Saipan people like to be called Saipanese, not Chamorros or Micronesians," he said. "Chamorro refers to a language, not a race. Originally the word was Chamori, and some think it is derived from the Japanese word 'samurai,' meaning of the ruling class."

The Navy estimated that 65 per cent of the Saipanese speak English today. A minority community of immigrants from various islands in the Caroline group, forming about twenty-five per cent of the population, have preserved the Carolinian tongues on Saipan. English is replacing Japanese as the *lingua franca*.

"If a plebiscite were taken, ninety-nine per cent of the people would vote to become a territory of the United States, like Guam," Chief Sablan said. "We petitioned the U.S. government for American citizenship as far back as 1953, but we don't want to be lumped in with Guam."

Looking back, I find that Saipan was the only island whose citizens expressed any interest at all in being absorbed by the United States. Apparently this was because of the proximity to Guam, and possibly the influence of the Navy.

Chief Sablan said the Saipanese were pro-American because of the economic progress since the island was taken from Japan.

"Before the war," he said, "only three or four Saipanese owned automobiles. The rest of us got around on bicycles or bull carts. Today practically every family owns some kind of vehicle."

Most of these were jeeps that had seen war service, and had been sold to the Saipanese as surplus property for $1 each. Chalan Kanoa now has seven or eight privately owned garages that do a good business in keeping these ancient vehicles running.

"Under the Japanese regime," Chief Sablan said, "there

weren't more than three or four Saipanese who were trained even as mechanics' helpers."

Nevertheless, I gathered that most Saipanese longed for the easy money that could be made in Japanese times, when the yen bought more than the dollar does today. They missed the old city life of Garapan, too.

On the other hand, Chief Sablan and others averred, the population generally felt that they were being better treated by the Americans. The Saipanese had been given responsibilities in their own government through a popularly elected mayor and council of fifteen, which passed laws and levied taxes subject to the approval of the naval administrator.

Ignacio Benevente, the present mayor, was a firm protagonist of the Navy over the Interior Department. When I saw him in his open, airy quonset office, he mentioned first the fact that the Navy pays a higher wage scale than the civilian agency.

"But the Navy spoiled the people by giving them everything free for three years after the war," Mayor Benevente said. "The result is that no-one wants to go back to the farms and prices are high."

The Navy had virtually settled the land restitution problem by a homestead program, in which arable land was exchanged for farm acreage that had been made unfit for cultivation by military uses for airfields and other construction. The Navy required homesteaders to grow crops on their new land before they were given deeds of ownership.

Saipanese culture had changed significantly since the war. Cisterns were mostly replaced by running water systems. Sanitation, an American doctor said, had become routine practice through the influence of the new schools and enforcement of sanitary regulations by a native staff. Endemic diseases had been wiped off, leaving tuberculosis and intestinal parasites the only remaining problems. The population was increasing.

The Navy hospital, for both Americans and Saipanese, was the most elaborately equipped and staffed health center that I was to see in the Trust Territory. Of 476 hospital beds in the whole Trust Territory, Saipan alone had 169—approximately one-third of the total beds for one-tenth of the population.

The Navy budget for health and sanitation on Saipan was $193,760 for the year 1957, whereas the Interior Department spent only $524,924 in the same year on all the rest of the Trust Territory. There were two U. S. Navy doctors, several pharmacists' mates, and an American nurse, against three American doctors in the entire civilian establishment of the Marshalls and Carolines.

There was a similar numerical superiority, in comparison to the population, of American personnel in the Saipan public schools. The Navy physical plant was also far better maintained. The differential seemed to be a matter of budget limitations, the Interior Department being hampered by a small appropriation by the U. S. Congress.

Young Saipanese, I was told, were showing a keen interest in higher education. The year before, sixty-seven had gone to George Washington High School on Guam, there were six or eight at the Pacific Islands Central School on Truk, and four or five studying on scholarships at the University of Hawaii. In Japanese times education had been offered only through the fifth grade, and the highest job to which a Saipanese could aspire was being a policeman or an interpreter.

The most imposing structure on Saipan today is the Roman Catholic church on the site of the old sugar mill which had been a focus of the Marine assault. The new church is an immense structure that will hold 3,000 worshippers.

It is in the Roman Catholic cemetery, incongruously, where one finds the only conspicuous reminder of thirty

years of Japanese occupation—a *torii*, or Shinto shrine gate, standing alone next to the Catholic graves.

The agricultural program, under Charlie Clendenen, introducing diversified crops and superior strains of cattle, had made the island self-sufficient in basic subsistence foods, although few Saipanese were full-time farmers. They were even beginning to shift from the rice diet, learned from the Japanese, back to native taro, yams, and corn.

However, Saipan no longer has an agricultural economy. Three-fourths of the people, Commander Morey said, were supported by the Navy, the rest by the salvage company and local business.

Document 1957B

Back Home—The epic of Rongelap, by Joseph D. Harrington

Source: Article in the Micronesian Monthly, June 1957. For earlier story, see Doc. 1954E.

People of Rongelap return to original atoll with number tripled, plus chickens, dogs

Back home.—It had been three years since they had moved away from Rongelap—three comfortable years on the island of Ejit, Majuro Atoll.

But it was something they had long anticipated—going back to Rongelap. They had known all along they were to return some day. Then it happened. Through the combined efforts of the U.S. Navy, the Trust Territory Administration and the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, all was made ready and the Rongelapese were taken home.

The following is a day-by-day account describing the return of the Rongelapese, as related by Joseph D. Harrington, Chief Journalist, USN, who accompanied the repatriates on their homeward trip and reported the episode in a series of press releases.

* * *

Uliga, Majuro Atoll, Marshall Islands, June 23.

Activities at the headquarters of Maynard Neas, Marshall Islands District Administrator, moved to a climax here today. On Ejit two miles from here, are people from Rongelap, in the Northern Marshalls, who were evacuated from their homes in March 1954, after a freak wind shift carried radioactivity from a Bikini H-bomb blast over them.

The Ejit group is one of two to be transported homeward by Navy LST this week. The other group is now on Ebeye, near Kwajalein Naval Station.

Workers under Wilson Scoville, District Suppply Officer, have been packing and crating items for the move. These include a three months' supply of food selected by island representatives, agricultural implements, chicken wire, paint, and even machetes. Also under construction or completed are special cradles so that the LST can carry a thirty-foot boat and several canoes northward for the Rongelapese, who derive much of their food from the sea.

Jack Tobin, District Anthropologist for the Marshalls District, will oversee the transfer, culminating combined activity of the U.S. Navy, Joint Task Force Seven and the U.S. Trust Territory. **LST 618** will arrive here Tuesday, June 25, to start taking aboard Rongelapese, their livestock, belongings, and supplies. It will then steam for Kwajalein, where the second contingent will be taken aboard for the final leg home.

All told, about 270 inhabitants of Rongelap and its surrounding area will be transported to what will be practically a new island. A complete village has been constructed for them under direction of the EAC. It embraces houses, a school, a church, cook houses, eating houses, a warehouse, a boathouse, and even a new flagpole. Old cisterns have been cleaned and repaired, and new ones added so that water storage capacity has been more than doubled. This is considered a great boon by a meticulously-clean people, whose predilection to frequent freh-water baths was curtailed in the past during dry seasons and when old cisterns leaked.

The new houses themselves aid in this regard, having aluminum, guttered roofs. The former houses, torn down to make way for the new constructions, had thatched or rusty iron roofs.

* * *

Rongelap boasts two main stands of coconut palms, from which copra, the local cash crop, is obtained. These are at opposite ends of the island, with a narrow neck of what inhabitants called "rarok" (wasteland) intervening. The trading ship can only moor near one of the stands, and copra from the other had to be hauled along the sandy, rocky beach or transported by canoe to it. A new, solidly packed road built through what had been tangled underbrush will make the gathering of copra into one place far easier.

Milton Sideris, Extension Agriculturist for the Marshalls District, is preparing to seed the cleared land with several types of breadfruit so that this staple will no longer be a seasonal product. He will also introduce citrus fruits, sweet potatoes, and dry-land taro to the island. This combination, new to the northern Marshalls, will round out the produce of Rongelapese, making them more self-sustaining, and less dependent on imports, as are so many of their neighbors.

Ejit, Marshall Islands, June 24.

The Navy **LST 618** will arrive at Uliga near here, tomorrow, to start loading some 180 Rongelapese now residing on this tiny island for repatriation to the area from which they were evacuated in March 1954.

Only 82 persons were actually evacuated from Rongelap and Ailinginae Atolls after the blast, but nearly 270 are returning. Explanation of the larger number requires an understanding of Marshallese law, custom, and tradition. These 270 people all have right to use of land in the atolls affected, due to their system of land tenure. Whether royalty or commoner, every Marshallese possesses a right to one or more pieces of land in the island chain, gained through inheritance or marriage. land is passed down through the female side of a family, with descendants of the eldest daughter receiving

responsibility of managing a plot for the lineage. At the time of the H-bomb blast more than 200 Marshallese possessed rights in the land touched by the fallout, although only about one-third of them wre actually residing there. This number has increased in the 39 succeeding months by marriages and births.

Rongelapese have been in on planning their repatriation since the middle of 1956. Their representatives flew northward with U.S. officials to approve layout and design of the new village recently constructed for them, even to how each house should be placed with respect to the prevailing wind. They assisted surveyors in locating every *weto*. (Every atoll is an irregular ring of islands, connected by low reefs, some of which are exposed at low tide. Liveable land is divided into "wetos", strips of land running from the sea's edge to the waters of the lagoon enclosed by each atoll. Every *weto* is held in joint tenure by a group of relatives.)

Actually the 82 evacuees came from two atolls, Rongelap and Ailinginae, a nearby western neighbor. They were hastily removed from their homeland when an Amerian observation station of Rongerik Atoll, about 50 miles eastward, reported it was recording radioactivity, and concluded that lands between it and Bikini must have been similarly affected.

Rongelap Atoll has 61 small islands, of which Rongelap Island is its largest. Total dry land area there is slightly more than 3 square miles, of which Rongelap contains 374 acres. Ailinginae is a ring of 25 islands, totaling just over 1 square mile.

A visit to Ejit today by Navy representatives and U.S. Trust Territory officials revealed neither joy, sorrow, elation or antipathy on the part of Rongelapese regarding their impending departure. The repatriates evidenced the same placid calm they've shown since being relocated three years ago.

On board LST 618, Uliga, Majuro Atoll, Marshall Islands, June 26.

Using Navy personnel boats manned by MSTS sailors, 207 Marshallese had boarded this ship from Ejit, two miles away, by 7 p.m. today. They start tomorrow for Rongelap, a home only a handful of them have seen in the last 39 months. Their land, across which radioactivity from a March 1954 H-bomb blast drifted, has been declared safe from radiation since, and they are returning.

Captain Harold Berg, Master of **LST 618**, and his crewmen, had earlier taken elebarate steps to insure maximum safety for their charges. Passenger safety instructions, printed both in English and Marshallese, were posted in berthing compartments, chicken wire was secured to lifelines bordering the main deck to safeguard wandering toddlers, and life-jackets were placed on or under every bunk, with plenty of spares handy. About 400 residents of Uliga were at dockside to bid their countrymen farewell, and some came aboard to give going-away presents. Lindsay Thomson, chief steward, and his chief cook, Harding Pruitt, both of Seattle as is their skipper, supervised providing a cafeteria-style dinner on main deck, consisting of Boston baked beans, canned salmon, steamed rice, sliced pineapple, bread, jam, and coffee.

Loading the passengers occupied most of two woorking days, dotted by minor mishaps like the delay caused when some two score piglets decided they preferred to stay put. The porkers were finally rounded up and penned, to the accompaniment of chuckles, guffaws, and some mild Marshallese muttering.

Just prior to dining, the passengers were entertained by 22 musicians 8 to 11 years in age, the Assumption Catholic Mission Band conducted by Reverend Leonard Hacker, Society of Jesus, from Buffalo, New York. Final numbers were "Aloha Oe" and "Auld Lang Syne." After dinner a group of children and parents from the local Congregationalist Mission came on board, and the passengers joined in hymn singing led by Bob Loomis, head of the Mission School. A movie, "Treasure of Pancho Villa," was then shown in deference to the Marshallese preference for Westerns, after which the LST pulled out from the shore for the night. It gets underway about 6 a.m. tomorrow for Kwajalein Naval Station, where 112 Rongelapese will depart the ship to rejoin relatives on Ebeye. Some 90 others will board at Kwajalein, and about 275 are scheduled to sight Rongelap on June 29.

On board USNS LST 618, underway for Kwajalein, June 27.

Thirty pigs, 55 chickens, 6 dogs, a cat, a duck and a pet dove helped greet the dawn on board this MSTS vessel as it got underway from Majuro Atoll today. The last had moored offshore after loading yesterday, to help passengers, especially aged ones, get used to the ship. On board are Marshall Islanders who are returning to Rongelap, in the Northern Marshalls.

Light rain fell from grey, overcast skies throughout the day, and many passengers took advantage of an awning Boatswain Donald D. Cook, of Seattle, Washington, and his men had rigged above Number Two hatch for them. The ship store was opened for the passengers in the morning. Trade was brisk, with tooth brushes and paste among the top sellers.

Compartments that would normally be used by an expanded crew in wartime are being utilized by the passengers, each having been assigned earlier by Rongelapese leaders, and a numberr of young men are berthed forward on the tank deck. This was planned weeks ago, so that elders would not need to use vertical ladders for ascending to the main deck,. Aft on the tank deck are a pair of flat bed trucks, a fork lift, and other equipment from the U.S. installation at Eniwetok. These will be used to assist islanders in moving belongings into each home from the LST at Rongelap.

Three meals were served smoothly on the main deck, and Oiler Paul Storer, of Tacoma, Washington, who may well become the most popular man on board so far as the Marshallese are concerned, showed a twilight double-feature movie.

Rongelap, June 30.

The Rongelap repatriation ended Friday on a humorous note. At 9:15 a.m.. **LST 618**, carrying 250 Marshall Islanders who were returning to the home they evacuated 39 months ago, approached Rongelap Island. An LCVP put ashore so that John Ain-

jain, Magistrate of Rongelap, Jack A. Tobin, Staff Anthropologist for the U.S. Trust Territory, and two Marshallese school-teachers could hoist the U.S. flag. The LST then beached, after which 'Tokuzo Nakata, AEC construction worker from Honolulu, bulldozed a sand causeway to the LST's bow doors. After that islanders streamed ashore to await delivery of their household effects.

While trucks shuttled belongings to a central warehouse for individual pickup, Plutarch M. Sideris and Goro Yoshioka, both of Honolulu, began a hunt for Susie the Sow. Susie had been on Rongelap since 1954, and the AEC wanted her removed to Eniwetok for tests. Sideris, Extension Agriculturist for the Trust Territory, was given the job and he recruited Yoshioka, superintendent of a construction crew sent to help the islanders get settled, to help him. Susie had grown larger than other Marshallese pigs during her three-year isolation, and the task was not easy. Others joined in to help catch her. With Lieutenant Commander Nicholas A. Mark, USN, of Santa Monica, California, acting as a "beater" with Sideris and Yoshioka, Susie was finally maneuvered to where Harold Fautheree, of Lake Providence, Louisiana, and Eugene Meece, of Dayton, Ohio, both Navy photographer's mates, could tackle her. Susie went down, but not for long. Despite being tied, she broke loose twice, and 350 pounds of U.S. Navy had to bring down 300 pounds of porker again. She was finally worked into a box, on top of which another crate was placed, on top of which three Americans and one Marshallese sat until Susie's container could be nailed up.

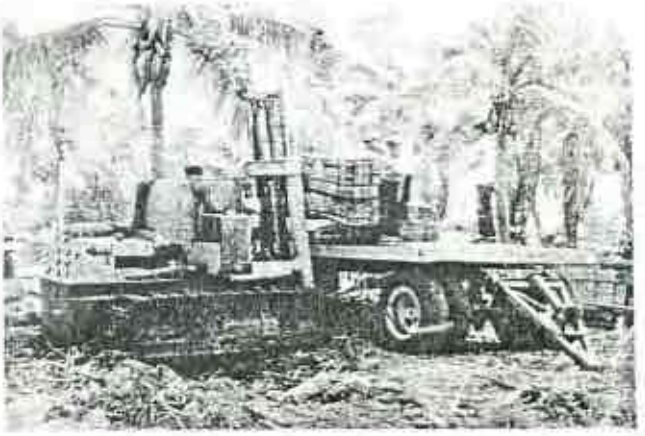
After this one flurry, things proceeded apace. Older folks quietly sat by their new homes until their goods arrived for pickup, while children nosed through the new school-house and chapel. The Marshallese were pleased with their new village, and interviews elicited numerous "Emantada" (very good) and "Komolotada" (thank you very much).

Thus was the curtain rung down on an operation that involved nearly a year of planning and execution, plus expenditure of about three-quarters of a million dollars by agencies of the United States.

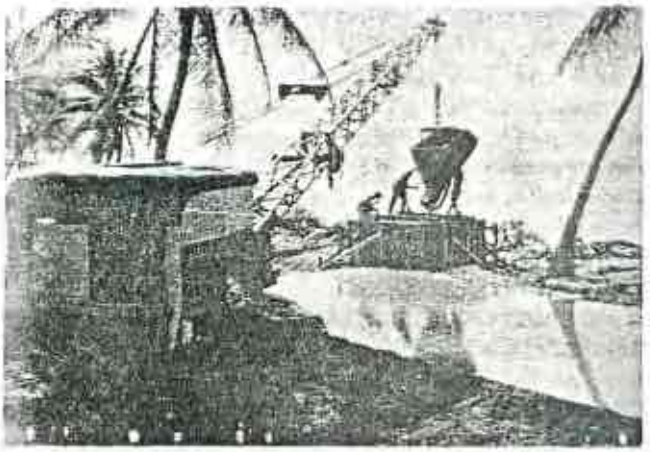
construction period - phase one of the return



CONSTRUCTION - Forms being prepared for concrete floor slab of warehouse being built on Rongelap.



ENIAETOK - Unloading lumber from a trailer on Eniaetok Island, Rongelap Atoll.



Construction Continuing - Pouring concrete in cistern.



Rongelap Council members arriving by Navy seaplane.



A Rongelap shed, with thatched roof, a type of building still common.



A warehouse on Rongelap Island, prior to roofing, one of the new buildings.

moving day - phase two of the return



Elderly woman at Ejit, allegedly 106 years old, awaits turn to board boat for Rongelap. By her side is a hand-woven pandanus rug.



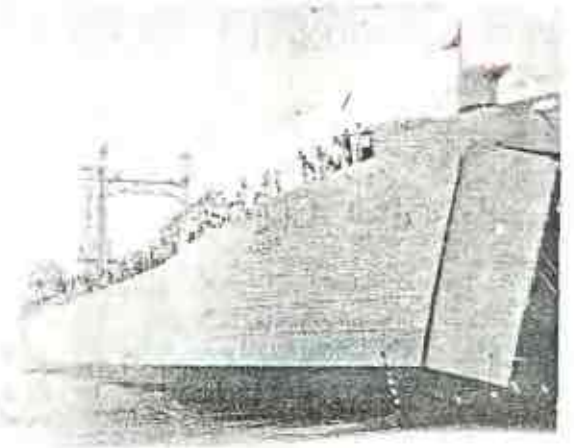
Cookies disappear rapidly as small passengers sit on deck of TLST moving to Rongelap. Date was June 21, 1957.



Pandanus snack tides over Rongelapese girl as she awaits serving of lunch provided by TLST 618.



Harding Pruitt, chief cook of TLST 618, offers cookies to small tots as boat moves forward.



This is Navy transport TLST 618 which transported the Rongelap people back home.



The Rongelapese stream ashore from TLST upon arrival at home atoll.

setting foot on home soil - third stage



Billiett, radio operator and school teacher, stands beside welcome sign at Rongelap.



At Rongelap, lunch was provided TLST. The people had not yet had time unpack cooking equipment.



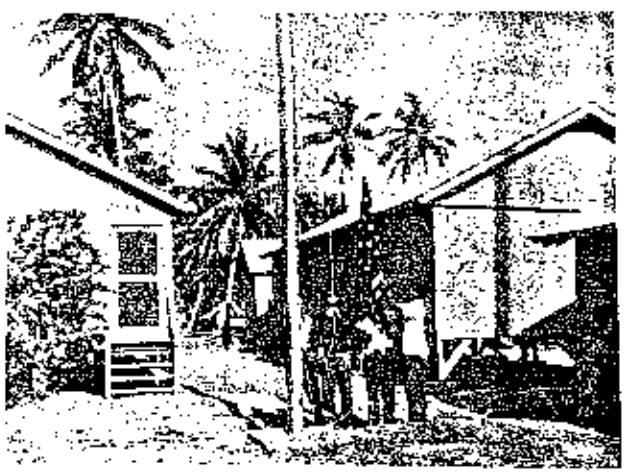
This is Susie the Sow, who caused much ado. Susie had never left Rongelap.



Marshallese getting drink of water new catchment after arriving at Rongelc



Belongings being picked up at warehouse where they had been delivered from boat.



John Ainjain, Rongelap magistrate, a fixing U. S. flag to halyard.

fourth phase - rongelap today



View of Rongelap Village with its new homes and community buildings.



BOTH CHILDREN AND GROWN - UPS were dressed in their best for the visit of the Secretary of the Interior and the High Commissioner.



A RONGELAP MOTHER bathes her child. The wash basin, bucket and garbage can ar among items furnished by the U.S. Government.



Official party admires Rongelap boat under construction.

Document 1957C

Resolution 29 of the Palau Congress

[Attached]

OFFICE OF THE BEDUL OLBIIL
Olbiil Era Kelulau
Palau District

Resolution 29, Special Session July 4, 1957

WHEREAS the Palau Congress was inaugurated on July 4, 1947, under the authority of the US Naval Military Government of the United States of America; and

WHEREAS the United States of America did agree by ratification on July 18, 1947, of the Trusteeship Agreement between the United States and the United Nations to promote the development of the inhabitants of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands toward self-government; and

WHEREAS toward this end the Deputy High Commissioner, Mr. D. H. Nucker, of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands on the fifth day of January 1955 granted the Palau Congress a Charter giving legislative authority to that body in the Palau District;

NOW THEREFORE be it resolved that the Olbiil Era Kelulau, in Special Session assembled on July 4, 1957, this day being the Tenth Anniversary of the inauguration of the Olbiil Era Kelulau, does hereby officially express its profound gratitude

TO THE UNITED NATIONS for its desire and effort to promote to the utmost the wellbeing of the inhabitants of the non-self-governing peoples of the world;

TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT for its diligence in observing its obligations under the Trusteeship Agreement with respect to its administration of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands;

TO THE HIGH COMMISSIONER of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands for carrying out so faithfully the policies and objectives of the United States Government in promoting the economic, political and social advancement of the inhabitants of the Trust Territory and for having allowed the people of the Palau District another step toward self-government by chartering the Olbiil Era Kelulau era Belau.

BE IT FURTHER resolved that the Olbiil era Kelulau also extends its gratitude and appreciation to the people of Palau for their co-operation in having so patiently and understandingly nourished the Olbiil era Kelulau from its cradle of political infancy to its present state where, although it has not yet attained full political maturity, it is ever progressing toward gaining more experience and greater ability in government.

/s/ Roman Tmetuchl
Roman Tmetuchl
Bedul Olbiil

/s/ Andres Demei
Andres Demei
Melechesel Olbiil

Document 1957D

Professor Gulick visits Ebon aboard Morning Star VII

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, November-December 1957.

Grandson of early missionaries attends Marshallese centenary celebration

In missionary circles, there is something akin to magic in the name of Gulick, for it is one of the famous names in missionary history. There have been four generations of Gulick missionaries—each with varying numbers of children—most of them missionaries.

When the great congregation of Marshall Island people gathered at Ebon in August 1957 to celebrate 100 years of mission activity, no more appropriate name, therefore, could have been chosen than Gulick to represent the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

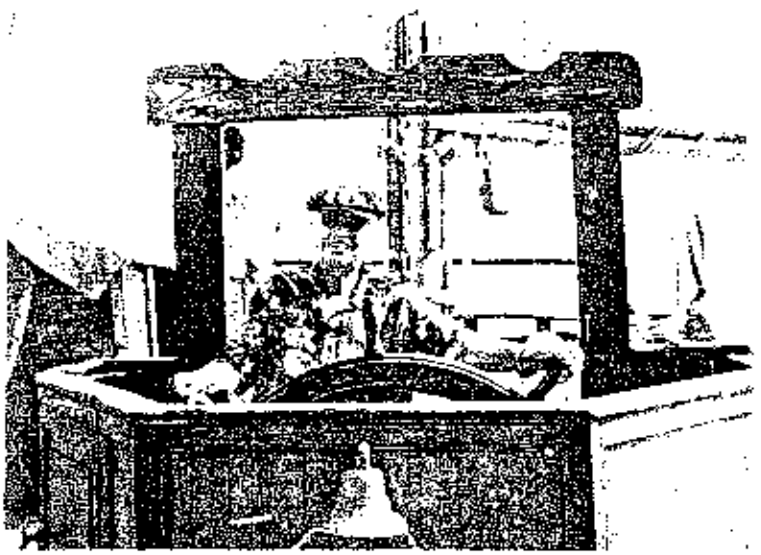
Professor Leeds Gulick, who came from Kyoto, Japan to participate in the observance, is a fourth generation of Gulick missionaries, and a grandson of Dr. and Mrs. Luther H. Gulick who instituted the mission in the Marshalls. Moreover, it was at Ebon that Professor Leeds Gulick's father, Sidney Lewis Gulick, was born.

Dr. Luther Gulick had been instrumental in procuring the first **Morning Star**—the noted missionary ship which traversed the Marshalls waters in those early days—and when his grandson arrived at Majuro en route to Ebon on August 6th of this year, it was singularly fitting that there to meet him and take him to the island where his grandparents had spent nine years of vigorous missionary activity, was its latest namesake, the **Morning Star VII**. Throughout the years a series of **Morning Stars** have served in the mission work in the Marshalls.

With the visitor from Japan as he arrived in Ebon was a pinch of his father's ashes, to be placed in a gold and silver jewel case and buried there in the soil—"dust to dust". The missionary also carried with him a Bible printed in 1831 which had belonged to one of his missionary great-uncles, and as a time-piece he was wearing—and using—a 90-year-old watch which had belonged to another missionary great-uncle. The watch is wound by a key, and was made by the Philadelphia Watch Company. It still keeps reliable time.



The centenary observance of the first Protestant mission in the Marshalls took place in August, 1957. At left, Professor Leeds Gulick, grandson of early Marshallese missionaries, winds a 90-year-old watch which belonged to a pioneering forebear. With him at Guam before his takeoff for the Marshalls is Chaplain J. L. Carter, U.S.N.



THE REVEREND MISS ELEANOR WILSON at helm of the MORNING STAR VII.

The Gulick missionary tradition begins with Professor Gulick's great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Gulick, who were among the earliest missionaries in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii). They were Congregationalists. They had five children, all of whom became missionaries. One of these was Dr. Luther H. Gulick, who, with his wife, first went to Kusaie, traveling from Boston around South America by way of "The Horn", taking six months to arrive. Subsequently they went to Metalanim, and then assisted in the missionary work in the Marshalls. Dr. and Mrs. Gulick were sponsored by the Board of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, a daughter society of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

There are many tales connected with Dr. Gulick's work in the Marshalls. At one point, it is reported, a sailor who died of smallpox was buried ashore.[1] Unsuspecting, the populace exhumed his body, appropriated his clothes, and wore them about. In a short time an epidemic of smallpox raged. Dr. Gulick made a serum from some of the sick, and with it inoculated himself and many of the people. As the success of his vaccinations became evident, it is reported that even "witch" doctors came to the physician for treatment.

This same Dr. Luther Gulick was not only a large man physically—it is said he could pick up a 500-pound anchor—but he also was a remarkable orator. At one time he went back to the United States to raise money for carrying on the missionary work, and for purchase of the first **Morning Star**. Instead of the $13,000 he set out to raise, his lectures in the churches over the nation resulted in contributions amounting to $28,000, most of it in small gifts. Many Sunday School children bought five-cent shares in that first **Morning Star**, and every contributor considered that he had a personal ownership interest in the missionary vessel.

Dr. Gulick later became secretary of the American Bible Society for the Far East, living in Shanghai and Yokohama.

Professor Gulick's father, SidneyLewis Gulick, was born at Ebon 97 years ago. He was raised on the "milk" of Micronessian coconuts. His mother was sickly and was unable to nurse him so the "formula" for the baby consisted of fresh coconut milk administered every two hours. Regularly, every other hour, someone climbed a coconut tree and brought down a fresh coconut, from which the liquid was drained for the baby to drink.

Professor Gulick, the fourth-generation missionary, has spent 30 years in Japan under auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He teaches Christian Education and Theological English at Doshisha University in Kyoto, the largest Christian University in the Far East, and in addition, directs field work of the seminary students. Enrollment at the college is approximately 20,000, with students coming from all over the far east. All courses are conducted in Japanese.

Professor Gulick recalled some of the traditions of those early missionary days in the Marshalls as he spoke during the centennial celebration at Ebon, and he met some

1 Ed. note: This occurred at Ponape.

of the people who had known his father and his grandfather. Among these was Judge Kabua Kabua, whose grandfather had assisted Dr. Gulick in the early mission work. Leeds Gulick, too, sipped coconut "milk"—not for food to sustain his life as had his father, but for enjoyment of the refreshing drink which, for Micronesians, rivals water as a beverage.

The celebration at Ebon

Morning Star VII and missionary-skipper Eleanor Wilson have large part in Marshall Islands anniversary event.

What was it that made the mission centenary celebration of August 1957 in the Marshalls such an overwhelming success?

Was it the presence of those dignitaries from Hawaii and Japan? And the speeches they gave?

Was it the year-long preparation that was climaxed when more than 600 men, women and children from ten atolls and nine islands came to the little island of Ebon and stayed there for three weeks of celebration?

Was it the eleborate pageantry which re-enacted scenes of earlier days when missionaries had been less welcome than they are today?

Or was it the guiding hand of Rev. Eleanor Wilson, famed skipper of the seventh **Morning Star**?

Who can say where most of the credit lies? Perhaps it was a combination of all of these factors, plus the pure happiness of the people at being able to offer their hospitality, and to greet friends and relatives from all that vast 180,000 square mile ocean area of the Marshalls. Perhaps it all stemmed from the strength of their faith.

Certainly throughout the celebration, throughout the year that preceded it, and throughout the hundred years of missionary effort, the deep devotion of a pure-hearted people in the God who created all, has played a large part in Marshallese history and progress.

The actual celebration of the Marshall Islands Centenary began on August 16 with a sermon by Rev. Dr. Nelson Freier, Executive Secretary of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, who was flown to the Marshalls by the U.S. Navy for the occasion.

The Centennial Day, August 20, opened with morning prayers led by Rev. Robert C. Loomis, missionary from Majuro. Speeches of congratulation were given by Rev. Leeds Gulick of Japan, representing the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.; by Neimodro, "Queen" of Ebon Atoll; by Lejolan Kabua, senior ruling chief of Kwajalein atoll; and by pastors and leaders of various island groups including Rev. Dr. Harold F. Hanlin of Truk, representing the missionaries attending the centennial.

The pageantry began Tuesday afternoon, August 20, and continued on Wednesday morning. A "mock-up" of "No. 1 Morning Star" was pulled forward by 50 men and women, garlanded and singing a festival song. Upon arrival, a dozen "savages" in black

paint, wearing grass skirts and brandishing spears, set upon the craft. Another 50 men and women then dragged the ship backwards a few yards. This performance was repeated three times, until the "savages" joined in welcoming the newcomers. At this point the on-lookers were invited to help themselves to the hand-made gifts which were piled high in great profusion in on the "ships". Not only had the Ebon people supplied vast quantities of food, but they also had prepared souvenirs for their visitors—.gifts of pandanus mats, hats and similar items.

Other island groups came in succession, walking in double file, singing and bringing gifts for general distribution. Altogether, on the two days, performances were given by approsimately ten different groups. One of the most popular of these groups threw mammoth doughnuts to the crowd. When all had performed, there were piles of baskets full of taro, coconuts, bananas, and rolls of pandanus leaves filled with delicate concoctions for eating. The people also had been given pieces and bolts of cloth.

Since Ebon Atoll had decreed a year before that each island resident—including infants—was to grow and contribute five chickens, plus whatever else he could manage, on at least two of the special days of the Centenary, great "Ebonese" feasts of chicken, pork, bread, taro, dried banana "cake", coconuts and bananas were prepared for all the 600 people there. As an example of the generous hospitality of the Ebon Island residents, 2,000 boiled chiickens were served as a feature of only one day's menu.

The part that the **Morning Star VII** played in the celebration was not an unimportaant one. In fact, the drama that has surrounded the **Morning Stars** which have served Marshallese missionary efforts, reads like fiction. The story of the present **Morning Star** alone is a book of exciting adventure—from the day it entered service in the Marshalls, Sunday morning, April 14, 1957—until it took up its stalwart role of transporting people and food to Ebon for the centenary celebration, making trips constantly for more than a month, back and forth between Ebon and the other islands.

The **Morning Star VII** is a 60-foot ketch (sailer), motor equipped, built for sturdiness, not for speed.

Captain Chris Ketchum, who brought the current vessel to the Marshalls, was captain of **Morning Star VI** before it sank in 1952. The present captain of the **Morning star VII** is Telmon of Jaluit. Shortly after its arrival in the Marshalls, Mr. Clarence Hall, a senior editor of the *Reader's Digest*, went out on its second trip to Jaluit, there to visit his old friend, Miss Wilson, and obtain the information for a magazine article.

The tale of how Eleanor Wilson came to be the skipper of the **Morning Star** is a famous legend of modern-day fact. With publication of her story in the November issue of the *Reader's Digest*, it will be circulated to practically every corner of the globe. It also was recounted in a book, "The Skipper Was a Lady", by Miss Maribelle Cormack.

The role that Eleanor Wilson played in this whole event, also was not insignificant. In her quiet, calm, efficient manner, she had started more than a year in advance, planning for the celebration. In this she was assisted by the other missionaries, including particularly another woman well known throughout the Marshalls, Rev. Anna Dederer, principal of the Ronron Christian School at Majuro.

Boston born and bred, 65-year old Eleanor Wilson began her tour in Micronesia as a teacher at the early pioneer post of Kusaie in Ponape District more than twenty years ago. But it wasn't until 1950 that the role of skipper suddenly was thrust upon her. From her American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston, she received a cable saying that the missionary who had been skippering the **Morning Star VI** had been called home—and there was no-one else to take over but Rev. Eleanor Wilson. With no time or opportunity to demur, she set about her task, mastering her job through a combination of Mixter's "Primer of Navigation," instruction from a kindly Air Force navigator, and help from her Marshallese mates on the **Star**.

A year or so later the **Morning Star VI** foundered in a storm during her absence on leave in the States. For a while the Marshalls was without a **Star**, and the skipper without a ship. Subsequently, however, a friend found in Japan another ketch which appeared suitable and worthy to become **Morning Star VII**.

Telling her story across the United States of mission work in the Marshalls and of the series of **Morning Stars** which had assisted in it, the missionary raised $20,000—and thus the purchase of the current ketch of the Marshalls missions was made possible.

A few months later Eleanor Wilson was back in the Trust Territory where she remains, happily guiding the **Morning Star VII** from island to island, intent upon her work—missionary in the Marshalls.



SCENE OF BUSY ACTIVITY as the MORNING STAR VII starts off from Majuro dock on its way to Ebon, scene of the centennial.

PRETTY YOUNG MARSHALLESE GIRLS at Majuro dock, after the "STAR" has taken off. Later they, too, were to be on their way to Ebon.

Document 1958A

M/V Kaselehlia, new field-trip ship for the Ponape District

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, September-October 1958.

The **M/V Kaselehlia**, a sturdy ship and seaworthy, built for the heavy demands of Trust Territory passenger and cargo service, has at the same time a quality of grace which already has endeared her to those residents and representatives of the Trust Territory who have seen her, or ridden upon her. One and all, they have expressed pride in this new vessel for her sleek lines, modern fittings and well-designed layout, as well as her fitness for the sea.

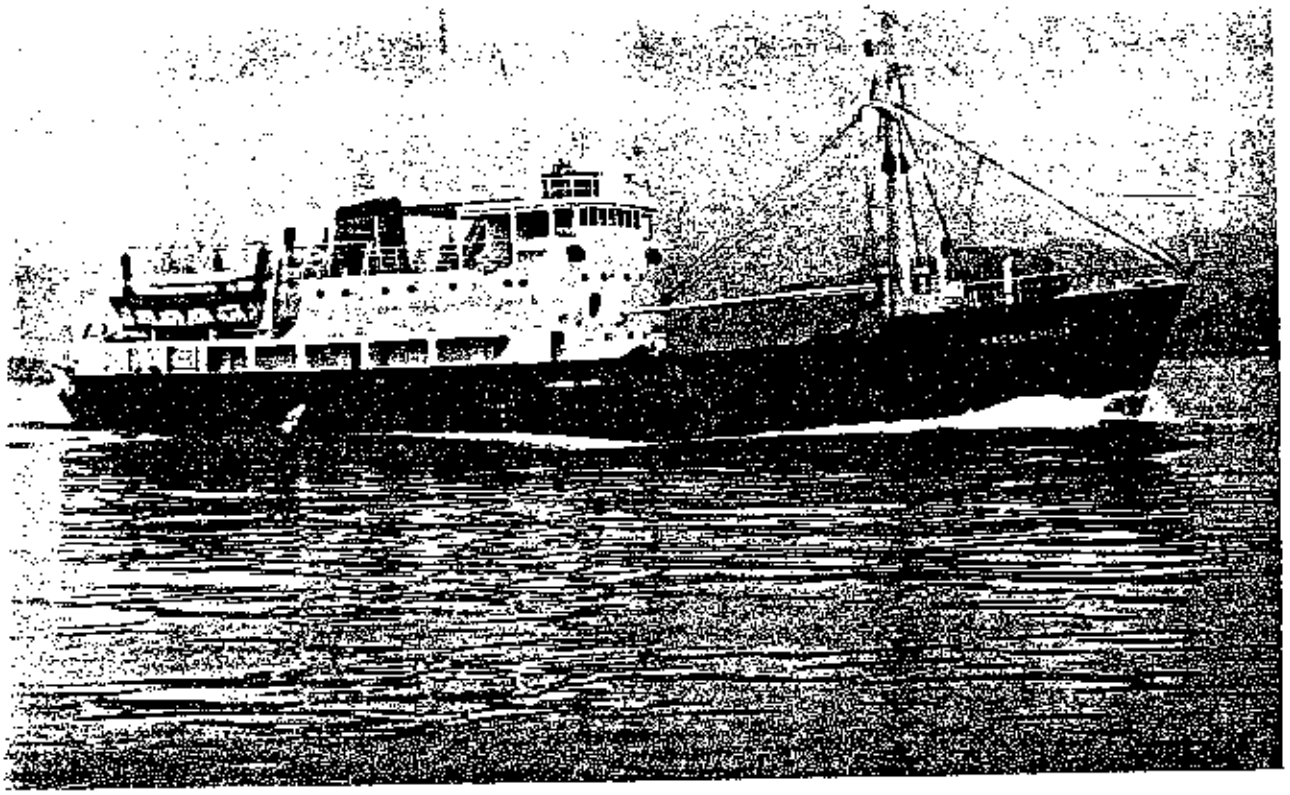
The vessel's general plan and specifications were made by "Captain" William Murray, president of the Pacific Micronesian Line. Technical aspects of the design were handled by Mr. J. Kazama, naval architect of the Miho Shipyard Company, Ltd., of Shimizu, [Shizuoka Prefecture], Japan, builders of the **Kaselehlia**. The ship's hull and machinery were constructed in accordance with rules of the American Bureau of Shipping.

Although designated for Ponape District, the vessel's design and cruising range are such that she could be used in any other district of the Trust Territory with equal facility.

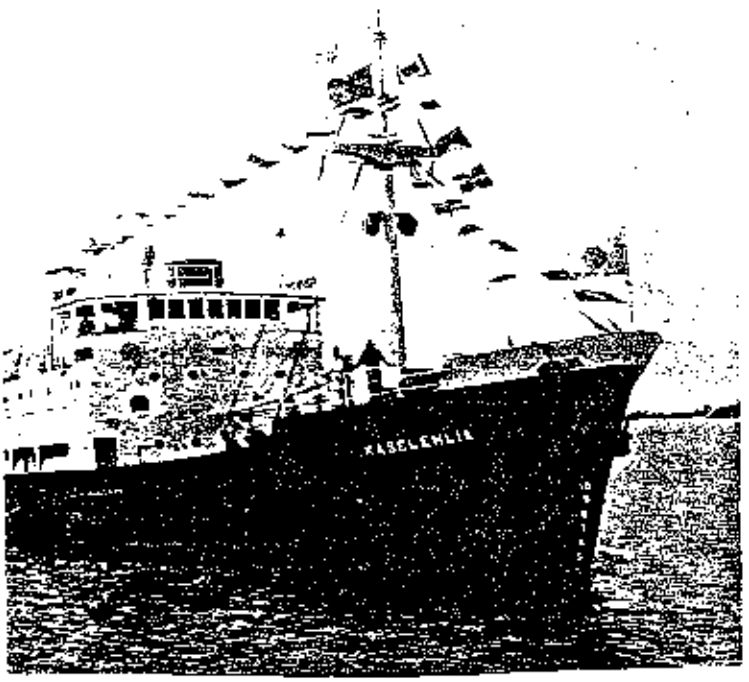
During the trials at Japan and on the voyage to Guam, it became evident that the ship is easily maneuverable. Its turning radius is small, a feature which will prove valuable in negotiating the crooked channels leading into some of the atolls at which she will call.

Built of steel, total cost, including engines and electronic equipment, was less than $250,000. Fortunately, the two brand-new engines had been procured several years earlier from military excess stocks, thus accounting for a saving of more than $50,000.

A 400 gross ton vessel, the **Kaselehlia** is 144.36 feet overall, with 27.85 feet beam and a depth of 11.48 feet. Her maximum permissible draft is 10 feet. She is powered with a pair of Cooper-Bessemer diesel engines developing a total of 640 horsepower at maximum rated revolutions of 800 rpm. The specifications call for a sustained speed of 10 knots at 3/4 horsepower at maximum displacement. In the sea trial the vessel made



M/V KASELEHLIA, GRACEFUL NEW FIELD-TRIP SHIP FOR PONAPE DISTRICT



M/V KASELEHLIA in holiday regalia, pennants flying, flag of the High Commissioner at its bow, arriving Guam August 1, 1958, en route to Ponape

an average speed of 10.6 knots at 3/4 horsepower. The sustained speed at full horsepower at medium displacement was 11.25 knots.

The vessel has a single cargo hold of approximately 11,000 cubic feet, capable of stowing 130 tons of copra. It is anticipated that her faster speed will enable her to make island calls at more frequent intervals than has been possible with the district station vessels heretofore in use.

".Captain" Murray has given the following description of the ship's interior:

"A sunken forecastle deck provides quarters and tiled showers for eight unlicensed crewmembers. Bunks are equipped with small gear lockers, lights, and draw curtains. Additional clothes lockers, table, benches and luggage storage are provided.

"The amidship deck-house on the main deck houses the main dining room, quarters and baths for the chief engineer, assistant engineers, deck officers and steward. The galley and crew mess-room are also located on this deck.

"Immediately aft of the deck-house is a sheltered deck space for 25 passengers. Two toilets with wash-basins are provided in enclosed spaces for the deck passengers. A drinking water tap is also provided. This area has wooden decks laid atop the steel decks and should prove to be a most comfortable area for the deck passengers. This space was designed to offer maximum comforts and safety for the deck passengers and to keep them clear of the cargo-working area of the vessel. Access to the life-boats on the deck above is by a wide companionway.

The dining room extends the full width of the deck-house and seats 15 persons at two tables. There is a buffet between the tables and a small serving table near the passage-way door. Two ceiling fans are installed above the tables and these, coupled with the many port-holes, should make this room quite comfortable.

"A hardwood staircase leads from the central passage-way on this deck to the deck above which houses the captain's quarters, four passenger cabins and two baths. The captain has been provided with a large stateroom and bath. Passenger quarters are arranged with three two-berth cabins and one four-berth cabin. The bath and toilet facilities are adequate for accommodating passengers of both sexes. Exits on this deck lead directly to the boat deck which is covered by a permanent awning and provides some space for lounging.

"The navigation bridge is reached from the central passage on the boat deck by a companion-way. This leads directly into the wheel-house which also includes the chart-room and the radio telephone.

"To provide facilities for a crew of 15, plus 10 cabin passengers and 25 deck passengers, has taken considerable planning and ingenuity. Among the precautions taken for safety, are the two 36-person life-rafts installed on the sides of the vessel.

Chronological data:

July 1957—Preliminary negotiations by Captain Murray.

October 18, 1957—Construction contract drafted and signed by Mr. J. C. Putnam for Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

March 25, 1958—Keel laid.
May 29, 1958—Vessel launched.
July 10, 1958—Official sea trial.
July 10/19, 1958—Other sea trials.
July 21, 1958—Vessel delivered by builder to owner.
August 1, 1958—Vessel arrived Guam.
August 10, 1958—Vessel arrived Truk.
August 13, 1958—Vessel arrived home port—Ponape.



Raymond de Brum of the Marshalls, eldest son of Joachim and grandson of Anton de Brum.

Document 1958B

The De Brum and Capelle families of Likiep Atoll

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, January-February 1959.
Note: More factual information is available in the De Brum Papers (on microfilm at MARC, Guam), and some are also at the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto, California.

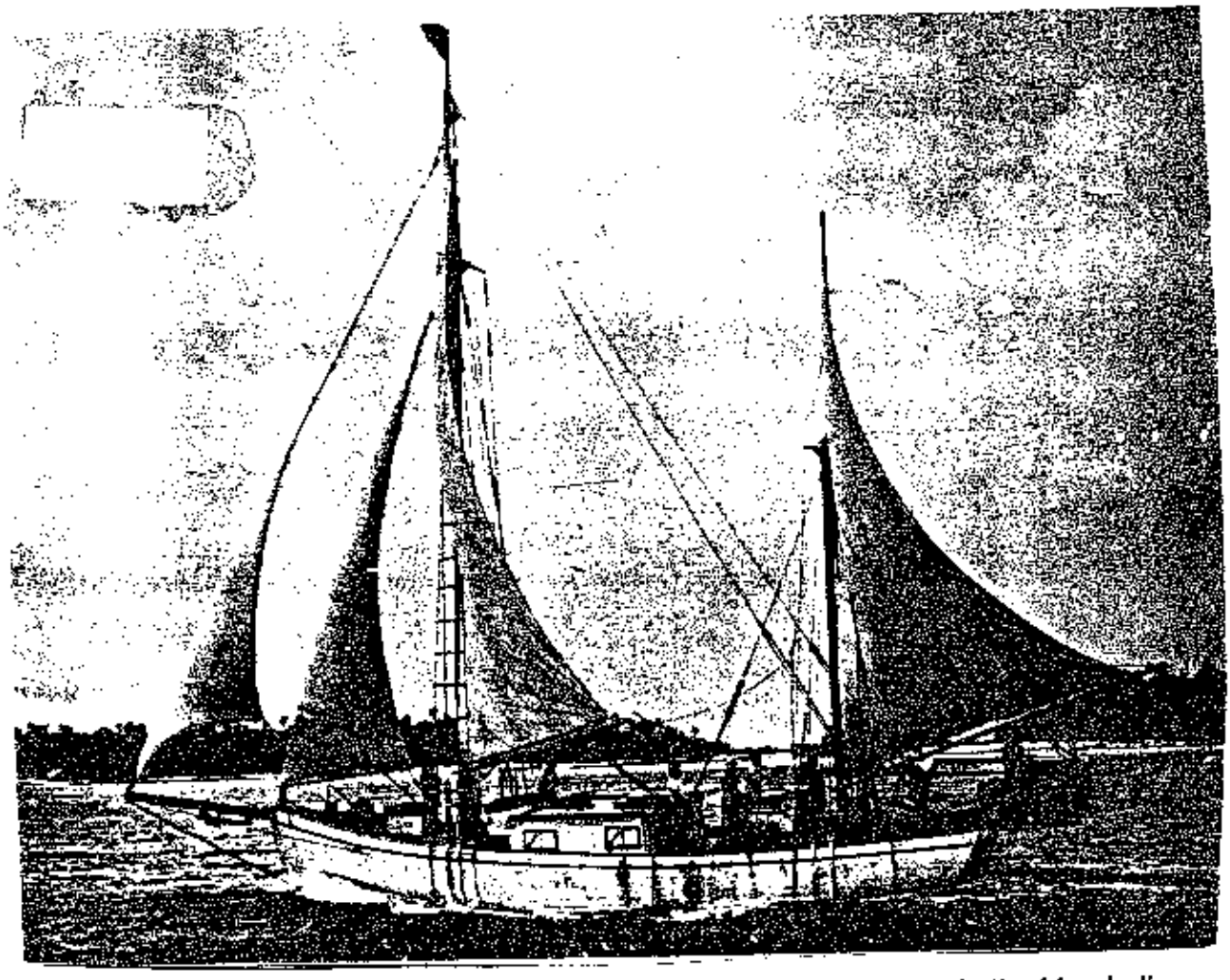
Calling the waves, by Raymond de Brum (as told to the Editor)

Some of our rocky little islands in the Marshalls can only be reached by small boats in which we must ride on the crest of a wave to the shore.

Our Marshallese men are experts at this, but it is a tricky feat requiring some skill. As we do it in our part of the Pacific, it takes at least two men—one to call the waves, the other to guide the boat. The caller is seated fore, the guide aft. Both must be exceptionally quick and sure of what they are doing.

The caller will wait and watch until he believes he has located the correct swell. He is looking for the tallest, biggest wave in a series of five. In Marshallese we call this particular wave the "jim in ba",. After he has spotted the one he thinks it is, he will test it by counting from one to six. If he is right, the biggest wave will come up again on the count of six. Sometimes it is hard to tell. When he is sure he has found the right wave, the caller tells the man in the stern of the boat to get ready; he then starts to count to himself. As he reaches six—on the big wave—he begins counting aloud, one, two, three, four, five, **six.** As he says "six", the guide in the aft position instantly goes into action. From now on, it is his responsibility to maneuver the boat so that it sweeps into shore on that highest wave. To ride it in is a thrilling experience, even for those of us who have done it many times. One is sailing high on the crest of a big, white roller, and it is like coasting in on a speeding cloud.

Sometimes the caller or guide misses his cue. Then the boat capsizes. But it doesn't matter much (except that any loose articles or gear in the boat may be lost), for the Marshallese sailors are expert swimmers and even in a rough surf they will manage to turn the vessel upright, climb in, and start over again. This time the caller makes quite sure he has counted correctly, and the guide is doubly alert to break in fast on "Number Six".



The Mera, built by Joachim de Brum in 1932. *She still sails in the Marshalls. Likiep is her home port and Bernard de Brum is her skipper.*

Likiep is chosen Legend of families de Brum and Capelle is started in Marshalls.

They were enterprising men, full of energy, ambition and vision—Antón de Brum, the Portuguese seaman, and Adolf Capelle, the German trader. Both had come from Hawaii but they first met at Ebon in the Marshalls. Adolf had arrived there in 1861 and Antón in 1864.

Shortly after becoming acquainted, Antón and Adolf decided to go into partnership, and forthwith they set about to start a company. This was not easy for the two from abroad. Land was their first obstacle. Antón (also known as José) decided to set out by sailing ship to search for a suitable atoll where they might settle and get established. In this venture he encountered romance as well as success.

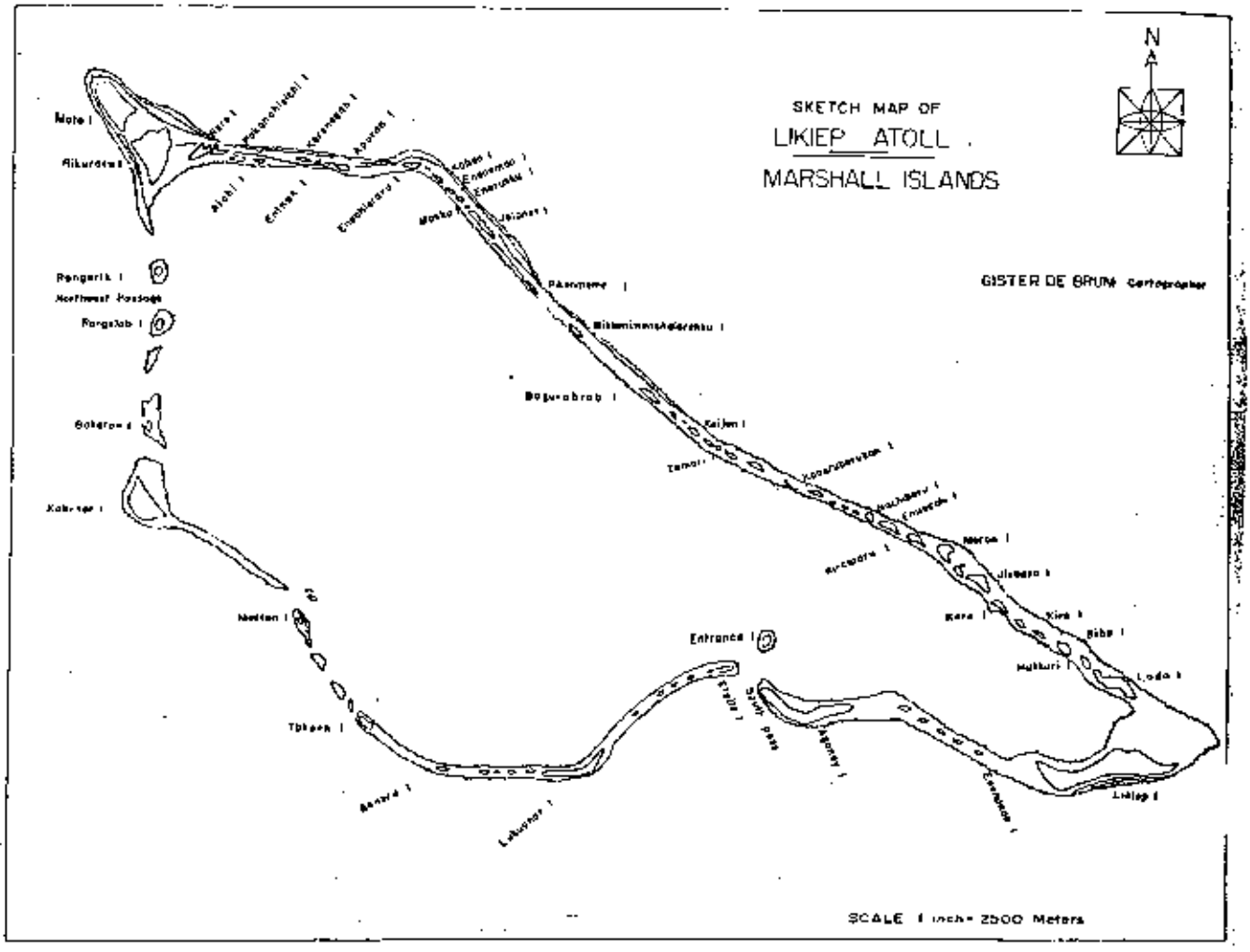
Antón's grandson, Raymond de Brum, has recounted some of the events associated with the founding of the families deBrum and Capelle, and certain legends connected therewith.

Antón looked first at Majuro Atoll, then at Arno, then at Maloelap. At Maloelap the former harpooner met the "iroij" (chief), Jurrtaka. And here also the man from the Azores became acquainted with Likmeto, a beautiful Marshallese woman related to Jurrtaka, with whom he fell in love. Antón took Likmeto as his wife, with Jurrtaka's blessing.

Jurrtaka endeavored to help his relative and her husband find a suitable piece of land for a business enterprise. He sent Antón to have a look at Erikub Atoll. "My grandfather," said Raymond, "decided the atoll was a little too small for big ships to enter the lagoon so he went back to Jurrtaka and said, "The land is not large enough." But Jurrtaka was not disposed to give or sell any other land.

So then my grandmother, Likmeto, went to Jurrtaka and asked him for land. Finally, Jurrtaka said, "You and Antón can go to Likiep and see what you think about that atoll." Antón took his wife and they looked at Likiep. A typhoon had swept over it some years before, and now the land was full of underbrush. To clear it would be a big undertaking—but the atoll had a good harbor and sufficient land and Antón was satisfied. He sailed to Ebon to tell his friend and prospective partner that he had found a desirable place. Antón and Adolf made an agreement to buy the atoll of Likiep, which consisted of some four or five hundred acres on the main island of Likiep, and in addition some 90 small islands ranging in size from three to 200 acres each. There was another trader, Dr. (or Captain) C. H. Ingalls, who wished to join them and they agreed to take him into partnership.

So Antón went back and made a deal with Jurrtaka. It was then the year 1877—the goings and comings consumed time in those days. The chief (Jurrtaka) agreed to transfer to Antón de Brum all the rights to Likiep Atoll on behalf of the firm of Capelle & Company (consisting of the three men). In return Antón agreed, for himself and partners, to provide certain goods to the value of $1,250. A contract was drawn up in proper legal style in three languages—Marshallese, German and English—and to all three Jurr-



The main island of Likiep is shown at lower right. The southern islands extending from Northwest Passage on the left to Likiep Island are de Brum properties, and those at the north from Northwest Passage to Jelonet are Capelle owned, while the islanas forming the ribbon from Jelonet to Likiep are shared by two families.

taka put his mark. Four Europeans and two Marshallese were witnesses. A copy of this document exists today in a strongbox of our de Brum family at Likiep.

Following the signing of the deed of transfer, Antón went back to Ebon and notified his partners that everything was settled. Adolf who by then had married a Marshallese girl named Sophia, left Ebon with his wife and sailed for Likiep by way of Jaluit. It was December 31, 1883, when Adolf Capelle and his wife reached Likiep.

In compliance with the plan, Antón signed over the title to Capelle & Company, retaining for himself a one-third interest. In 1890 Ingalls died, and subsequently the other two partners purchased his portion. They then divided the main island, assigning the northern part to the Capelles, the southern part to the de Brums. This division of ownership still stands. The balance of the atoll is jointly owned by the two families.

It was not all smooth sailing for the new firm on land. In the first place, the partners had borrowed money with which to procure the cannon and cloth and the other goods which constituted the purchase price.

With three partners, each of whom had established trading channels of their own previous to the partnership, there was much activity. The company expanded rapidly, establishing branches at Jaluit and in other atolls, but the obligations mounted faster than the income. And there were the men to pay—the 60 or so who with their families had been brought in from smaller islands to the main island to clear the land.

The partners borrowed more money in the form of credit from their own employees, on agreement that the latter would share in the later profits. Most of these men were from Maloelap, relatives of Antón's wife, Likmeto.

In spite of all their efforts, finally the partnership "capsized." Capelle & Company went into bankruptcy, and all of their properties and possessions, except the atoll of Likiep were lost. The Capelles and de Brums thereafter maintained separate operations.

The sequel

In 1919 Antón de Brum, a son of the older Antón, returned from school at Jaluit with capital of his own, and with his brothers established a new business which prospered and is today a major trading company of Likiep. The business at present is operated by the younger Antón's brother, Capelle de Brum, who is a competent skipper as well as store-keeper. (The family boat **Carla**, a former Navy hull which Felix and Lui, sons of Melander De Brum, converted, hauls copra among the islands with Felix as operator.) But thesssre are so many competent skippers among these families that one hesitates to mention one , lest another not be given due credit. Future accounts may record more of the legend.

Antón de Brum, Sr., died in 1901. His eldest son Joachim died in 1937 at the age of 67. Raymond now heads that part of the family descended from Antón and his first wife Likmeto of Maloelap, while Raymond's uncle, Capelle de Brum, is head of the branch descended from Kikmoju of Mejit, who was the senior Antón's second wife. Melander de Brum is next in line in that lineage. Rudolf Capelle how heads the Capelle family descendants of Adolf Capelle and his wife Sophia.

Capelle de Brum and his brother Melander, and Rudolf Capelle, all of whom continue to live at Likiep, are prominent figures in Marshallese affairs and are members of the ranking "House of Iroij" of the Marshallese Congress. Raymond de Brum still considers Likiep "home" but now resides at Majuro, district center for the Marshalls. Raymond has chosen not to take part in political affairs, and although he is serving as Clerk of Courts for the Marshall Islands District, he will frankly state that at heart he is still a man of the sea.

In the second generation of Capelles and de Brums there was one marriage joining the two lineages, and in the third generation there have been four alliances between the two families, hence it sometimes is difficult for a fourth generation Likiep Island son or daughter to say whether he or she is a Capelle or a de Brum.

There are 100 or so de Brums and approximately 150 Capelles in the Marshalls, according to Raymond's calculation. But regardless of the name they carry, they are Marshall Islanders and proud of it, for the Marshallese wives of their illustrious forebears Antón and Adolf, then on down through the several generations, the men and women of the Marshall Islands who have joined these two families in marriage, have contributed in large part to the distinction and fame of the names de Brum and Capelle.

Bio-sketch of José (alias Antón) de Brum

In the Marshalls, where the name de Brum spells seamanship and ships, the man responsible for the legend and the fact was antón de Brum, whose given name, it is understood, was, in fact, José, or Joseph. Antón himself was a sailor of the first water, a man at home in the sea, a skipper who could manipulate a boat with admirable skill.

Antón (or José) de Brum was from the Portuguese Azores. Records in possession of his descendants state that his ancestral residence was [the Island of] Pico, Villa dos Lagos, Ribeira do Meio, Azores. At an early age he ran away from home and eventually cme to Hawaii where he shipped out on whaling vessels which then were flourishing in the Pacific.

He became a harpooner or spearer, most dangerous of all the occupations connected with whaling. Upon his dexterity with the whaleboats in which a small party would go out from the big schooners to spear the mammals depended not only the success of the catch, but the very lives of those aboard, for a whale would be hundreds of times larger than their 28-foot whale-boat. A miscalculation might mean the end...

Ridiculous was the big adventure of the seas in those days—the second half of the 19th century and profitable, too, but the time came when Antón was ready for another kind of life. He had encountered some of the romantic, beautiful Pacific atolls during the course of his harpooning voyages and was attracted to them. He envisioned living in these languid isles. It so happened, however, that it was not a whaling expedition, but rather, the missionary ship **Morning Star** out of Honolulu that brought him to Ebon, his first port in the Marshalls. Antón was approaching middle age by the time he arrived in the Marshalls—this was in 1864—but it was not too late to start a business, a family or a tradition. He succeeded overwhelmingly in all three.

Documents 1959A

Photos of Guam in 1959, by Dr. Domingo Abella

Source: In the collection of Rod Lévesque, from a gift of Mrs. Abella, widow of Dr. Abella, in 1984.
Note: Dr. Domingo Abella, then with the Philippine National Archives, worked as a Spanish translator in Guam for some time in 1959 and the early 1960s.

[Figure: **Latte stones**.—Dr. Abella says: *"These ruins are known as "latte" by the Guam people. At the beginning it was believed that they were the remains of the houses of the natives before the arrival of the Spanish. Nevertheless, recent investigations made by the Bishop Museum of hawaii, between 1922 and 1923, have definitively established that they were part of monumental works on the sites of ancient religious ceremonies and graveyards shich had been built by a fistinct race from those inhabiting the islands at th earrival of the Europeans."*

Ed. comment: To the contrary, Hornbostel and others have found them to be merely pillars for large houses that still existed when Lepazpi took possession of the island in 1565.

Figure: **Memorial plaque denoting the Plaza de España in Agaña, Guam.**




PLAZA DE ESPANA
1737 -
THIS SITE WAS THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT AND CONTAINED THE RESIDENCE OF THE SPANISH GOVERNORS OF GUAM FROM 1737 UNTIL 1898, AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNORS FROM 1898 UNTIL DECEMBER 8, 1941. IT WAS USED BY JAPANESE OFFICIALS DURING JAPANESE OCCUPATION FROM DECEMBER, 1941 UNTIL JULY, 1944 WHEN THE PALACE WAS DESTROYED DURING THE REOCCUPATION OF THE ISLAND BY THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES.
THE SITE IS DEDICATED BY PUBLIC ACT AS A PERMANENT SHRINE
PRESENTED 1955
PARKS, MONUMENTS AND MUSEUM COMMITTEE

Figure: **A corner of the old church in the town of Umatac, Guam, now in ruins.**—*The original building was constructed by the Jesuuit missionaries prior as the same time as the parish house. Both structures were destroyed by the earthquake of 1849. (Photo taken by Domingo Abella in May 1959).*

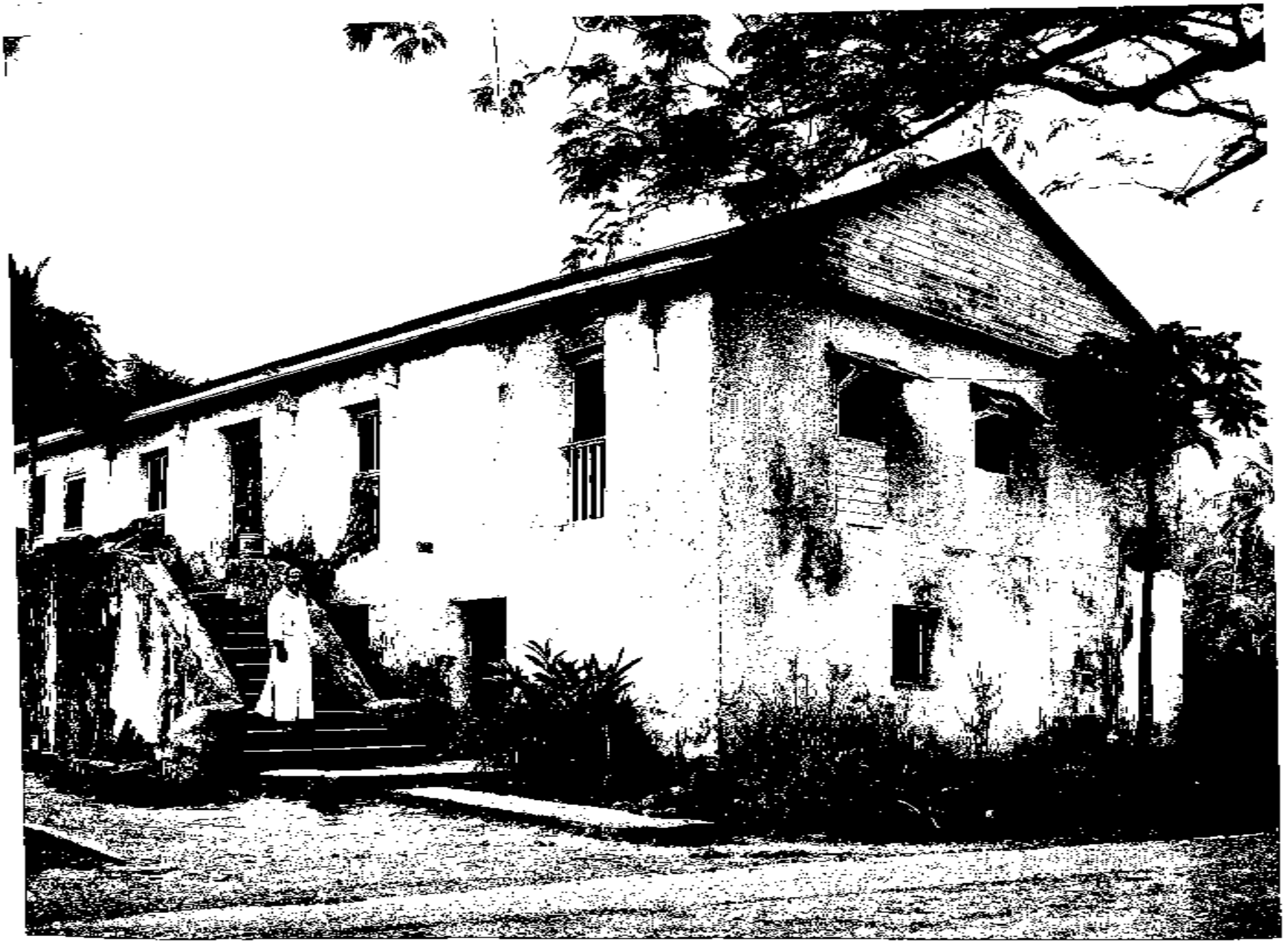
Figure: **The parish house at Merizo, Guam**. *It was built in 1856 after the earthquake of 1849 had destroyed the previous one. The construction is in a typical Spanish colonial-style, hardly changed with the passage of time. It is still used as a prrochial house by the Capuchin Father shown in the stairway. All other solid buildings from the colonial era have been destroyed by bombs, either durint the Japanese invasion of 1941 or during the American invasion of 1944.*

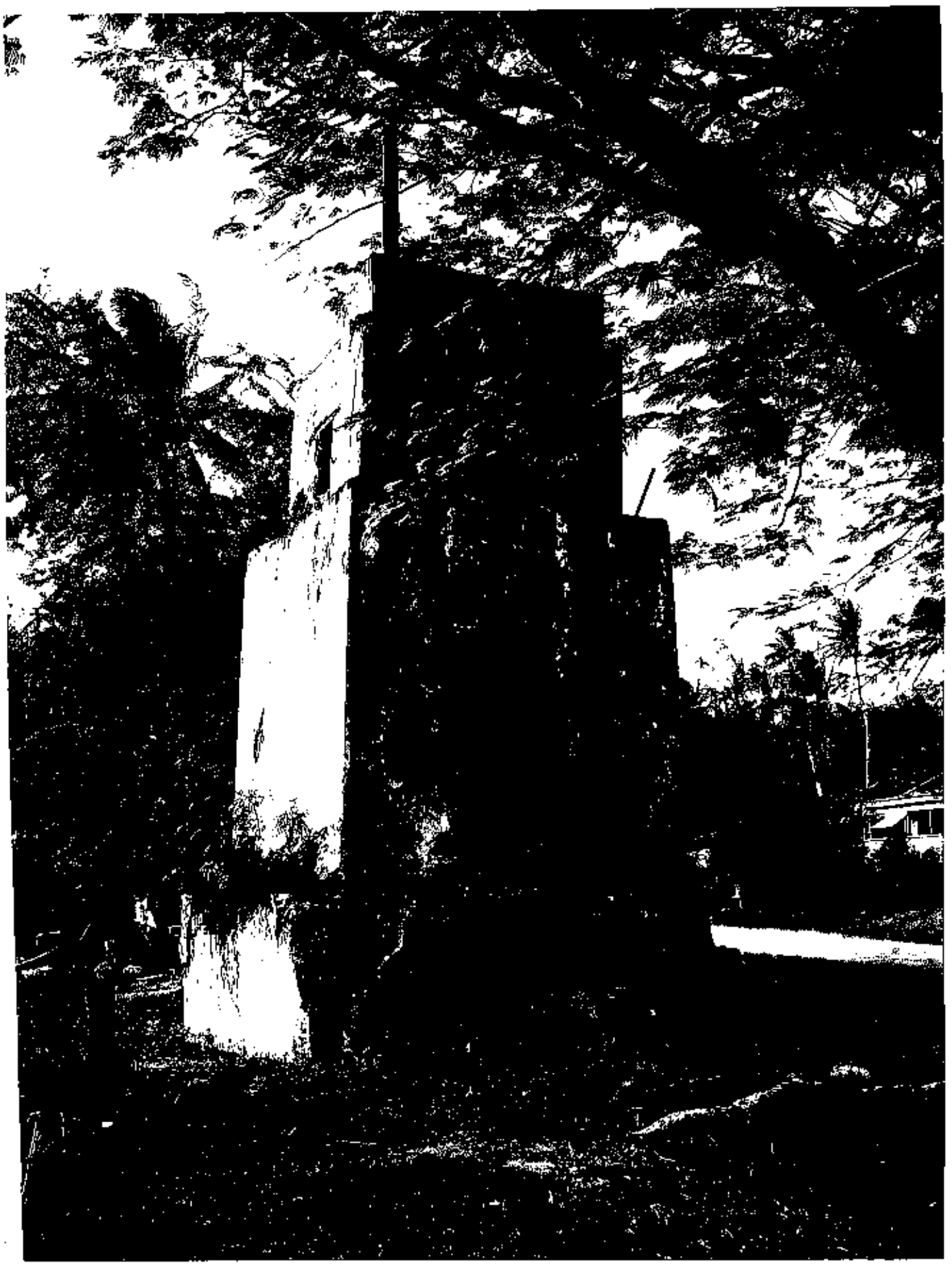
Ed. comment: The name of this American Capuchin was Father Timothy.]

Figure: **Old bell tower of the chuch of Merizo, Guam.**—*The church itself was destroyed by the earthquake of 1849 and it has given way to a completely new structure.*

Ed. comment: As a matter of fact, this bell tower by built in 1919 by Fr. Cristobal de Canals.







Document 1959B

Nauruans visit relatives in Trust Territory, by Strik Yoma and Paul McNutt

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporteer, January-February 1960.

For years the Nauruans who had relatives in the Trust Territory had tried to come to visit them. Some had not seen their relatives for as long as twenty years, others, in forty years. Some had only a niece or nephew living—other members of the family had long since died.

When teh Second World War came along, it prolonged the decade-long waiting that had already passed. Afterwards, stricken by the yearning to meet brothers and sisters in the Trust Territory, the Nauruans turned to their Administering Authority for help—in this case the Australian Government. Although that was a big step toward their goal, still they had to wait.

During the course of the anxious years of waiting and yearning, no effort was spared by these people to facilitate the visit to the Trust Territory. Letters and telegrams were sent back and forth. United Nations Visiting Missions touring the Trust Territories received a number of petitions from them. Always with this goal in mind, the Nauruans patiently waited.

Their opportunity came one day in early May 1959 when the **M/V Roque** arrived in Kusaie from the phosphate-rich island of Nauru with 58 strangers aboard. These included men, women and children who at last had come to see the relatives they had not met for years—some in Kusaie, some in the Marshalls, and some in Truk.

When news first reached Kusaie of the coming of the Nauruans, curiosity began to mount and rumors of all kinds spread. From house to house the talk of the coming of the Nauruans did not cease, and the usual evening discussions all were turned into talk of the coming of the people from Nauru. Among those whose relatives were coming, anxiety was mixed with joy lest they might bring bad news of relatives who had died.

The excitement finally reached a climax as the **Roque** anchored in Lelu harbor on a beautiful Tuesday morning. On board were the 58 passengers from Nauru. Their arrival had brought nearly all of the 3,000 population of Kusaie Island to Lelu. Caught at the highest point of excitement and anticipation, the welcoming crowd lined the entire shoreline of Lelu facing the harbor, intently watching as the Nauruans superbly,

one by one, descended the gang-plank, and disappeared in the welcoming crowd that awaited them.

The arriving Nauruans, to a great extent, measured up to the wild expectations of the welcoming crowd. The Kusaieans observed that their Nauruan relatives were luxuriously dressed. With almost no exception, there were watches around their wrists, cameras slung on shoulders, and they were clad in a manner completely foreign to the typical Kusaie Sunday attire.

For those of the Nauruans whose relatives were on Kusaie, it was the day of their long-cherished reunion. Family rejoicing immediately followed the arrival. Welcoming parties soon were under way, and the visitors in turn presented gifts to relatives.

The next day the 38 Nauruans who were bound for the Marshalls and Truk sailed on the **Roque**. Some were to remain with relatives in the Marshalls, while others were to go on by airplane to Truk District. Twenty remained to spend their time at Kusaie.

The same happy reunions were held in the other places as at Kusaie, and after more than four months of visiting in the Trust Territory, the time came for parting. On September 8, 1959, the **Roque** returned to Kusaie with the 38 passengers from the Marshalls and Truk aboard—ready to pick up the final 20 and return them all to Nauru according to plan.

An outstanding feature of the Kusaie departure was the loading on the ship of Kusaiean fruits and vegetables—literally tons of them—and finally the loading of a stream of 30-foot outriggers. The Nauru fishing canoe is a small kayak-like vessel without an outrigger, good only for lagoon fishing, hence the visitors were delighted with the Kusaiean kind. Eight handsome Kusaiean outriggers were placed in the hold of the **Roque** before the hatches were battened down.

As the **Roque** stood ready to depart, John Harris, the Marshallese-Nauruan leader of the group, spoke a few words of gratitude. Then the hundreds of Kusaieans lining the dock sang a farewell song as the Nauruans sailed out of their harbor but not out of their hearts.

On September 8, 1959, the **Roque** deposited the visitors back on their home shore of Nauru.

Document 1960A

Guam Mission Report for 1960

Source: Article in Analecta OMCap 77 (1961): 67-72.

EX ANNUIS RELATIONIBUS
(1960)

Missio de Guam.

Each year when it is time to prepare this report, I cannot help but feel a great indebtedness to God for all of His Blessings. In reviewing the work that has been done, both spiritual and material, and realising at the same time how so many of our brethren are hampered in their work by the enemies of God and His Church, we certainly are blessed here in this mission. Of course this could not have been accomplished without the wonderful help and cooperation of those back in the Province.

New Missionaries: During the period convered by this report, two new missionaries arrived. On September 10, 1959 Frs. Conall McIntyre and Donan Hickey joined our mission staff. Fr. Conall was assigned to parish work in Sinajana and Fr. Donan was assigned to teach English at Fr. Duenas Memorial School. Father Agnellus was transferred to this mission from Okinawa and arrived here on February 17. He has been assisting Fr. Leon in the parish at Tamuning and with the work at the hospital. Fr. Theophane Thoma left the Mission after many years of faithful service. He left Guam on June 3rd to return to St. Joseph Province. Fr. Christian Schembri also left the mission after spending four years here. Fr. Daniel Cristobal, our first priest from Guam, was ordained here on July 2, 1959 and remained the rest of the summer to help us with the Sunday Masses. He returned to Garrison to finish his course in theology. This was certainly one of the crowning points in the history of our mission.

Apostolic Labors: The missionary work here consists mainly in preserving the Faith among our people who are practically all Catholic. During the past few years a number of Protestant groups have established their sects here. Very few of the Chamorro people have joined them but nevertheless they are a constant threat to the Faith. A concerted effort seems to have been made recently too to get some of the men to join the Masons. In this they have succeeded in a few cases. Fortunately the people look upon the Masons as a Protestant religion and will have nothing to do with them.

I think that the greatest burden of our work has been in education. As you will notice from the rest of the report the number of children in our Catholic schools has steadily increased. The

children who do not attend Catholic schools get at least two hours of instruction each week. In most of the places now, the priests have the assistance of the Sisters in catechizing. If this religious education program can continue as it is going now, I do not think that we need fear to lose many of our people. They might not be the best of Catholics in every case but still they loathe to be called Protestant.

STATIONS CARED FOR BY THE CAPUCHIN FATHERS: The following are the places which our Fathers now have charge of. The other places are cared for by the diocesan priests.

Agat: Fr. Mel has taken care of this parish for about ten years. He supervised the construction of the church, Sisters' convent, rectory and, during the past year, the new school. The Sisters of Notre Dame teach in the school. They started with a Junior High School which consists of Grades 7, 8, 9 and 10. A couple of years ago they started adding the lower grades starting with the 1st Grade. Each year they add another grade but since the classes are too large they have two classes of each grade. This means that Father Mel has to have two new classrooms ready each year. With the addition of the new members to the faculty, the convent is rapidly becoming too small and there will have to be enlarging done there. Fr. Mel teaches some of classes in school as well as doing all the parochial work. He is doing a commendable job.

Agana Heights and Maina: For a number of years this parish was cared for by Msgr. Calvo. However, he suffered a severe heart attack and had to relinquish his pastoral assignment. During the past year Fr. Roy took care of the parish pending the outcome of Msgr. Calvo's illness. The Friary is in the Agana Heights parish so Fr. Roy lived at the Friary and cared for the parish from here. They do not have a Catholic school but since it is so near to Agana, many of the children do attend the Catholic school in Agana. Those who are not attending the Catholic school received instruction two times a week. Maina is also taken care of from Agana Heights. Father had Mass at this chapel one day a week and one Mass on Sunday. He also goes there for catechism class each week.

Dededo and Yigo: Fr. Raymond has charge of Dededo and Yigo and for part of the year he had the assistance of Fr. Conall. Dededo formerly was just a small village but because there has been property available there, many families have taken up residence there. It is now one of the larger parishes. They have a Catholic school which is taught by the Sisters of Mercy. It is an elementary school with grades from 1 to 8. Like most of the other places they are crowded in the facilities which they have. Yigo is a small farming community a few miles away. They have a chapel there where they have two Masses on Sunday and a few times during the week. The Sisters from Dededo assist in the catechizing work at Yigo in the afternoon after school.

Inarajan: Fr. Paul has been in charge of Inarajan for a number of years. There is also a small chapel at Malolo where he says one Mass on Sunday. Inarajan is in the southern part of Guam in what you might call a more remote area. The people there have been less affected by outside influence. There is no Catholic school, but Father Paul does have the assistance of the Sisters of Mercy with the catechetical work. Fr. Cornelius lives with Fr. Paul

at Inarajan and takes care of the neighboring village of Talofofo.

Merizo and Umatac: These are the two villages in the most southern part of the island. Fr. Timothy lives in Merizo and takes care of the neighboring village of Umatac. There is no Catholic school in these villages but Fr. Timothy has been quite successful in encouraging many of his young people to attend Catholic schools elsewhere. Probably the largest number go to Agat which is not too far away. Fr. Timothy is about the only one who does not have the assistance of Sisters for catechising. He has lay teachers to help him. Fr. Timothy has been very successful in working with the young people.

Santa Rita: Santa Rita is only a short distance from Agat. Fr. Ferdinand takes care of this village. He does not have a Catholic school but some of the children at Agat do go to the Catholic School. The Notre Dame Sisters help with the catechism classes. Fr. Ferdinand is getting on in years but is still able to carry on with his parochial duties.

Sinajana and Ordot: The parish of Sinajana is adjacent to Agana Heights with the Friary almost on the line between the two places. During the past year Sinajana and Ordot have been taken care of by Frs. Kieran and Christian with the assistance of Fr. Alexander from the High School. Sinajana is about the largest parish on the island; very busy and active. We have a Junior High School taught by the Franciscan Sisters. Both of the priests teach religion two periods every morning. After class in the afternon the children in the public school come for catechism class. There are almost a thousand children in these grades. Their attendance at catechism class is very good but it does put a strain on the Sisters who, teaching class all day, have to teach catechism for another hour every afternoon. However, they are willing since it is good missionary work. Fr. Alexander has been helping mainly with the work at the mission of Ordot. The penitentiary is located near Ordot, so one of the Fathers offers Mass there each week and helps the inmates with their problems and difficulties. The Franciscan Sisters in Sinajana also have charge of the Medical Center in Agana.

Tamuning and Tumon: Tamuning is one of the largest villages of Guam and a very difficult parish to care for because the people are so scattered and are of various nationalities. The hospital for the whole island is also in this parish; the Fathers take care of it. Fr. Leon has been in Tamuning for several years now and has been assisted by Fr. Agnellus in recent months. Father plans to open a Catholic school this year starting with only the first grade and then add one grade each year. The Sisters of Mercy will teach there and also assist him with the catechism classes. Tumon is a small mission near Tamuning where the Fathers have Mass a few times a week and also have catechism class for the children.

Yona and Chalan Pago: Due to the untiring zeal of Fr. Alvin during the past ten years the parish of St. Francis at Yona has one of the finest parish compounds on Guam. They have a beautiful church, school, convent and parish hall. The Notre Dame Sisters teach in the school which is a complete grade school and has two years of high school. They also have an Aspiranture in Yona where they give the girls a full four year high school training before sending them to Milwaukee for

their novitiate and college training. Chalan Pago is not really a village but a parish of scattered residents. They have their own church and at the present time are building a beautiful large concrete church. Fr. Canice has been taking care of Chalan Pago and helping Fr. Alvin in Yona. Both of the Fathers live at Yona in a very nice rectory which formerly was the church built by the Spanish Fathers before the war.

Rota Island: Rota is about fifty miles north of Guam and can be seen from here on a clear day. However, the priest on Rota is the most isolated of all in the mission. Boat service is very poor and usually prohibited from carrying passengers by the Coast Guard. There is one plane each month to Rota. During the greater part of the past year Fr. Marcian has been on Rota. For part of the time he had Brother Patrick to help him. During the summer each year some of the Mercy Sisters go to Rota to teach catechism. Everyone on Rota is Catholic. They have a fine permanent church, rectory and Sister's convent which they can also use for parish meetings when the Sisters are not there. The greatest difficulty on Rota is the isolation. We try to have a priest go over as often as possible on the plane so that Father has an opportunity for confession. He also visits Guam periodically.

Saipan and Tinian: Frs. Arnold, Sylvan and Lee are together on Saipan and are kept very busy with their parochial duties, teaching in school and hospital calls. They have a complete grade school and high school in the central village of Chalan Kanoa. The Spanish Mercedarians teach in the school and help with the catechizing. They have their own novitiate on Saipan and have trained quite a number of native girls. The work in the Catholic school has been very successful. Tinian is just a few miles south of Saipan. It is comparatively easy for the priest on Tinian to get over to Saipan. During the past couple of years Fr. Cecil has been on Tinian. Each summer the Sisters from Saipan go over for catechism classes. Although the priest on Tinian is also alone he is not as isolated as the one on Rota because of easy access to Saipan.

Seminaries, Colleges and Schools: We have just completed the first year with our own Fathers in charge of the seminary and high school. It has been a most surprising success. All of the Fathers who have been teaching did a fine job and all seem to enjoy their work which I think is quite exceptional since most of our Fathers dislike full time teaching jobs. When Fr. Provincial was here during the year I think that he was also surprised to find things going so smoothly. This might be due partly to the fact that the Fathers do get plenty of opportunity to work in the parishes on the week ends except Fr. Antonine who is in charge of the seminarians. The students seem to have been pleased with the teaching of the Capuchin Fathers. I think that the Bishop is also more pleased with the school and has found it less of a financial burden than before. Fathers Fulgence, Theophane, Alexander and Donan live together in the Faculty house and Fr. Antonine has his own quarters in the seminary wing. The Mercy Sisters' convent and novitiate are nearby so the Fathers also serve as chaplain for them.

Catholic education is something new here so it has taken sometime for the people to get used to the idea. Formerly all they had was catechism classes after

school. Since the war and especially in the past few years a number of schools have been started. Many of these schools are staffed mainly by native Sisters who have joined the various communities. There are now complete grade schools in Agana, Dededo, Yona and Saipan. There are Junior High Schools consisting of grades seven to ten in Agat, Barrigada, Sinajana and Yona. They have started to add the lower grades to the schools in Barrigada and will continue to add one grade each year. There is also the Fr. Duenas Memorial School, a high school for boys and the Academy of Our Lady of Guam, a high school for girls. On Saipan they now have the complete four years of high school for boys and girls in connection with their grade school. The work in the schools has been very successful and as the vocations to the Sisterhoods continue we will be able to staff more and more of our own schools. We also are fortunate in having cooperation from the government in bus service, free text books and school lunch program.

Third Order of St. Francis: As mentioned in previous reports, Fr. Christian has been very successful in the work of the Third Order. However he left the mission this year to return to the Province. Fr. Donan has been broken in to take over the work of the Third Order. He started a new fraternity at the Fr. Duenas School which has given him some experience in the work. We hope that he will be able to continue the wonderful work of Fr. Christian.

Charitable Institutions: We do not have much in the line of charitable institutions in this mission since most of the poor, the aged, the sick and the orphans are taken care of by their own families and relatives. The Franciscan Sisters have charge of the Medical Center in Agana which is a sort of medical clinic under Catholic auspices. The hospital is operated by the government of Guam and by the Navy in Saipan. The Fathers visit the hospital daily and minister to the needs of the patients. Each week they hear confessions and distribute Holy Communion to all of the patients.

Other Religious in the Vicariate: There are four communities of religious in the Vicariate who are engaged mainly in teaching in the schools. On Guam there are the Sisters of Mercy, the School Sisters of Notre Dame and the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration and on Saipan there are the Spanish Mercedarian Sisters. The Sisters of Mercy have their novitiate here and the Mercedarians have their novitiate on Saipan. The Notre Dame Sisters and the Franciscan Sisters take in candidates but send the girls to the States for the novitiate and further training. All of the communities are growing steadily.

Theological conferences and Spiritual retreat: All of the Fathers and Brothers made the prescribed spiritual retreat during the past year. Fr. Ermin came from Okinawa and gave the retreat here both to our Fathers and another retreat for the Bishop and diocesan clergy. On Guam we have our theological conference in connection with our monthly day of recollection. The day of recollection follows the regular retreat schedule beginning at 8:30 in the morning and ending with conference and Benediction in the afternoon at 3:00.

In conclusion I think that it might be in place to add that there is a very fine spirit among all of those working

in this Vicariate. The work is progressing very well both spiritually and materially. As I mentioned before, this could never be accomplished were it not for the wonderful cooperation and assistance from the Province. I hope that every report which we will send from here will continue to bespeak of this progress and blessing from Almighty God.

Fr. Kieran of Nortonville
Superior Regular, O.F.M.Cap.

Guam History



Photo from the MARC collection.

A photo of the Trieste signed by Lt. Don Walsh, Dr. Andreas Rechnitzer, scientific director of Project Nekton, and Lt. Laurence Shumaker, assistant officer-in-charge of the escort vessel.

Futurist author Jules Verne would have heartily applauded the daring adventure of two men encased in an unimpressive-looking metal tank, who sank to the blackest depths of the ocean uncharted even by SONAR.

On Feb. 23, 1960, U.S. Navy Lt. Don Walsh and Swiss scientist Jacques Piccard descended nearly seven miles below the ocean's surface into the deepest part of the deepest ocean—the Marianas Trench.

They did it in the Trieste, a bathyscaph conceived by Piccard's father, Auguste, and bought by the Navy for underwater research by the Navy Electronics Lab. A bathyscaph is basically a huge flotation tank with a passenger gondola attached to its bottom. Its air tanks are flooded with water to make a descent and iron ballast is dropped to rise.

The Trieste was part of Project Nekton, a scientific study based on Guam. Several previous deep water dives had been made by the bathyscaph before the record-breaking expedition to 37,800 feet below the ocean's surface.

Walsh recalled the journey in an article for *Life* magazine which featured the Trieste on a Feb. 15, 1960 cover. The descent took hours, slowed by a number of extremely cold currents near the surface. By 600 feet, Walsh reported that visibility was very dim, with the once-bright ocean colors fading to gray. At 1,000 feet the bathyscaph was surrounded in complete darkness save for its own spotlights. From there, the Trieste dropped at a rate of four feet per second. Walsh and Piccard changed into dry, heavy clothes and nibbled on chocolate bars. Four hours and 38 minutes after they had started their descent, the Trieste came to rest on the ocean floor 1,600 feet deeper than the deepest sounding ever made and 4,200 feet deeper than their original estimates.

Walsh said that the most exciting moment of the trip was spotting a single, foot-long fish, probably a sole or flounder, feeding on the bottom, unperturbed by the intruder's bright lights. Before the descent, they were unsure if life existed at such an extreme depth. Minutes later they spotted a small shrimp.

Walsh unfolded an American flag and Piccard a Swiss banner, and the two took snapshots as they sat seven miles underwater. Thirty minutes after they had settled on the ocean floor, they dumped two tons of ballast and headed for the top. The trip took three hours and 27 minutes, the Trieste surfacing at 4:57 p.m., marking the beginning of a new era of oceanography.

Information for this column was compiled from the files of the Micronesian Area Research Center and the Nieves Flores Public Library.

Dcoument 1960C

Financial settlement regarding Falalop, Ulithi Atoll

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, May-June 1960.

Settlement at Falalop

Sitting in a kind of semi-circle on the floor of the men's house at Falalop, an island of the Ulithi group in Yap District, some 35 men deliberated for seven days. They kept a schedule—four hours in the morning, four hours in the afternoon.

A subject of major importance to the 141 inhabitants of Falalop was at stake—the matter of payment for land being used by the U.S. Coast Guard for an airplane runway and LORAN station.[1] The settlement had been pending for several years; problems of authorized representation for the land-owners were among the factors which had held it up thus far. Now, at long last, with owners and the occupiers adequately and legally represented, it appeared that an agreement might be reached.

Throughout the eleven sessions between the Micronesian chiefs who spoke for the land-owners and the U.S. officials who represented the Government, a spirit of cooperation was in evidence. Obviously, from the courteous exchange of questions and answers, each side trusted the good intent of the other. The deliberations, in fact, were so harmonious and so friendly, in spite of the delicate nature of the transaction, that the week's negotiations might become a model for successful arbitration.

Although all points had to be translated, no misunderstandings developed, no harsh words were exchanged. The talks went on conversationally, agreeably. From time to time the Ulithi Atoll chief, Malefich, and the Falalop Island chief for land matters, Mara, spoke to the owners assembled about the outer edge of the simi-circle, who in turn talked among themselves. As a decision was reached, it was relayed by Chief Malefich—or occasionally by Chief Mara—to the U.S. officials, through translation by Ulithi School-teacher Manuel Hadomar, acting as interpreter for the Falalop people.

1 Ed. note: LORAN was a LOng-RAnge Navigation system using low-frequency radio transmitters on shore and receivers aboard ships. Receivers used direction-finder antennae to determine the direction of two or more shore stations to get a fix. Ariplanes could also use this system.



Participants in the settlement at Falalop, Ulithi, in 1960.

As for the Government representatives, they, too, occasionally conferred among themselves. Yap District Administrator Robert Halvorsen was serving as Trust Territory arbitration chairman; Assistant Attorney General Robert K. Shoecraft, as Acting Land and Claims Administrator; Supervisory Surveying and Cartographic Engineer Fred A. Robinson, as Yap District Acting Land Title Officer; and Assistant Anthropologist Fran Defgnin, interpreter for the Government group.

The Trust Territory officials had arrived at Falalop on February 4, 1960. After assembling outside the "falu" (men's house) that afternoon, they were introduced. Then all were invited inside. The Trust Territory Arbitratioin Chairman and the Acting Land and Claims Administrator sat near the front of the building, the atoll chief and the island chief to their right, the others making up the semi-circle. It was cool, for the *falu* was situated on the water's edge, its open sides catching the ocean breezes.

Wihin a few minutes after all were seated, a small but dramatic incident took place. Three small girls of Falalop entered the building, carrying circlets of fresh flowers. These they placed around the heads of the Government men, who wore the wreath's like crowns throughout that afternoon session.

As the discussion started, it was obvious that a settlement for use rights to the parcels of Falalop land would not be as simple as might be hoped. Involved were 115 taro pits located within the area occupied by the Government—small fields still being used by the owners for growing taro, the starchy mainstay of the Ulithian diet. Included were several properties whose owners were dead. Concerned were 52 different individuals.

To be transferred were 102 separate plots comprising some 60 acres of land. Figuring in the transaction were over two million square feet—square feet being the basis of settlement.

Although originally planned as preliminary negotiations, by the second day it looked like full agreement might be attained before the sessions ended. On this day the two chiefs were asked, "You know the Government's offer, which we feel to be fair. The Government is willing to grant the pits now in use, up to a total of two acres, so that the owners may continue to grow their taro. Shall we send for the money, so that we may pay you at this session—or shall we plan to come back at a later date for a final agreement?"

Slow deliberaton. Then assent. "Send for the money."

To Trust Territory Headquarters on February 8 a dispatch was sent. Meanwhile, the four-hour sessions continued. Never a hitch in the talks—still patient deliberation, consultation, interpretation. On February 9 the money arrived, brought by Coast Guard plane from Trust Territory Headquarters in Guam. There were $16,000 in $20 bills, the balance in tens, fives, and small change. At the end of that day—the sixth of the conferences—the settlement was assured. All parties had come to agreement.

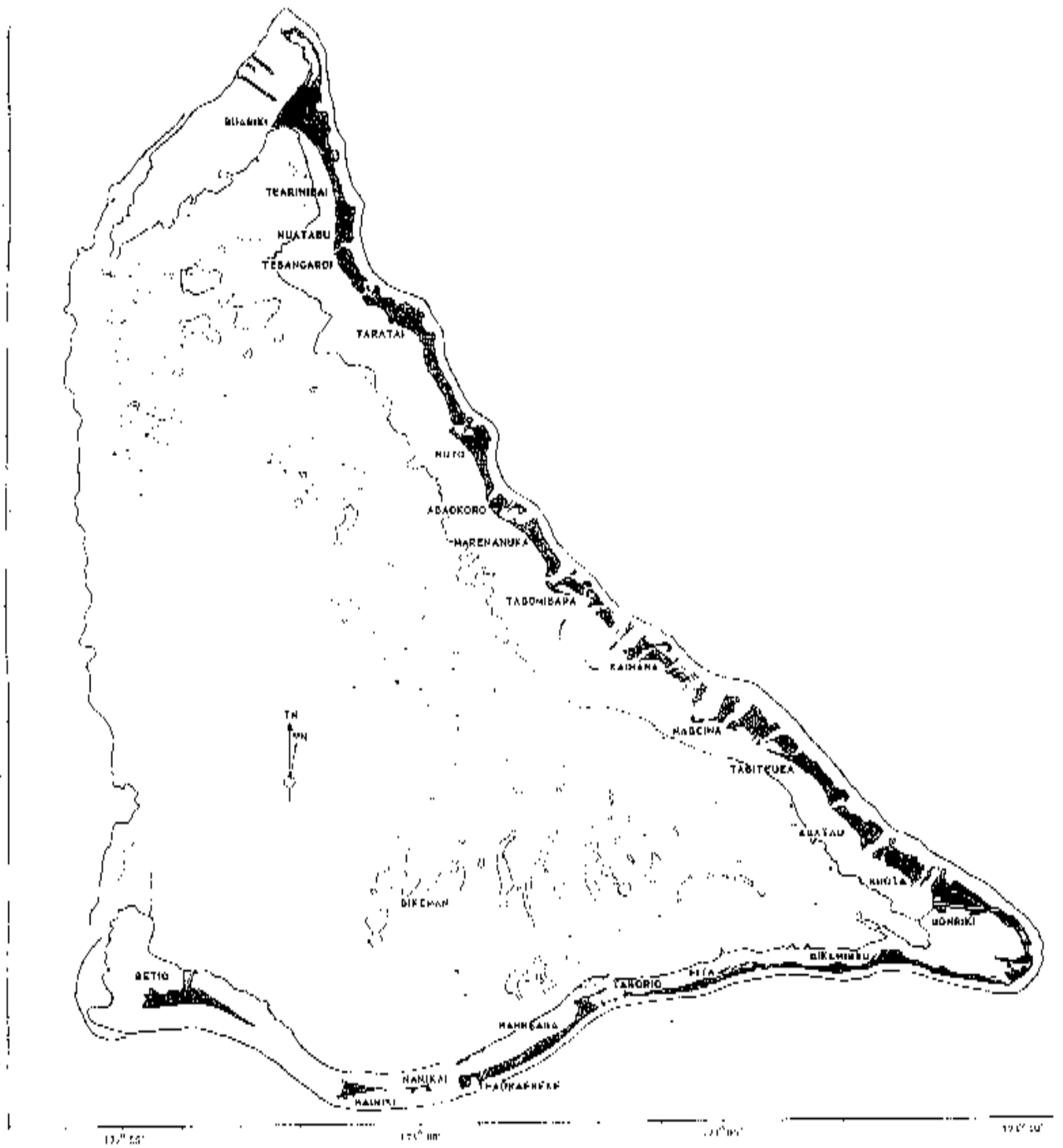
The following day -Tuesday, February 9, 1960—the land-owners received the payment. The total of approximately $20,000 ranged in individual sums from less than five dollars for use rights of the smallest parcel, to over $3,000 for the largest plot.

Although five women were among the 52 owners, none of the women appeared. In fact, the only representatives of the feminine sex to be seen during the seven days (until the night of the settlement day) were the three little girls with the flower wreaths. (At Ulithi it is still a man's world. Women cultivate the taro, but men must carry on family business and community affairs.)

First step in concluding the negotiations was the signing of the agreement—Chief Malefich and Mara for the owners, and Mr. Shoecraft for the Trust Territory Government. Then came the separate payments, which altogether took three hours and 35 minutes. They were handled in this manner:

The chiefs signed a receipt for each transaction, with Mr. Halvorsen and Mr. Defgnin witnessing. (For the signing, a small table was used.) Then Acting Land and Claims administrator Shoecraft counted out the money for each of the claimants, in turn, and handed it to Acting Land Title Officer Robinson, who recounted it into the hands of the corresponding land-owner, checking it off by $100 as he counted it. When all had come forward and received their due, there was a shaking of hands in solemn assent.

That evening a series of traditional dances was presented at Falalop.



Map of Tarawa Atoll.

Document 1960D

Tarawa Atoll—Pacific Missile Range study

Source: Pacific Missile Range, Point Mugu, California. Technical Memorandum No. PMR-TM-59-15: Seventh PMR Field Study, Tarawa Atoll, Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony. 1 February 1960. Prepared by Dr. Edwin Doran, Jr., Geographer Consultant. Reviewed by F. P. Morrison, Cdr USN; approved by W. B. Miller, Capt USN.

...

Recreation

Commercial recreation facilities are absent from Tarawa, with the exception of two open-air movie theaters at Betio and one at Bairiki. These theaters charge 12 cents admission and present programs dominated by old cowboy movies and adventure films. Caucasians have organized clubs at Betio and Bairiki which serve as focal points for social activities, each has a bar, billiards, darts, and other typical club facilities. Tennis courts are available at Betio and Bairiki, and sports groups for cricket and rugby are located at these villages and at Bikenibeu. Fishing, sailing, and skin diving provide other recreational outlets.

Construction

Except for reef detritus used as aggregate for concrete, no construction material whatsoever is available at Tarawa. All cement, steel, and lumber are imported for specific jobs, and there is never any excess for casual purchase or use. Coral debris from the reefs is used to good advantage in concrete after it is washed and screened. Small (3/16 to 3/4-inch) and large (3/4 to 2-inch) sizes are used; fine particles and the few particles over 2 inches are discarded. Well water, fresh to brackish, is used in making concrete, but seawater can be used if necessary; in the latter case, the curing period is longer and the early strength of the concrete is lower.

All construction equipment has been imported for special purposes, principally for the harbor construction project. The equipment list comprises a 5/8-yard drag line, a 50-horsepower bulldozer with winch, 2 Morris 3-ton tippers, 4 concrete mixers (10-cubic-foot), a trailer-mounted compressor, and a diesel piling hammer. The piling hammer, a Delmay model D5, is used for driving the steel sheet piling for the Betio wharf.

Local construction costs can be roughly approximated from the cost of the Bairiki Secretariat which amounted to $37,000. The cost factor probably is 2.5 to 3.0 times that of Washington, D.C.

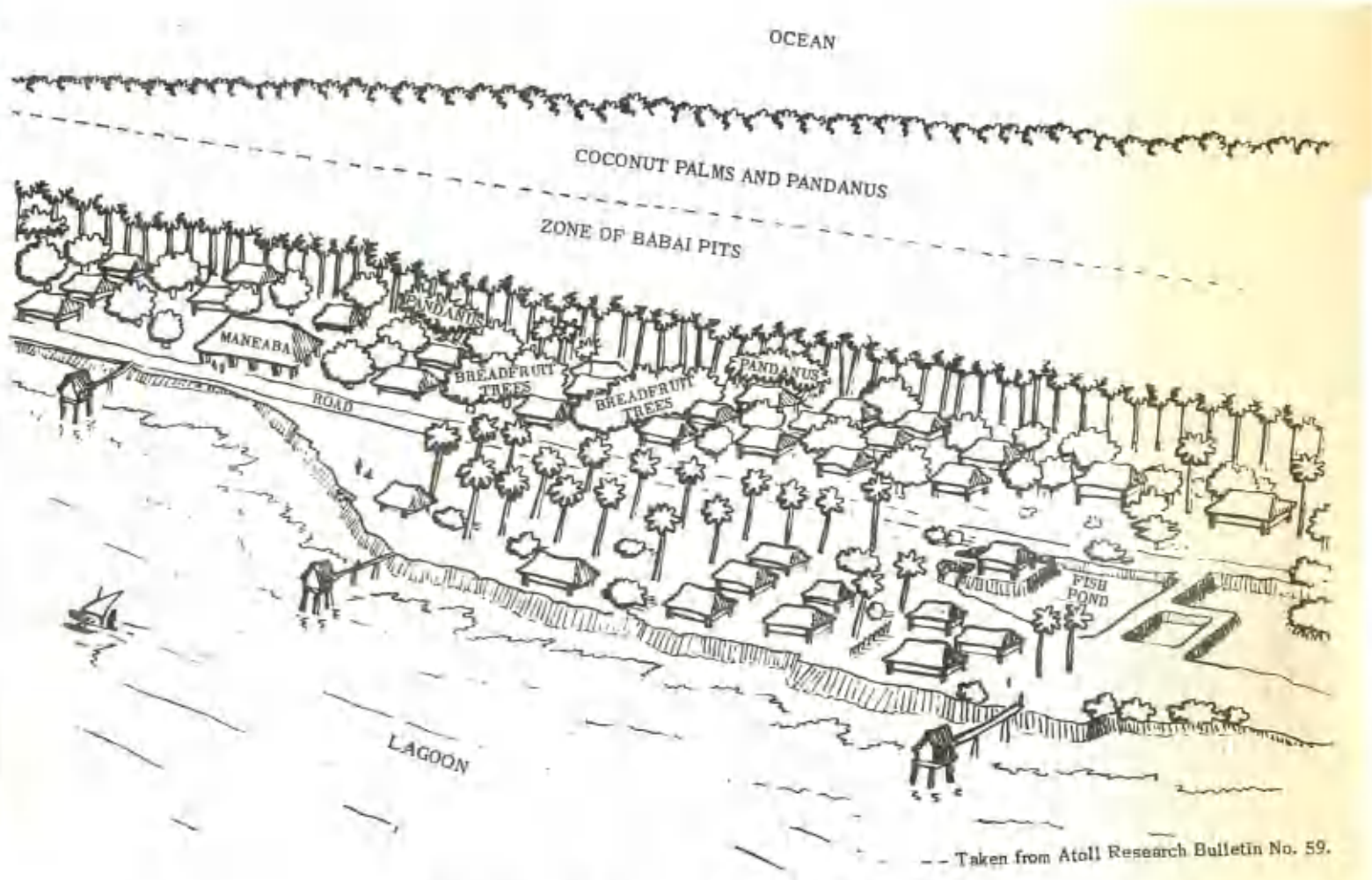


Figure 12. Typical Village on Island in Tarawa Atoll.

© R. Lévesque

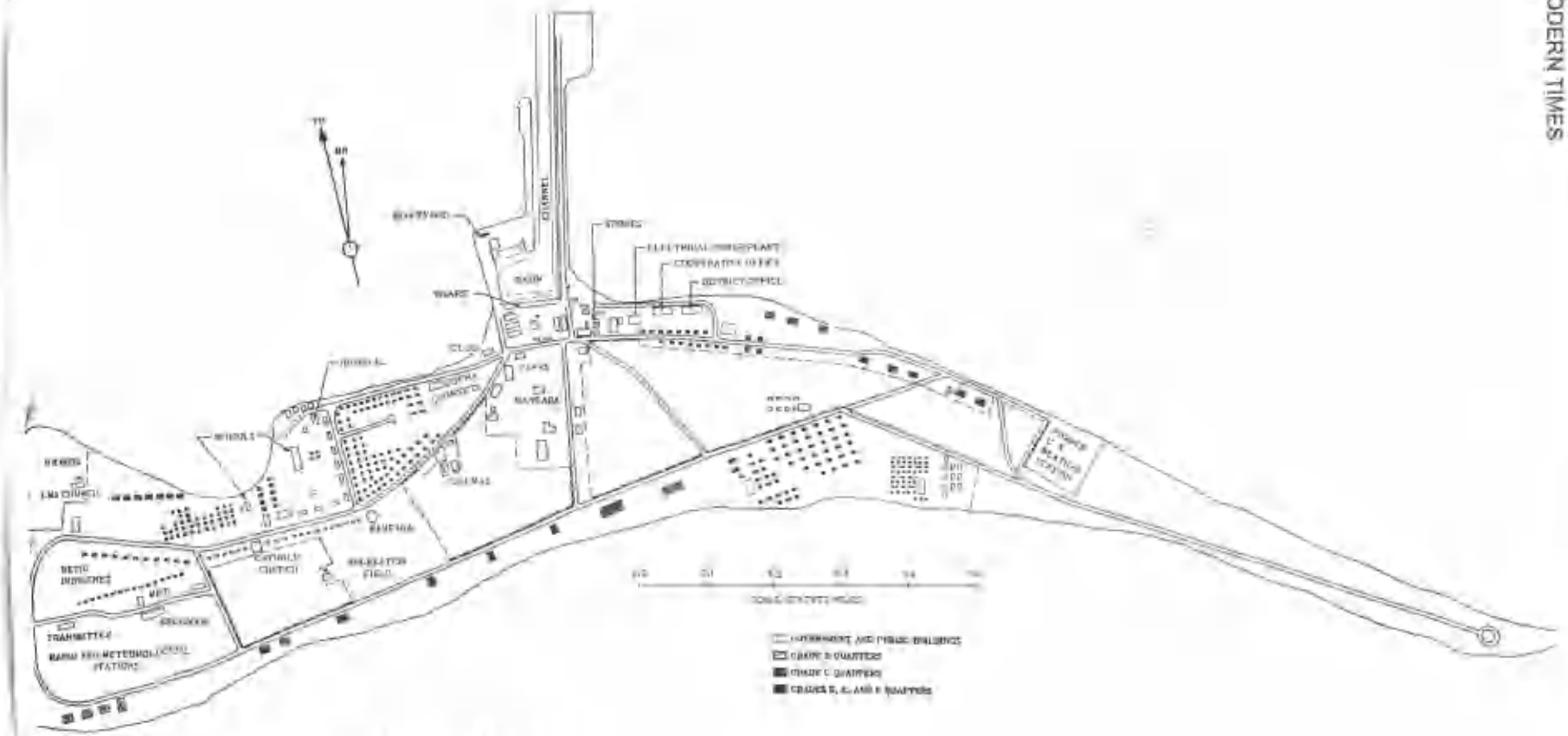


Figure 9. Map of Betio Area on Tarawa Atoll.

© R. Lévesque

Figure 10. Map of Built-Up Area on Truk Atoll.

Figure 11. Map of Bikenibeu Area on Tarawa Atoll.

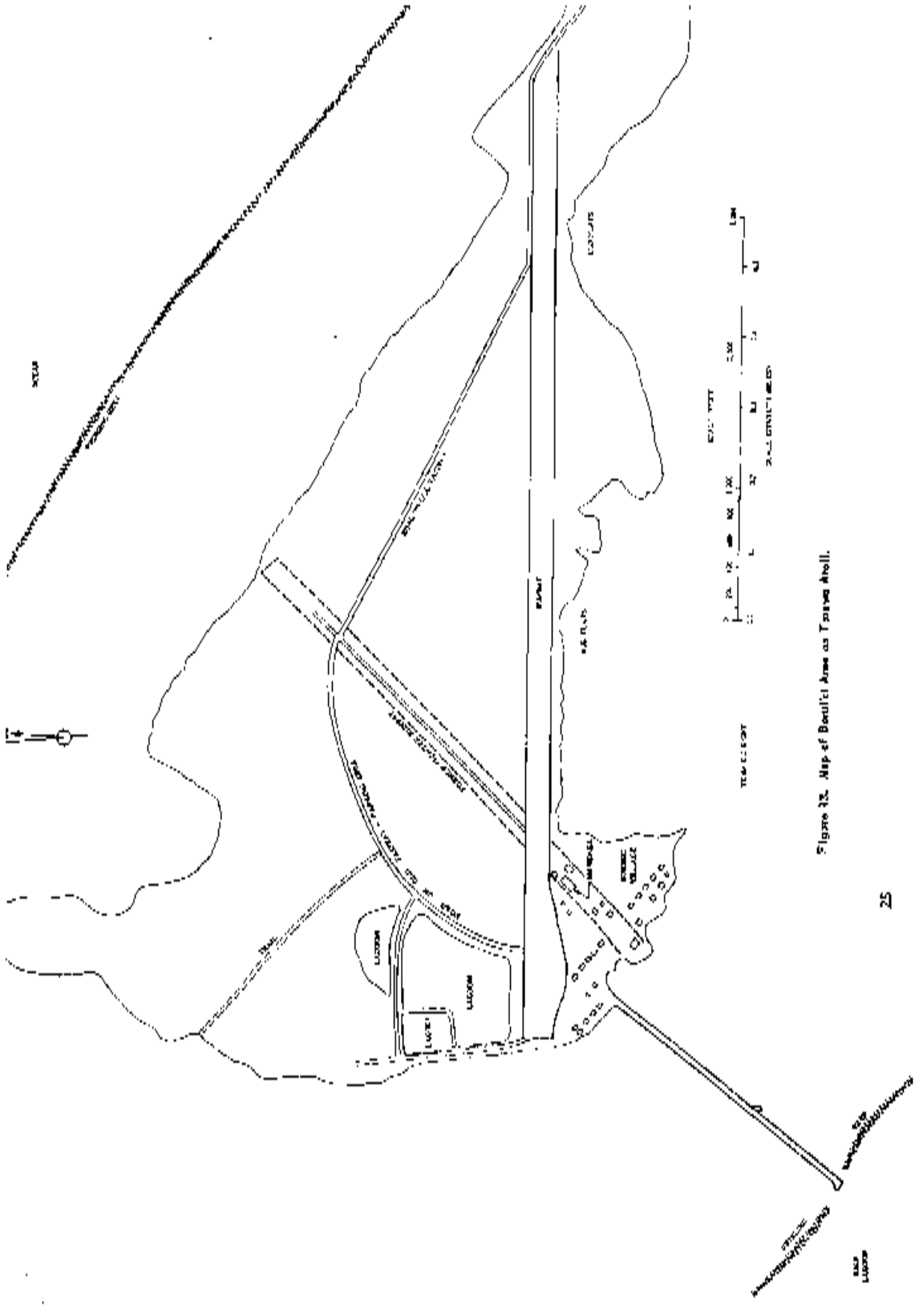


Figure 13. Map of Beuliki Area on Tarawa Atoll.

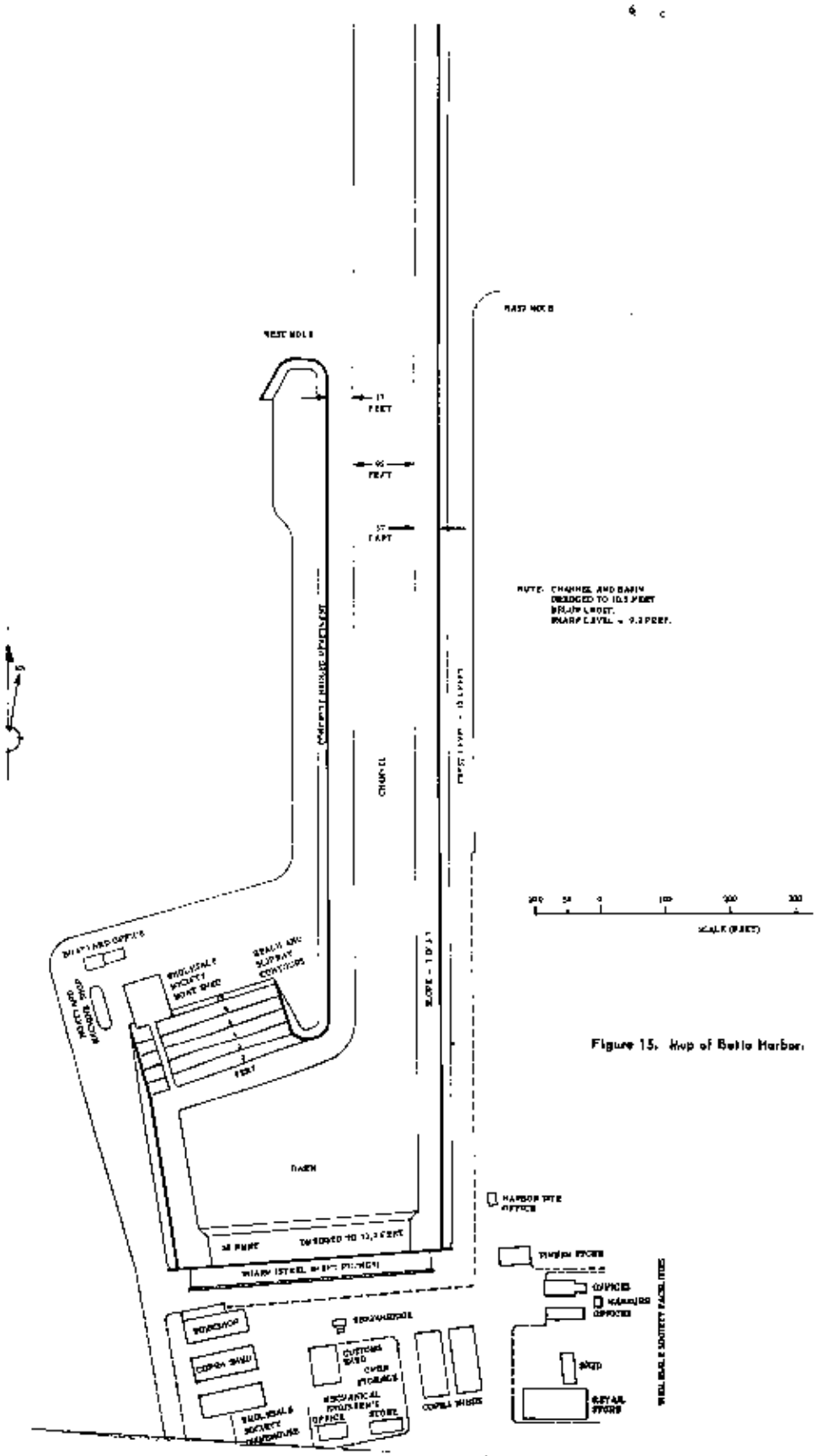


Figure 15. Map of Bella Harbor.

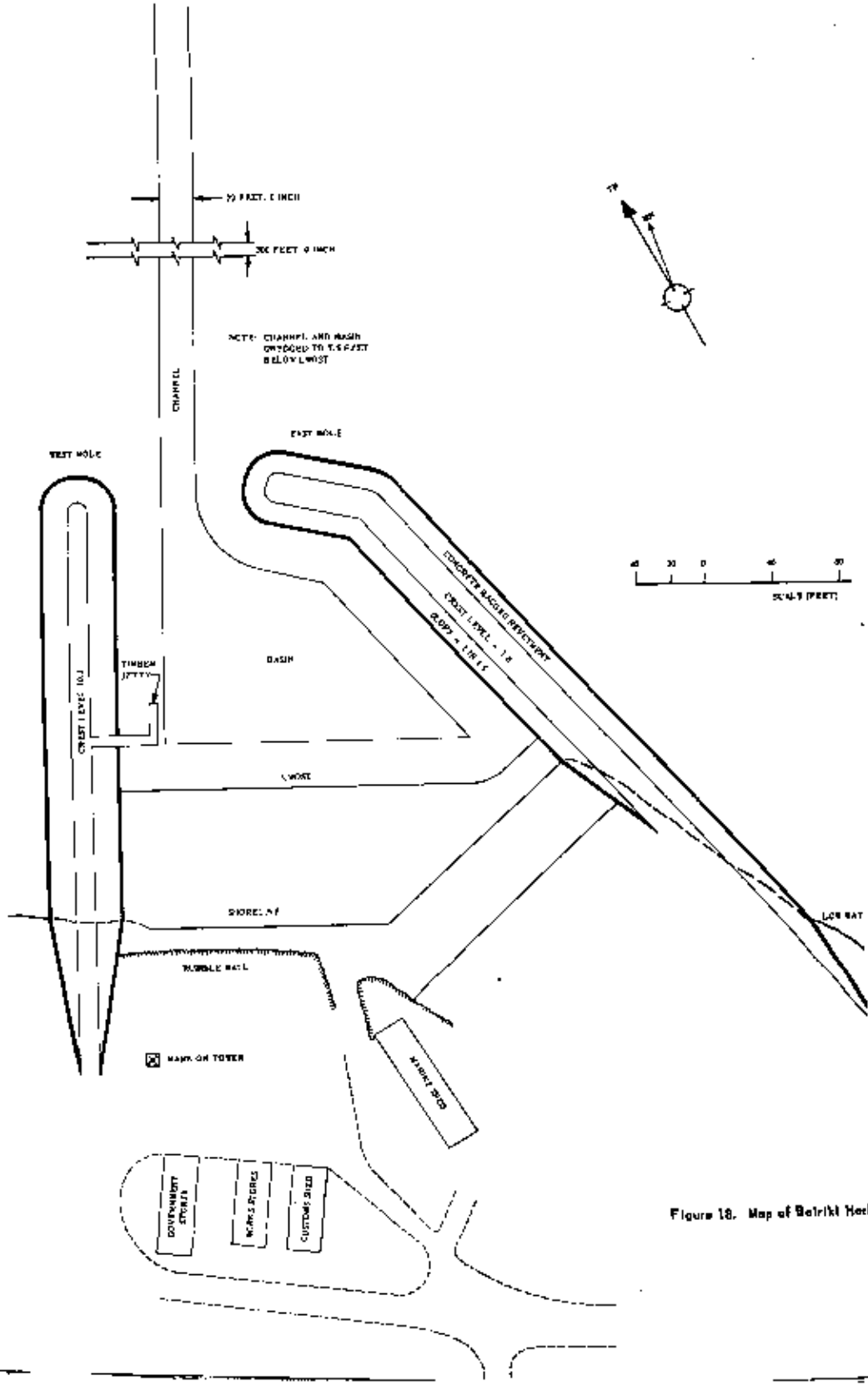
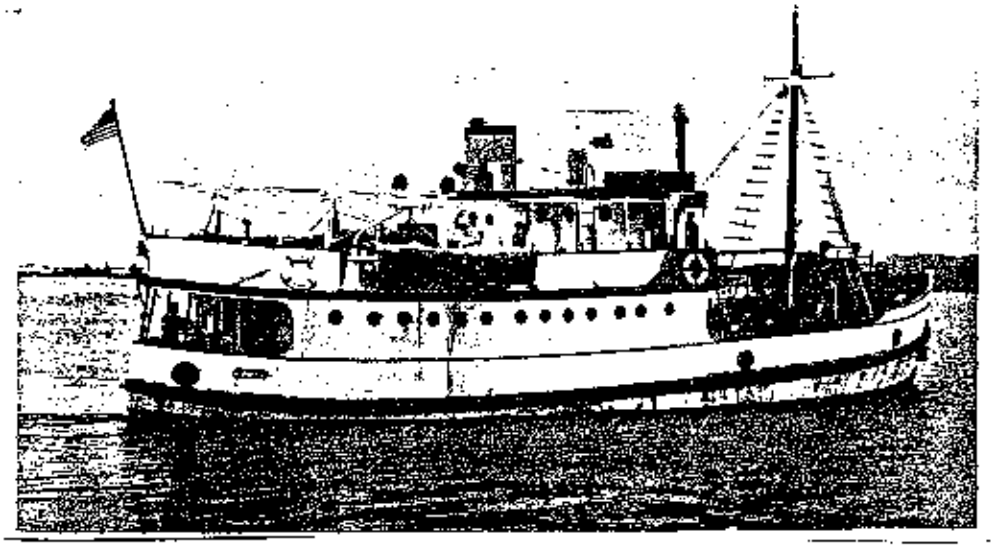


Figure 18. Map of Betriki Harb

Document 1961A

M/V Nareau

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, January-February 1962



M/V Nareau enroute to Majuro. *Departing from Guam and stopping at Truk, Ponape, Mokil and Kusale, she made the trip in 17 days.*

M/V Nareau

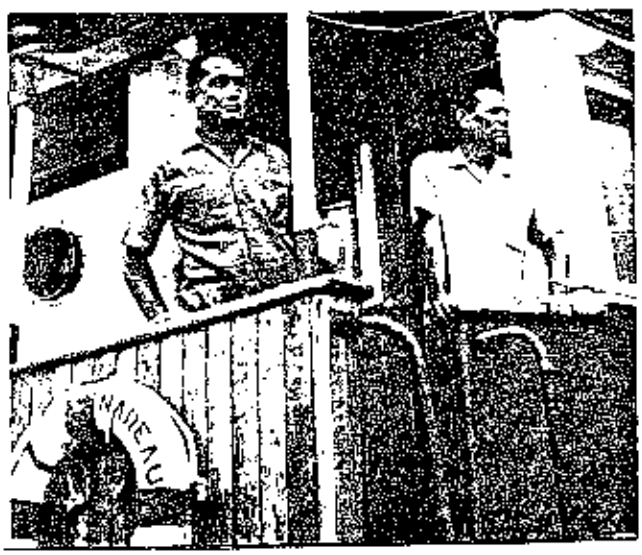
Without modern means of communication, radio and telegraph, this sequence of events could not have had happened.

It started late one Sunday afternoon at about 5 o'clock. Perhaps accidently tuning his radio to a station in Tarawa, Gilbert Islands, Mr. Robert Reimers at Majuro in the Marshalls learned that the Gilbertese Government's **M/V Nareau** was being offered for bid at Tarawa. On hearing the news, he rushed to the Communication Center in Majuro and immediately sent a message to the Government of the Gilbert Islands saying that he was interested and was placing his bid.

On September 12, 1961, the bids were opened, but good tiding did not ring in Mr. Reimers' ears until September 27, when he received a message that his bid was the highest and that he had won the vessel **Narcau**.

M/V Nareau is a wooden ship, built and engineered in 1950 by Ballina shipway and Engineering Company, Ballina, New South Wales, Australia. The vessel has a capacity of 79 gross tons, with accommodations for 25 deck and 6 cabin passengers.

The ship was owned by the British government in the Gilberts and was used for official field-trip services, with Captain Gerald Douglas—port captain of Tarawa—ass the skipper. The **Nareau** was brought directly from Tarawa to Majuro and then Guam by the Gilbertese crew, who continued on to Hong Kong. At Guam the new owner's crew, who had accompanied the vessel from the Marshalls, took command and sailed the vessel back to Majuro. Rudolph Muller of Likiep, Marshalls, originally of the Gilberts, is now the captain of the wooden vessel **M/V Nareau**. Rudy ... was formerly skipper of the **Mieco Queen**, the **Millcela, Frela**, and various other craft in the Marshalls and Gilberts.



Aboard M/V Nareau. *Left, Skipper Rudy Muller; right, Robert Reimers, vessel owner.*

The **M/V Nareau** is being used in the Marshalls to transport trade goods and passengers from island to island and to haul scrap metal and copra to Majuro, the district center.

The acquisition of **M/V Nareau** has added to the fleet of privately-owned vessels in the Marshalls. These non-government vessels include **Mieco Queen**, owned by Mieco; **Tematapula**, owned by James Milne; **Morning Star VII**, the former missionary ship, sold to Milne Brothers a year and a half ago; **Ainemon**, owned by Kitco; and four other small catch rig vessels, owned by other individuals, also various smaller craft.

Document 1962A

M/V Tematapula abandoned at sea

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, 1962.

A 100-foot vessel, the **Tematapula**, owned by James Milne, was abandoned at sea Saturday, September 1st [1962], near Majuro at about 8 o'clock at night after all passengers and crew had been taken aboard a rescue ship.

A leak below the waterline developed in the stricken ship, when it was about 40 miles from the Majuro Pass. For some time the ship's pump kept the water level down but with a pump breakdown, the water inside the ship began to rise.

When the pump went out of order, the owner of the vessel radioed both Majuro and Kwajalein. He was unable to contact Kwajalein but got in touch with Majuro and soon the **M/V Ran Annim**, Trust Territory ship under the command of Captain Don Davis, was instructed to locate and rescue the foundering craft, which was some 20 miles from Rongrong at this time.

In the meantime, the rising water in the **Tematapula** got into the ship's hydraulic transmission, making the ship inoperative. As soon as the **Ran Annim** reached the stricken vessel, all passengers and crew members were transferred to the rescue ship by small boats.

The **Tematapula** had aboard 36 tons of copra as well as considerable general cargo. There were nine passengers.

The owner of the vessel related that when the engine stopped all passengers were issued life jackets, and emergency measures were taken. He estimated the loss of the ship and cargo as being in the vicinity of $30,000. Unfortunately the vessel did not have insurance coverage.

Document 1962B

Transfer of the Trust Territory Headquarters from Guam to Saipan

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, March-April 1962.

Transfer of Headquarters

Headquarters is moving.

Saipan is to be the new Trust Territory Headquarters home.

Already, the process of change-over is under way. Various administrative personnel have visited Saipan in order to plan the office and housing assignments, and some already have made the transfer. the complete move is scheduled to be completed before July 1, 1962.[1]

The proposed transfer of the Saipan District from the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of the Interior was announced jointly on January 12, 1962, by Trust Territory High Commissioner M. W. Goding and Rear Admiral John S. Coye, Jr., Commander Naval Forces Marianas. Simultaneously, the High Commissioner made the announcement that the island of Saipan has been designated as the first provisional capital of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

Incorporation of the Rota District into a joint district with Saipan effective July 1, also has been announced by the High Commissioner, and the new district—containing 14 islands and some 150 acres of land—has been designated the Mariana Islands District. (One major island of the Marianas—Guam—remains outside the U.N. Trusteeship area. Guam is a United States territory.)

The re-establishment of civilian administration for the Saipan District followed a careful review of the over-all administration of the Trust Territory by the Navy and Interior Departments, the joint announcement of High Commissioner Goding and Rear Admiral Coye stated.

1 Ed. note: Offices, barracks, etc. were already available as TTHQ moved into a former training camp that had been secretly run by the CIA in the 1950s. The area soon became known as Capitol Hill.

The unifying of administrative responsibilty for the Trust Territory is in accordance with a statement given the Trusteeship Council of the United Narions in June 1962, it was pointed out. At that time High Commissioner Goding stated:

"The United States Delegation has also been glad to hear the views of the Visiting Mission and members of the Council with respect to the desirability of unifying the administration of the entire Territory under the High Commissioner. As we have already stated to the council, this matter has been receiving most careful attention at the highest level of our Government and I can now further say that the Departments concerned are agreed in principle that the administration of the Territory should be unified. The detailed steps for bringing about this unified administration are now in process of being worked out."

The Saipan District of the Trust Territory has been administered by the U.S. Navy since January 1, 1953. Under Naval supervision, the 8,500 native inhabitaants have become largely self-sufficient, exporting beef and agricultural products. During the most recent inspection of the district by members of the U.N. Trusteeship Council in March 1961, the Navy was praised for its economic, educational and health programs for the inhabitants.

The historic step, transferring the administrative headquarters of the Trust Territory to a location within its borders, is in keeping with the desires of the Administration to advance the political development of Micronesia, High Commissioner Goding said.

"The designation of a provisional capital within the Territory," he stated, "will facilitate the growth of self-government and will allow the people of Micronesia, through the principle of self-determination, to select in the future a permanent seat for their government."

Documents 1963A

Father Sams' visit to the Jesuit missions in the Carolines and Marshalls

Sources: Archives of the Mercaderian Sisters, Ponape; copy at MARC, University of Guam, under number BV3677.S3.

Buffalo Province—Jesuit Missions in the Caroline & Marshall Islands.

A series of reports ont he 1963 Mission Visit to these islands by the Director of the Jesuit Bureau, Father Ronald W. Sams, S.J.

Report Number 1, December 3, 1962.

Today is my first morning in Truk... The jet landed at the Guam airport at 6:00 a.m., Saturday, December 1st. We had lost a day, crossing over the International dateline right near Wake—where we landed for refueling. after I picked up my bags, I was met by Brother Pat of the Capuchins and Brother Ray Whalen, S.J., of Truk. That was indeed a surprise as I did not know Brother was here. He had arrived just the day previous from Japan on board the Truk district ship, **Militobi**. We drove in the Volkswagen to the Capuchin Friary about ten minutes from the airport. It was almost unbelievable as we passed the destruction on the way. Houses were just heaps of rubble; quonset huts were overturned, telephone poles were snapped in two. This was almost three weeks since the storm,[1] and much had been cleaned up already. Large tents were erected next to smashed houses and buildings. Electricity was on again, but many lights had not been repaired as yet. Later that day Brother Whalen and I drove around different parts of the island and saw more. One school and church were in shambles, the roof and windows gone. The stores were back in business—at least some of them—with front signs gone and windows smashed. But the spirit of the people seemed good and they were gradually getting things built up again. It will be especially difficult for the poor people, though, as they will probably just use scraps of lumber and tin to put their

1 Ed. note: Typhoon Emma. The crisis period lasted from 29 September to 5 October 1962, but there were no fatalities due to proper precautions.

houses together again. The Capuchin friary was not too seriously damaged. Many broken windows and some light fixtures smashed, plus wood panels and sections in various rooms ruined. But they carry on well, and I had a nice room during my short stay there.

Very fortunately a special flight was being scheduled for Truk on Sunday with the one big Trust Territory plane—a DC-4. We took off at 6:30 a.m. for Truk. It was a beautiful day for flying and I got some nice views of the Northern Islands of Truk. At 9:45 (one hour later Truk time which—of all things—is on daylight saving time!) we landed on the Island of Moen. I had radioed on Saturday to Fr. Fegelsanger that I was coming in then, but he never got the message. But it just happened that Father Rively, Brother John Walter, and Brother Condon were there and with surprised looks they warmly greeted me as I disembarked from the plane. Brother Condon was to take that plane on to Kwajalein, thence to Ponape. we saw him off, then returned to the Bishop's Residence at Tunnuk [on Moen Island].

It is wonderful to be here at last. Life is more primitive here than I had anticipated. But everyone is happy and doing really great work. Thus far I have seen Frs. Rively, Fogelsanger, Cameron, Connolly, Scholastics [Kenneth] Hezel, Walsh, and Felix, and Brothers Whalen, Walter, Condon, and Acer. This afternoon I am leaving on a two-week field trip to the outer Truk Islands where I will meet Fr. Fahey. So I will not be able to write again for at least two weeks. But then I'll tell you more. The islands I am going to now are some of the most primitive ones. Please keep praying for me.

* * *

Report Number 2, December 7, 1962.

This is an unexpectedly early report since my last one of this week. The reason is simple: a change of plans—as is so common out here in the islands. Right now I should be out at sea on a field trip visiting the outer Truk Islands. However, my field trip was shortened considerably since the ship was suddenly called back to Truk, due to some sickness, and so we are waiting now until further orders come through to enable us to continue the field trip. It may be tomorrow, it may be delayed as long as two weeks. So in the meantime, let me give you a report of what has taken place on the first half of the field trip.

The only means of communication for bringing supplies to the islands outside of the district centers are periodic field trips by one of the Trust Territory ships. These are supposed to take place about every two months, but it frequently happens that schedules are changed and changed again. The uncertainty of it all make this rather difficult for our missionaries. For example, Father John Fahey, S.J., is all alone taking care of the people on the Island of Puluwat in the outer Truk islands. He is completely dependent upon the field trip ship to bring him such necessary items as Mass wine and hosts, fan belts for his very necessary generator for electricity, radio parts, and numerous other items needed from time to time. Even his mail only comes in and goes out when that eagerly awaited ship arrives. In addition, Father Fahey is also responsible for several other islands up that way and he only gets to visit them—to bring the Cath-

olics there the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacraments—when he can travel on the field trip ship as it moves through them back to the center at Truk. Then, he must wait for the next field trip to return to his own island of Puluwat! So, the pacific missionary's life is one of frequent frustration and disappiintment due to this problem of transportation and communication. We have one mission ship of our own at present in the Truk Islands—the beautiful 45-foot sailing vessel **Star of the Sea**.[1] But now it is on shore for needed overhauling and repairs. The longer one is out here and sees life as it is daily lived, the clearer it becomes that a missionary here must really be an heroic man to put his love for Christ and for souls to such a day in and day out test. God be praised we have such Jesuit fathers, Scholastics, and Brothers here in the Caroline and Marshalls.

But we get back to my short-lived field trip. Monday morning, December 3rd, Father Rively secured passage for me on board the **Kaselehlia**—the cost for a round trip of about twelve days was $19.10, but being a missionary I got it for half price! The **Kaselehlia** is a cargo ship with room for about 12 cabin passengers, but it also takes others who live and sleep on the rear first deck. There were about 35 to 40 such passengers this trip—men, women, and children, returning to their homes in the outer islands. Accommodations were certainly not comfortable, but they seemed to take it in stride, happy to be going home again, after several weeks or months away. The ship is 141 feet in length, and can take a registered cargo of 150 tons. We took with us rice, taro, papaya, cigarettes, and a number of other items that the islands needed and would sell their copra for. The captain's name was Captain Blanc, who from previous reports had little regard for religion or catholic missionaries. However, during my three days with him, there was no difficulty. The Chief Engineer's name was Jack Adams, a very fine man and a Catholic, born in Scotland and raised in Australia, but now an American citizen. We had many long talks during our three days at sea on the problems out this way and the possible ways for improving the lot of the people. Jack has sailed all over the Pacific and knows a great deal about all the islands, and he was indeed pleasant company over a cup of tea in the evenings. Another passenger on board, who was traveling back to the rear deck, was a young native from Ulul, one of the outer islands taken care of by Father Fahey. He is the chief catechist on his island and knows English well. His name is Alfonso. We became good friends right from the beginning of the voyage, and he was invaluable to me, for he could translate to the others for me. He told me many interesting things about the islands, too.

[Visit to Nama and Losap]

We set sail at five o'clock Monday afternoon and I lived on the ship until Thursday morning when we returned to Truk. During those three days we visited three islands, and I went ashore at each. The ship would anchor about four or five hundred yards off

1 Ed. note: Formerly the Romance. See Father Rively's book about it, entitled "The Story of the Romance."

shore, then send its small power boat in to the beach. On shore the people of the island would gather and bring the bags of copra they had been preparing. Going ashore from the ship would be the field trip officer, who made all the plans for each stop, several traders who would inspect the copra, grade it, weigh it, and pay for it, a sanitary officer who would check on health conditions on the island, an education officer who would look into that department, a few of the seamen handling the power boat— and Father Sams with his trusty companion Alfonso. Alfonso would carry the bag with the cameras and equipment for them, so that I could take various color and black-and-white shots while ashore. He also would ask if there were any Catholics in the village. These three islands we visited had none, according to those reports, but I found out later there probably were a few. In any case, I did not find any on the islands of Nama, Losap, or Pis.[1] So Alfonso and I would walk into the villages and walk down the main paths (not really streets). I took pictures wherever something interesting came along. The people lived in palm-leaf-thatched huts, with a few using old boards and pieces of corrugated tin. Nearly all the people seemed extremely poor, yet happy and content. The women and girls wore regular dresses, and the men and boys old sport shirts and trousers. Some of the young men would paddle out to the ship in outrigger canoes and bring back supplies. Their sense of balance was amazing as it looked quite easy to tip over in one of those things! However, no-one tipped! Whenever I wanted to take a picture on shore I would make a few motions with my camera and the people, especially the children, seemed delighted to cooperate and have their picture taken. In fact, the problem was when I wanted to take a shot of a house or a cooking stove or a canoe on shore. The youngsters would crowd in front of it to get into the picture and then I could see practically nothing of the originally intended scene! However, we managed with Alfonso giving a few instructions that they could understand. Then the children would follow us all through the village, having a good time watching this curious visitor with all the cameras (I only had two really). Then, after our tour, I would sit near the beach and the kids would sit around and I let them take turns looking through my field glasses at the ship out at anchor. They all seemed to enjoy that. When I would finish taking their pictures, I would say loud and clear: "Thank You!" I hope my pictures turn out well so that you all can see the faces of these little friends of mine out here in the Pacific. Their skin is dark brown, but their spirit is just like all children all over the world.

One incident on the ship the night we left Truk I must tell you about. It really struck my heart. I was standing by the railing of the ship and the waves were rather high, so the ship was tossing a lot. As I was standing there in the darkness, Alfonso came up to me. He has a quiet way of speaking, very simple and sincere. He asked me if I was going to offer Mass on the ship during our trip. I told him that, unfortunately, I would not be able to as we had no Mass kit available from Truk that I could have brought along. However, I said I would be happy to pray otherwise for him. He then told me that the Catholic passengers in the back of the ship had taken up a collection for me so that I

1 Ed. note: This Pis Island is also part of Losap Atoll.

would pray for them on the trip. And he handed me the proceeds of the collection—two quarters and three nickels! When one realizes that these people may make only about a dollar a day and that only when they have a job, this was indeed the offering of the widow's mite! I accepted it with much appreciation and promised that, even though I could not say Mass for them then, I would be offering the praying of my breviary and other prayers for them. God could not help but bless them.

So, now I am in Truk again, but I am hoping the voyage will continue again soon. The upper and western islands are next with Father Fahey to see on Puluwat. Taking a field trip such as this really gives one a taste of a missionary's life out here. So I want to complete it. In the meantime while waiting, I am looking around the Truk area here, and last night visited our high school at Mabuchi on the other end of the island.[1] But more of that in another report...

* * *

Report Number 3, December 23, 1962.

On Wednesday, December 12th, I finally was able to continue the field trip which had been delayed from the previous week. This time it was aboard another ship, the **Militobi**, owned by the Trust Territory but operated by the Pacific Micronesian Lines. It was larger than the **Kaselehlia**, my previous ship, but of the same general description—a cargo-passenger vessel, 170 feet long, with five cabins and room for 20 or 30 deck passengers. I shared a cabin with a Micronesian man who was the sanitation officer to inspect the facilities on the different islands. Our goal was the northern and western Truk Islands—the Halls, the Namonuitos, and the Westerns. The procedure at each island was about this: the traders would go ashore to see what copra was available from the people, grade it, weigh it, then pay them for it—about four dollars for a 100-pound bag.

Copra is the inside of the coconut, and it has to be cut up into pieces about the size of a slice of grapefruit, then, it is dried, and put into sacks until the ship comes. The ship will bring supplies of rice, soap, cigarettes, beer—sort of a floating market (but the variety of goods aboard is very limited. Included in the passenger list were several other officials—the education officer, agriculture officer, medical man—who would take care of his business at each island. My aim was to go ashore at each island (we would anchor offshore and go in by the small boat from the ship—sometimes getting our feet wet when there was no dock and we would have to beach the boat on the sand) and take my Mass kit to the chapel and get ready for Mass.

Of course, the main drawback for me in this trip was the inability to speak the language of the people. But God in His Providence took care of that for me. There was a young man among the deck passengers who was the catechist on one of the islands—Ulul Island. Since Ulul was half way in the sailing plans, Alfonso was with me to be my "Good Man Friday" when I could not hear confessions since I did not know Trukese,

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1 Ed. note:The former site of the Japanese communication center, then the site of St. Francis Xavier High School.

took the count for Communions, and served my Mass. Then after Mass, he arranged everything for any blessings to be given to the children and expectant mothers, for baptisms, for anointings, and for blessing the graves of those recently deceased. Alfonso spoke English quite well, so indeed he was invaluable to me. Then, when he left me on Ulul, his home, another young Catholic man on board ship—Hermes, the education man—took over and assisted me. So, going out alone I really was well taken care of, thanks be to God.!

The whole field trip as it is called lasted ten days. During that time I visited nine islands of the fourteen in Father John Fahey's parish up this way—Murilo, Ruo, Fananu, Nomwin, Onanet, Ulul, Pulap, Puluwat, and Pulusuk. Very few of the fathers here have ever made this journey, and Father Fahey has not been able to get around to most of these islands in several months. One catechist on one of the islands said it was eight months since the priest had been able to visit his island. Thus it made me especially happy to be able not only to see more of our mission here, but also to bring the Mass and the sacraments to these people. In my trip I offered Mass thirteen times, sometimes saying Mass twice on the same day on two different islands; I gave Holy Communion to over a hundred people, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to 16 infants, and anonnted over a dozen seriously sick people. If I did nothing else, it was certainly worth being here just for that.

There are many little incidents I might write to you about. For example, it is the custom of the people out here to greet the priest with the words in Latin: "Praised be Jesus Christ!", to which the priest responds in Trukese: "for ever and ever, Amen." Also, the men and boys take hold of your hand and touch it to their nose as a sign of reverence and respect, while the women and girls take the priest's hand and kiss the back of it. I'll never forget my reception when I arrived at the shore of Ulul Island—a very Catholic spot. There was no dock, so Alfonso and I jumped from the motor-boat on to the sandy beach. As usual, a good crowd of men, women, and children were on the beach to greet the men from the copra ship. When Alfonso goton the beach a few steps ahead of me, he told the people I was a priest (for they could not tell from my khaki trousers and grey sport shirt). When they all heard that, I was almost forced back into the sea by the throng of old and young grabbing for my hand to kiss it or touch it to their noses and all shouting the greeting: "Laudetur Jesus Christus!" They were all so happy to see a priest after several months. So I received the royal welcome and we had a full church for Mass. This was also the island where I spent the most time—two full days. I had the happiness of baptizing five youngsters there and had several anointings. Having finished all the spiritual ministrations I could do, I decided to spend the afternoon on both days with the children. One day we had a "wade-in" along the shore—at least, that is what I did, while the children went swimming. Then we took a little hike along the beach seven of them and I—and we collected many pretty shells which I shall bring back for our special benefactors to the mission and which we can use for mission displays at The Jesuit Bureau. The next afternoon I had my chance for my first outrigger canoe ride and also my first swim here in the islands. So, as you good friends were shive-

ring in the cold and snow in the Buffalo Province, I was basking in the sun—all part of the day's work, you know!

Most of the islands I visited on this trip were predominantly, if not almost completely Catholic. The story is told, however, that only recently there was a little opposition to the faith. It seems that the chief on one of the islands was a non-catholic and he did not look too kindly on Catholic Services on his island. So when he knew that it was time for Mass to begin in the Catholic chapel, he would ring the vilalge assembly bell for a special meeting and anyone who did not show up immediately was fined $0.25. A quarter may not seem like much to an American, but that is a lot of money out here for a Micronesian. Fortunately, when I offered Mass oon this particular island, no other assembly bells were rung—a sign of the progress of the faith.

The goal of my trip was really to see our Jesuit missionary Father John Kevin Fahey on the island of Puluwat. I spent a day with him, and indeed it was a great inspiration to live for even that short time with a man who is all alone (as far as Americans are concerned) on an island 150 miles away from his fellow Jesuits on Moen in the Truk lagoon, whose only communication with the outside world is an intermittently working shortwave radio and a passing ship about every two months. He has a partish of 25,000 square miles, with 14 islands and 1,600 Catholics out of a total population of about 2,000. But I must spend another report on that visit. Please keep praying for me. I hope to move on to Ponape and the Marshalls in a week or so. God bless you all with a happy Christmas and a New Year full of grace.

* * *

[Visit to Puluwat]

Report Number 4, December 24, 1962.

One of the goals of my recent field trip was to see and visit Father John K. Fahey, S.J., on the island of Puluwat. No Father Provincial or Mission Director up to this time had ever had the chance of doing this, since Puluwat is about 150 miles from the main island in Truk and transportation is very uncertain and limited. Thus, it was with a little feeling of triumph that I boarded the ship **Militobi**'s small boat and rode into the Puluwat lagoon.

Indeed, it was a beautiful picture, the lagoon was a rich blue color and practically unrippled. Around the circular shore many palm trees arched out, giving a gentle shade to the sand beneath them. As we rounded the point of land, there we could see the mission house—a two-story cement building, built by Father Fahey himself over the years. Over to the side of it was the grass chapel and in front of that was an old rusty dock, made from old railrroad rails left behind by the Japanese many years before. Father Fahey walked out on the dock to meet me, accompanied by many of the youngsters. As soon as we had shaken hands, all the children and the grown-ups present, too, took hold of my hand to kiss it—the usual way of greeting a priest in the Truk District. So, I had a royal welcome and was escorted to the priest house. Since I had not yet said Mass that day, Father had everything arranged quickly and soon I was offering the Holy Sacrifice on Puluwat. It was about noon-time now. About twenty youngsters,

women, and a few men attended the Mass. Father Fahey told me later that the whole day is sorientated to God on Puluwat. The angelus is rung three times and all the Catholics are trained to stop whatever they are doing and pray that prayer. Every afternoon about 5:30 the rosary is recited in the chapel and Father gives a little sermon at it. Then at about 9:30 the *De profundis*, the Church's prayer for the dead, is rung on the bell, and that is the usual signal for retiring. There are many Holy Communions every day, too—always a true sign of the vibrant life of a parish. When Father Fahey came here about ten years ago, there was only a handful of Catholics. Today there are almost 250 out of a total population of about 350.

The people of Puluwat are friendly and lovable. The children especially are the pride of their pastor, who is always happy to show a visitor pictures of them. I had the chance to see them for myself and the pictures do not lie—they are bright-eyed, happy children. Life is rather primitiv and simple. The men wear a full loin-cloth called a *thu*, the women a skirt called a lava-lava. Their houses are for the most part made of coconut branches. Their food is the coconut, taro (something like a potato), breadfruit, and rice (which they import). For a livelihood they make copra and sell it to the traders who come about every two months on one of the trading ships. Then, from the ship they can purchase rice, cigarettes, cloth, soap, kerosene—something vaguely resembling a floating supermarket!

Perhaps another word about copra would be in order. It is made from the coconut and coconuts are in great abundance on these islands. The coconut is husked to get to the inner coconut—about the size of a grapefruit. This is then cut in slices and put on trays to dry in the sun. Once it is dry then it is ready for sale. It is put in burlap bags with one bag weighing 105 pounds. When the traders come, they sort out the bags' contents, judge whether it rates as grade one, two, or three, then weigh it, and pay the producer. The native receives about $4.50 a bag. When one stops to realize how much work is involved and how many coconuts had to be sliced up to fill such a bag, one can see why the people are still pretty poor. The copra is then sent to big refineries where it is crushed and made into all kinds of things—soap, fertilizer, healing salves, etc. Copra is the main commodity of the Pacific Islands.

Father Fahey has a much larger parish than Puluwat. Actually, he is responsible for 14 islands. But his main problem is how to get to them. Some are forty, sixty, eighty miles apart. He has only three posibilities. The first is the mission schooner, **The Star of the Sea**. Usually this will take him on his parish rounds. But this is in drydock at present for needed repairs and because of the trade wind season can't be launched again until March at the earliest. The second possibility is to travel on the copra ships. But these come only every two months and it would take Father another two months to get back to Puluwat on the next ship. The last way of getting around is by native or outrigger canoe. This is a dangerous way to travel over long distances. Father Fahey has done this several times—once being lost at sea for three days and Father Rively being lost for twelve days. Thus, it is most difficult for one priest to try to take care of the spiritual needs of 14 islands, spread over 24,000 square miles of ocean, with a total of

about 1,600 Catholics out of a total population of about 2,000. He needs a boat of his own—and he was telling me about the one he dreams of—a 30-foot fiberglass, sail and motor model, and he knows just what company could make such a vessel, but the cost—about $16,000—makes him realize that it will take some time before such a sum is available through mission funds.

Father Fahey and I spent a pleasant afternoon and evening together. We looked around the island a bit, had a nice corned beef dinner (right out of the can!), then went downstairs (he lives on the second floor of his cement block rectory—a room measuring perhaps 35 by 18—and the bottom floor is open as a community room where the youngsters can always be found and where Father teaches school. We sat down on Father's front porch—really only a 12 by 12 breadfruit log, and the youngsters sat around us, singing and speaking to Father and me. About 9:30 after the *De profundis*, all the youngsters had gone and we two sat on talking over many things as we looked out over the starlit sky and the peaceful lagoon. Then, to bed—a mat on the rectory floor.

Soon, dawn had come. The first bell rang for Mass (the bell, by the way, is an empty oxygen tank which gives off a very good ring). soon, old and young were stirring in the neighborhood. Many attended Mass and received Holy Communion. I offered Mass after Fater Fahey. I had just finished when the ship's boat came in with the message that the captain wanted to leave right away due to some approaching bad weather. So, a hurried good-bye to Father John K. Fahey—even before he could write any letters for his relatives and friends back in America—another disappointment, but taken as usual with a smile by this Pacific Jesuit missionary.

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Report Number 5, December 26, 1962.

Christmas in the Carolines is one that I shall always remember. It was a little different in scenery from the previous ones I was accustomed to, but the warmth of the day was still there, and this year I could see even clearer that it did not have to be a "white Christmas" to make it a happy one.

Midnight Mass was celebrated for the first time in the new church in the village of Tunnuk on Moen. It is being built by Brother John Walter, S.J., of Hamburg, N.Y., and it really looks like a cathedral. It is not completed as yet, but enough had been finished to allow us to begin using it. We were able to have a solemn High Mass and I was happy to be asked to be the celebrant. Father Walter J. Fogelsanger, S.J., was the deacon and Mr. Kenneth Hezel, S.J., was the sub-deacon. So we had a complete Buffalo line-up since Father Fogelsanger comes from Hamburg and Mr. Hezel from Buffalo. The choir was the school children of St. Cecilia's. Indeed, their singing was beautiful. They began singing carols both Trukese and American—a half-hour before Mass. The people had been coming to the church since early evening, coming for confession, then staying there on the front hill till Mass time. I preached a short sermon in English at the Mass, then Fr. Fogelsanger translated it into Trukese. There must have been seven or eight hundred people there—all dressed up in their Christmas finery—with no

heavy coats to hide the bright colors! After Mass it is the custom here for the priest to carry the Infant to the Communion rail and each of the faithful can come up and kiss it—much like our veneration of relics. This I did and enjoyed very much. There must have been over 600 Holy Communions at the Mass, too. I am sure our Savior looked with pleasure on Truk that Christmas morning.

After Mass we Jesuits had a nice Christmas tree all lighted in our recreation room. And I had a big box to open—a gift from the lay teachers at St. Cecilia School. It was a hand- carved model of an outrigger canoe. So, with even a nice present under the Christmas tree, that made my Christmas here in the Caroline complete.

Next morning (or I should say later that same morning) I offered my second and third Masses in the convent chapel. Then I got ready to take a motor-boat ride to a few of the neighboring islands to see Father Andrew Connolly, S.J. He is a young missionary and here with a really big job—not only taking care of his own island, but also that of a sick Father. So first I went to Fefen Island, where Fr. Connolly usually is. But he had already left for the next. So, I rode over to Uman island where Father Connolly was just finishing Mass. I was able to get some good pictures of him bapptizing five infants and also accompanied him on a sick call through the mud to a man in a grass and wood house. After that we attended a large community gathering called a *muiche*. This was held in a large grass meeting house. It was like a school play with various youngsters giving little stories or speeches about Christmas to the assembled throng. Then there was a feast following. I partook of some of the food—rice, breadfruit, corned beef--along with Father Connolly. But he had to leave early to travel off to another island to say another Mass. He really had a full day: Midnight Mass on Fefen, then up again at five to take his boat about an hour's ride to Uman Island where he began hearing confessions at seven and continued for four hours, then Mass at noon, followed by five baptisms and a sick call, then off to the third island for his third Mass. Finally he arrived back on the main island of Moen about eight o'clock for a late dinner with his Jesuit brethren. That was indeed a full Christmas day for this Jesuit missionary.

I left Uman in the boat I came in about three o'clock. On the way back we had a nice rain squall. So as I sat getting drenched from the rain and the spray, my thoughts went back to Buffalo and Midnight Mass there, for it was just about that time then in Buffalo. Truk is about sixteen hours ahead of New York State. It was not cold at all here in Truk then, though!

That evening the Jesuit community at Xavier High School on TRuk had invited me to dinner. It was a very enjoyable time to sit down with the Fathers, Scholastics, and one Brother there and enjoy a very nice meal. And to help increase the community spirit even more, we had radio communication with Fr. Fahey on Puluwat, 150 miles away. This radio communication which just began a few months ago has been a wonderful thing for those fathers so far from the home base. On Christmas night Fr. Fahey had some of the children from his parish sing a Trukese Christmas carol for us over the radio, and Fr. Rively did the same from Lukunor. Not to be outdone by such melo-

dious air waves, a few of us at Xavier gave forth with "Jungle Bells!" So we all got in the act.[1]

Thus a very happy Christmas I found in the Caroline Islands—different surroundings by far, but the same genuine spirit we all have experienced. The Church, indeed, is universal.

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Report Number 6, January 3, 1963.

There are five districts to our missions in the Caroline and Marshall Islandss. I spent almost four weeks in the Truk District, for that is the main center of our mission activity. The next district to visit was Ponape—390 miles to the east of Truk. I secured passage on the Trust Territory plane on Friday, December 28th, and arrived that afternoon in Ponape.

The planes used out here are amphibious type, two-engine models. Ponape, for example, has no airfield due to all the mountains and valleys. Thus, the plane lands in the lagoon, then taxis up onto a cement runway. My first seaplane landing was a pleasant one. I could imagine John Glenn splashing down in Mercury 7 when we landed![2] But, fortunately no leaks appeared in the plane.

Fr. Bill McGarry from New York and Brother Bill Condon of New Jersey were on hand to greet me. Soon I was at the mission station at Kolonia where all the mission faculty of Ponape had gathered—Fr. Hugh Costigan, Fr. Paul Cantero, Fr. Berganza, Fr. George McGowan, the superior, Brother Cobo, and Brother Belinchon. So we all had a very nice dinner together. There is a well-built Jesuit house at Kolonia with rooms for all the above-named Jesuits, although some of them live in their outlying parishes most of the time. There is a grade school and boarding school for girls conducted by the Mercedarian Sisters from Spain and a boys' school and dormitoory managed by Jesuit Brother Cobo. Brother Bill Condon is in charge of construction and maintenance—an almost superhuman job when it is so difficult to obtain such common-place things as hacksaw blades and screw-drivers on a small island in the Pacific. He also travels out to some of the farther away parishes to do construction. You cannot believe it unless you see it—the buildings Brother Condon and Father Costigan, another great builder, have put up in places where it seems impossible to bring in the needed cement and equpment. But I have seen these buildings; it is simply amazing.

The morning after I arrived I left early after saying Mass with Father McGarry in his outboard to visit his two parishes—Senwar and Wene in the area of Kiti. All the mission stations here are on the one island of Ponape. But, because Ponape is so mountainous, there are no roads outside of the main base at Kolonia. It is necessary to go everywhere by boat. There used to be a priest in permanent residence here, but we have no- one to be there now. Two years ago one of the Fathers was tragically drowned. We

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1 Ed. note: One could say that there was "caroling" in the Carolines.

2 Ed. note: We have already reached the space age... I am reminded that it is time to put an end to this second series of historical documents.

have been unable to replace him up to the present. So Father McGarry takes care of two parishes. I saw the new church under construction there. It is up on a hill overlooking the Ponape lagoon. After a cup of coffee heated on a kerosene stove, we left again for Wene in Kiti.

At Kiti the church is old and will have to be replaced soon. The Father's quarters are in special need of repair. He lives in three small rooms in the rear of the church. We had a little dinner together there, then we went over across the back to a large grass meeting house where the men and women meet every few evenings to make and drink "sakao." It is a juice from some roots growing in the woods. The roots are pounded for a long time, then squeezed for the juice. The cup is then passed around for everyone to drink. They tell me that it is a mild narcotic with a numbling and drowsy effect after a while. I only sipped a little. Fr. McGarry told me that this is where he learns much about the customs and background of the people, so he tries to attend whenever he can. It was an interesting evening.

Next morning I offered the parish Mass and Fr. McGarry preached in Ponapean. He had to say an afternoon Mass back in Senwar where we had stopped the day before. So I was picked up by another boat and went the opposite direction to the next parish about an hour away, that of Metalanim, with Father Hugh Costigan in charge.

Metalanim has the most beatiful view I have seen thus far. The church and rectory look out over a beautiful sheltered lagoon. Fr. Costigan is more than just a parish priest. He is trying to teach the people to help themselves by teaching them agricultural methods to improve their livelihood and building trades to give them work. He is building now at Metalanim a school for these two purposes. It will be a wonderful step forward for the Ponapean people when it opens in two years (so Fr. Costigan hopes.)[1] At present, Fr has begun several cooperative ventures with the people—with the raising and selling of cacao (from which we get our chocolate), copra, building. The latest one is a housing cooperative and the people—79 of them at present—will build their own homes out of stone and concrete to replace the old, dirty, and unsafe grass shacks. There is much activity at Metalanim with much hope for the future.

Last parish to visit was that of Awak where Fr. Paul Cantero, the only native Micronesian to become a Jesuit priest, resides. And this parish is the original home of Fr. Cantero. So he has returned to his people in a very real and close way. After saying mass the following morning a young lad and I took a two-hour hike up the valley there to see some of the homes of the people. I also saw something very unusual in the Carolines—a waterfall. Only a very few of the large islands have fresh water. Nearly all depend completely on rain water for their needs. So I took a picture of the twin waterfall on Ponape—not quite Niagara but just as important to the people there.

Thus, I have seen the whole mission of Ponape now. It is a bit different from Truk, yet much is also the same. I hope next to take the plane to Kwajalein in the Marshalls and see our missiion there.

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1 Ed. note: It became knwon as PATS, short for Ponape Agricultural and Trade School.

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Report Number 7, January 19, 1963.

From the island of Ponape in the Carolines, I flew to the Marshalls, landing at the Navy Base of Kwajalein 500 miles away. Our Jesuit chaplain there, Fr. Leo Fey, met me at the plane and I spent the following week with him. This was sort of an intermission in my mission tour, since life on Kwajalein is more like in the States than in the missions. I could experience once again air conditioning, paved roads, many small fair-skinned children. And there really was not much for me to do there, so I got a good rest. Father Fey was a gracious host and we enjoyed dinner at the homes of some of his friends during the week, too. His work is much like that of a parish priest, but his parishioners keep changing all the time. No Marshallese live on Kwajalein, but on that small piece of land only one and a quarter miles long there are 3,200 Americans, mostly dependents of the Navy, Army, and civil administration and technical personnel. There are very few who stay more than two years, so Fr. Fey is constantly losing old parishioners and meeting new ones. Then, he, too, does missionary work. Every Sunday he takes a plane to say Mass 60 miles away at another island where there is an American installation, and every week or two he says Mass on another island for the Marshallese. In addition, he flies as far as Eniwetok 300 miles away to offer Mass every two weeks. So he is a busy man and indeed is a great help to our other Jesuits in the Marshalls and Carolines, being in a position to get them needed items from the States.

While there in Kwajalein I had the opportunity through Fr. Fey to visit the Army missile base which is part of the Pacific Missile Tracking Range operation, and also see part of the big RCA radar experimental tracking station on the island of Roi-Namur, some 60 or more miles away. It was indeed all very interesting, but so complicated that I could understand very little of the intricacies of each project.[1]

One other trip while on Kwajalein was more in keeping with my purpose in being out here! I was able to ride a Navy plane on a reconnaisance trip to the island of Likiep about 110 miles northeast of Kwajalein. We landed in the lagoon there (on purpose, of course, since we were in a seaplane!) and I was able to spend about five hours with Fr. John McCarthy, S.J., the pastor there. He is quite isolated at Likiep since there is no regular plane service or ship schedule to that island. There are three Maryknoll Sisters teaching there in the school. Unfortunately, I did not see many of the school children since a special recess for three weeks had just been declared due to the shortage of food on Likiep. A trading ship had not visited the island for nearly four months.[2] So no imports of food were possible and ready cash was very low anyway. So the children were sent home to their own islands where they could be adequately fed. Fr. McCarthy and the Sisters had enough to eat, so there was no emergency at the parish itself. Fr. McCarthy showed me around his mission station. I was even able to offer Mass in the convent chapel soon after I arrived, since I had not said Mass earlier at Kwajalein due

1 Ed. note: A diplomatic way of saying that he cannot reveal what he saw, for security reasons.

2 Ed. note: Since the sinking of the Tematapula in September 1962 (see Doc. 1962A).

to an early departure schedule. The Navy fliers chatted with us on the porch of the rectory for a while. This was the mission that the late Bishop Feeney, the first Jesuit bishop of the Vicariate here, was in charge of and about which he wrote his book, "Letters from Likiep." The bright sun that day made the lagoon look idyllic with its different shadings of blue and green according to the varying depths. Thus, it was a pleasant, enjoyable, and profitable afternoon, and I felt happy that I had this opportunity to see another one of our Jesuit misionaries in his native surroundings.

On Saturday, January 12th, Fr. Fey saw me off on the weekly Trust Territory plane for the southern Marshalls and the island of Majuro, a distance of about 150 miles. There is a good coral-surfaced airstrip here, so we landed on solid ground at Majuro and Brother Michael Murray was on hand to greet me. It was good to see this old friend again. We had made our novitiate together at Poughkeepsie in the late forties. Brother still has his constant smile. His vehicle was an old truck without doors or windows, but he had just given it a coat of paint, so it did not look quite so bad. I told him it was really nice to get a ride in a "convertible!" Several of the boarding school boys were with him, so we had several passengers on the back of the truck.

Majuro is a low island, being only six feet above sea level. It is several miles long but only 150 feet wide in some places! But it boasts of having the best road i the Trust Territory. And having seen some of the roads in other districts, I am inclined to agree. Parts of Majuro's "Main Street" are even paved with macadam. And it runs right by our church and school. Because of the good road, there are about seventy motor scooters on Majuro. But we still use the good old reliable bicycle here at the mission.

Fr. Leonard Hacker is the pastor, but he has not returned as yet from a visit to the States and to his native city of Buffalo. In his absence, Fr. Thomas Donohoe has been taking care of things. Fr. Donohoe is usually stationed on the island of Jaluit, about 130 miles from here. But there are more Catholics here on Majuro, so here is where he has been since Fr. Hacker left in September. He is a quiet, unassuming Jesuit from the Midwest (Omaha, Nebraska is his native town) but his energy seems bouudless. He visits the nearby government hospital (at present consisting of about ten old quonset huts, but a new cement-block one is under construction) a few times a day, stops in to see his parishoners, teaches in the school, and attends to many other things in his daily routine. Once Fr. Hacker returns he will go back to his own island of Jaluit and continue to work on the church his people are building there. The Marshalls are the least Catholic of all our mission districts here in the Trust Territory. Some islands in the Marshalls have only a handful of Catholics. But Fr. Donohoe travels around to visit them whenever he can.

This brings me to another interesting page in this mission tour. Here at Majuro now we have a rare treasure in two lay missionaries, a husband and his wife, Jack and Dorothy Binns. And they offered not only themselves for the mission work but also their beautiful sailing vessel, the **Capella**. Formerly of Long Island, Mr and Mrs. Binns have taken excellent care of this ship, actually living aboard it all the time for the past fifteen years. It is 41-foot long and about 3 wide with all the possible sails, plus a small auxil-

iary engine. It has cabin space for four or five and a complete galley arrangement. They sailed the vessel all the way from Long Island, through the Panama Canal and finally reached Majuro last September. Bishop Kennally saw the urgent need for a mission ship in the Marshalls and so he happily accepted the offer of Mr. and Mrs. Binns. Having arrived such a short time ago, their definite routine has not been established as yet. But now the Fathers will have their own ship to travel on to the outlying islands. Jack and Dorothy are excellent sailors—and very fine convert Catholics, I might add. Daily communicants, they are already making themselves part of the Majuro Catholic life. Majuro is blessed to have them.

This past Thursday I had the good fortune of making a sail on the **Capella**. Jack, Dorothy, and I sailed to the other end of the lagoon—a distance of about seven or eight miles, stopped at an island there to look around, then used the little engine to return (as the winds were in a disadvantageous direction). It was a beautiful day—bright, sunny, clear—and there was a perfect sailing breeze. I took several pictures, so I hope I can eventually show you all the new additions to the mission transportation in the Marshalls.

It appears now that I shall be unable to get to our other mission station at Jaluit. It was in 1958 that a devastating typhoon practically washed away the island. Our mission buildings and mission boat were destroyed. Slowly, we are rebuilding. There is no regular transportation to Jaluit at present. Since Fr. Donohoe the regular pastor there is here on Majuro now taking Fr. Hacker's place, there is no real need for my trying to find some special way of getting there. At least I can see and talk to Fr. Donohoe and that is the main thing.

Last night (Friday) the men and women of the parish put on a special feast for me and indeed, it was a very pleasant evening. About a hundred were in attendance—old and young. Actually, American food was prepared in the village down the road, and this was for only the invited guests—Fr. Donohoe and myself, Brother Murray, the three Maryknoll Sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Binns, and a few of the leading citizens here (including one of the queens!). After we ate, some of the school girls played the guitar, sang, and danced, then some of the older women did the same. Everyone seemed to enjoy it all immensely—including me! Then, at the end of the last part of the entertainment, each lady and a few men came up to where I was sitting and laid a gift on the table before me—beautiful shells, necklaces made from shells, woven hats, colorful shell bands. At the beginning of the festivities we "guests" had all been decorated with flower leis and head chaplets. So I must have looked quite like a king with all these flowers on and with all the beautiful gifts piled high before me. I gave a short few words of gratitude and a promise of my prayers which they had asked for. It was a lovely introduction for me to some of the customs of these good Marshallese.

Early Sunday morning, the 20th, I hope to board the Trust Territory amphibious plane to return to Guam. It is a 1,600-mile, 12-hour flight, and there is always the possibility of being "bumped" from the plane at some stop along the way by someone who has a higher priority to ride the plane than I have. With only twelve seats available, that

is a real possibility! But my plan is to get to Guam again, then get the first available plane out to the Western Carolines to visit the last two districts in our mission territory—the Palaus and Yap. Please keep me in your prayers. Look for my next report from Koror in the Palau District of the Caroline Islands.

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Report Number 8, January 29, 1963.

I am writing to you now from the farthest island district of the Caroline Islands, the district of Palau. From here it is only 500 miles to the Philippines. Last week when I wrote, it was from the other end of the mission territory—from Majuro in the Marshalls, 2,000 miles from here. There is an awful lot of water and very little land between there and here!

There is no one island called Palau. The chief island of administration is Koror where the Jesuit mission has a grammar school conducted by the Mercedarian Sisters from Spain and an intermediate school (grades seven to nine) conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters. There are two Jesuit priests stationed here, Father Richard Hoar of Bufffalo who is in charge of the grammar school—Maris Stella School, and Father Richard Roszel who is the pastor of the parish and in charge of the intermediate seahool—Mindzenty School. Both schools have building programs under way for dormitory space and extra classrooms. There is already a boys' dormitory here with about forty boys under the guidance of Brother John [Br. Juan Aricota], one of our great veteran Spanish Jesuits who has been here about 40 years now. But there is great need for a girls' dormitory and a living quarters for the lay women teachers. So Father Hoar has had to become an architect and contractor. Most every day he can be found in his work clothes and large straw hat directing the workmen in digging the footings for the new dormitory and mixing cement. The machinery belonging to the mission—vehicles and motors—are kept in good repair by the man trained by Father Hoar in such matters. He is also a radio man and that is a big asset to the mission. Every week he contacts Guam by radio and can keep abreast of news important for the mission. Our mission radio network is gradually taking shape, too, with the hope being that each mission station in this vast Pacific area of our responsibility will have a radio with one assigned frequency, by which the Fathers and Brothers can contact one another regularly and thus increase their influence by getting necessary information quickly where it is needed. Some of these radios are already in operation. Just a few days ago I visited another veteran Spanish Jesuit, Father John Bizkarra, on his island of Angaur, about 50 miles from here. Fr. Hoar had just set up Fr. John's radio for him. We took a portable gasoline generator with us and were able to talk to Fr. Hoar on Koror from Angaur and thus made a few important changes in travel plans. The usefulness of the mission radios is beyond question.

When I arrived last Tuesday, I immediately began learning about mission life by going out that evening with Fr. Roszel to "beg from door to door." This is literally what we did. Fr. was combining a census call with an appeal for funds for the Mindzenty school building needs. So we went in the darkness by back paths to the little wooden

buildings of about five or six families. After getting down the necessary information about the members of each family, he would ask them if they would like to continue or begin a pledge of a dollar or so a month for ten months for the school. It was interesting to see the reaction on the faces of the man or woman, figuring out slowly how much that would mean out of the monthly income. And when a working man makes about ten dollars a week, this does require a little reflection. So, out of the six families visited, I think we ended up with total pledges of about $5.50—not much when sacked up to the cost of building supplies, but quite generous—as was the widow's mite—when looked at from the viewpoint of sacrifice. And this was a good chance, too, to see the homes of the people. These buildings were in Koror and fairly well built. But there was very little furniture in them. People sat on the floor and slept on the floor, did the cooking in a little shelter outside in back. Most places had a few electric lights and maybe a radio, but that was about all. There was nothing very comfortable in them to our way of thinking.

The next day I traveled by boat to the island of Angaur about 50 miles to the south. It ws a five-hour trip. Father John met Fr. Roszel and me at the dock and the children of his village put a total of **six** flower leis around my neck! I felt and smelled like a floral piece in the winner's circle! An old broken-down army truck with no top to it and which had to be pushed to get the motor started carried us to Fr John's rectory. It was set in a little clearing right by the sea and was surrounded by a tropical pne-tree forest.[1] It looked more like the Adirondacks than the Pacific! The people of the village brought us dinner a little later—large trays of specially prepared yams, cooked fish, coconut candy, bananas, papaya, and coffee. We could not possibly ahve eaten it all. Each evening there is rosary in the church, so I walked over to the little church for that and afterwards met the people. Each came out of the church and gave me the special Palauan greeting for the priest—the women kissing the back of my hand and the men touching it to their nose. Not knowing their language I could only say hello and smile! Next morning I said Mass there and got a tour of the island. There is a Coast Guard base on it which we saw. Also in evidence were old rusting hulks of landing barges on the beaches and rusty tanks and trucks on the shore. This was one of the islands invaded by the Americans in the Second World War. Almost everything has been cleared away now, but some old rusty relics can still be seen even to the anti-landing obstacles in the shallow water off the beach... If my pictures turn out, there will be good evidence of all this when I return. About noontime the three of us took the boat again to the next island—Pelilieu, the scene of another American invasion. I took a picture there of the marker commemorating the heroic American dead, standing next to that for the Japanese dead. The island's trees and foliage have covered over nearly all the old airfield and other buildings and equipment left on Pelilieu. But I took pictures of what I could find—a few old LSTs on the beach, the bombed-out Japanese air station and power plant. That night Fr John returned to Angaaur and Fr Roszel and I stayed at the home of the

1 Ed. note: Such pine-looking trees are ironwood trees.

brother of one of our Palauan Jesuit novices at Plattsburgh, Valentin Sengebau. His brother Kulas was a most gracious host, arranging fine beds and superb meals for us. After Mass the next day we took the mission boat back to Koror.

The following day, Sunday, off I travelled with Fr Hoar this time to the northern island of Kayangel. This is about sixty miles distant—an 8-hour ride on the boat. It is a more primitive village than Koror, no electricity, many palm trees all around (in fact, you have to watch out for the falling coconuts!). Fr. Hoar and I made arrangements to say Mass in the house of one of the Christians the following morning and that night we slept in the big community house called a *bai*(pronounced ("bye"). There were about twenty government people along making a survey for new schools. So we all stayed and slept in the *bai*, using a straw mat for a mattress, a pillow, and a blandet—all provided by the villagers for the guests.

Next morning Fr. and I said Mass, he baptized a baby, then we set out for the next village. In all we visited three villages, slept in a private house the second night, got caught in the rain and got a few muddy feet in the process, and arrived back in Koror this afternoon. Again I learned much about mission life by actually being with one of our Fathers. It is not an easy life by any means. And the people are not yet all Christians. But to bring the sacraments to those that are and watch that number slowly increase is worth any effort. Tomorrow I travel to the island of Babeldoap to see Father Edwin McManus and begin my second week in Palau.[1]

* * *

Report Number 9, February 5, 1963.

My second week in Koror was another busy one. Last Wednesday afternoon Father Roszel and I took the motor-boat to northern Babeldoap, the largest island in the whole mission (about forty miles long and six wide), to the mission station of Father Edwin McManus at Ngarard. We arrived there at noontime and spent two days there. Father lives alone and is quite a distance form the main base. He makes his own meals, has no refrigerator, gets drinking water from the rain (as most people do in the islands). He has an elementary school of six grades in which he teaches. However, he has to be away ten or twelve days a month to visit several other mission stations. So he keeps busy, to say the least.

The priest's house is a small one-storey cement-block building and although Father lives alone he is never without company. Many of the children pass by his house on the way to and from school and they feel very free to drop in and sit down in Father's office! During my two days there, there was hardly a time when the children were absent. Every evening, too, as is the custom of the islands, the faithful gather at the church to say the rosary. Father McManus has no electricity in his church, so a bright kerosene lantern gives the light. The rosary is said, confessions are heard, then the people sit around outside the front door of the church for a little social hour after the prayers. Night comes quickly in the Pacific, so soon the people go to their homes and we Fa-

1 Ed. note: This Father Edwin G. MacManus wrote the first 'modern' *Palauan-English Dictionary*.

thers return to the rectory for dinner. For one of my nights we had a delicioud "canned" dinner; on the second the people of the parish sent in some native food—lobsters, tapioca, yams, oranges, papaya. There seems to be an abundance of food here in Palau. But it takes an American a while to get used to it.

I returned to Koror on Friday. Saturday night there was a parish feast in honor of the Mission Procurator [i.e. the writer]. About a hundred people attended and a lively spread of food was prepared. The Maryknoll Sisters (four of them) who teach here in the intermediate school—Mindzenty, and the six Mercedarian Sisters of Spain—who teach in the elementary school—Maris Stella, attended the dinner. We enjoyed the food, then one of the leading men got up to give a speech of welcome and a request for the needs of the parish—and a complete line-up it was! A new intermediate school building, a new grammar school building, new convents, a new church, a new priests' house—and indeed I could see they are all needed. So in my return speech (Fr. Roszel translated each sentence into Palauan after I gave it) I promised to do the best that we could. These people are already helping themselves to some extent through a program of monthly contributions. With the generous assistance of our good people in the Buffalo Province, the fine work already begun here will continue and flourish.

Tomorrow I leave for the last mission district—Yap. In preparation for that I took a boat ride today to look for one of the caves here where the early Yapese men quarried limestone disks to use as money and took them 200 miles over the open sea to Yap. Two boys and I found one of the caves and saw some of the remains of the old diggings. Soon I shall see the results of these expeditions in the stone money of Yap. Tonight all the Palau mission Jesuits gathered for the farewell dinner—Fr. Hoar, Fr. Roszel, Fr. McManus, Fr. John Bizkarra, and Brother John Ariceta—all great men dong outstanding work for Christ here in this mission.

* * *

Report Number 10, February 13, 1963.

This is the last district of our mission and thus, this will be my last report.This past week has been a very interesting one and first I must mention how I almost had to spend another week in Koror and would have missed this past week here in Yap. The one weekly plane servicing the islands has very limited passenger and cargo space. Thus, when the decision has to be made as to who goes and who doen not, it is according to a priority basis. Unfortunately, the missionaries are down the list on priority rating. So, after having my name on the list for two weeks, having my bags checked that morning, and everything seeming to be in order, one hour before departure time I was informed that I was "bumped." Extra fuel had to be put aboard due to a strong head-wind and three passengers were eliminated from the plane, including me. But it was very important that I get to Yap that day since the Bishop was coming there and Fr. Walter from Ulithi was there and I did not know how long either of them could stay. So I put my plight in the good hands of an old friend who has never failed—St. Joseph, and marvelous to relate, somehow he got me on that plane. The Fathers in Koror said I should go down to the take-off ramp (the plane lands in the water at Koror and taxis up onto

a cement ramp) with my baggge, even though I as officially "bumped" because sometimes there was a slight chance I might still get on. This we did, I waaited for the assistant administrator to come along and explained to him the situation and howit was most important I get to Yap. He was very kind—and **efficient**—and with the help from St. Joseph, made a few adjustments and got me aboard. So, God be praised, here I have been for the past week!

Father John Condon met me at the plane (again, we landed in the water, but no ramp this time; a boat meets the plane and takes the passengers and baggage ashore) and drove me in the jeep truck to the residence. It is a new cement buiilding for three priests and a brother—Fr. John Condon the pastor, Fr. Frederick Bailey the assistant pastor, and—when he is not on a field trip visiting islands or on his regular island of Ulithi—Fr. William Walter of Buffalo. Brother Gregorio [Oroquieta], originally from Spain many years ago, continues to take care of the house and school and convent in every way from builder to maintenance man. When I arrived, Fr. Walter was there, too, so I was able to see everyone without the necessity of making a special trip to Ulithi a hundred miles away. During several hours of conversation and seeing pictures of his mission area, Fr. Walter filled me in on Ulithi. He will be leaving in a week to return there and make a trip to the 21 islands where he has churches—or hopes to build churches! He is the sole builder, so it takes some time. At present he sleeps on the sanctuary floor of his church in Ulithi while he is building a residence. He says every pastor ought to do this some time because then he can see who comes into the church day or night! He has never lost his sense of humor during the fifteen years out here in the Pacific.

In the main village of Yap we have a school for boys and girls conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters (three of them). The school building and convent is in poor condition—old cement quarters from the war—and really need replacing. Plans are now being made for a new school. After regular classes, the girls learn sewing and the boys learn softball—both taught by the Maryknoll Sisters! The Fathers both teach in the school on alternate days, besides taking care of all the other parish matters. On Wednesdays and Sundays Father Bailey travels several hours by boat to say Mass and take spiritual care of the people in other islands in the district. Father Condon does the same. last Sunday I accompanied Father Bailey on his regular trip. We left by small outboard boat about 8:30 with four or five natives aboard. After an hour's salty and wet ride, we came to a very beautiful little village where the church was the dominant structure surrounded by small grass huts. The people were waiting for us. The first bell was rung on the empty oxygen tank hanging at the side of the church, telling the people that Mass would begin in about 45 minutes since FAther had now arrived. Father began hearing confessions as I strolled about outside, watching the children and the people as they came to church and taking some pictures. The women actually wear the heavy grass skirts here in

Yap[1]—I am told that the skirts sometimes weigh about thirty pounds! And one thing particularly caught my attention—nearly all of the young girls were practically bald! The practice throughout Yap is to shave the heads of the young children to keep them from getting lice and other bugs in their hair. So the poor girls here have no problems about hair ribbons or hair styles. Of course, the boys are just as happy this way all over the world, I guess. I offered the Mass at this village on Gagil Island. It was wonderful to give Holy Communion to about sixty of the congregation (which totaled about 125, I guess). After Mass, a coconut was brought so I could have a drink, then Fr. and I walked about a bit and he showed me an interesting piece of stone money that had two holes in it instead of the usual one. All over Yap the large limestone disks valued as money are found in front of homes and buildings. They are more like treasures than actually currency—some measuring 10 or 12 feet in diameter and weighing hundreds of pounds. So, there I was surrounded by all this money—and not being able to even budge it! It is as safe as the gold in Fort Knox!

Father Bailey and I continued by boat to the next island, another hour's ride. I walked about an hour, looking at the village and the homes—again grass huts. Fr. Bailey offered Mass for about 125 people, they brought us some rice and squash and coffee for dinner, then we waded out (low tide now!) to the motor boat and in another hour or so we were back at the residence.

On Monday I visited another village and its little grass-thatched public school with Fr. Condon.

So that left only one more missionary to see—the pastor of the whole Caroline and Marshall Vicariate, Bishop Vincent Kennally. On Sunday morning he arrived by ship to spend a week here and thus, I have been able to spend several hours talking things over with him about this mission. I feel now that this has really completed my view of our work in this area of the Pacific. I hope this week to begin the homeward journey—with over 1,000 color slides, 500 black-and-white pictures, and 2,400 feet of color movie film, plus a few recordings of native singing to bring back with me, along with several examples of native art and handicraft so that I may use all this information to tell you all about the wonderful work being done by our Jesuit missionaries in the Caroline and Marshall Islands. Hope to see you again soon. God bless us all!

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1 Ed. note: He could have added that the women did not wear anything to cover their breasts either. Even 20 years later, I saw them attend the church in Colonia that way... and nowhere else in the Catholic world.

EPILOGUE

Having completed the journey through our mission land, there remained one more place closely associated with it that I wanted to visit—the Haedquarters of the Trust Territory of the United States on the island of Saipan in the Mariana Islands about 200 miles north of Guam. Really this island has an even more special significance than that. It is the home of the novitiate of the Mercedarian Sisters who teach at various districts of our mission. On my brief two-day visit to Saipan, I had the great happiness of seeing and talking to 37 young Micronesian ladies who are in training to become Mercedarian Sisters. These girls are from all five of the mission distrricts and a wonderful sign of the growth of the faith in the hearts of the native people. So, I visited the novitiate and also the Trust Territory headquarterss where I had a pleasant meeting with the Deputy High Commissioner, Mr. José Benitez. Returning to Guam by air, I said goodbye to our very good friends, the American Capuchin Fathers, boarded the big Pan Am jet and after brief stops in Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Phoenix I arrived back in Buffalo in the evening of February 28th.

I feel infinitely better prepared now to tell others through the Jesuit Bureau activities about our mission and its needs. In my future talks and slide lectures about the mission, I feel I can now even say with some grain of truth—"we missionaries."

A.M.D.G.

Documents 1963B

Another drift voyage by Ulithians

Source: Articles in the Micronesian Reporter, May-June 1963, and February-April 1964.



DRESSED IN UNACCUSTOMED GARB—shirts and trousers instead of their traditional "thus" (G-strings)—these six men of Ulithi (front row) show little strain from their long-lost voyage which ended in the Philippines on May 3, three weeks and a day after they had set out from Fassarai for the neighbor isle of Fais, both in Ulithi Atoll, Yap District. They are shown upon arrival in Guam. Left to right are Yohanes Yguy, 42; Luis Yoloreg, 45; Josef Yormar, 62; Manchor Hayulfar, 65; Pablo Hasgur, 60; and Pedro Yamalmai, 34, navigator.
Standing rear, are James C. Boykin, Education Specialist stationed in Ulithi, author of the accompanying article, and L. Gordon Findley, High Commissioner's Representative in Guam. Messers. Findley and Boykin assisted the canoemen upon their arrival in Guam, homeward bound, in June 1963, some two months after the start of their voyage.

The Voyage of the Ulithians

On April 11, 1963, a forty-foot outrigger canoe from Fassarai Island, Ulithi Atoll, sailed out of the lagoon with six men aboard for a five or six hour routine "tobacco run" to Fais.

The Fassarai craft is a very old one constructed by Soreg in Yap in the very learly 1900's. It has made many trips to Fais, with numerous crews, over the years. On its most recent "tobacco run"—which did not end in Fais—the old canoe was "skippered" by Pedro Yamalmai, a 34-year-old Fa saraian. Other crew members on this eventful tr were Manchor Hayulfar, 65; Josef Yormar, 6 Pablo Hasgur, 60; Luis Yoloreg, 45; and Yoham Yguy, 42. Yguy is a native of Satawan, while t other members are from Ulithi Atoll.

The day after the Fassarai canoe depart Ulithi, another canoe from Falalop Island, Ulith made a sucessful round trip to Fais, an island abo

Voyage of the Ulithians *(Continued from page 19)*

mentarily, but there still was great concern over the food supply.

The older men asked the skipper to set sail for the Philippines because of the large land masses which they might spot. In view of the dwindling food and water supply (the coconuts were thrown overboard during the storm to reduce weight), Yamalmai struck a course across the Philippine Sea in the general direction of the Philippines. He was careful to set a northernly course in order to avoid the "shark-teeth mountains."

Six or seven days before reaching the Philippines, the food and water were exhausted. They were unable to fish because they "wanted to hurry on toward the big islands." Some water was caught by sailing toward distant clouds.

Hungry, weary, and frightened of a strange and distant place, the crew spotted land in the late afternoon of May 2. They decided against going in after nightfall, so the sail was lowered to cut speed. The decision to lay off was difficult because they needed food and water so badly.

On the morning of May 3, the thu-clad adventurers arrived at Samar, Philippine Islands. Luckily, Yamalmai could speak English, so he was able to communicate with their new acquaintances in Samar.

The people of Samar were reluctant to trust the new arrivals. Food was not immediately forthcoming and was in limited supply for the remainder of the stay in Samar. There was concern by Philippine Island Constabulary that their new guests were communists and Yamalmai was questioned on many, many occasions as to their origin. The Philippine Red Cross furnished some food and clothin for the "guests," and later the American Embass in Manila was contacted.

Finally, the crew was transferred to Catbaloga Samar, by motor car, accompanied by a memb of the Philippines Constabulary, and from the they made the trip to Manila by air unaccompanie The Ulithians were met in Manila by members the American Embassy and the next day were their way to Guam.

Trust Territory personnel met the travel on Guam. Mr. L. Gordon Findley, Trust Territ Liaison Officer, arranged with Captain Walter Miller, Commanding Officer, U. S. Naval Hospi Guam, to have each of the crew members admit to the Naval Hospital for observation after long ordeal. Yormar and Hayulfar remained in hospital to be treated and were returned to t island after their condition was judged satisfact by the doctors.

The skipper and three of his crew were turned home by a special flight to Ulithi on J 17. A large portion of the Ulithi population anxiously and happily awaiting the arrival of aircraft as it set down on Falalop, Ulithi, with of their sparse number on board. It was a thrill and highly emotional reunion.

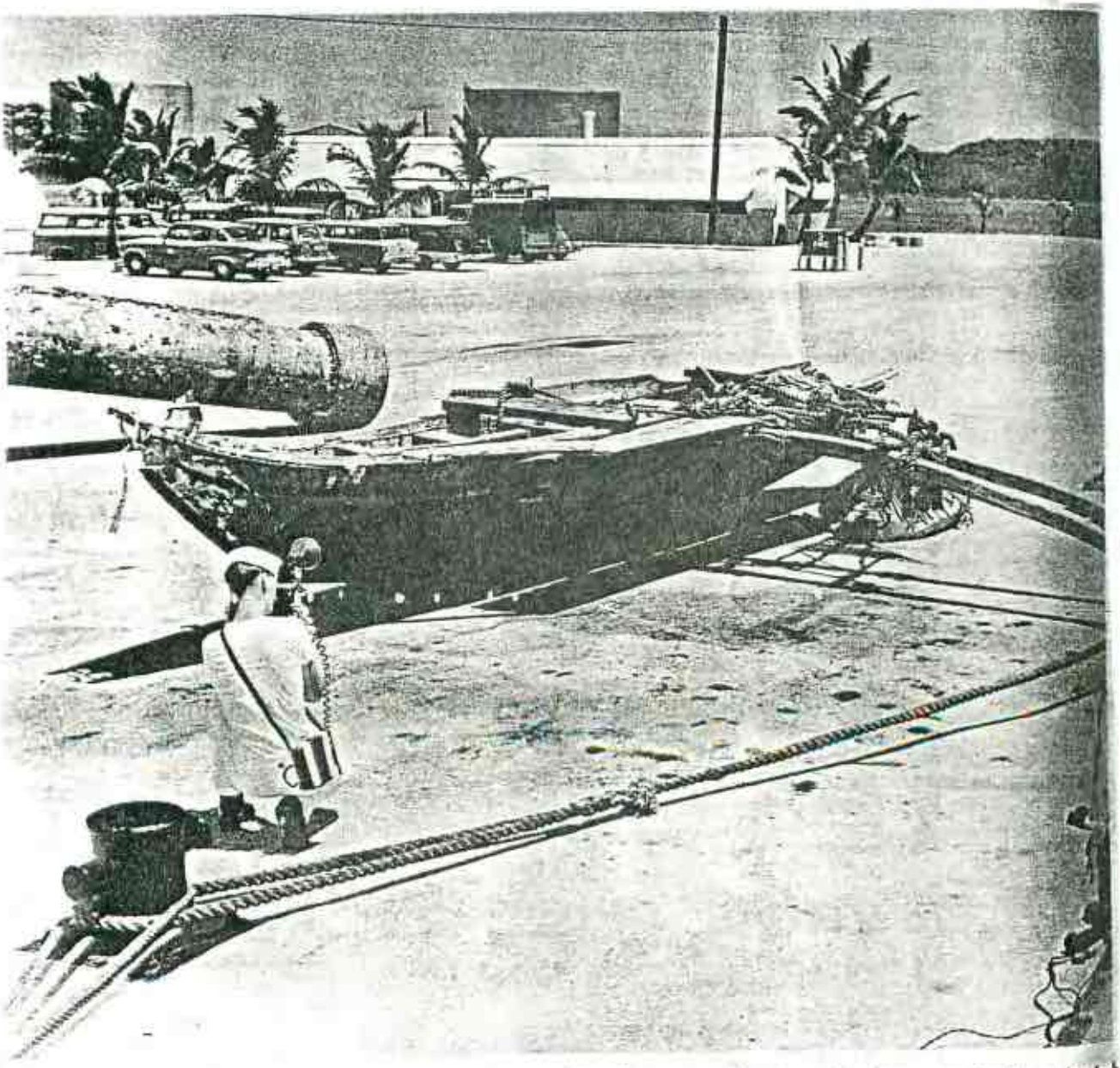
Families and friends were literally count the days until all the crew would be back in Ul —a happy ending to a two-month vigil.

One last concern—the sturdy old canoe. It will be returned to the people of Fassarai, its law owners. It will no doubt make many, many "toba runs" for the generations ahead.

This trip is destined to become legend Ulithi.

—James C. Boy

Final Chapter Written in Tale of Near Sea Tragedy



HOMEWARD BOUND . . . The one-ton Ulithi canoe that took nearly a year to be returned to its owners stands on the dock in Guam awaiting a Trust Territory ship that will mark the final leg of its journey from Samar, Philippine Islands. Six Ulithians rode the canoe for 53 days on the open sea after missing their intended landfall.

Canoe Returned To Ulithians

A 36-foot out-rigger canoe in which six Ulithians drifted for 53 days from their home island to the Philippines in April 1963 arrived in Guam in mid-March on board the Coast Guard Cutter BUTTONWOOD.

The return of the one-ton boat to its owners on Fassarai Island in the Ulithi Atoll will end nearly a year of combined efforts by the High Commissioner and Commander Naval Forces Marianas.

On April 11, 1963, Six Ulithi Islanders left their home island of Fassarai in their canoe bound for Fais Island 50 miles away. The men were: Joseph Yormar, 62; Pedro Yamalmai, 34; Pablo Hasgur, 60; Luis Yoloreg, 45; Yohanes Yguy, 42; and Marcher Haynifar, 65.

Pedro Yamalmai said they left their island with 600 fish, 300 doughnuts, about five pounds of rice, several coconuts, some sugar, and 10 gallons of water. Yamalmai said they were going to Fais to get tobacco.

The south-east run from Fassarai to Fais normally requires five hours of sailing time, but on this day after several hours at sea the men realized that they had missed the island. According to Yamalmai they turned back and later saw an island in the distance.

Strong currents swept the boat along off course and soon the men realized they were lost. They chose to sail southward in an effort to reach Palau or other island group, but shifted their destination to the Philippines after several days without sighting land.

In the meantime an exhaustive air-sea search operation was launched by the Trust Territory government in an effort to find the missing men. Several fruitless weeks went by and the men were believed to have died at sea.

Wind and seas drove the outrigger canoe onward and after two weeks the men were without food. For an additional 37 days the single triangular-shaped sail of the canoe drove the men toward the Philippines where they landed on the island of Samar after 53 days on the open sea.

American Embassy officials in Manila aided in the return of the men to Guam where they landed on June 7, 1963. After a thorough check-up at the Guam Naval Hospital the men were returned to their homes. Authorities said the men were in good condition after experiencing their 53 day ordeal.

The canoe remained in Samar and soon became a source of deep concern to the Ulithians as it represented a vital part of their community. Letter and letter began moving from Ulithi, from Saipan, from Guam, and from the American Embassy in Manila until final arrangements for the pick-up and return of the canoe was made.

Upon off-loading of the canoe from the BUTTONWOOD it will be transhipped to Ulithi on board a Trust Territory vessel thus giving the final happy ending to a sea story that could have been one of disaster at sea.

Document 1964A

Guam mission report for 1964

Source: Article in Analecta OFMCap 81 (1965): 219-224.

[Attached]

MISSIONES

EX ANNUIS RELATIONIBUS

Missio de Guam *

(Insulae Marianae, Oceania)

(Prov. Neo-Eboracensis)

During the period covered by this report, we have been experiencing considerable material growth in this Mission because of all the building and rebuilding which was necessitated by the damage done during the typhoons of 1962. Of course this does not necessarily mean that we have experienced a similar spiritual growth. At times it seems that our spiritual progress among the people is very little. However, in preparing a report such as this, it makes one realize that we have been blessed in so many ways. For this we are very grateful to Almighty God and also to the Provincial Superiors of St. Mary's Province and all of the brethren who have been so good to us.

* Tertio recurrente saeculo ex quo in hanc insulam missionarii catholici pervenerunt. Fructus, Deo omnium bonorum datore, vere consolantes sunt: incolae fere omnes catholici sunt, videlicet 51.983, ex quibus indigenae 49.693, non indigenae 2.290; acatholici 2.900, ex quibus haeretici vel schismatici 2.800, et 100 pagani. Paroeciae sunt 23, sac. dioec. 13, sem. 11, sac. rel. 23. Vic. Ap.: Exc.mus Dom. Villemus A. Baumgartner, O.F.M.Cap., ep. tit. Ioppensis.

NEW MISSIONARIES: During this year two new missionaries have been assigned to this Mission. Fr. Andrew San Agustin, our second Guamanian Capuchin to be ordained, returned after completing his course of studies in July 1963. Since he had not taken his pastoral year, he was assigned to the island of Saipan to work with the very capable pastor, Fr. Arnold. Fr. Andrew completed his pastoral year in May and has continued to work in Saipan doing a very excellent job. Fr. Knute Kenlon also arrived in the Mission in September to replace Fr. Barry who returned to the States. Fr. Knute was assigned to teach at Fr. Duenas Memorial School and assist with the parochial work. He has adjusted to the work here very well and has proven to be a great asset to the Mission.

APOSTOLIC LABORS: The work for most of the Fathers during this past year has continued very much the same as in previous years - mainly preserving the Faith which is constantly being threatened by so many enemies from within and without. To this has been added the burden of continuing the building and rebuilding of the structures which were either damaged or destroyed by the tiphoons. This is a long, slow and costly process. Many of the Fathers are advancing in age, so they feel this burden more than in former years. However, in general, most of the Missionaires have held up very well under this strain.

STATIONS CARED FOR BY THE CAPUCHIN FATHERS: The following places are those where our Capuchin Fathers are in charge. The other places are being cared for by the diocesan priests who number 13 at the present time.

Agat: Fr. Leon is the present pastor of this parish. The church, school and Sisters' convent were badly damaged during the typhoon. The convent was repaired first and temporary repairs made on the school. The roof of the church was completely gone, so extensive repair was necessary for the church. This work has just been completed. The church now has a very strong and sturdy concrete roof which should stand up in almost any storm. The condition of the school buldings is still in a sad state of affairs but lack of funds make it impossible to do anything at the present time. The Notre Dame Sisters teach in the school and assist with the catechizing of the children attending the public school. Fr. Leon has his hands full with this pastoral charge but he is a very hard worker and will certainly succeed with this difficult job.

Agana Heights and Maina: Fr. Agnellus has been doing very fine work in this parish in which our Friary is located. He lives at the Friary and cares for the parish and mission attached. Fr. Agnellus has also been burdened with extensive rebuilding and repairs during the past year. Added to this, he has suffered a great deal of damage to the church by two fires which were started in the sacristy by a young boy. This has been most discouraging. Fr. Agnellus does not have a Catholic school so he has the problem of catechism classes for all of the children after school hours. Despite these difficulties and setbacks, Fr. Agnellus is doing a very fine job.

Dededo and Yigo: Fr. Raymond has been in charge of these two places, assisted by Fr. Daniel. Both of the Fathers are kept very busy with the parochial duties of these two places as

well as the work connected with the large grade school which they have in Dededo. There has also been a great deal of rebuilding and repairing necessary for the buildings at Dededo. However, as the whole church at Yigo was completely destroyed they have a beautiful new church under construction at the present time. It will be a reinforced concrete building and should be completed sometime during the coming year. Fr. Daniel has been of great assistance to Fr. Raymond in this project as well as in the other parochial work connected with the two places.

Inarajan: Fr. Paul still continues with the work at Inarajan. He has been there a number of years now and does a very good job with these people. He does not have a Catholic school but does have the assistance of some of the Sisters to help him with the catechetical work. Like all of the other Fathers he has been faced with the problem of repairing the storm damages and replacing some of the shelters for classes which were lost in the storms. Although it is quite a distance to Inarajan from the Friary, Fr. Paul is really exemplary in coming to the Friary to enjoy the company of the other Friars.

Merizo and Umatac: The neighboring parishes in the southern part of the island next to Inarjan are those of Merizo and Umatac cared for by Fr. Timothy. He lives in Merizo and also takes care of Umatac which is about ten miles away. Fr. Timothy does not have a Catholic School nor Sisters to assist in the work of catechizing. However, Fr. Timothy seems to have a special talent in working with the youth so he does a very wonderful job with the young people. Extensive repairs were also necessary in Merizo but they now have a beautiful little church.

Piti: This parish has been cared for by Capuchin Fathers off and on for the past several years. At the present time Fr. Conall is stationed at Piti. He has the assistance of the Sisters of Mercy with the catechetical work. The public school is near the church property so it is very convenient for the catechism classes after school hours. Many of the Fathers who have been stationed at Piti have not found the people too easy to work with but Fr. Conall seems to be doing a very fine job despite difficulties and obstacles.

Santa Rita: Fr. Ferdinand, our veteran missionary, is still taking care of the parish of Santa Rita. This parish is just a short distance from Agat. They do not have a Catholic school but many of the children from Santa Rita go to Agat to the Catholic school. The Sisters of Notre Dame also come to Santa Rita to assist Fr. Ferdinand with the catechetical work. Despite Fr. Ferdinand's advancing years, he still continues with the parochial work.

Sinajana and Ordot: This parish is adjacent to Agana Heights where the Friary is situated, so the Fathers live at the Friary and take care of the parish from there. Fr. Kieran and Fr. Antonine have been working together in these two places during the past years while Fr. Antonine was the Superior Regular. With the change in the superiorship, no change was made in the parish setup for the present time. The Franciscan Sisters conduct a Junior High School in Sinajana and the Fathers teach religion classes there each day. There are about 800 children in the first six grades in the public school which is only a short distance from our

Catholic school. These children come to our school for catechism classes twice each week.

TALOFOFO: This parish has been cared for by Fr. Cornelius during the past few years. They also suffered extensive damage to the church buildings during the typhoon. The whole roof went off the church building so this has been a major repair project. Fr. Cornelius had been living at the Friary since the typhoon in 1962 but it is a long distance for him to drive back and forth every day. He had not been feeling well for some time with the result that he had to have a rather serious operation for ulcers. Since that time he has been staying at the Friary recuperating and Fr. Fulgence took his place at Talofofo. The Notre Dame Sisters from Yona help with the catechizing at Talofofo and they are planning to eventually build their Motherhouse and novitiate in this parish.

Yona: Fr. Alvin still continues his wonderful work at Yona but much of his activity has been curtailed by a heart attack which he suffered during the past year. This was perhaps caused partially by all of the difficulties resulting from the typhoons. The Yona parish buildings were very badly damaged in the storm of 1962. Temporary repairs were well along the way when they lost most of their roofs again in April of 1963. There are over 1100 children in their Catholic school and there is no public school in this village at all. Fr. Alvin has been continuing as pastor but has had to limit his activities. It will be necessary for him to have someone assist him with the work.

Rota Island: Fifty miles north of Guam is the little island of Rota which has been cared for recently by Fr. Alexander. There are about 900 people on this island and all of them are Catholic. Brother Patrick is also stationed on Rota and has proven himself to be a wonderful companion for the Fathers and a great help to them in their work. Although Rota is not far away still it has been quite isolated because of lack of reliable transportation. Recently a small private airline has started operating between these islands and Guam so this has changed the situation tremendously. Catechetical instructions are given regularly and during the summer the Sisters of Mercy from Guam go over to Rota for a few weeks to assist in the instruction of the children.

Tinian Island: Tinian is another small island which is farther north from Rota and just three miles from the larger island of Saipan. Tinian was a big air base during the war sottreve are excellent roads and runways there. Fr. Lee has been stationed on Tinian. He is doing an excellent job...

... He has been very conscientious in his catechetical instructions and very close to his people. They have a beautiful church and rectory. Although the island appears shabby and neglected, the church grounds are kept up beautifully under the direction and supervision of Fr. Lee, who has also benefited by the airline service to Tinian.

Saipan: Fr. Arnold has continued with his excellent pastoral work on Saipan assisted by Fr. Sylvan and Fr. Andrew. They now have a complete grade school and high school. The Fathers have added duties now teaching classes in the high school. There are about six outlying districts which they also take care of besides the large

parish of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the main station of Chalan Kanoa. Saipan is now the capital for the Trust Territory of the Pacific and the headquarters have been moved from Guam to Saipan. The Marshall and Caroline Islands are administerd from this headquarters. The Mercedarian Sisters who teach in the school also have several missions in the Marshal and Caroline Islands. Consequently they have made their novitiate and juniorate for all of the Sisters from these islands in Saipan. The Fathers take care of the spiritual needs for all of these Sisters. With the constant growth in population and the increase in education facilities, the work in Saipan is getting to be almost too much for three priests. The Fathers in Saipan deserve a great deal of credit for the long hours of apostolic work which they put in.

Wake Island: Wake Island is about midway between Guam and Honolulu. For many years the Fathers from Guam visited Wake periodically and took care of the spiritual needs of the people stationed there. Wake is a very small island which is only a few feet out of the water. It is mainly a refueling station for air craft. It is administered by the Federal Aviation Agency of the United States with personel from the United States, Hawaii and the Philippines. The Federal Aviation Agency requested that a Chaplain be stationed permanently on Wake. As a result Fr. Leon took this position first and was replaced by Fr. Canice in November of 1963. His duties are similar to those of a military chaplain and he is on the regular payroll of the FAA. Fr. Canice has been doing an excellent job there. During the summer he had the Sisters of Mercy for a month for catechizing since there are quite a number of families who are there with the men stationed on Wake. Despite all of the problems and difficulties, Fr. Canice has been doing wonderful work and has received fine commendations from the Federal Aviation authorities.

Seminaries and Schools: Our Capuchin Fathers have continued to teach in the Fr. Duenas Memorial School which is a combination seminary and high school for boys. Efforts to get teaching Brothers have failed so it looks like our Fathers will have to continue with the operation of the school. Fr. Mel, Fr. Marcian, Fr. Knute and Fr. Donan have been stationed at the school. Fr. Donan has been the prefect of the seminarians which is a full time job for him. The other Fathers have the opportunity to assist with parochial work at the week ends. The Fathers are also assisted part time by some of the diocesan priests and Fathers with the classes in school. So far everything seems to be working out satisfactorily despite the fact that the faculty members have not had specialized training in the subjects which they are teaching.

Catholic education has continued to make progress in our parochial schools. There are complete grade schools in Agana, Dededo, Yona and Saipan. We also have Junior High Schools in Agat, Barrigada, Sinajana and Yona. Recently they have been adding the lower grades in the school at Agat and Barrigada, so eventually they will have complete grade schools in these places. Tamuning has started a grade school and each year they are adding another grade. In a few years they will also have a complete grade school. Our schools enjoy a good reputation and with the continuing number of vocations to the va-

rious Sisterhoods we should be able to expand our Catholic school system.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS: The work of the Third Order has continued under the able guidance of Fr. Antonine and Fr. Daniel. We have two Fraternities of the Third Order. Fr. Antonine has been in charge of the Fraternity of younger English speaking members. Fr. Daniel has been in charge of the Fraternity of old people who use the Chamorro language. Although there is not too large a number in either of these Fraternities, still the members are receiving good solid spirituality from both of these Directors. This I believe is more important than numbers and activities.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS: The only item which I think can be mentioned under this heading is the Catholic Medical Center which is conducted for the Vicariate by the Franciscan Sisters. They have been doing a wonderful job and have built up an excellent reputation over the years. Although it is not exclusviely a work of charity, nevertheless this clinic fills a great need for the people here on Guam.

OTHER RELIGIOUS IN THE VICARIATE: There are four communities working in this Vicariate. On Guam there are the Sisters of Mercy, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, and the Franciscan Sisters. On Saipan there are the Mercedarian Sisters. All of these Sisterhoods have continued to receive vocations for their communities.

I think that all of these communities are taken care of spiritually very well by our Fathers. We serve as their regular confessors and frequently the Fathers are called on for spiritual direction. One of the Fathers gives each of the communities a spiritual conference once a month. Each year they have their spiritual retreat which is usually given by the Father who come to give our retreats. As a result of this I think that there is a wonderful religious spirit in these communities working in this Vicariate.

THEOLOGICAL CONFERENCES AND SPIRITUAL RETREAT: All of the Fathers and Brothers have had an opportunity to make their spiritual retreat during the past year. We have been most fortunate and blessed through the goodness and generosity of the Provincial Superiors to have Fr. Emery come from the States to give our retreats. We have also continued with the monthly day of recollection at which time we also had the theological conference.

CONCLUSION: Although we have had our setbacks in recent years and this has been very trying in many ways, still we have been blessed in many, many ways too. We are especially grateful to our Provincial Superiors for the wonderful support which we have received. After meeting many other religious working in mission fields elsewhere, it makes one realize how well we are cared for both in our spiritual and material needs. For this we hope that God will bless abundantly the work of our good brethren back in the Province and may God reward them for all of the help which they have given us in His work here.

FR. KIERAN OF NORTONVILLE, O.F.M.CAP.
Sup. Reg.

Document 1964B

Journal of a medical expedition to the Caroline Islands, by D. Carleton Gajusek

Source: D. Carleton Gajusek, Journal of an Expedition to the Western Caroline Islands (Section of Child Group and Development and Disease Patterns in Primitive Cultures, National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.); Library of Congress number DU 563.G3.

Editor's note: This physician was very much interested in young boys. So, readers are cautioned about this shameless tale, and should not read this document if they want to avoid any unpleasantness. I have not reproduced the worst parts, however.

Journal, August 26 to October 6, 1964

...

29 August 1964... Agana [sic], Guam

A hectic day, discovering early that none of our supplies had arrived, that the propane refrigerator which we had expected to find here ready in the supplies that Paul had left had been loaned out to a Belgian doctor, van Shoot, on Truk, who has taken it on a field trip and not returned, and that none of the missing supplies could be replaced here in Guam...

With the tropical mess up before us, we proceeded to lay further plans, and these seem encouraging at the moment. We may fly to Yap on Wednesday, return in the evening after the plane flies down to Angaur in the Palau Group and back to Yap, and then make the Coast Guard plane for Ulithi the next day—all depending upon the arrival of our supplies!

We had dry ice specially made in the Island Equipment Company—a monopoly on the product!—and paid over $10 for 30 pounds. However, the vaccines are still well packed in dry ice and have arrived here still packed in it.

31 August 1964... NINDB Research Center, Guam Memorial Hospital, Agana, Guam

Acutely ill with sore throat, liver pains, generalized malaise and paresthesiae, cough, cervical adenopathy—a gamut of symptoms all flu-like and associated with severe acute nasopharyngitis. On tetracycline. In spite of all this, Paul and I have managed to get a good deal of work done, but it has been a slow process. The missing air cargo came

early this morning from Honolulu, but had we not telephoned Hawaii repeatedly, it would not have arrived. In desperation I finally even telephoned Leon Rosen at home on Sunday, found that he had just left for Japan, but asked his daughter and wife to check through to make sure PAA Clipper Cargo did not leave any of our supplies stored there in Honolulu behind on Monday (0100 in the morning!).

The propane cylinders sent for direct uninterrupted MATS [Military Air Transport System] military shipment to us here have been lost and we cannot trace them! We shall try to buy new ones here.

The missing propane refrigerator loaned out to Truk is not yet located, but **may** be sent up from Truk if we are very lucky.

Tentatively, we fly to Yap on September 2, return in the afternoon of September 2, having discussed the whole program with the medical and administrative staff on Yap, and then fly to Ulithi with the Coast Guard on September 3. I shall be surprised if such plans actually work out... it is asking for much here in the Trust Territory.

The Guam Memorial Hospital is still a wreck from Typhoon Karen. The NINDB Research Center is still on the far end of the fifth floor, with the third, fourth, and rest of the fifth and sixth floor above it a total loss, with all windows still out, many walls gone, and little repair yet done. The second floor is largely repaired for clinics and offices. The elevators have all failed now, and thus we have to walk through the ruined halls and climb the stairs to the laboratories and offices. They are kept too cold by air conditioners, so that it is actually uncomfortable to work here. Mild ventilation and air conditioning is very much needed in such hot and humid tropics but this exceesively cold and drafty type of air conditioning is very displeasing and distressing, and I feel ill every time I leave the office or return to it.

...

The entire project seems to suffer from lack of enthusiasm, lack of inspiration, and lack of direction or concerted quest. Most here complain of lack of general planning or direction, but that is **not** a primary research into an unknown region, such as ALS [Lou Gehrig's Disease] and its cause, requires. Instead, they need inspired originality in their own personal work which will carry them beyond any overall plans from above. Everyone complains that Kurland does not deign to let them know what is planned or what is being done, and they feel left out.

3 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands

I finally finished my work on Guam early this morning and Paul and I arrived at the Coast Guard Station on the Naval Air terminal Strip by 8:00 a.m. to wait until a 9:30 take-off in the huge Coast Guard cargo plane which is now used exclusively for the flights from Guam to Ulithi, Yap, and Angaur. The old UF-2 amphibians are no longer used by the Coast Guard but the Trust Territory still operates these much smaller planes.

A group of a dozen or more Ulithi boys arrived to see the plane, to climb into it and about it, and to await its take-off. Among them were many who recognized me and several whom I recognized immediately. It was good to return here before I was forgotten. Paul, of course, knew them all, since he had been here for a longer period than I and more recently.

...

While the plane was being unloaded by a very efficient small Coast Guard crew, with the Ulithi boys standing around interested but certainly not helping, Paul amused the boys by tossing chunks of dry ice to them to play with—the first they had seen—for we had brought a "hat box" filled with dry ice and vaccine, which could now be stored here in the freezer on the Coast Guard station.

... With three boys (Mariano M-10, Mariano Dohwel M-9, and Leo Yach M-8), To toured the upper end of the airstrip, visited the new school that has been built here in a new quonset hut style on an old world War II cement platform and finally walked into the village with the three boys who took me on our slow, playful two-hour tour. It was very relaxing and pleasing, and I enjoyed the youngsters very much. English has progressed very greatly as a spoken language for the children in these past two and a half years. Most of the children can understand some English and those of 12 or more speak it well, some of 8 and 10 speaking it fairly well.

Eddi, the medical dispensary aid who was here in 1961 and helped me on that trip, was here still, although he was away on Yap while Paul was last here. He has arrived with details of the influenza epidemic which struck Ulithi in July and killed five older persons. It is, apparently, the same virus that is now causing further epidemics in the outer islands. The epidemic apparently started on the Coast Guard station or in the villages of Falalop Island first, and it is said to have followed shortly after a visit of the **Errol** from Yap. This we have not yet verified. However, all agree that all members of the Coast Guard station here came down with influenza-like symptoms of a very severe URI [upper respiratory infection] and that just about everyone in the village became ill. Children and youths were not particularly seriously affected. Eddi, the native dresser here, claims he was the first case on July 3rd, and that he was extremely ill but managed to stumble about caring for the others who were already coming down with symptoms by the fourth of July. One old woman whom Paul remembers as an aged inveterate smoker, who had severe emphysema when he was last here and who appeared to be perhaps sixty years old and was perhaps fifty to fifty-five, was extremely ill for many days and then died of the influenza.

After Paul and I moved to the BOQ [base officers' quarters] where beds and even a room for our supplies had been made available to us by Lieutenant L. F. Merlino, the Commanding Officer of this station, we walked back into the village and sat in the major men's house with a number of men, until Mara, the Chief of Falalop arrived; then we had a long talk with him. Eddi, as translator, told him that we wanted to examine the babies and children, take only a few blood specimens this time, especially from older children who were vaccinated with measles vaccine last year and, finally, fi-

nally, we would like to examine as many of the other people as wished examinations, taking some few further blood specimens on those who had recovered from severe attacks of the recent "influenza". Mara was in accord, but he spoke little. We gave him a full carton of cigtarettes as a gift.

As I was talking to him, a lad of about seventeen kept smiling at me and looking at me, and I recognized him as a mid-adolescent edition of one of the early-adolescents who hung about me most of my time here on my last sojourn in Ulithi...

I quickly met all the children I knew well here in 1961 except for a few who are now away. Many of the older boys now go to school on Asor, but the school has not started yet, for the outer island boys have not yet arrived. There are 140 at that school, which is like a Junior High School in level. There will be some 180 this year, they tell me. A few, like loud, boisterous, clowning, and brazen Ignacio, who may only be 12 or 13 years of age, are not too far behind by being in the seventh grade on Asor, but most in the seventh grade are 14-17 years old or older! The school will soon have a tenth grade. There are only two European teachers: Jim Boykin and an old American woman of over 60 years, Mrs. Stahl. In addition there are six Trust Territory native teachers, a few of whom come from Ulithi itself!

We have decided to try to get heights and weights and blood specimens on most of the children tomorrow and to examine all the babies carefully. There were only very few older girls and young women given measles vaccine last year who may have been in early pregnacy. It is that which we must now check on! I hope the children do not all run away, for we have now bled them twice in the past, and they recognize us for that reason, in part.

The Coast Guard station is extremely well run, and yet it is very relaxed, and the Falalop natives flock into the crew room for moving pictures and hang about drinking soda pop and the older drinking beer until midnight. Many of the boys stay to play ping-pong, and they are very good. They are very relaxed with both the Commander of the post and the crew members. They all seem distressed at the news that the Coast Guard station is closing in January 1965, and the station site and buildings will be given to the Trust Territory, probably for another boarding school.

Now that we have arrived, I am feeling much better. We are given enormously good hospitality and support, and the Commander has agreed to put his boat into the sea tomorrow and use it for the entire medical sojourn here to get us to and from the other islands.

A large canoe with seven people left for Fais yesterday. It is a one- to two-day sail of over 35 miles, I am told. We could neither see it from the air nor can it be seen from anywhere on Ulithi. It is a high [sic] island with rocky coast and no lagoon and is too rocky. He has been there only once, most of the children and adults have never been there.

Fais must have one of the most interesting populations and one I hope we can visit and study before long! It is perhaps the island of the Yap Outer Island group least visited

by the Trust Territory government or the Coast Guard, who never go there. It has no unexposed anchorage nor harbor!

Andrus (Andrew), a boy of 15 here, is another of those lads who hung about with me when I was last here...

We shall have our hands full in a very complex program starting tomorrow, but I do not intend to select Ulithi for intensive study on all sides, for it is too large and complex a community with too much movement in and out, I fear. Since we already do have an extensive study in progress here, we shall do all we can conveniently do, however.

4 September 1964... Falalop, Ulithi Atoll

Rain last night and again this morning, but such drizzle only serves to keep things cool. All islands of the atoll have reef protection and only typhoon velocity winds make the sea at all dangerous. It appears that the **Errol** is making a full circuit of the outer islands, and thus we have just missed a chance of seeing them on that circuit and again on the full patrol; this circuit was, however, an emergency thrown in because of the influenza epidemic. If we manage to get proper serum specimens we can search for influenza antibody rises and perhaps identify the agent. Eddi brings in records of his dispensary treatments which help give us an idea of the extent and the dates of the epidemic.

8 p.m.

We worked all morning, bleeding all the children of the island and except for a few babies, Pedro, a boy of 10 who hid often last year, and a few others, we have apparently got blood from them all. A few are absent on Asor and Mogmog and a few from Asor are here and have been bled. We also took height and weight on the whole group of children. Thus, we are now faced with the job of spinning down the clots and taking off the sera. It was a very productive morning. However, this afternoon I went out along the sea side of the island, went into the water with the children spear fishing for a while, and got far too much sun. Thus, upon my return I have slept all afternoon. Paul has been swimming with the lieutenant on the lagoon side all afternoon. Our skipper, L. F. Merino, launched the Coast Guard launch this afternoon and took it to Asor, but both Paul and I missed him. A typhoon is only some 600 miles east of us, and there is typhoon warning and no-one wants to launch boats any longer, and we may thus be stuck here on Falalop for some time. If the typhoon warning persists tomorrow, we shall no doubt have to work here for several days, and at least finish everything on Falalop.

11 p.m.

Two Fassarai men arrived this evening with many fish which the Falalop women were dividing among themselves in the village this evening. I returned to the village after dark to see the mother of Hathogomar, Yeg, whom they told me was extremely ill. Eddi and I went to examine her. I found her with high fever, dyspnea, and left lower lobe pneumonia. We have given her 1.0 gm of Achromycin stat and 0.5 gm at 1:00 a.m. along with 1,500,000 units of procaine penicillin intramuscularly, and aspirin.

Paul and I have separated 43 of the 53 blood specimens we collected today, losing one (tube broke in centrifuge) and possibly mixing two others. We still have 10 to do tomorrow. We are getting good clear sera on first spinning, but to push for top volumes, I am removing the last two to five ml with blood to try for gravity sedimentation by morning. This will then perhaps give us a somewhat better yield. We spilled half of one further specimen which had yielded over 15 ml of serum, but other than that, the separation proceeded slowly and laboriously but without difficulty. It is a good way to work in the field. We shall thus have at least 50 frozen sera without significant hemolysis and they are also spun at room temperature and are not separated cold. Thus, cold hemaglutinin studies may be done on the sera. I am saving the clots, but only taping the mouth of the venules closed. There are no corks to close them. Perhaps we may get them to Guam by plane for corking, or, more probably, I shall send them simply back to the U.S. frozen and they can be used for hemoglobins although not for red cell antigen studies.

Jim Boykin [the teacher] came over for the evening movie with several boys from Asor, and he has promised to bring us to Asor tomorrow for work there and perhaps even to Mogmog in the evening, so that we can work there before the typhoon or its associated bad weather strikes. Now reports have it that the typhoon will pass us about 200 miles to the north.

... The boys all remember that I had been to Papua and New Guinea and they and the men all ask me about it. I tell them about my return trips and about Mgagintao....

Yap people are not friendly with Ulithi people, and Ulithians do not consider themselves related to Yap in any way. There have been fights between them on Yap.

I have done very little photography and no recording as yet, but since follow-up blood specimens are the most important matter, it is that we have concentrated upon. When we have collected blood from all four islands, covered most of those previously immunized, and studied the current influenza epidemic's epidemiology, we can then turn to other studies here. Heights and weights will be done, and this alone is important...

We are obviously well liked and accepted here, and that is pleasing. If we can only finish our work well, do further work on the influenza epidemiology, make a survey of all older immunized females for possible pregnancy during the immunization period last year, and examine most of the small children this will have been a good study here. However, the major problem looms as to transport to get us eventually to the outer islands! Fais is one I want very much to work on. The boys here have seen it criticize it strongly, referring to it as rock-bound, high, dangerous, and without a safe lagoon...

The Coast Guard has been providing us with extraordinary service, jeeping our supplies to the village and back, giving us a laboratory room, and opening the BOQ to us for work and sleep. There is little reason to expect such luxury on Ulithi, and there will certainly be nothing like it on other islands or atolls. However, while we have all these facilities we had best make good use of them, and thus we shall work ahead at the blood collecting, separation and freezing down of sera, and at the follow-up of both the meas-

les immunization and the influenza epidemic as thoroughly as we can. The afternoon is too hot for much work, and when we use any of it for swimming and exposssure to the sun, we effectively exhaust ourselves and it is not until evening that we can get any work done again.

The children are so steeped in American movies and life at the Coast Guard station that manners and mores on Ulithi stem as much from these contacts as from anything else. Girls tend to cover up their breasts at times now, but most of the time they remain bare-chested.

Isaak is the only really important carver of the Ulithi monkey men and many of his monkey men adorn the BOQ here. Now he is carving many of huge size, some standing over a foot high. I did not see any so large when I was last here.

The boys describe for me the typhoon of 1960, telling me that most of the island was covered with over three feet of water and waves swept across the whole island, village, airstrip, Coast Guard station and all. One could not walk, but only swim, and everywhere it was dangerous to leave a firm structure, although collapsing houses caused deaths.

5 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

We have finished separating off the serum from the gravity sedimented erythrocyte-containing remainders, and it is so easy and provides such good serum that I suspect that field separation of these without a centrifuge, using first a Pasteur pipette or direct pouring into long test tubes and gravity sedimentation overnight in an ice box would be the best way to handle serum in the field. This would mean carrying test tubes along, but it would be easier to do that than to carry centrifuge and batteries as we are now doing. Here, of course, we are operating off the Coast Guard station's power...

5 September 1964... Asor Island (pronounced locally Yasor), Ulithi Atoll

Paul and I have collected 30 blood specimens from children and from the "junior high school" students here on Asor, the second largest island of the atoll, but the least populated—if the school is excluded. Jim Boykin, the Trust Territory teacher who was sent here from Yap and previously taught on Guam—arrived on the **Errol** when I was here last time, about three years ago. He has since constructed for himself a rather extensive and very impressive school on Asor, and boys and girls from about 12-13 on attend, with only a few at 12-13 years of age. There were 140 last session and more than half of these come from the outer Yap Islands. He has a Mrs. Stahl teaching with him, and she is an aged South Carolina woman who has not left the atoll for about two years, apparently, and has been isolated here with Jim.

Boykin is a womewhat eccentric, markedly individualistic, enthusiastic, and intellectually alert worker, who has given much of himself and his life to this school and has whipped it into existence and function shingle-handedly. He is friendly with the Coast Guard people who have helped him a good deal. He has, apparently, run afoul of Trust Territory authorities for overstepping his assignment and prerogatives, but just by

doing so and creating for himself something of the position of "boss" of Ulithi and the Outer Yap Islands has he managed to bring the school into reality.

Many older Ulithi and Yap Outer Island boys have been working this vacation period with him constructing a new reinforced concrete building to enlarge the school. They do the building with him, and he has had thus to forge the entire school. Jim is a somewhat effeminate person, with mildly effusive manners; he is sincere in his devotion to his school and work and the people apparently like him. The biggest problem he probably poses is the problem that would arise if he had eventually to share the lime- light of the islands with other teachers, especially with others as devoted and independent as himself! Paul knows him much better than I do. He is apparently at extreme odds with Travis, the independent and brash captain of the **Errol**, and also with Dr. Peters, the new American doctor on Yap.

We stopped in on Mrs. Stahl just before getting ready to leave. She lives in a small house adjacent to Jim Boykin's house, and seems to survive the lonely isolation remarkably well. She speaks with a lush deep southern accent, and tells us that she was a dear friend of Jim's mother and that just by accident two South Carolinians, she and Jim, have ended up here on Ulithi together. She implies that she takes good care of Jim. Just what the full story behind her coming here may be we do not know. She appears to be too old and decrepit to teach, but on further conversation, she is obviously alert and intelligent and can surely teach effectively, if without the enthusiastic inspiration of a younger teacher.

5 September 1964, midnight... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

The typhoon has veered toward Guam and will strike there sometime between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m.—apparently it is raging there now, with winds about 50 knots and in gusts over 70 knots. Guam has been on emergency typhoon alert No. 1 with patients already evacuated from Guam Memorial Hospital to the safer Naval Hospital, with schools open to provide storm shelters for families, with emergency water supplies stored in typhoon shelters, and all doctors called to stand-by and be ready. Pregnant women expected to deliver within the next few weeks were all urged to come into emergency quarters in the Naval Hospital!

Thus, with the typhoon striking Guam we are safe here, and we have had only two squalls this evening, one with winds and a pouring rain, but nothing at all dangerous or dramatic. We have not gone beyond stage three of typhoon warning here.

Today on the lagoon was mirror clear and calm, and our trip to Asor was very, very smooth. We did not finish there until about 3 p.m. and thus we decided not to start work on Mogmog today, in spite of Jim's offer of his boat to get us there. I hope we can get it when we need it tomorrow or the next day!

After collecting blood from all the smaller and older Asor children I went down to the end of the island facing Mogmog and there swam off the point within the reef for about an hour with Luis Rama, Lukas Halas, and Fran Terag and Josef Hatul, the latter two being 10- and 7 year-old brothers of Luis. Luis remembered me well and the fact

that Isaak and he had come to this very spot to swim on my trip here about three years ago. We collected coral and shells, watched a small shark only about 18 inches long swim back and forth just a few inches from our toes at the very edge of the shore before we went into the water, and then horseplayed in the water for a full hour. It was a wonderful, relaxing hour with the boys. After it they climbed a coconut tree to get coconuts for me, and I took cinema film of Lukas Halas climbing the coconut tree and descending.

I am using the clumsy 400-foot cinema magazines and find them very hard to hold without a tripod, and with a tripod they are still very clumsy.

We succeeded in getting blood from all but a very few of the persons bled and immunized for measles last year on Asor.

Ulithi youngters occasionally hold hands, or walk arm in arm, but this is rare, and there is definitely an avoidance of bodily contact in public. However, once in private and not observed, they are very intimate together, holding hands, hugging, and walking with arms about each other's shoulders. There is, however, not very much secure privacy on the small islands before darkness sets in! Then—[1]

There is a good deal of carving of sharks and rays done by several men on the island now. I did not see it three years ago.

Besides the taboo on personal contact between members of the same or different sexes in public, there is also a taboo on the calling of names of deceased persons and Eddi, the medical assistant, does not want to call such names.

...

The boys, including several of the boys 13-16 years of age in seventh to sixth grades at the Asor school, and Raphael and Petrus who have been to Yap, all speak of the Yapese poisoning people, and it sounds very much like New Guinea sorcery tales; I shall have to look into this matter further.

...

7 p.m.

The Coast Guard cinema tonight is *The World of Henry Orient*, a Peter Sellers picture I did not see in Washington, and, astonishingly, I shall see now on Ulithi! They had *Lawrence of Arabia* only a few days before we arrived!

...

Tony (Anton) is very, very close to Juan, his one year younger brother, in appearance, and both are boys whom I knew well in 1961. Tony told me today that Falalop people came from the now-uninhabited islands toward the southeast of Falalop, and that they fought with and chased the Mogmog people off Falalop and later off Asor to gain the islands for themselves. Food shortage on the now uninhabited islands was the cause. Tony only gave me this story after I had told about the legends Lessa had collected here. He joked about the school boys of Asor swimming the Asor-Falalop chan-

1 Ed. note: Rest censored.I can hardly understand why this physician did not keep personal remarks out of what is supposedly a scientific report.

nel, called on the maritime map the Dochirichi Channel. This is not true, apparently, but it may be true that during the war years Americans tried to swim from Asor to Falalop, or reverse, and that a few made it, others were lost. He volunteers this story, but where he got it, I do not know.

[No more navigators]

The younger men and boys do not know how to navigate to Fais. The canoe that visited Fais returned yesterday after only 16 hours at sea, they say, but much of the way they had to paddle! The older men on the trip navigated, but the younger men who went managed the sailing. They do not know the navigation of their ancestors, they admit, and without the older men along they would not have dared the trip. Tony claims he and his generation will never learn to make the trip by canoe. He tells me that the best navigator on Falalop died years ago and no-one like him is left. Uwol now is the best remaining navigator. Once, however, he drifted to the Philippines and was brought back much later. I shall have to look into this ssstory in greater detail.

Eddi gave Paul a polished crocus shell and me a Ulithi monkey man of ironwood carved as the handle of a very fine wooden letter opener. Paul was intrigued with my gift and I with his, and our crossed interests have probably been enough to prompt Eddi to find duplicates for us both. The chief on Asor gave Paul a gift of a Ulithi woven women's skirt. I hope that I find a good Ulithi fabric as well.

...

Today there was a long, long meeting lasting much of the morning in the men's house. Mara sat in the center, stern all morning, while all the senior men of the community sat scattered around against the walls, at the many doors, and between them. Two Fais visitors, who had returned with the canoe from Fais, were here. The men discussed the problem of building the new concrete school building on Asor and decided that many would go across to help. They also discussed the problem of drinking and decided that the men would not drink alcoholic beverages for some time, much to the distress of Barny and other younger men on the Coast Guard station who are used to drinking a good deal. It was largely the much older men who objected strenuously to the drinking and forced through the decision on the temporary prohibition.

We may possibly get to Mogmog tomorrow if the sea is calmer than now, but otherwise we shall work here with the school-aged children on color blindness and taste-tasting (phenylthiourea) and perhaps also finger-printing.

The islands approximately southeast of Falalop, far out to sea, are listed as Giellap and Iar on the nautical chart here, and the group of islands about south southeast of Falalop, about the same distance out, are Losiep, Bulubul, and Pau and it is apparently from these that, Tony tells me, the Falalop people came. All these islands are listed in a clockwise direction circumferentially around the circle on which they lie with Falalop. Beyond Asor are Togoroporapu and Sorlen which are also uninhabited, and it

is from Sorlen that the ironwood tree is cut to provide wood for the Ulithi carvings. It is called "hengi" in Ulithi.[1]

I have done nothing yet on the language, but I shall now start. Paul has been working on it somewhat. It does not seem to be a very difficult language. There is general agreement that it is more closely related to Trukese than to Yapese.

7 September 1964... Mogmog Island, Ulithi Atoll

We have just bled 78 infants, children, and adolescents on Mogmog, and taken heights and weights on them all. This has been a full morning's work...

7 September 1964...Asor Island, Ulithi Atoll

Only an hour's stop to see Jim Boykin, thank him for his boat, and have him join us with the five boys for Falalop (pronounced Facherap here on Ulithi).

7 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

... With 166 children and adolescents re-bled, and the new influenza epidemic extensively tracked down, and height and weight on almost all these 166 done, Paul and I have managed in a few days to get a fair bit of work done here on Ulithi, enjoying ourselves extensively in the process. However, we now have the Mogmog collections to centrifuge down and separate, and Paul has agreed to stay here and do this tomorrow while I go, weather permitting, to Fassarai with the Coast Guard boat or with Jim Boykin's leaking boat. Since I like Fassarai best of all the Ulithi islands, I welcome this arrangement, and Paul does not seem very enthusiastic for Fassarai.

The day has been calm, and Guam has weathered its typhoon without much damage. We have not yet caught any extensively bad weather from it. The huge lagoon of Ulithi was filled with sails today, and the black-painted, red-striped Ulithi canoes, with the two-pronged bow and stern ornaments ply between islands. Jim Boykin brought us to Asor in the early morning, and then Paul and I and one of his boys took his two Johnson 18-horsepower outboard engine-powered fiberglass boat across some seven to eight miles of the lagoon to Mogmog from Asor. This vast lagoon is like open sea, some 25 miles long and some 12 to 14 miles wide. It is the biggest harbor or anchorage in the world, our Coast Guard Commander tells us, and although there are several larger lagoons in the Marshalls, this is fully cleared and moderately shallow throughout—nowhere over 30 fathoms deep, and rarely over 100 feet deep! It is protected by reef on all sides, and has deep channels leading into it from many directions. Thus, Ulithi was the largest Pacific anchorage in the war, and it remains unique in the world. He mentions that much low-laying coral was scraped off into the depths during wartime dredging. Our Trust Territory *Maps of the Islands of Micronesia* lists Ulithi Atoll as comprising some 49 islands, with 183,135 square statute miles of lagoon and a total land area of 1.799 square statute miles. One square statute mile equals 0.7541 square nautical miles.

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1 Ed. note: Rather "weigu" in the Central Carolines.

It was a wonderful day on the lagoon, and we had a calm and perfect voyage. The 400 foot reel cinema cassette I am using jammed twice today, causing the loss of 30 feet and then of 60 feet of film I thought I had shot. Dick also had this trouble, and it is most discouraging.

Mogmog gave us an enthusiastic welcome and with no trouble all 78 people we collected blood from came up without protest or much coaxing.

...

8 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

We set out in the Coast Guard launch with a Johnson 40-HP outboard motor, and only Jim Boykin, Lieutenant Merlino, and I on board with a huge load of aluminum and steel building materials for the Fassarai school which is to be built, heading first for Asor and planning then to set out for Fassarai. However, hardly had we started than the outboard began to act up. Instead of staying near shore, we went on, the motor failing into and out of gear haphazardly until we were well out in the Dachirichi Channel and then discovered it would not work at all. Playing with the motor in the rough waves of the Channel—for it was not a very calm day—we got it started again, but obviously not in proper running order, and Jim Boykin and the Skipper made what to me was the obviously wrong decision, to head further for Asor, instead of back to the Falalop beach. Half-channel or less, we lost the motor completely, found it impossible to repair, and in moderate winds and waves drifted deep into the huge, rough Ulithi lagoon, and we began to draw away from both islands. With our walkie-talkie radio we kept the beach standing by, but since the Coast Guard has no other motor nor any other boat, there was nothing they could do save get the Falalop people to launch a canoe in the rather rough sea. We signalled them that we would try to paddle the heavy craft, which weighed over a thousand pounds, to Asor. Jim Boykin was too exhausted from trying to pull the motor into a activity to row much, thus, Merlino and I did all the paddling. After a full hour of difficult paddling, we neared the point of Asor, but the wind and current had caused it to drift so far out to sea beyond the island, that we were actually farther from shore than when we started to paddle. Jim then helped us, but it was a losing battle and we had no sign that the Asor beach had anyone on it who had been alerted by our plight or had spotted our waving shirt on one of the paddles as a distress signal. Finally, after about two hours at sea, paddling against the wind, Boykin's Asor-based small fiberglass boat with an outboard motor put out to sea, soon reached us and pulled us in. The trip had been a long and exhausting haul, and not without danger. It made very clear to me the foolhardiness of using a boat here without sails and without an auxiliary motor—especially one too heavy for easy rowing. We were very nearly hopelessly adrift... beyond Ulithi lies only Yap and the Philippines.

...

In late afternoon we set out for Falalop on an extremely rough sea with high waves, our Coast Guard boat being towed by Jim Boykin's launch, and after a very rough 45 minutes made Falalop.

Old Mrs. Stahl has taught some of the students to use oil paints and a few paint enthusiastically. Jim is supervising school building and the fifty or so students now on Asor are working at building a classroom and bookcases all day. There is a good stock of books, maps, and texts, and the school seems fairly well supplied. However, the six native teachers who are of rather low attainment themselves, old Mrs. Stahl and Jim, are not sufficient staff for teaching so many eager and knowledge-hungry youths.

...

The nightly Coast Guard moving pictures have done perhaps more than the school toward educating the youngsters of the atoll, as has their association with the crew of 12 to 14 Coast Guard men. The Coast Guard has been here since the mid-forties and, thus, is finishing a twenty year period here. Without it, the next generation will be missing much of the contact with and knowledge of the rest of the world which the Coast Guard has brought to this generation of children.

...

Plans now include leaving the entire Coast Guard station, including the electric generators, to the Trust Territory government in January. If they only make good use of it here on this site, building another school as Jim Boykin suggests, it will be very important for the position of Ulithi in the modern world. Good education alone can bring the youths out of the village and atoll captivity.

We are planning, weather permitting, to go down to Fassarai in Jim Boykin's boat tomorrow. I have many children to bleed there, although some ten or so from Fassarai have now been bled on Asor. We have no word about the expected time of arrival of the **Errol** to bring us to Fais, nor have we any word of the time the Coast Guard tender will get here; its having diverted to Koror has deprived us of some 400 pounds of our supplies, including the two propane refrigerators which we loaded onto her. The tender was originally scheduled to come here directly from Guam, and the typhoon has been the cause of the change in course.

We are working slowly—not rapidly—but the Ulithi serum collection is nearly finished and it is good. If we can only get the specimens to the NIH without mishap.

9 September 1964... Falalop, Ulithi Atoll

Jim Boykin, one of his crew members and I are taking his fiberglass boat with the two outboards to Fassarai this morning; it is a 14 to 15 mile trip. Fassarai is barely visible on the horizon, or rather, the nearest of the three islands at the end of the chain on which it lies. A storm is approaching from the east and over half of the trip is outside of the reef on open ocean.

9 September 1964... Fassarai Island, Ulithi Atoll

The motors ran well, although one is failing now. We have arrived and it is already dismantled. We made the trip just ahead of the rain, and although it was choppy as we crossed the reef in the Zeau Channel between Mangejang and Loau Islands, it was not a very rough trip. The ocean was with high waves and we bobbed about a good deal,

but I enjoyed watching the storm pass north of us and the islands disappear from our horizon.

Here I have bled 42 children, leaving only a few whom we previously bled unlocated, and I have also managed to roam to the far point of the island. At low tide it is said to be possible to walk all the way to Lossau Island (Lossad is the way the Ulithi people pronounce it). A few people live on this island permanently, but they number under ten—usually only a half dozen or fewer.

Fassarai is the most interesting and pretty island of the group and I enjoy it here greatly. It is very long—perhaps most of a mile—but it is very narrow. Francisco, the teacher's son here, walked the whole length of the island with me while we waited for the outboard engine to be repaired; finally, we set to sea with one engine, the other being unrepairable here. The lagoon was calm and the sea between Mangejang and Falalop was also calm, so that the long two-hour trip back was very pleasant.

Marianne and Frank Johnson, the agricultural officer who was living in the house on Asor which Jim Boykin now occupies, are now on a plantation in Hawaii, having finished their work here. He supervised the planting of some 20,000 coconut trees here on Ulithi islands after the typhoon damage of November 30th, 1960. The trees have grown extremely well and are already far higher than the wildest predictions for their rate of growth!

9 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

Falalop had a male and female caribou [carabao] flown in as young animals but the female has died recently. Jim tells of finding the natives carrying up the diseased and bloated body for a feast, and admonishing them to bury it instead, which they reluctantly did—angry at him for his admonitions. Other than fish, they have no meat at all; birds are very rarely caught. The rats on the islands are not eaten.

Fassarai is building a huge school, and the aluminum we brought was used for the metal structural supports... the school is being built of sheet metal and aluminum suports on a concrete base. The big church stands as it previously did; otherwise, Fassarai is not much changed since my 1961 visit. Jim measured the heights and weights of the children, while I collected blood specimens. Our whole task was completed in about two hours; however, we spent the whole day on the island, leaving only at 4:15 returning to Falalop with the sunset.

...

10 September 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

I turned 41 on Ulithi! We drank a gin and lemon late last evening surrounded by blood clots, serum, and urine specimens...

Jim Boykin explained that the girls all know about "safe period" just after menstruation and that safe period is extensively used to prevent pregnancy. All young men are fully aware of the safe period, and all are extremely interested in avoiding pregnancy. They have an essentially free period of many years easy and extensive intercourse possible so long as a pregnancy does not force them into marriage, as it now often does

on the atoll. When a young girl gets pregnant, the offending youth (often known) is usually forced into marriage by Father [William] Walter [SJ] and popular demand, and he rarely wants to marry yet. A year or so ago a girl of only 12, just starting her periods, was pregnant; and the late adolescent father simply refused to marry! Finally, an older man of 30 or so married her. Jim explains that the adults and older people fully approve of the youthful liaisons and courting. All "dating" or "meeting" between the sexes means intercourse... and is readily arranged for by third party intercession. An older woman is asked to arrange the desired encounter which she usually does. Thus, the people have a difficult role to play between the Church and its admonitions, and their traditional and much liked system.

Publicly, very little is said about sex, and personal contact is avoided in public. Girls who make advances are ostracizzed for a long while, and liaisons are kept very private, although they may be "known about." Late adolescent boys try to keep the younger adolescent males out of the competition, which already involves girls at menarche, at 11, 12, or 13 years of age, but most early adolescent boys have experimented and they run heavy competition. If this "safe period" usage is as true and extensive as Jim Boykin says—it is quite probable that by simply omitting pregnant women from vaccination, all who missed even one period would be promptly excluded.

...

11 September 1964... M/V Errol anchored off Mangejang Island

A mad, mad day! I awoke with a mild headache and suffered through a violently hot and still morning, finishing the pipetting of serum from sedimented red cells and packing the 239 blood clots for dispatch on the Coast Guard plane to Guam. The Coast Guard flight went to Angaur in the Palau Islands yesterday and today will make a special stop here en route back to Guam, stopping first at Yap. It will have on it all the cargo we had left on the **Ironwood**, the Coast Guard tender which was to bring it all directly to Ulithi, but which got diverted to Koror and Angaur instead because of the typhoon, "Nancy," which struck Guam after our departure. Thus, all our plans fell through, and we have sent an emergency radio message yesterday to the **Ironwood** asking for the cargo to be transferred to the plane and brought here today by plane instead—all, except the propane which the planes are not permitted to carry. Thus, the two refrigerators will not be able to operate until the propane gets here. It might arrive Sunday (September 12) on the **Ironwood**, but I shall already be on Fais and Paul on Woleai, according to present plans. Perhaps, in the second of four prospective shuttles of the **Errol** to Ulithi and back to the other islands one of them may bring us the propage cylinders!

...

Toward noon-time the launch from Asor arrived to warn us that the **Errol** needed to sail at 2 p.m. and Jim Boykin suggested that we send the launch back immediately with some of our cargo. The plane had in its 10 minutes on the ground discharged all of our cargo (but the propane) and this we quickly brought down to the launch and I took it to Asor, getting soaked along the way by both rain and sea. Jim's launch is now

leaking like a sieve, and it requires extensive bailing while underway. He has spoken of patching it every day but we continue to run the high seas with a hole in the bottom and failing outboards!

On Asor I met Mr. Maynard Neas, the District administrator of the Yap District, who seemed to know about our project and he was ready to let us run the circuit we have planned. Since it will take four or even five field trips from Ulithi out to pick up all the school children for Ulithi, we have a full four round trips of the **Errol** to count on for shuttling us about. Had we known of this in advance, I should surely have trained a group of boys here on Ulithi to operate the centrifuge, separate off the sera, and have left the vials, pipettes, and centrifuge here, for them to work on as the **Errol** brought in blood specimens on each return.

Our return to Falalop was wetter and colder than the trip over, and then we sent out the remaining supplies already packed. We ate a huge meal at the Coast Guard station and then, at about 3-4 p.m. headed down for the shore to get on the **Errol** which we had been told would be several hours late. Instead of seeing her off Asor, we spotted her disappearing on the horizon, and Jim Boykin on shore told us that we had to travel on his small launch all the way to Fassarai to meet her. The new Filipino captain, just arrived from the Philippines, had wanted to leave quickly, to unload cargo at Fassarai and then anchor for the night. Very discouraged, we set out in pouring rain for Asor again, and at 5 p.m. we finally left for Fassarai in driving rain, blowing wind, and a most uncomfortable and disagreeable cold. The sea was very much warmer than the air and wind, and only the sea spray on my feet, riding the bow, gave me a bit of warmth on the miserable long trip. As we approached the **Errol** off Fassarai after a trip of over an hour, we noticed that she had weighed anchor and was moving, so we came around to her, only to find that she had no intention of stopping, and thus for another half hour to forty-five minutes we had to chase her to the reef anchorage off Mangejang Island from where the ship can head out the Mugai Channel to sea safely at 2 a.m. bound for a daybreak arrival at Fais. The new captain is justifiably nervous in these waters, and was afraid of not finding his anchorage. In fact, in the setting sunlight or late twilight, he had to sound for some time before he located the reef. We followed the rolling ship slowly, and finally, ourselves miserable and exhausted, climbed on board, after passing our remaining cargo from the launch onto the **Errol**. Eddi from Falalop and Ramon from Mogmog are the two medical aids we have taken with us from Ulithi. Ramon will work with Paul on Woleai and Eddi with me on Fais. I have decided to devide work this way, and Paul seems satisfied. I am myself far more interested in Fais than him any of the other islands, but I am prepared to be very disappointed by a dirty, mosquito-infested high island with no good swimming beaches. However, its minimal recent contact may make it a bit more interesting. In Japanese days a phosphate mine, a rail track, and a large Japanese colony on the island certainly speak for the extensive contact, but its rugged coast has made the current generation of children grow up with a minimum of outside contacts, and less experience with the government and mission than far more remote atolls and islands.

Dr. Antonio Golbuu, a Fiji-trained medical practitioner from Yap is on board and he is Acting Medical Director at Yap. He has many supplies obtained from Yap for us as per Dr. Sneider's request, and this is the first indication we have had that the Trust Territory [Headquarters] has been at work to help us. Thus far we have not had a sign of help from them, except the great aid from Jim Boykin which is his privately rendered assistance and not his assignment nor duty. Jim has been wonderful with all he has done for us, and all the trouble he has gone to for us. Lieutenant Merlino of the Coast Guard has likewise let us take over his BOQ and even his desk and office in our blood separation work and with our messy supplies. They have borne the major part of the Trust Territories assistance to us thus far.

The chase down to Fassarai, and the return chase into mid-lagoon and back to the reef—good two and a half to three hours at sea, covering the whole evening, has been fatiguing—nay, exhausting. We now have a vast mess of supplies and equipment to sort through in order to be sure that both groups have what is needed on shore.

...

The Field Trip Officer, from the Island Affairs Office in Yap, is a Yapese named Joseph Ayan. He is very clever and able, and seems very willing to help us extensively. It is good to find some support after all the disappointments with transport until we finally got on board. I am now typing on the rolling and rocking table of the officer's mess on the **M/V Errol** at our Ulithi reef anchorage in the Mugai Channel, and from here we take off for Fais at about 2 a.m.!

I only hope for good weather that permits us to land on Fais! A storm could ruin this plan completely, for Fais is not an easy landing, I am told...

Jim Boykin has many outer island items of handicraft for delivery to the Island Products store on Guam, and of these he has given me my pick. I have taken a woven fabric from each of Woleai, Ifalik, and Fais, two Fais dolls showing tattoos, and the two hugest Ulithi monkey men I have seen. All this will cost $50 but it goes to a good cause, and I am very pleased with these items, all being a bit unusual and some unique!

...

12 September 1964... Fais Island, Yap Outer Islands

We sailed from Ulithi at 2 a.m. this morning and arrived here a bit after 7 a.m. with a moderate surf breaking onto the shore of Fais. We ate breakfast on board and then promptly loaded supplies and landed, having some difficulty with the surf, but making the trip without getting our cargo wet. We came right up to a huge men's house combined with a canoe house near the beach and just outside the men's house the older men sat in a circle with the "talking chief" and the "chief Chief" seated in prominent positions. I explained to them all why we had come, that I hoped to stay with them a few days, and that we wanted to draw blood specimens and to give measles vaccine to all younger people. It soon began to rain and the poor weather made work difficult. We managed to bleed 53 persons and give them all vaccine, but this is certainly only half of those we should immunize on Fais!

It was near noon-time and a heavy rain and wind had blown up a high surf when the field party, Paul and Jim Boykin packed up to leave, leaving Eddi and myself behind. They launched the boat through heavy surf and then almost got swamped as they hit wave after wave, which seemed to flood their boat. The **Errol** had weighed anchor and sailed down further from the island when the wind came up, but as the launch set forth it sailed to sea to meet it. We saw the boat bobbing hopelessly in the waves, and when the **Errol** finally drew alongside of it, it looked as though all might be safe. I had very much feared that the launch might sink. However, after a short while the **Errol** set out for sea in the rough ocean, Woleai-bound.

Now, as the sea has calmed somewhat, men are bringing handfuls of plastic syringes to me which have washed up on the beach and they say a basket of Fais tobacco has also washed up and they fear the launch has sunk. I prefer to believe that only a few things may have been washed over, and that all else is well, but we are still worried and wondering what else will wash up. One man says the bottom-=board from the launch has washed up, which is a bad sign. I wait for confirmation of this. Certainly, if anyone had been lost, the **Errol** would not have departed as it did. I suspect some of the cargo may have been washed over, and hope that Paul's camera gear ssurvived well in the plastic bags and that the blood specimens arrived on board intact! But I wonder!

Fais, in the 16th Annual Report of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (1963) is listed as having 110 males and 106 females, a total population of 216. There are three continuous villages. Faliu, Lochöchoi, and Iloththo (Iloddou) are the names. Each has a large men's house, and a dry land area of 1.083 square miles. This is a high island, with part of its coast stone cliffs. It is raised coral, rather than a low coral atoll, and we are ten to twenty feet above sea level in the villages, I believe.

Fais has phosphate ore deposits, mined by the Japanese as was Angaur in the Palau Islands, but now the people refuse to permit further land destruction by the continued mining. It is wise!

The damp afternoon is wearing on, as I slowly pay visits in the rain to different men's houses and women's houses, and get to know the villages and people.

I have explored the three villages and the beach up to the cliff-like rocks under which we sat at low tide this late afternoon, with the heavily undercut cliffs forming an extensive rain protection over our heads. The chief Chief, Thorobul, offered me coconuts as I sat in his canoe house watching a man make rope from coconut husk fiber and explaining to another with an old extensive shark bite injury of his right leg that we could do little for the mild pain he has below the scar short of surgical approach. Thorobul offered me more coconuts, asked whether I had anything to eat and I explained that Eddi and I had landed with ample food. He then suggested that he would cook Fais food for us tomorrow as a special offer, and I accepted. I have been offered the chance to sleep in any of the men's houses, or in the shelter we used for medical work beside the small church and graveyard, and where a good many local people sleep when it is hot. Since many of the boys will stay here with us, we may sleep here. Otherwise, I may move into the Faliu men's house tonight.

Later in the evening: I have recorded a "hül", or love song, at the men's house of Faliu ("faleval" = men's house) or "faleval Faliuu0, after recording at our hut near the church in Lochöichoi village Catolic Church chants in the fais language, apparently, chanted by an old man of perhaps 60, Süimal, and by a woman, Yeguwerus Teresita, of about 30. Both were very long and "mass-like" and very uninteresting. I was sorry to waste a tape on them and may erase it eventually. After the "hül" sung by the boys at the men's house several "dance songs", or chant-like songs, sung usually while dancing in a line on the beach, were sung by the boys and by a man, Horonerang, singing individually. These dance songs or chants are called "barug" which may be the word for "to dance".[1]

The "hül" is usually very directly about love, or even intercourse, the boys tell me, but it is sung openly. As such it would be little different form many American popular songs. The singing and language are both very strange and unlike any I have known. I wonder about Japanese influence here. However, the dances portray small episodes, I am told, and those sung were all about World War II here on Fais.

It rained on into the night and is again raining now. However, we have got over 50 people bled and immunized, records started, the island and village pattern surveyed, and it is a good start on Fais for such cold and rainy weather.

13 September 1964... Between Faliu and Lochöichoi Villages at the Dispensary

The dispensary is called "spital" in Fais and Ulithi language with derivation rather obvious.

I am typing by Aladdin lamp, and these non-pressure incandescent mantel kerosene lanterns are really remarkable. I have not used them before, and I wonder why not. Kerosene pressure lamps may be brighter, but they are a lot more trouble.

There is a large greenish land lizard here, called "haluuf"[2] which may be introduced. There are no crocodiles, but they are known in this language as "hauch"[3] and the boys tease Hathepamar by calling him Hauch for a nickname because of his crocodile-like mouth, they say. They have only seen crocodiles in moving pictures at Ulithi—and that as only the few (five) school-boys who were there last year.

Today everyone, including the King, mistakenly called "chief Chief" by the boys yesterday, and the various chiefs have been asking to hear my recordings and to have others made. I have recorded again and more extensively, but I tend to get long, long solo songs which are said to be "hül", or love songs, but which go on interminably, finishing one tape with the only slightly interesting music. When the boys sing the same songs in groups it is much, much more interesting, but they seem to know few of them well, yet the old men who want to sing them sing dreadfully.

1 Ed. note: It is the general word for a dance, not the verb.
2 Ed. note: Pronounced 'galuuf' in the Central Carolines.
3 Ed. note: 'Iús' in Palau,where there are crocodiles. The word may hav been transmitted from Palau to Yap to Ulithi to Fais.

I also took much cinema this afternoon, especially of Lepuemang, an old man of Faliu, working at a small shell drill for drilling holes to make chains of shell money. He then sang for an entire tape and his two "hül" were not finished at that, but interrupted by the tape finishing in one case and by me in the other.

Much of the village crowded into the small decrepit church today for brief morning and evening services, but there is no real priest or catechist here. However, there is apparently a real anti-Catholic section on Fais, for adjacent to the Lochöichoi men's house in which we had our first formal meeting with the King, whom I called "chief Chief", for that is how he was presented, there is a clearing around a tree, the base of which is strangely decorated with floral wreaths and white and red cloth decorations. The boys call this "rolaisam" and when I went close to examine it carefully, the boys would not come with me, being truly afraid and belonging to the "church-goers". This is surely some pagan ceremonial place and decoration and I will have to look into it further.

This morning Eddi and I with the help of Mariano Susudog, the Fais dispensary aid who is "not official" for having failed in adequate training qualifications, managed to take temperatures, measure heights, weights, head, chest, and abdominal circumferences, and inspect generally the full 53 people we vaccinated yesterday. This evening I have collected some dozen family genealogies and made a list of some dozen children we failed to bleed and immunize. This is a good start to our work.

14 September 1964... Lochöichoi Village, Fais Island

I have had a very exhausting day and it has been impossible to record anything during it, for every moment has been busy.

We have managed slowly to make a list of the many people under 20 years of age whom we did not bleed and immunize the first rushed morning here before the ship left. There is also remaining doubt that the ship and its supplies got safely on board the **Errol**, since the launch floor boards and the remains of much of a package of sterile plastic syringes have been washed up here on the beaches. However, if the blood specimens were not lost, then there is good reason to try to extend the study and get more, and that I shall do. Moreover, we cannot very well get pre-vaccination bleedings again on those now vaccinated—some 53!

I hope to bleed the others tomorrow morning before the boat arrives and to then immunize them quickly, without holding the boat up. I have decided to try to send the boat on with the specimens and remain here myself for a more extended study. Today we managed to take fingerprints on the whole group of 53 under daily temperature check. I shall try to collect other fingerprints tomorrow.

[Songs and dances of Fais]

The people are curious and interested in the tape recorder. I have been summoned from chief's after chief's house to play what I have recorded for him and always asked to record more. The strange music seems to me to be unlikely for the islands without Asiatic mainland components, and I wonder strongly about Japanese influences, for

they were here a long, long time living on the island. The shouting at the end of the "barug" or dance song, and the style and movements of the dance themselves suggest Japanese dancing to me. However, the songs I have got thus far fall into definite classes:

(I) The "hül" which is the love song, and the boys have translated a few which are direct discussions of intercourse and genitalia, etc. (One, mentioned by the boys today as they were joking with Hathopamar about his singing it, is about a man performing cunnilingus with his sweetheart. This amuses the boys greatly. However, the "hül" must also be in somewhat toned-down versions, for the girls and women crowd about as many are played and although some strike out a good deal of humor, others are taken more seriously and quietly;

(II) The "barug" (pronounced "baruch" with a strong German -ch—very strong, for which I used the "g" in the names of people, places, and in local words) is the commonest song they wish to sing, and although it is often sung by a group, many are given by single performers, singing alone. They are chant-like, always seem to end in a terminal shout of some sort, and are always meant to accompany a specific dance. I have seen many of these dances on the beaches, and they occur in two forms: (1) those danced by the dancers, usually only boys, sometimes boys and girls, in a single line, and (2) those others danced with the line of performers squatting on the ground—using body and hand movements only ("barug o math"). The "barug" recorded in the men's houses are, of course, without accompanying dance. The great majority they sing seem to be about World War II and although everyone tells me that they are about the fighting, and a few seem to have mocking use of English military commands and shouts, I find it almost impossible thus far to get any one of them translated word for word. Most surprising to the ear is the slow pace of the songs, the frequent intervals which are suddenly long pauses, and the use sometimes, in part of these intervals at least, and often stopping before one such an interval or starting after one, of long-maintained consonant sounds, including a long "rolled" 'l', and a long hum of an 'm'. This play with phonetics which fills the songs is most interesting, unusual, and very immediately noteworthy!

[Visit of Japanese fishing boats]

Today we were suddenly surprised after noon-time by the arrival of Japanese on the island and the boys came running down the Faliu trail to fetch me. They insisted that I come quickly, and at the king's council I found a half-dozen Japanese sailors having a conference with the king and men, Eddi doing much of the translating, for, to my surprise, I find that he speaks a good deal of Japanese. The conference was immediately opened to me, the king asking me to sit beside him. I was immediately told that there were two Japanese fishing boats, one on either side of the island, and thus only one I could see from our outdoor council circle beside the king's men's house. The Japanese were in undershorts, bathing trunks, or other make-shift briefs, having swam ashore from the boats. In the middle of the conference we were interrupted by another half dozen Japanese rushing boisterously into our camp, one nude, and holding a bunch of

leaves "Adam and Eve fashion", to cover himself up. All were astounded to find me, a European, on the island! None spoke more than a few words of English. Eddi and the king and others told me that they were here illegally since Japanese fishing is **not** permitted in the Trust Territory. However, Fais is their frequent stop, for it is the least patrolled and visited of the Trust Territory inhabited islands, I believe.. certainly of those in the Yap district! The Ulithi canoe which returned while we were on Ulithi told of meeting the Japanese boat here also. The Fais people were not very friendly with these Japanese, and asked me to help make sure that if they traded benanas, coconuts, etc. with the Japs, that they were well paid in return with fish from their catch. We arranged to carry things out to the boat on the Fais canoes, and the men left to collect bananas and coconuts. I purchased a stack from the Fais elementary school teacher, who is a Fais man who speaks no more English than the Asor school-boys here, and with this Eddi hoped to trade for soap.

We arranged to visit the ship, and soon the Fais canoes were launched. I took many feet of cinema of the visiting Japanese, of the ship offshore from us, and even of the Captain when he finally arrived in bathing trunks. They finally asked that I not take pictures of their ship (**Yashiro Maru** Kiibaisi—WK2-1378). I went out through the surf with a huge Fais canoe, and the men counted waves carefully before finally vigorously heading out after one large wave, with three small before us. In this burst of paddling we got through without a wave breaking on us, and it is because the launch for the **Errol** was handled by crew who did not know how to count waves that it was swamped or nearly so, they tell me. To my surprise, a group of the boys began to swim out to sea after us, and since we were a good quarter to third of a mile from shore it was a good swim for them. We all climbed aboard the small Japanese fisher, and soon the boys—Hathopamar, Hachugulupe (Rangelemar), Lingamar, and Moroguior—were being fed rice, tea, and other Japanese foods, including raw fish with soy sauce and lime sauce. They plunged in with great pleasure. The captain who came out to his ship in the canoe with us gave Eddi and myself a bar of soap, a second bar of laundry soap, and a plastic flask of shampoo. We then sent the canoe back and over about two hours while we stayed on board the **Yashiro Maru** the canoes brought out some 6 to 10 canoe-loads of bananas and coconuts and loaded these onto the boat, but not before the Japanese had pulled out many tuna, barracudas, and other fish, including, besides a dozen large fish, four boxes of ice-packed small fish. They had also brought out some ice for the boys to any use themselves eating. When we saw the fish laid out the Fais men asked me to stay on board, for without me there they feared an uneven trade with the Japanese. Thus, on their insistence, I stayed about for the whole transaction. We finally took a canoe to shore, where I swam for an hour with the small boys who were still marvelling at the distant swim out to sea of all the slightly older boys! After the ship had set out from the reef for sea again, the king asked me what I wanted to do with all the fish they had received, and I insisted that he divide it as they usually do, which was soon done with chiefs from the three villages each taking a portion to divide back in their respective villages.

Later the second Japanese fishing ship from the far side of the island sailed around to this side, but did not pull just of the reef nor engage in any trading. The Fais people were obviously wary, somewhat embarrassed by and also mistrustful of their Japanese visitors. The captain did not want to take any American money, for although already illegal, he felt that that made him yet more illegal! The small boat was clean and seemed to be a remarkably efficient fishing boat.

I explored the island further, but there is a good deal of the very center and the far southern end which the people rarely visit and which the boys do not want to visit with me... apparently, because of rough, rocky, and overgrown terrain, all the result of spoiled ground left after the phosphate mining. The cylindrical Japanese cement water tanks, some 8 to 12 feet high, from their houses, the rusting rails, and the almost completely destroyed ore-carrying rail carts are left about the island, uninteresting scars of the war. On many sites about the shore cliff-like walls break the shore line leaving no possibility of an easy walk about the whole island.

15 September... Fais Island

Today, after taking temperatures, and on leaving Eddi, Ragelemar, Sugudog and the other school boys taking fingerprints and weights and heights on the adults of the island, I went off with a group of four to visit the cave that I had been told about yesterday. It is called Langtarachoroch, and is located about as far from here as it is possible to go on Fais—perhaps over one and a half miles. Walimar, Lingemar, Moroguior, and Hathepamar came with me on the trip, and we crossed the island and then followed inland through coconut groves to the distant coast where sands give way again to cliffs, these perhaps the largest on the island. Much of this diametrically opposite part of Fais from the villages is filled with ruins of concrete water tanks indicating that Japanese houses once stood here. Only one or two still retain outlines of their wooden frames, but all others on the island are now gone. The inland portion of the island on this far side is rarely visited today, for it was the major mining site and the phosphate mining has left many holes, much rough stony terrain, and, in general, made the ground hopeless for agricultural use and is left largely abandoned.

In these cliffs, directly above the sea, lie cave-like openings. The sea does not enter them except in heavy storms. Below them is a wide, flat, stony platform which, like most of the Fais shore, extends far out to sea. Thus, at low tide one has a flat shelf around the island and at high tide one can still walk far out to sea. This makes for rolling, breaking waves coming in towards shore, and in these the children, even the smallest who can walk, love to play. The tides are rarely over two feet high, as everywhere here in the Caroline Islands.

We climbed up to the large cave above the tidal shelf and there, in its base, is a small opening just big enough for a man to climb down through which enters a real cave. It is a large cave, with crawlway extending inland, and we followed this using the two flashlights we have brought for some 100 yards or more, finding it without side passages until a wide very low (two foot high) crawlway expanded and sloped off to the

left. I did not explore the cave farther. There was much of what looks like driftwood, and whether sea has washed it in or whether man has carried it in I do not know. I saw no bats. Only in a few places could we almost stand. There were some stalactites forming, but none long. Most people are afraid of the cave and thus Ragelemar did not want to come with us. The four with me went in without trepidation. I was probably more cautious than they.

On the way back we stopped in the first coconut palm grove for coconuts. Lingamar climbed a very high tree, cut down over a dozen nuts, and we drank some four to six each. I ate the meat of one, but that was too much!

Our trip back was leisurely and only halfway back we were stopped by a man working on his copra, who insisted again that we drink of his sweet coconuts. I then drank another, and seated there in the coconut grove beside the western shore of Fais Island on rust-decaying Japanese mining carts with the relaxed ease of the island life clearly evident in every movement and bit of conversation, I again marveled that I have been permitted this frequent participation in these charmed existences from the metropolitan world in which I usually live and with the Nordic-Slavic high-strung, nervous, inhibited temperament that is mine. Hatnepamar and Morogiuor, Lingamar and Walimar were all close friends and considerate companions today and rarely after years of acquaintance does one know one's European acquaintances as well. It is **not** glib to refer to them as "friends" after these brief associations. I know more about Lingemar, Hathepamar, and Hachegulupe (Ragelemar) than I know about Mark, my nephew, than I knew about many of the American youngsters I have known well for months and years! One soon has the feeling that the same is true for them... they know more about me, know better when to trust me and when not, when I am in one mood or another, and better how to manipulate my moods, than do most of my American "friends". Thus, it is hardly being glib or excessive to refer to these not-to-be-forgotten relationships of intensity and depth, brief though they may be, by a term so cautiously venerated in English—perhaps because of the rarity of the phenomena it implies. In these islands it is not rare and an embittered Englishman might say then that friendship was cheap! If so, the better for the bargain price! I have never valued goods because of the price one has to pay for them! The satisfaction they impart alone need decide this value for me.

It is evening, again a full moon and again the boys are on the beach until early morning hours. It is strange how relaxed they are with the girls on the moonlit beaches in contrast to their rare association with them during the daytime! They reserve this socialized petting and playful exchange for these after sunset hours, and during the day boys seem to stay with boys, girls with girls, with rare exceptions!

16 September 1964... Fais Island (Edal Faluy), Lochöichoi Village Dispensary Site

The girls of Lochöichoi—there seem to be far more girls in this section of Fais than in Faliu, which seems to have far more boys—are crowded about as I type at *the dis-*

pensary site, deserted for the first time since noon-time of the great throng of people who have crowded about for temperatures, weighing, and fingerprinting. I have just retired to our camp, also crowded, but with the women and babies watching Lingemar and Hapitheris, two boys of 13 and 16 years, cook the three small fowl they chased from tree roosts last night and caught for us. The fowl live practically wild, roosting in the trees in the land about the villages, and by locating them with flashlights and climbing the trees they either catch them there or chase them about in the bush when they fly down. Last night the boys climbed, dropped from the trees, and caught three fowl which they have given to us for tonight. We got a good share of tuna from the Japanese fishing boats which visited and traded here illegally, and have been eating fried tuna in huge quantities for two days. The first day we also ate a large quantity of raw fish, Ulithi-Fais island style, but seasoned with onions, soy sauce, and local limes, more as the Japanese would do. This I enjoyed.

During the days I have been drinking from a half-dozen to a dozen coconuts and enjoying them greatly. However, when I also eat the meat, a single one fills me, and with two I am stuffed and bloated! It is a very rich food! On Ulithi I started to eat "cho", as well as "lu" (fresh coconuts), which is Ulithi for copra or old coconuts with the milk dried inside. This is far too rich a meal for me, and I cannot finish one whole one!

Hasagatchigitchik—Thank you! A much used expression.

Eddi speaks of certain people here, such as the teacher, as coming from "high class" families, whereas others are from less important families. Only those of high class can order others about and manage to get things done!

The children avoid passing the king's house or disturbing him in any way unless invited, they avoid approaching conferences and meetings involving the chief, and when passing by such meetings, they stoop over, bowing, and rush by bowed over or pass surreptitiously in arcs of large circles behind the chiefs and king in conference. This is behavior of respect not afforded to other adults, whatever their age and sex. Adults bow before important visitors and the old men often kiss the hand of visiting foreigners—Spanish or Japanese or Catholic in origin?[1]

We have been having a constant run of patients with minor and some serious medical complaints and I have slowly been learning what the major ills of the island are. Gil in Lochöichoi, a middle-aged man who has carved the two Fais "dolls" which Jim Boykin sold to me, is ill with severe lobar pneumonia involving both lower and upper lobes on the left side. I have him on streptomycin and penicillin parenteral therapy.

Another man, Lorlemar of Faliu, has an acute bony swelling of the zygomatic ridge and maxillary sinus area which I fear is a facial bone tumor! I am trying to arrange to fly him from Ulithi to the Guam Naval Hospital. He has had one to two months of increasing, now painful, swelling, bony-hard and associated with bone, now distorting his face. There is no fever, heat, tenderness, or fluctuation.

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1 Ed. note: The custom of hand kissing may have come from the Philippines where it is also practiced to show respect toward older people.

Four children have cut their feet severely on glass on the beach and on the paths. Broken bottles are strewn over the island, and the people break bottles without paying much attention to them, assuming that beach wear will soon dull the fragments and that their feet can "take care" of the glass—which is not the case. Thus, as in Ulithi, I see no attempt to avoid broken glass about the yards nor to pick up dangerous-looking pieces. The number of glass cuts now testifies clearly to the error of their judgment—unless the glass is a favorable training factor, teaching early in the infant's programming a degree of caution in walking necessary for later life. The glass is largely from old Japanese beer bottles.

We are awake early each day, for the island has an early—about 6 a.m.—Catholic church service of sorts in the old church-hut facing on the graveyard which is also the front yard of our house. With our moving into it, it has become a community center, lounge, and even sleeping quarters for a number of the boys. Most people on the island are Catholic already, but the pagan ceremonial site adjacent to the king's boat-house testifies to resistant anti-Catholicism, as also does the fact that a number of the people are remarkable in that they have no Christian names; this group is quickly identified to me when I ask for names by the clear-cut statement that they have no Christian name at all and will not have one! I do not really know what the difference of opinion is, and what groups are members of each faction, but that Church is not accepted by all seems clear. King Thorobal is not Catholic.

The **Errol** did not arrive until about 8 a.m. so we had a chance to get up before it was sighted. We had expected it yesterday, but having failed us then, we felt fairly sure it would be in today. Thus, I had prepared last night a list of the two dozen young people not yet immunized and bled, and these assembled early in the morning. By the time the **Errol** came to anchor off the reef we had bled a dozen of these children, and when Jim Boykin arrived ashore with an ice containing plastic flask with vaccine, we had over 20 bled. In all we bled 27 further youngsters and immunized them. I am a bit concerned, for the first ten or so were immunized with vaccine left from five days ago which has been stored on ice in the **Errol**'s refrigerator since then. Thereafter we switched to freshly reconstituted vaccine. I may give a second dose to these first ten tomorrow or the next day, for I have no assurance that this standing in liquid state, even if refrigerated, will preserve the virus. A half dozen of the babies I bled by femoral puncture. Bleedings were diffiicult since it was a dull, chilly morning.

Jim promptly told me that the launch had sunk and that everyone had been in the water swimming for their lives! They had to abandon the launch at the second huge breaker which struck it and, fortunately, everyone was a good swimmer and all made the ship. The launch reached to ship's side and then quickly sank, but a rope from it was caught by diving and quickly the boom hoisted the dangling launch from the water. The outboard motor was wrecked, the floor boards lost (and these have floated up on our Fais beach), but the cargo, scattered in the water, mostly in air-filled plastic bags, floated long enough for the swimmers to retrieve it all, save a box of syringes, etc., pieces of which have also floated up on our beach! That the blood was saved is remarkable

and wonderful. Paul had salt water damage to his new Canonflex and lens and these Jim has already taken back to Ulithi for dispatch by plane to Guam for cleaning and repair. I have given him our other Canonflex for Paul on Woleai. We quickly decided to send off the students—all but Hachegulepe (Jesus Ragelemar), my major helper and translator because the next trip here may not be in as good weather again. Jim told us that the storm damage on landing me here on Fais was even greater than the "sinking of the launch". The **Errol** lost her anchor on the reef and damaged her propeller. Thus, thousands of dollars of damage resulted. During several hours here today in fine, calm weather, the **Errol**'s boats were out hunting the reef for her anchor and by simply skin diving to 30 to 35 fathoms the anchor was finally located at 35 fathoms and tied, and has now by mid-day been hoisted back onto the ship! A great saving, and the new Filipino captain must be very pleased.

The **Errol** has sighted a Japanese fishing boat and frightened it away en route to Woleai, Jim tells me, and it is probably one of the two which landed here with us!

The six school-boys who left today on the **Errol** took huge quantities of food and supplies with them, and this required over a half-dozen slow canoe trips out through the surf to the **Errol** and back. Thus, it was not until early afternoon that the ship finally left. We got a new supply of foods such as coffee, tea, and sugar from her, as well as the propane gas cylinders for our field refrigerator. The **Ironwood** arrived at Ulithi the day after the **Errol**, but still in time for the propane to be taken on and brought out to us. Thus, all our plans to date have miraculously been salvaged one way or another. This decision of mine to do further more intensive work on Fais, Paul foresaw when he took a brief look at Fais, and I really foresaw it even before arriving here! However, we now have arranged for the **Errol** to pick us up—Eddi, Hachegulupe, and myself—on its next return to the Yap Outer Islands from Ulithi after currently visiting Euripik then Woleai, and finally Ifalik. Paul must go from Woleai to Ifalik to finish studies there—follow-up there being an essential part of our return to these islands. However, the further follow-up and immunization of Woleai may be a long and difficult matter and I shall be anxious to learn how much Paul was actually able to accomplish there. A good deal of bleeding and immunization was done, Jim tells me, before the **Errol** left them with the students for Ulithi. Woleai will be a huge job, I fear, and I have left it all to them.

There was a whole day of beach-sitting and saying of good-byes for the six boys leaving for Ulithi. They themselves did not do a bit of work of the carrying of their cargo, food, etc. or loading it onto canoes and ship, but only sat about with their families being given admonitions and advice. Several times mothers took their sons off for rather formal, obviously personal and serious "advice", and in a few cases I took photographs of these scenes. The boys were well dressed, each with new "maromar's", or floral wreaths woven by girls and women almost daily for their favorite youths and boys. I have been given a new "maromar" daily since my arrival, but yesterday the Chief at Faliu, Tapong, gave me the special "chief's" kind. I find them a bit hot to wear and tend to leave them about, but the boys are very conscious of the improvement they

make in their dress, and this youthful wearing of a floral wreath is far more like classical Greek youth than like modern American boyhood. How much better it would be if some of the spirit and taste that goes with such wreath-wearing were ours in our boys! I have been learning this intimately from the boys and girls, and in the long moonlit nights on the beach, when the boys look forward to "playing with the girls on the beach", as they say in their school-boy English, until near-morning, I have seen and learned much of the playful and gentle spirit and manners and sexuality which leaves little to be wanted!

Last night and the two previous nights have been with high, near-full moon and we have been until early morning hours on the beach sands "playing". Small boys in pre-adolescence, adolescent boys and girls, a few pre-adolescent girls, and all the unmarried youths and a few older men form the group given this "license". There is a great deal more game playing, dancing together in the peculiar group dances of "barug", strange types of tag playing, much lounging about in small groups together, than sex which is worked into it in a surreptitious yet frank way that makes for intrigue, tact, and joviality.

...

The king has sent messages to us, supplies us with special gifts of food, arranges much for us, but except at formal conferences I have seen little of him. Finally, Eddi suggests we keep our invitation and visit him this evening to start a series of visits. He has a very regal, quiet, and special house site, quite taboo to boys and girls, to noise, crowds of women and babies, and it is necessary even to eat his proferred coconuts outside the house before mounting the visiting porch. Lesser people, not of so-called "high-class families", cannot even enter his presence or his grounds. We spend an hour with him, discussing our work, politely answering his questions aimed at supplying us with the food we want, ample and pleasing food, and asking if he can be of further help. He would very, very much like to hear the tapes I have recorded, but would not himself make the request. He pointed out, as Eddi told me, that he cannot walk about freely, cannot be seen anywhere and everywhere in the village and island, and must restrict himself to his "court", house, and his boat-house and his men's house. Thus, he begged us to visit him often, to bring the tape recorder for him and the other older men to hear our recordings, and pointed out that there were many old songs from before the White Men's appearance, but that the youths would only be singing the "barug" of World War II, as I complained.

It is difficult to work out the caste and classes of families and individuals here and in time that will have to be done. I will visit the older men of high caste and station in his men's house tomorrow to play tapes for them and record old songs from them. Perhaps I can also record the legend of the origin of the Fais people which Eddi tells me about!

Eddi speaks a moderately good Japanese, to my surprise, and explains that he was even here on Fais in Japanese times to work for them helping dismantle the phosphate mine equipment for shipment back to Japan. He says that he believes that American

submarines may have sunk most of it in the ships they loaded here in which to carry it back to Japan. During our meeting with the Japanese fishing crews Eddi did most of the translating! A few of the older men on Fais can handle Japanese moderately well also.

Wiith 27 infants and children bled and immunized today and 53 on the former immunization, we have a total of 80 immunized now under observation. This does not include some babies under six months of age and a number of men and women between 20 and 30 whom we have not tracked down. But below 20 we have probably covered almost everyone!

Tomorrow we shall have the 80 temperatures to take quickly, and then further weighing, height measurement and fingerprinting of mostly adults. then I shall try to start color blindness testing and phenylthiourea taste-testing. However, the problem of getting families worked out is a big one and not yet finished.

I type under the overhanging roof of our dispensary in the middle of the villages (actually just on the Faliu-Lochöichoi border) while Lingemar (12), Tamel (8), and Hathepamar (12) and Hapitheris (14-16) drraw pictures. The aladdin kerosene lamps we are using burn with as bright a mantle—or almost as bright—as kerosene pressure Tilly, Coleman, or Primus lamps, and they are much, much easier to light, operate, and use. We have two of them and have had good service from them thus far!

A rainy night with no moonlight coming through—very different from the previous three nights.

18 September 1964... Fais (Faluy) Island

Near midnight and a full moon and wonderfully quiet and clear night. All the boys and girls... and the few visiting or unmarried adults "playing on the beach", which is the English phrase everyone uses for the all-night games and revelries. They are occasions for sexual liaisons, but little overt sex takes place, for the games are true games, on the wide sand beach in front of the villages before the wide expanses of ocean and surf. Much of the time is spent playing, sitting about, and mildly "petting". Then there is a good deal of dancing of "barug", some dancing which involves complex hand patterns of gentle tapping, slapping, and arm-dancing with a boy and girl facing each other either in scattered pairs over the sand or in two facing lines—this done to the rhythm of the songs. I was taught one rather complex one yesterday night—another large moon night and clear after an early evening downpour. It takes only an hour or so to dry the beach! Hapederis pulled me aside and patiently taught me the dance, making concessions to my ineptness or clumsiness and finally getting me to learn it more by his gentle insistence and mild cajolery. I marveled as much at his peculiar gentle, sensitive behavior as at the dance or my learning of it. He is a strange 14 or 15 year old, anxious to be very friendly, yet cautious to be very masculine, and to preserve his social role. He is now helping us with washing and cooking.

...

[Sexual behavior]

Yesterday, after midnight, at the beach party, the boys joked considerably and publicly with the girls as to who was whose "friend", and, although it provoked the same sort of embarrassed pleasure as it might in America, it was taken in jest and yet admitted in all seriousness. There is no hesitation to speak of "mur" and "fas"—penis and testes—in mixed groups with the girls and with adults present... although I do notice that with certain adults the youths do change their language. However, in our group last night with Sugudog—married father of 3, and Eddi from Ulithi, father of 7, two in mid-teens—playing on the beach with us, I was surprised that the girls were very young, ranging from 8-year-old Maria Loith to 11-12 year-old girls, and none older. The boys hand-danced with them, petted with the already mature older girls, and jested a good deal. Everyone, from Iderug (Eddi) through all the boys were teasing 8-year-old Maria Loith that she had satisfied all the visiting Japanese sailors with fellatio. This open jesting about fellatio, as previously about cunnilingus, and the open, not really very ribald jesting about sex of every sort in mixed groups with small children present, as well as discussing the exact details of courting, seduction, embrace, and even of intercourse in the songs ("gul" por hul]), if I am led to understand correctly, means for a very much more open play and discussion of sex and it becomes a matter akin to enjoying food. There are proprieties and taboos, but it is not taken as of more emotional magnitude nor social import than food, and that is what makes it so extraordinary to the European. Thus, although behavior before chiefs and the king is rather formal and subdued, on the beach, in mixed groups of children and adults, sex is a subject for pleasant discussion, jest, advice, and encouragement. As the result, there is nothing not done, noth-

ing not tacitly permitted, and nothing not actually encouraged by the traditional songs and tales. This leads to a good deal of pleasant experimentation, play, and finally a gourmet's approach to what an individual considers the best. I am sure there are plenty of taboos and shames that I have not yet unearthed. Serious liaisons leading to pregnancy and marriage fall someeeewhat into that category. Light playful petting and tactfully private sex are the rule, and there is ample reward for remaining within the loose rules and bounds. The island is large, time is not accounted for too exactly, liaisons are easy and places for them are ample. However, it seems that the appetite is not very large for sex in most of the youths... they have no period of fasting, and thus can take it or leave it as occasion demands or permits.

I finally lighted the propane-gas refrigerator today and within a few hours we already had a small ice tray of ice. If it runs well through the night, I may start collecting adult blood specimens here tomorrow!

I have done further color-blindness testing, but far more could be done if the late nights and early risings did not exhaust me. Twice today I swam in the sea with the boys, once for over an hour fishing very far out in the breakers and again late in the day in high tide with huge waves, and, again, very far out to sea. Just after we were swimming, a small canoe came in from just beyond the reef with a huge still-live shark roped to it, certainly some 6 feet long or more and weighing probably over 100 pounds. It was hauled onto the beach by a rope tying its mouth shut, and killed by beating it into convulsions from head blows with a huge pole. This is the second large shark caught since we arrived here, and, although several have shark injuries, I have not learned of a shark death yet!

...

There have been vast numbers of other things I could and should have done here, but tape recording, taking still and cinema film records, keeping daily temperature charts on the 80, and now 149 immunized subjects, and arranging records with heights and weights on everyone, fingerprints on almost everyone, and now even with color-blindness tests... my hands are full and the time I spend "playing on the beach" is not on my Puritan conscience—without it I would probably not be here! It certainly is an easier and simpler life than in most of New Guinea.

Apparently the chickens on the island are community property. Anyone with the energy to chase them from the trees and catch them can eat them!

Lemons (green) and wild green oranges, which is as bitter as a lemon and rather dry, are both abundant and I am now using them extensively in tea.

19 September 1964... Fais Island (Faluy as I see it written by the teacher, but Faliyi as I hear it!)

...

We had another Japanese fishing ship visit the island today... and the children tell me that they always come here rather than to the other islands, knowing this to be the

least frequented by the government ships. Hapideres and Idurug raced out in a canoe to discuss matters with the captain, and they had very much trouble coaxing him off the ship to land on the island, Eddi says, for he was apprehensive lest there be Americans about, knowing that he is working these waters illegally. This is the third Japanese crew to visit these shores in my brief sojourn, and another ship described as possibly some sort of Oceanographic survey ship, since it was not fishing, but collecting specimens of minerals from the ocean floor, they say, visited here a few days before my arrival. Eddi did not tell them I was here. I was seated on the beach but within the coconut palms, teaching Ragelemar English and reading him Conrad, in search of vocabulary, with a group of the other boys seated about, when the ship appeared. When we were aware that it was not the **Errol** returning from Ifalik, we soon spotted that it was a Japanese boat, and as it came close in we learned that they might spot me and hurriedly leave. Thus, the boys crowded about to hide me, and I borrowed Wakin Saomar's "hapalpal" to cover myself up as we climbed into the high-ground beyond the coconut palms and out of sight of any field glasses. We all wanted them to come ashore for the excitement. The trading the Fais people do for fish and sundry items in exchange, for ice-packed boxes of small fish and also occasionally larger fish is valuable to them. The ship was the WK-2-1333, named [blank]. Hapitheris and later some 8 of the crew dove from the ship into the sea and came in swimming. The boys rushed down to greet them on the shore. I was amazed at how quickly they threw themselves upon the crewmen in sensuous, playful attention...[1] Rest omitted for the sake of decency.

...

We finally took a canoe out to the ship. I debated about swimming, but I am still insecure about the deep sea currents and my ability to handle even slight changes in wave pattern, and in spite of assurances, I mistrust the sharks that have been hauled in from just up or down the beach from wherever we swim!

On board the boys quickly took over the ship, and they have established a pattern near to piracy. They make for the aft deck where the galley is theirs, or they make it so, eating up the rice, soy sauce, fresh fish, and tea, that are about—and others that the Japanese usually prepare for them—if need be at their coy request...

I noticed a cardboard carton of dynamite beside the radio equipment, and a Loran detector was also part of their equipment. Thus, Loran Ulithi and Angaur help direct their poaching of the Micronesian seas, which they apparently attend to with the aid of explosives! When the captain returned on board and had me in the bridge cabin he noticed this box and quickly covered it with clothing.

None of the crew nor the officers of any of these three Japanese ships that have been here could speak any English. We stayed on board until the large Fais canoes brought in three or four loads of food and they watched the fishing crew bring out ten frozen boxes of small fish and three large tuna fish as their side of the barter, and then we re-

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1 Ed. note:

turned to the shore. Eddi again got a handful of line and tackle from them, as he did from the previous Japanese boat we visited.

This evening, after the king divided the large fish and tuna among all of us, I have been trying to get back to this paper work!

It is possible that the **Errol** might arrive tomorrow and I hope that this is not the case. We have now immunized another 69 of the adults, and in taking their temperature this evening I have also collected blood specimens, which we now have at 4°C or less in the propane icebox we started yesterday.

21 September 1964... Fais Island, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands

Yesterday afternoon I suddenly knew what was the cause of the immense lassitude, generalized weakness, somnolence, and generalized anorrhexia which I had all morning... I suddenly began to have aches and pains and hyperaesthesia over all major muscle groups, and a slowly developing feeling of deep sudden tingling pains, more paraesthetic than painful, occurred and made me realize suddenly that I was developing an acute attack of malaria... Thus, I spent a rather miserable day with my New Guinea benign tertian-plaguing me once again...

Yesterday, the **Errol** arrived early, approaching from the east, and thus from Woleai-Ifalik and not Ulithi. It had come for our patients, and I evacuated the elderly man, Larlomar, who has a tumor of the zygomatic ridge bone or maxiliary sinus which may be still operable. However, Dr. Antonio Golbuu, the Yap Native Medical practitioner, insisted on taking him to Yap for transfer to Guam Memorial Hospital rather than evacuating him to Ulithi where I would arrange for a flight by Coast Guard to Guam and Naval Hospital attention. In a land short of medical facilities and supplies, desperately short of transport, this is just once again ridiculous political intrigue, the people of the Trust Territory not wanting Coast Guard and Navy to get involved in their medical spheres and not wanting the help they could well use!!! From the point of view of the patient, it is unpardonable. I was especially disturbed, since the people here do not like the Yapese and do not want to go to Yap. They state outright that they do not want to send their children to boarding school on Yap, and thus are very pleased with the new Ulithi School. They are so anxious to avoid Yap that I am very disturbed that Dr. Golbuu wishes to take Larlomar to Yap first, and somewhat doubtful that he will ever get him to Guam, which is the only place that he might receive any help. We also loaded onto the boat, Tulai, the middle-aged man with upper intestinal trouble, and gall bladder symptoms, who cannot eat solids any longer and who may have, I fear, an upper GI [gastro-intestinal] cancer. He has been to Yap twice, twice being returned home without diagnostis or therapy. He is losing weight, vomitting, and eating only milk made from powdered milk, and must have something done soon.

...

The **Errol** was filled with Euripik, Wolcai and Ifalik school children and had no place for the two patients without putting off one of the Fais school-boys and an adult from Ulithi who was on board and wanted to visit here. Thus, Joseph Dipelemal is here

with us again, helping me translate and with the records of temperature taking, etc. The **Errol**'s early arrival and late departure—after 10 a.m.— disrupted the clinical day as did my illness, so that temperature taking strung on into the afternoon and evening.

...

Today I am feeling fine, and although I was still perspiring miserably and soaking the sheets towards midnight and aching all over, I am now in exceptionally good health and recognize the possible truth in the claim that after malarial attacks people often feel unusually well.

22 September 1964... Fais Island outside Dispensary—Late afternoon

I should not be sitting here, shivering "to beat the band", and dressed in a woolen shirt, covered with goose flesh which the boys are inspecting curiously on my thighs, and, finally, with a temperature of 38.6°C. Exactly 48 hours after the onset of the first attack this second attack of my malaria began then more suddenly—in fact, shot-like. I was seated outside the menstruation house of the Oichōichoi women taping a "gul" they did not want the men and young men to hear, but there was no concern for small children below 6-10 being present and they even consented to Joseph Dipelemal coming to translate and help with the recording, but he is an unmarried teenager. Even Idurug (Eddi) said he was married and should not be there, and the local Fais "catechist" objected to any such songs being sung near the church where we were camped.

I recorded Ragelemar, Dipelemar, and later, after the first two songs, Uruwemar singing "gul" which the women are not supposed to hear, far out in the center of the island in a garden sun-shelter, just previously. Until nearly the end of the last women's song, while a cold wind was springing up, I suddenly started to feel terribly cold and to shiver, and to have tingling paresthesias over my whole body, all starting violently in under 1 minute. The irony of an old New Guinea hand, sitting here as far away from anti-malarials as one is likely ever to get with no radio and no landing lagoon or strip.

We searched the new Japanese fishing boat which arrived yesterday (WK2-1238, **Noi----- Maru** for quinine, atabrine, or chloroquin but found none! Thus, ironically, I sit here watching subjectively the classical second attack of benign tertian malaria hoping it will truly be benign, but nonetheless worried.

I have had also violent yawning at the onset of the attack both today and yesterday. Today, I have had it although now exhausted, I am still playing the Nagra III back to the people and typing these pages. I find some ataxia of my fingers and even of gait.

My major concern here is whether the mosquitoes are potential malaria vectors. With Idurug and the children having wasted our mosquito repellant spray largely playing, for mosquitoes have not been a real problem, I am hard put to keep the few off. Oh, that they may only not be anopheles, and thus far I have not noted an anopheles!

Ragelemar is now running the Nagra III, following a few instructions from me, which my own are more confused than his intentions, so I had best cease "aiding" him. I must give up and head for bed!

Some six hours later: I have gone through a much briefer attack... This peculiar situation of the white man racked with malarial chills in non-malarial Micronesia is a strange one, and it is ironic that New Guinea should pay me so dearly for temporarily deserting her... never has she treated me thus while I was there!

...

[More on sexual behavior]

The four "gul" I have recorded up in the garden this noon-time from Hatchegulupe and Dipelemal—later Uruwemar joining them—were of interest in that I got a bit more translation from the boys than the usual very slight translation. Their Englisyh is not up to the subtletly of the songs. Two were about lovers, one a Ulithi song about the lover going away to sea as a sailor, and one was a Woleai "gul" with details about sex play as was the first with the boy finally asking the girl to teach him how to finger her clitoris successfully. These "gul" are sung quite in private, but when the singers are not present, they enjoy the other sex hearing them. The women, in turn, gave me their "gul". Both sexes, however, do not particularly care if small children are present to listen to the detailed discussion of sex play, techniques, and maneuvers which they often contain. However, besides the raw rabellassian sex of the songs, there is a great deal of romantic symbolism, and love, its nature, its mystery, and its secrets are all very gently handled and symbolically treated in many of the songs.

Sexual jesting seems sometimes to be confined within each sex group, but within them it is frequent, universal and often very forthright. However, on the moonlit beach parties we have heard plenty of mixed group sexual jesting, so there is a strangely governed standard demanding only decorum before elders and in public. Once any liaison becomes a matter of public discussion and jest it is carefully avoided and every attempt is made to show no sign of the liaison, in public at least!

...

23 September 1964... M/V Errol at sea... Fais on western horizon

Heading for Woleai Atoll, Yap District Outer Islands, TTPI.

Hachegulupe (Jesus Ragelemar), Johannes Dipelemal, Eddi Iderug, and I are on the **Errol**, which arrived at about 10 a.m. directly from Yap, having not returned to Ulithi, and we are now headed for the other Outer Islands. It was a quick and rushed departure, for having not seen the **Errol** early today I thought it would leave Ulithi at night, arriving here at daybreak—I had given it up for today, and rejoiced, photographing everyone in our study group. The ship appeared on the horizon and the boys and Eddi packed while Sugudog and I continued to take temperatures, to finish taking them, and to get the photography done.It was a very remarkable stroke of good luck to get this added feature into the study, considering all I have been unable to complete.

...

Fortunately there is both quinine in the ship's supply and Arlan in Dr. Antonio Golbuu's supplies—not for malaria but for amoebiasis! We are now sailing in the open Pacific. Fais has disappeared behind us and we have 24 hours of open sea sailing before

we reach Woleai. Ragelemar is already seasick, and has vomitted. I did not think of giving the boys Dramamine, forgetting that these sea-dwellers are not real mariners, but canoemen, and rarely even out in their canoes for long, except those who make long voyages, and those are few! We have now given Ragelemar and Diplemal both Dramamine and Eddi Iderug has taken it also, but I, never having been seasick, forget about it.

We are deciding whether to go to Faraulap or on to Lamotrek for our next sojourn awaiting a return trip of the **Errol** from Ulithi. This will be the last student pick-up shuttle, and thus we will not have a long sojourn. We shall leave Paul on Ifalik, and I presume he will now bring the Ifalik study far along. We have now a fairly wide coverage of these Yap Outer Islands and the Western Carolines are a well-staked claim for further investigations based on all we have now done. I think they may be stable enough for a further decade to make our current work a good base-line, so that I shall tabulate it all *in extenso* by individual for future intensive studies; ours or by others.

...

The Pacific is really placid with only a slightly undulating surface, hardly any real waves, just now, and we move on at about 10 knots, the top speed of the **Errol**. Travis, the much discussed and much resented previous captain left after the journey just before our circuits, and thus we have fortunately missed him and his passenger "disciplines" of early abrupt sailings, rationed water when there was plenty, etc.

25 September 1964... Lamotrek Island on Lamotrek Atoll

Sitting near sunset on the lagoon-side of th beach of small Lamotrek Island, sweating and bothered by flies, I am watching the **Errol** sail down the lagoon for its passage to Ulithi, filled beyond legal passenger load with Woleai and Lamotrek students. Eddi, Hachegulupe, Depelemal and myself and Dr. Antonio Golbuu have remained behind to await its return, and we have managed to snag 36 blood specimens from children whom we then promptly vaccinated with 0.5 ml measles vaccine. Thus, work is already in progress. Those 36 blood specimens are bound for Ulithi and I hope they will be properly refrigerated (not frozen!) and delivered promptly to Lt. Merlino of the Coast Guard who is saddled with the centrifuging and the spinning down of all we collect—a hellish job to have placed upon anyone and a dangerous job to have delegated. Had we thought of it early, and had we properly trained assistants for him, it would have been OK. However, having not done so, it might have been better for Paul to have kept the centrifuge—but then, again, the Fais specimens would have been unspun... Thus, this is the best solution possible.

Paul took off the entire supply of food which the Yap people got for us, leaving not a thing on the **Errol** for us. Since, besides this, I took only about half of what we had brought from Guam off with me at Fais, as far as supplies go, Paul has them all and we are dealing with a vast population and just as long a field period! Well, I hand it to him for assuring comfort for himself! Like Ruge, he will manage it anywhere. It is an enviable trait. However, I am less pleased with the failure to leave vaccine diluent and

syringes for our program or to send me a note with his plans and intentions. Thus, I am told by Golbuu and by Ayan, the Yap Field Officer, that Paul prefers to stay on Ifaluk and he picked up the final trip. I am not sure that this **was** his plan, although they seem sure. It is OK, for an intensive study of Ifalik which he can well do, would be very, very well worth it, with every child examined a second time fully, color blindness and taste testing done on everyone, urines and hair and nails collected—however, he left more of this specimen collecting material with me, and I had the measles temperatures and a new population to document on my hands on Fais, whereas Ifalik is the proper place for all that if he is to have a long sojourn there as is now surely the case! I shall be very anxious to see if he has managed to get a valuable study out of his long Ifalik sojourn this time! I would like further venules also for our work here and on Elato, Falalap, and the Satawal sojourns, which will be brief and for immunization only. Thus, I have asked Ayan to change plans and not stop at Ifalik the last thing, but to stop there en route back for us, so that he can at least pick up supplies, syringes, and venules for us to use. If Paul wishes to stay on, he can, and we shall pick him up a few days later after finishing these Outer Islands. If not, he can leave and join us now.

I am not sure how much we should now try to accomplish here. It is a good island for study, in that Akire [sic][1] has worrked here a year or so on background anthropology and has the geneologies, I am told by Paul. This would make it a well-chosen place for intensive human growth and development and genetic studies. It looks perhaps less war-upset than Woleai. Our brief day on Woleai was enough to show me that it was a full Japanese fortress and there is ample evidence in the young peoples features that Japanese left many genes behind as well! I was very surprised to find on Wolcai the concrete bunkers, the gun emplacements, the guns, and the rail tracks and massive rail stock, for guns, I suspect. It appears from the rust eroding monstrous engines that it was a real bastion of Japan.[2]

Woleai was so filled with children of all ages that it was immediately fun. It was far dirtier and generally less attractive than Lamotrek, but the very interesting and attractive children in such hordes made it an extremely interesting place for me. Lamotrek has its share of children, and we have caught more than half in our first rushed immunizaation today and tomorrow we shall probably get the rest!

The walk around the whole island—perhaps a walk of 1-2 miles in total—is fascinating. I picked up beautiful red corals, shells, and strange sea urchins and left a full museum stock-house supply behind! Two brothers, Paulus (aged 12) and [blank] (aged 6-8) came with me. The children here seem a bit more inhibited and less boisterous than those on Woleai, but it is easy to see why Akire [sic] had chosen it! Paul has probably done as well at Ifalik!

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1 Ed. note: William H. Alkire (see Biblio 1962-63 and 1974-76).

2 Ed. note: The Japanese called it Mereon-to, and many soldiers were abandoned there by their own government and died of hunger.

It is now after sunset, the **Errol** has left the lagoon for the open sea, and I cannot type much longer without our lamps.

Late at night

Dipelemal is helping me set up camp in the school building in the very middle of the village, while Antonio Golbuu is staying at the dispensary. The Medical Assistant has provided me with a very comfortable camp bed and mattress. We have been down to the best beach on the island—a very private one—lounged about, bathed and returned to drink coconut water and relax.

It is too still and hot to be really comfortable, and I have not found anywhere like the site on Fais before the king's men's house, where one can always count on a sea breeze!

...

26 September 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

Mosquitoes were had last night, and we are out of insect repellent, and our two mosquito nets are not enough for the four of us—I made do with two sheets and managed to get by without too many bites.

The islanders are accustomed to far more visitors than are those on Fais, and the community is all tightly spread along the lagoon, on either side of a main "road". There is, as apparently on almost every island, ample sign of crashed planes... here the ruined wings lie near the beach and floats are being used as water catchments. On Woleai a large plane motor and wing sections were strewn about. On Fais the wing and floats of a downed plane were lying about the brush. Over these vast ocean stretches these few islands and atolls are small and unique places for crash landings, and few pilots would care to ditch anywhere but near them!

The "maromar" of Woleai are very different, made of different flowers and leaves, from those of Fais and there are not as many worn, but they are still a prominent feature of the dress. Small girls wore a different type of grass skirt from those I saw on Fais—rather a fan of leaves fore and aft hanging from a waist cord than a full skirt of strings or fibers, as on Fais. More small girls and boys went naked on Woleai than on Fais, and these to an older age. Here on Lamotrek one boy of 8 or 9 goes about naked as do many of the 6 and below and many girls up to 4 or more. On the other hand, there is a primness and puritanical prudery about nakedness among the boys here exceeding that on Fais! People seem to be a bit slower and less active and less vocal... in general a quieter atmosphere prevails, and children themselves are running about and shouting less. The high islands seem to go with a bit more vigor and activity.

It is interesting that the novelty of an European makes things much easier for him... he gets more help, cooperation and attention as opposed to others who have been around much more... the novelty having worn off. The people here on Lamootrek are more cautious, more self-conscious, and less attentive, curious, interested, and cooperative than are those on Fais.

...

Lamotrek atoll is at its maximum dimensions 10 miles long and 3-1/2 miles wide. It is comprised of the islands of Lamotrek, Pigue, Rigurifuai, and Falaite. The lagoon is listed as of 12.166 square miles (statute) and land area of dry land is 0.379 square mile. There are 7 islands in all.

27 September 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

We have immunized a further 46, in addition to the 44 yesterday, bringing the total immunized on Lamotrek to 90! We have started to measure the children (height, weight, chest, abdominal and head circumference) and have completed 32 such examinations. All this has been done lazily, for it is hot and humid and without much breeze. There are many more flies and mosquitoes on Lamotrek than on Fais, and on the beaches very small mosquito—perhaps also a sand fly, but at night I would not see it.

...

Crabs abound on this island, although there were few or none on Fais, and the people eat them, but the Fais people do not. I succeeded in getting Dipelomal to eat a huge basket of freshly boiled crab with me, but not Idurug or Ragelemar. There is not this crab on Ulithi either, Idurug tells me.

There is no giant lizard ("haluf") on Lamotrek and on Ulithi it is only on Falalap, but not on the other islands. On Fais it abounds. It is not eaten.

Sea birds and land birds are many, and the fact that much of the center of the island is a coral-swamp, may make it better bird country. The taro fields are very muddy and to cross the center one must be careful not to fall into mud and water all the way. There are a few trails of piled coral. There are several springs, including one clear one from which we get washing-bathing water on the north end of the island. Prevailing winds are from the north, and there I often lie to read and cool off on the sands under coconut palm shade watching the high waves break on the reef!

All appear lazier and more relaxed than on Fais—I prefer Fais in this respect. It is Sunday. My "staff" prefer not to work, finally, and we have lounged about. I may get some work done this afternoon or evening, haoever.

...

The whole lagoon side of the island is sand-beach, but with the amount of defecation and urination on this quiet side, I prefer to swim on the other sides. There is some sand-beach on the north and south extremes of the island which is still within the reef, but beyond these the surf-pounded side is all heaved up with stone, shells and coral! This side is very rocky, but there is a good shelf near the shore which is not bad footing for bathing. One impressive rock stands about fifty yards offshore and is beaten by the surf, covered by every wave at high tide. The lagoon is very calm, whereas the surf-side has higher surf than I observed on Fais or Ulithi most of the time. Pigs, chickens, and dogs abound, but the island is clean, and underbrush is cleared and the village site is kept well broomed. Nowhere are there bad smells.

28 september 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

It is a dull morning, promising a hot day! The lagoon is lugubriously still. People move about and bathe with lassitude. Even the small children play with langour.

The old blind man taps his way into our school house, feels the coconut palm roofing, and works his way back to the beach... all as though thrown off course by my typing. No-one helps him.

...

In the 1963 Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands Annual report, the population of Lamotrek Atoll is listed as 91 males and 103 females, or a total of 204; all of them are here on Lamotrek Island and none on the other islands of the atoll.

Late this evening I recorded a navigation song for the trip from Lamotrek to Satawal (called "uru i peliu" here) sung by four old women and one old man, one of the women leading it. No-one else apparently knows it any longer. They were, as were many of the younger people, more interested in the Fais navigation song sung by Tharechog than in any other Fais song. The song about King Malevich and Hathi on Ulithi also attracted considerable attention.

29 September 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

At 5 to 5:30 a.m. people begin to stir, mostly a few men walking down to the lagoon shore to urinate and wash—a few seem to have brief errands. At 6:00 or earlier the church bell, or rather, gong, rings and children are already up and about—particularly small ones—playing near the lagoon. Small groups of girls and boys congregate on the beach drawing pictures. Many boys of 6-8 walk about naked, some with erections, without bothering yet to fasten the "hapalpal" which they will wear the rest of the day. Some of the 6-8 year olds begin to fasten their "hapalpal", little Carlos doing so very fastidiously, taking it off several times before he was satisfied, and, finally, getting Daniel to help him with it, folding it together with him, and Daniel wrapping it about him. Girls congregate together and bathe together. Men sit aout in the canoe-house watching.

All morning I examined children, looking over 20 of the boys thoroughly, including taking recumbant blood pressures. It took a good part of the morning. Then I went to the east side of the island with Rachi, and we were joined there by Santiago, who followed us, not wanting to see Rachi alone with me, without his also being with me. We bathed together in the surf for about an hour, and then I stepped on a huge black sea urchin whose hair-fine blue-black pigmented tentacle-like spines penetrated my left foot in dozen places. I quickly headed for shore, thinking for a moment that perhaps I had stepped on a stone-fish. On the way over the rocky reef I touched another of the same species of stinging sea urchins with my hand and obtained a dozen or more deep stings in my right index finger...

My old adage that it is not safe to swim on most of the beautiful beaches of the Pacific, is upheld, and I shall certainly return to wearing tennis shoes for swimming! It is particularly disturbing to have a crippled index finger, but with all the hazards of Pa-

cific reef swimming, this is the least—bad coral cuts, sea serpents, sharks, large barracudas, stone-fish, poisonous moluscs—all these are worse, and it is good that my caution has been reawakened by as mild an injury as this.

However, with the devastating attack of "flu" on Guam, the malarial attacks on Fais, and now this poison sea urchin injury here, I am running true to a pattern of increased ailments and disability to that which I have ever prevlooously experienced in the field! It is a dismal sign!

The small boys have crowded about us all day today, and they have just recorded three songs—one small boy's song, one a duet by Rachi and Hapitimai, and a Japanese song one of the older men here has taught them. Among the children's group songs I recorded last night was a farewell song for Akire [sic] when he left after his year of anthropological work here over a year ago.

30 September 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

In pouring rain we sit in our camp, already having given up the **Errol** for today. We expect it tomorrow. I have examined 20 girls and 3 boys today, bringing the total number of boys examined to 23. We have also taken fingerprints on over a dozen of the children, but, as usual, work goes slowly and lazily.

...

This morning was a particularly low tide, and very early all the men set off in canoes for a distant part of the reef for fishing. Many of the older boys, Jesus, Santiago, Victor, etc., went along with their fathers. Before the canoes left, the boys were far out in the lagoon only knee deep off the south end of the island. Already by 6:00-6:30 the boys tend to congregate for some such group activity. The girls, in smaller groups, tend to stay closer to the houses, usually washing together in the lagoon. Morning and evening are the major times for such bathing. There is not a great deal of swimming for the fun of it... none among the adults!

...

Several of the songs the boys sung today were from Satawal and my Fais boys plead that they do not understand Satawal language and that it is nearer to Trukese than to their language!

This morning as the 14 canoes headed out in a long stream across the still lagoon at very, very low tide I did not have the cinema camera to record the beautiful scene! I seem to have missed most of what I should have photographed on this trip!

...

When I returned to the village center I was surprised to see all the men of the village assembled over a huge feast laid out on the open flat area between the school and dispensary. I soon learned that they were waiting for me, and that this was a farewell feast or a "welcome" feast, whichever we wished to take it as, from the people for us. We waited for a quarter of an hour as the sun set and a few further old men arrived, and

then we were all called forth for the feast in our honor. I took the seat of honor beside the chief[1] at the head of the long ground table of banana leaves and coconut fronds, and in the cool evening we drank "tuba"—coconut shoot wine—and ate a fine meal of taro cooked with coconut milk and steamed fish and raw fish, all exquisitely prepared. The raw tuna dish I found exquisite, and the cooked fish could not have been better. I also drank far too much "tuba", but it is not very strong and I have found I can hold a few glasses. The children do not drink it. The coconut liquid from which it is made is a sweet juice which we also get in bottles from the people each day and this is far "safer" to drink in quantity. I believe "tuba" is simply a fermentation of this "hachi mam".

...

1 October 1964... Lamotrek Island, Lamotrek Atoll

Before 6 a.m. the children were shouting that the **Errol** was approaching on the dark horizon, and now, an hour later, it appears to be the **Errol**. We have begun to pack up our things for departure, and our Lamotrek sojourn probably ends today! It has been a very interesting interlude and one I have much enjoyed, although it has not been fully exploited professionally, I fear.

1 October 1964... Elato Island

We had no intention of visiting Elato Atoll, for it has only 36 people censused and these people often come to Lamotrek, and, finally, it would have taken us an added day in our already late program. However, Antonio Golbuu wanted to see the atoll which he had not visited, and thus we have sailed here from Lamotrek after a very elaborate send-off. The **Errol** was sighted early off Lamotrek but it took until mid-morning to anchor in the lagoon, coming all around Lamotrek Island to the north-eastern passage into the lagoon.

I made cinema records of the boys playing several of their group games on the beach and also made tape recordings of the songs which go with two of these games, and finally, finished this last of my tapes with a women's church song... they insisting that I record it in spite of my lack of enthusiasm for the island church music—bad and derivative as it is and in content utterly intolerable. However, it does form a sizeable part of the musical life of the people now, and cannot be neglected—and from sources such as this came the American Negro spirituals!

By the time I finished this photography and recording the **Errol**'s shore boat had arrived and on it was Paul, thinner and with all his hair terminally whitened from overexposure to the sun, I suspect! He looked well, and was in good spirits, immediately commented on my gaunt aappearance, and together we quickly arranged ror immunization of the 30 older people who wanted measles immunization. Up to 25 years of age it is surely needed, beyond they are probably immune, but with ample vaccine to spare, and the very desperately difficult task of getting here with it behind us, I immunized any age that wanted vaccine, but did not encourage the older people.

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1 Ed. note: Elsewhere he mentions his name: Manuel Ligial.

The older boys—and even some of only 6-8 years of age—took small canoes out to the **Errol** to board the ship. We quickly finished the task. I had used up the last 8 venules in bleeding eight further children. Paul arrived with more venules, but I desisted, for we wanted to get off for Satawal and everyone was in a hurry. However, the morning wore on, and it was three boat trips back and forth to the **Errol** before we were off, and this was already afternoon hour.

...

I gave Santiago and Johannes each a set of 12 colored pencils and Rachi a shirt as I left, but had nothing else on hand to give the other children. The children, girls partiicularly, loaded me with new "maromar" and with 5 on my head I finally departed. As we left the girls and boys below 12 or so all sang parting songs for us, and hardly fifty yards out our boat motor failed. This entailed returning to shore, sending canoes twice to the **Errol** for spare parts, and finally leaving an hour later, with the children again singing and waving us off very enthusiastically and rather traditionally-formal in an interesting fashion. Paul found it a very pleasant way to depart, as did I.

There is no doubt that in spite of a slow start, Lamotrek was also easily captured by our attention—at least the small children and both girls and boys responded warmly to my interest in them. It was a very pleasant, though brief, sojourn.[1]

...

We finally set sail, and I ate heavily at lunch on the **Errol**, finding that I weigh only 144 pounds this morning at Lamotrek! This is a 30-36 pound loss since leaving Washington... and I am glad of it! I feel fine! I fear, however, that without caution I shall bounce back to 175-180 quickly!

However, already we are on low-caloric diet again. We arrived in mid-afternoon off Elato Atoll. The sea was rough and the Captain did not want to try entering the lagoon through the narrow passage across the reef. Instead he let us off in the work-boat far out at sea, without anchoring, and we headed for the passage over the reef into the lagoon. It was a difficult and rough and frightening trip in high waves, and I had fears that one might swamp us as we crossed the reef. In the lagoon wind was strong and with us, but the work-boat diesel motor is not very powerful, and we were long in reaching shore on the island.

We have worked here quickly, bleeding 13 people, and we have immunized some 30 people, including all the children, I believe. We were ready to leave at about 5 p.m. but by that time the wind had blown up to a near gale, the sky was ominous everywhere, and the **Errol**, instead of stayihg off the reef under power or anchored, had moved many miles away out to sea and on the very far horizon was just barely visible at anchor, presumably. We were appalled at the idea of the trip out to the **Errol**, a tripp of at least 2-3 hours in good weather, if n ot more, we estimated. It was insane to contem-

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1 Ed. note: The author here goes on a discourse on Micronesian boys and their "adolescent effeminiteness from European-American standards." He further says: "They are a bit too handsome, almost pretty, for boys!"

plate the trip out, for the lagoon itself was too choppy to be safe, and whether we could negotiate the passage or not was very doubtful indeed. I feared for a moment that the crew might insist on departing, so Paul and I ssized up the situation, increasing wind, nearing darkness, fewer life preservers on the work-boat than passengers, a failing motor, only two inadequate paddles, no lights or flashlights at all, increasing winds, adn a sea beyond the lagoon which we might not be able to manage at all in this boat! Dr. Antonio Golbuu agreed with us, and we quickly insisted that we stay here for the night, letting the **Errol** lie at sea-anchor far out from the atoll. It would have been immediately foolhardy to set forth—a motor failure.... and the motor failed once already this morning and near-failed on the way here from the **Errol**... would be immensely dangerous and we would be adrift in the stormy Pacific!

In addition to the problem of the sea and the weather and the hour and the lack of safety provisions, we also had the problem that our medical assistants and even Dr. Golbuu had already consumed a bit too much "sochu" (called "moromi" by the Yapese)... made from "hatchimem", or the fresh coconut juice. It is a high-alchoolic content drink, approaching vodka, it seems, and this has been prepared of late only on a few islands, especially here on Elato. The chiefs of most other islands have ordered a cessation of drinking, especially of the "sochu" because of the problem it has been causing. Elato is, thus, one of the main sources now of "sochu", and our crew and assistants soon found it in quantity!

2 October 1964.... Elato Atoll

The gale blew up at night, but I slept well with Hagelemar in the dispensary while Paul slept in a canoe-house made available to our group. However, during the night Paul came over to the dispensary, for the open canoe-house was too cold and windy. Mosquitoes were not bad, probably because of the wind.

...

This morning there is no sign of the **Errol** and there was speculation as to whether it sailed out to sea because of the high winds and rough sea, or has gone to Satawal without us and its work-boat—having no other available...

...

On rounding the island to the lagoon side again, I saw that the **Errol** was standing off the lagoon, and had to rush to jump into the work- boat which had been launched again (we had, with the help of most of Elato's men and women, beached it last night), and we set out for the passage and sea. The sea was mirror-smooth but with a huge swell which made the trip exciting.

2 October 1964... Satawal Island

We have sailed all morning from Elato to Satawal and now have reached the far point of our Yap Outer Island circuit. Beyond this lies Puluwat and other Truk District Islands!

We have spent the entire afternoon on Satawal. It was tricky landing through the surf, and the work-boat could not make the trip. Thus, we circled about in the huge swell while the people on the shore watched us and finally launched the canoes which came out to us easily through the surf. We transferred out at sea from work-boat to canoes on which we crossed the reef. The trick of getting the canoes through the high waves is a difficult one, but the islander managed it without swamping a single canoe during the afternoon and a dozen canoes, at least, made repeated trips out through the surf to the work-boat—others going out to the **Errol** in late afternoon, while it lay off the island waiting for us. Earlier it sailed entirely around the island, far off shore!

On shore the entire population was assembled to see the 18 "school-boys"... again most in late teens and twenties!... off. Each island sees the boys off differently, but usually the women make a scene, cling to them, and are reluctant to see them leave. On Fais the departure was as restrained as I have seen it. On these other islands the women make much more a fuss. We quickly had a meeting with the chief, explained our proposed measles immunization of his island, secured his approval, and promopptly began to immunize probably almost everyone under 20, and most under 30 years of age. I checked the census list of names, and found no more than a few whom we had not immunized, and these were all accounted for as off the island at Ulithi, Yap, or Elato, etc. We did no blood collecting.

...

I would have liked to have remained longer on the island, but the captain began to worry about the length of time it would take to load the food for the school-boys onto the ship and to get us off the island. It was not until nearly sunset that we finally departed. I was very surprised to see many small canoes with two or three children—in a few, boys and girls under 10 and no-one older—out beyond the surf, beside the **Errol**, in the high deep-sea swell which tossed the work-boat up and down, a vertical distance of some 12 feet beside the **Errol**. The children handled the small canoes expertly and seemed at home in them and adults seemed totally unconcerned about their being out in open sea, far from land, in small canoes totally under their own guidance.

Canoe building, house building, children handling canoes at sea, all sorts of games and child play, sex play and mimicking sexual activityy in public, all sorts of infant nursing "stunts" (... such as an infant Paul watched this afternoon who pulled and played with his mother's other breast while nursing one, pulling it so strongly that she shrieked "no" to him, but he in jest continued to play, finally pulling her second breast with his toes as he stretched out the other with his mouth!), all this I failed to record on cinema.

Many body part names remain the same or nearly the same here; however, others change completely: "mur" becomes "sen" and "fas" becomes "faiu0. The same applies to a great many other words. Since most people are bilingual it is a problem to be sure that they are not giving one the Woleai word rather than their own, and the fact that they understand any Woleai word we use, does not mean it is really the word in the Satawal language!

3 October 1964... Faraulep Island, Faraulep Atoll

We finally left Satawal at sunset and sailed all night to Faraulep. We arrived at Faraulep Atoll (Fachailap, as all people of the islands call it) at about 10 a.m., after 15 hours of sailing on calm sea with heavy swell, but by the time we arrived, much of the swell had subsided. The **Errol** remained outside the lagoon, and we entered this tiny lagoon on the work-boat, crossing the reef at low tide without difficulty. There are three large islands making up the atoll, and two are inhabited: Pigue and Fachailap. The third, Eate, is uninhabited, and at low tide is connected with Fachailap by a sand bar. On this bar a small Japanese fishing boat is wrecked, it having hit the bar only some 4 months ago, the crew members on the **Errol** tell me.

We found the people assembled on the beach to meet us and we were very well welcomed. We explained our mission of measles immunization and quickly collected blood specimens from 31 children and one adult. We then immunized all of these and a further 61 individuals, bringing the total to 93.

The 1963 Annual Report lists 194 people on Faraulep Island of whom 39 were men and 65 women: 54 people on Pigue, of whom 18 were men and 36 women. The atoll is known throughout the district for its large excess of women. However, it is the men and boys of Satawal, not of Faraulep, who have the reputation as lovers!

Paul tested 15 boys for color vision with our Ishihara charts, and the very first boy he tested, 8-year-old Wanito Speior, was totally red-green color blind. His younger brother, Lukas Sepumai, of about 6 years of age, was also red-green color blind, but very slightly so for green, managing to distinguish purple numbers, but not red, on some of the charts. He is fully red blind, partially green blind,. The other 13 subjects had normal color vision.

There was much copra to load onto the **Errol** from both Pigue and Faraulep, and the six students bound for Asor on Ulithi were not ready; they and their families took the entire day to prepare them for departure. In late afternoon I took the work-boat in pouring rain to Pigue to see if there were others who had not come over for immunization from that island. I found only women and children, the men all off on the **Errol** trading with the Yap Trading Company representatives, or on Faraulep. Most women and children had already been to see us on Faraulep. The oldest boy on Pigue today was Wan Piyerigyang, a boy of about 9 years of age who is exceptionally bright!

...

We boarded the work-boat and then, in darkness, crossed the lagoon to Faraulep where we quickly loaded on the students and their gear, Ayan, Paul, and the rest of the field-trip party, and pulling in tow Momo, the acting health aid, in a small one-man canoe, we headed back across the lagoon to the passage to the open sea. Outside of the lagoon the **Errol** lay in wait for us. Momo came out to sea in his small canoe to get some injectable morphine for a man dying with extensive erroding carcinoma of the mouth. We got this from Antonio Golbuu and Momo headed back across the calm ocean toward the passage into the lagoon.

There are many children and especially many girls here on Faraulep. The important men seem all to have had children by several women and each woman seems to have had children by several men! Thus, in recording parents, I found very strange patterns of many mothers for the children of one man and many different fathers for the children of one woman!

It poured intermittently all afternoon, and neither Paul nor I did any significant photography on the atoll. When darkness came it was clear and calm.

The islands of the atoll are clean and show little sign of any wartime activity, without any litter of old motors and weapons, ships and buildings.

The Faraulep lagoon is listed as 0.902 square mile in area and the total land area of the 5 small islands (2 are very small) is 0.163 square mile. The lagoon is nearly circular and less than 2 miles in diameter.

Carlos Momo, the school-teacher who has been on Lamotrek with us and also on this whole field trip and has only returned to Faraulep now with the **Errol** is the father of 4 girls and 2 boys. He is very intelligent and helpful, and tends to both the school work and dispensary work, since there is no trained medical aid on the island. He can handle injections and knows more than many of the trained health aids about first aid and medical matters. He is the most important assistant on the island and also an important man. His older son, Taimur Stanisla, is a boy of about 13 or 14 who is more shy and reticent than most of the others, but who hung about with me a good deal. The younger son, Urubwaamo Santus, is only about 7 years of age and is less retiring.

The peculiar sex ratio here on Faraulep (the female to male ratio on Pigue being 2.00 and on Faraulep Island being 1.67 ; for the whole atoll 1.77 to 1) is a strange situation which bears further study. We should look into past history carefully to see if accidents at sea, immigrations in or out, or some other traceable cause lies behind it! Whatever the situation that explains it may have been it will be a matter of opinion whether these factors that have led to it are embraced by the term "random gene drift" or not. At its broadest interpretation anything that is the result of the population being small is covered by this term. At its narrowest, it excludes all "historical" events and accidents and involves only the variations that are found in small numbers subjected to the chance sortings that occur at the cellular level in the operation of genetics. Since various students of Sewall Wright differ thus drastically in their interpretation of this phenomenon, I shall have to read him much more carefully and extensively to see what his own position was.[1]

3 October 1964... M/V Errol, at sea off Fais Island en route from Faraulep to Ulithi

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1 Ed. note: Sewall Wright (1889-1988) was an American geneticist who specialized in population genetics. His main work was summarized by himself in a paper entitled "The roles of mutation, inbreeding, crossbreeding and selection in evolution," (Proceedings of the International Congress in Genetics (1932) 1:356-366.

We are in darkness leaving Fais behind us. By radar we have been only 3-4 miles off Fais and it appeared even closer, and many flashlights from Ilothow, Lochoichoi, and Faliu villages were clearly visible, some signalling to us...

We left Faraulep at about 9:30 p.m. yesterday on the 30-hour direct trip to Ulithi. We shall have to stop sometime near 2 a.m. outside of the reef east of Ulithi, and wait there until daybreak, then continuing on to Ulithi. We had a radio conversation with Lt. Merlino at the Ulithi Loran station this morning and he tells us that on about the 7th it is possible we may get a Coast Guard plane to Guam from Falalep for there are two meteorologists there now expecting to be picked up at that time.

...

In mid-morning we overtook a Japanese fishing boat, pulled alongside of her, stopped, and finding that she was not one of the ships that had stopped on Fais according to the reports Ayan got from the Fais people, we let her go on, fishing illegally in these waters, but at least not "guilty" of invading the territory of the islands themselves. It is a strange situation, for the Fais people seem to benefit by it, and no-one else fishes in these waters. There is now a Palau-based tuna fishing fleet and freezing plant, and perhaps they may be in these waters eventually. I do not know how much danger there is of exhausting them. Perhaps the use of dynamite is, however, overdoing it a bit!

5 October 1964... U.S. Coast Guard Loran station, Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

We anchored off Ulithi at about 2:00 a.m. and at daybreak headed on toward the atoll, arriving abreadt of Falalop at about 8:00 a.m. having passed south of the island in arriving. We quickly piled our supplies into the work-boat and the captain launched the huge second work-boat which is a great tub without a motor, pulled by the work-boat, and used for loading copra. This we placed in tow and left the **Errol** rather far out at sea, heading for Falalop while the **Errol** was to sail on to anchor off Asor. I left Ragelemar on the **Errol** with the boys' supplies and Dipelomal came with us. Hardly had we started the slow trip towards Falalop with the putting weak motor straining to pull the huge tub behind us, than an extremely ominous, densely black north-eastern sky moved in on Falalop and in a matter of some twenty minutes we found ourselves engulfed in gale-like winds. The wind came up with incredible speed and force and drove rain down upon us in torrents, finally in horizontally moving sheets blown up from the surface of the churning sea and falling from the sky but whipped horizontally by the tempest. The work-boat could hardly move against the wind and as it neared hurricane violence we all became very, very worried. If the motor had failed, we would have been adrift in a true tempest in dangerous seas, and that the motor should survive this downpour seemed unlikely to me, and that it could hold us against the huge force of the wind on us and the floundering tub of a work-boat in tow, seemed impossible. We could see the coconut palms and buildings of Falalop before us for a while, the fury of the storm increased and we could no longer see the island. It was a dismal matter to be so tossed about in such a storm on the very last minutes of our long journey, and when we thought

we had a fifteen-minute shore run, to suddenly find ourselves at sea in a hurricane and dangerous waters!

We finally made shore as the winds were slowly dying, and later in the morning at the Coast Guard Station we learned that for a year no such winds and rain have struck the atoll. Winds were measured at 40 knots during the gale, and even the most experienced Coast Guardsmen said they would not have wanted to be out on the water in that storm.

When we finally arrived at Falalop Island we all sprang into the water, invitingly warm compared to the cold wind and driving rain, and immersed in the sea with all our clothes still on we were immensely more comfortable. After long bathing we finally took the tarpaulin off our supplies and unloaded the work-boat and then headed for the Coast Guard station...

We moved into the officers' barracks at the station and promptly took showers and hung our clothes to dry and then began sorting out our supplies. This task took several hours. We sorted supplies to be left in storage here on Asor Island with Jim Boykin and other supplies to take with us. We sent radio messages requesting permission to fly to Guam on the Coast Guard plane expected here from Koror and Yap on Wednesday. We finally got ready to go to Asor after noon-time and waited for the return from the **Errol** of the copra boats which had already taken one large load of copra out. Before the work boats got back to Falalop, Eddi (Iderug) arrived from Asor with his Mercury 20-horsepower outboard motor and small boat on which he had already traveled to Asor. He agreed to go back with us and we promptly headed back across the Dochirichi Channel in which we encountered some huge waves which were difficult to handle in our small boat.

On Asor I soon assembled the seven Fais boys here and took blood specimens from them all, including 6 of those I recently bled on Fais and one missed since he was already here. If I can get blood from Dipelomal tomorrow and also from the three Fais men who have been staying here since the last canoe trip from Fais to Ulithi, I shall have some 11 Fais people re-bled for further genetic studies...

6 October 1964... Falalop Island, Ulithi Atoll

With our blood specimens still on the **Errol** in the ice box, with the tapes, cinema and still film, cine camera and many of our medical supplies still on it, we have been unable to unpack or pack completely, or organize our data, specimens or equipment for departure. Thus, we had hoped to get to Asor today and out to the **Errol** with Jim Boykin this morning. However, he left for Asor before we caught him and when we finally got Eddi to put his boat into the rough water—reluctantly—the **Errol** had already left for Mogmog, and when Paul and Eddi arrived at Asor, Boykin had already also set ouot for Mogmog in his boat. Thus we lost the chance of getting our specimens and supplies off the **Errol**, and counted on getting them on its return—if that will not be too late for our flight to Guam!

...

Fais, Ifalik, Satawal—and perhaps Lamotrek and Faraulep—are the best choices of the Yap District Outer Islands, I believe, and our intensive work here in Ulithi can be carried on as best we can. Lamotrek and Ulithi studies, however, like less intensive work on Woleai and Euripik and Elato, can be used to supplement, and for contrast with extensive, long-term work on Fais, Ifalik and Satawal yet to be attacked. This, however, has been a sufficiently extensive tour to make fairly definitive plans for the future.

...

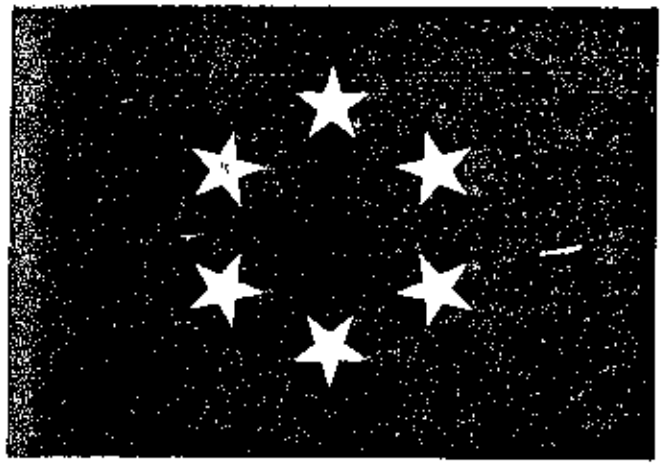
The sea has been choppy, rough and the weather intermittently raining, windy and dull. It saves us from the heat. However, in mid-afternoon we learned from radio Yap that the **Errol** was planning to go on tonight to Sorol Atoll, leaving Ulithi without returning here or to Asor and without picking up the trochus shell and further copra waiting for it here and on Fassarai. We asked for an emergency conversation with the **Errol** via Yap and several hours later the **Errol**, bound for Fassarai, radioed us and we spoke with the captain. He had already unloaded our supplies into Jim Boykin's boat with the blood specimens, he said, and we rejoiced, but a short while later he radioed Loran here to inform us to his dismay that the blood had not gone off and that he had only now found 3 packages in his ice box, and one ancient collection from Woleai had never been off-loaded weeks ago and is now undoubtedly useless!

Paul asked him to drop the blood at Fassarai before he set sail at 8:00 p.m. tonight for Sorol, and now we are worrying how we can possibly get the blood from Fassarai before the Navy plane picks us up here tomorrow. The Coast Guard flight to Angaur was cancelled today because of a storm forming near Koror, and thus tomorrow the return flight cannot stop here for us and our supplies—and we are most lucky to have this Navy plane as an alternative. However, we cannot be sure of anything because of bad weather in the region.

...

The naval metrorologists who are visiting here, on a shell collecting venture, tell me that here on the reef there has been a huge migration of one species of poisonous conch, directly onto the shore reef, and that under many chunks of coral they find the conch. The migration from its usually deeper haunt is for breeding. They tell me that everywhere the poisonous conch, the sea urchins, poisonous sea serpents, coral dangerous for cuts and bruises, and stone-fish, all necessitate the wearing of footwear when one is on the reef. Rays and sharks are plentiful, occasional moray eels come up to the reef, but invertebrate hazards exceed the vertebrate hazards.

...



THE MICRONESIAN IDENTITY

Official Territorial Flag

Document 1965A

Congress of Micronesia—Public Law 1-1

(A. B. No. 3, A. D. 2)

AN ACT

Adopting an official flag of Micronesia and for other purposes.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE CONGRESS OF MICRONESIA:

Section 1. Flag of Micronesia. There shall be and there is hereby adopted an official Territorial flag of Micronesia, which shall consist of a circle of six white stars centered on a field of blue. The width of the flag of Micronesia shall bear a ratio to its length of 1 to 1.9, and the width of the flag to the width of a star the ratio of 5 to 1. The flag may be reproduced for unofficial purposes with different dimensions.

Section 2. Flag of Micronesia display. The flag of Micronesia shall be displayed in the open only from sunrise until sunset and during such hours shall be displayed only on buildings, flagstaffs, or halyards.

The flag of Micronesia shall be hoisted briskly and lowered ceremoniously.

When the flag of Micronesia is flown or displayed together with the flag of the United States on separate masts or staffs, it shall be flown or displayed at approximately the same level with that of the United States flag, provided that the flag of Micronesia shall occupy a position left of the flag of the United States, when looking out from the building or platform. When the flag of Micronesia is flown or displayed with the flag of the United States on a single staff or halyard, the flag of Micronesia shall be flown or displayed below the United States flag. When the flag of Micronesia is flown or displayed together with the flags of the United States and the United Nations on separate masts or staffs, the three flags shall be flown or displayed at approximately the same level in the following manner of positions: the flag of the United States shall occupy the right-hand position; the flag of Micronesia shall occupy the center position; and the flag of the United Nations shall occupy the left-hand position when looking out from the building or platform. When the flag of the United States is flown or displayed above or higher than the flags of Micronesia and the United Nations, the flag of Micronesia shall occupy the right-hand position in relation to the flag of the United States when looking forward from the building or platform. The flag of the United States may be flown or displayed above or higher than the flag of Micronesia, but on no account may the flag of Micronesia be flown or displayed above the United States flag; nor may the flag of the United Nations be flown or displayed above or higher than the flag of Micronesia, or vice versa.

When the flag of Micronesia is flown alone at such time as by official order the flag of the United States is being flown at half mast, the flag of Micronesia shall also be flown at half mast.

Section 3. This Act shall take effect upon its approval by the High Commissioner.

/s/ Dwight Heine
Speaker, The General Assembly

Approved August 19, 19[illegible]

Attest: /s/ Bethwel Henry
Legislative Secretary

/s/ M. W. Goding
High Commissioner

Document 1966A

Field trip to Ngatik, by Seth Thomson

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, January- March 1966.

M/V Kaselehlia makes a field trip to Ngatik

The Motor Vessel **Kaselehlia** steamed away from the Kolonia, Ponape dock at 5 p.m., March 17 [1965] bound for Ngatik Atoll, a hundred miles to the southwest. This was not her regular six-week field-trip run to Ngatik, Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi, but a charter trip mainly for the purpose of bringing building materials for the four-room elementary school on Ngatik which the Metalanim Housing Co-operative is building for the Trust Territory.

(The total construction cost of 24 classrooms, not counting utilities and preparation of sites, is $276,406; work is progressing rapidly on the 15 classrooms in Kolonia and five in Uh, on Ponape Island, as well as the four on Ngatik.)

The co-operative chartered the **Kaselehlia**, at a cost of $200 a day while she was sailing and $150 a day while in port, in order to get the school building finished quickly so the co-operative's five skilled workers could go on to another job.

The ship's cargo on this special trip consisted mainly of 20.5 tons of timber, sheet-metal roofing, parwood (pressed wood) panels for walls and ceilings, cement, and steel reinforcing rod for the concrete floors. There was a comparatively small amount of the usual rice, flour, sugar, canned goods and other staples which largely make up the cargo of a regular outgoing field-trip run. The timber was mostly Douglas fir, procured through Atkins Kroll, merchandise agents, from the West Coast of the United States. Each piece of this fir measured 6 by 8 inches by 23 feet, and had been chemically treated to last many years. (Even without treatment fir is a long-lasting wood and is highly rated by U.S. builders.)

The **Kaselehlia**, a 362 gross-ton ship, was operated by the Trust Territory until September 20, 1965, when she was assigned to the Ponape Federation of Co-operatives Association, to operate on a contractual basis as part of the Government's plan to put transportation into private hands.

CAPTAIN MELANDER

At that time, Tetrik J. Melander took over as master of the ship. He is the grandson of the Swedish trader-captain, Victor Melander, who became a U.S. citizen and who,

operating out of Kusaie, was a legendary figure in Micronesian shipping in the 1890s. Tetrik Melander has followed shipping most of his life, in the family tradition. He was second mate for eight years on four ships before signing on with the **Kaselehlia** as second mate in 1962. for a short period in 1965 he was third mate on the **Pacific Islander** before becoming master of the **Kaselehlia**. Besides the captain, the **Kaselehlia** normally carries a crew of 15.

The ship's regular runs take her to Ngatik, Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi on the southern circuit and to Mokil, Pingelap and Kusaie on the eastern schedule. Kapingamarangi is 270 nautical miles from Ponape; Kusaie is 300.

Ngatik, an atoll 2/3 of a mile in area, has a population ranging around 400. Ngatik's streets and paths are kept clean. Its houses are neat and orderly.

David S. Boyer, of the *Nautical Geographic* magazine, who was a passenger on this field trip, described it as one of the most pleasant places he had seen throughout his extensive travels.

Ngatik's early history, like that of so many islands and atolls in Micronesia, exists only in the form of legend. It is recorded history, however, which says that Ngatik was once the prey of a whaling crew, like so many places in what is now the Trust Territory... The ship's crew killed every male human on the island, except three small boys, who hid from the attackers. Local tradition has it that the ship's crew stayed on the island for a long time.

THE PASSENGERS

On the charter voyage described here, which was made 128 years after the whaler's visit, there were 45 passengers, most of whom paid $3.00, or three cents a mile, for deck passage. The cabin passengers paid four cents a mile, or $4.00, with meals furnished at $5.00 per day extra. The trip from Ponape to Ngatik takes 13 hours, usually, so most of the deck passengers take food with them.

Among those who made the Ngatik trip were the following:

—Uriel Elam and Boas Poll, skilled carpenters who work for the Metalanim Housing Co-operative and who were to remain on Ngatik to work for a month;

—Romeo de Leon, representing the supply department of the co-op, who came along to see that the building materials arrived in good order;

—Nicanor Soriano, project superintendent for the co-op, who was to inspect the partly-finished building;

—Joaquin Sarino, construction engineer for the Engineering and Construction Service, Trust Territory, who serves the Ponape District;

—Kasiano D. Joseph, community development advisor of the Ponape District, who goes on field trips to superintend the weighing of copra and to take care of other administrative matters as field-trip officer;

—Tony Materne, assistant to the district administrative officer, who came along to take pictures of the new construction work and to help with administrative details;

—Corce Rudolph, who operates the Ngatik dispensary six months a year and does business as a trader on Ponape the rest of the time; and

— Rev. Martin Gallen, who is head of the Congregational Church in Ponape District and who maintains a home on Ngatik.

After laying out at sea for two hours during the night, the **Kaselehlia** came on to Ngatik and anchored well outside the reef at 10 a.m. on March 18. As soon as she dropped anchor, several outrigger canoes, which had been poised at the edge of the coral, pushed out into the blue water, the boatmen now using paddles instead of poles. In a few minutes there were a dozen or more outriggers at the ship's side, and the off-loading of passengers, with their numerous bundles and boxes, began.

Ashore, the returning Ngatikese and visitors were met by the chief magistrate, Wanas Salmon; the Nanmwarki, Atti Neior, and many others. As soon as the passengers and their possessions were ashore, the off-loading of the building supplies began. The outrigging of the canoes made an ideal deck for the long timbers and the other building materials. When each boat touched the beach, a group of men and women were there to hand-carry the materials to the building site, about 40 yards away from the water, in an operation in which there was both rhythm and efficiency. The women helped with the fir timbers and the sheets of parwood and metal roofing, two to each piece, but the men handled the bags of cement and the reinforcing rod.

The building had been started only 20 days before, and the walls were already up. It was explained that the community very much wanted the building to be finished quickly. Many people, young and old and male and female, including two blind men, volunteered, the women receiving the same rate of pay as the men. It was later decided that the total amount paid for labor should be divided equally among those who worked, regardless of how much work each one did. On the first distribution of money, several weeks ago, each worker received $8.00. On this trip $2.00 was brought and distributed and a gala feast, with roast pig and "all the trimmings", was held on the night of March 19 to celebrate the good fortune.

BUSY MAN

Throughout the two days that the ship stayed at Ngatik, Kasiano Joseph was busy with many affairs. As community development adviser, he checked the records of the copra co-op and assisted in holding a referendum, besides answering numerous questions in connection with shipping, business and Government affairs. Mr. Joseph leads a busy life, whether he is on Ponape or on a field trip. He is Vice-President of the Ponape Federation of Co-operatives Association, which operates the **Kaselehlia**; President of the only chartered credit union in the district; Vice Speaker of the District Legislature and Vice-President of the Ponape Broadcasting Board, which operates the local radio station.



The women of Ngatik carrying materials to new school site.



Residents of Ngatik meet to discuss results of elections.

REFERENDUM

The affairs of Ngatik, like those of so many islands and atolls which are separated from the district centers by miles of waaater, are regulated by the field-trip schedules. For example, the notice of an election must be posted 15 days before a field- trip arival. This field-trip, although not on the regular schedule, tied in with an election, or more precisely, a referendum.

The referendum was the result of discussions which had been going on among the Ngatik people for several months. Mr. Joseph tells the story this way:

"About two field trips ago, the Municipal Council discussed the subject of what to do about alcoholic beverages, but no decision was reached. As field-trip officer I recommended a referendum. Before the last field trip I talked to the assistant Distad, and ballots were made out. At the top of the ballots was written, "Referendujmm for Alcoholic Beverages in Nnatik Municipality. Place an X mark in the box opposite your choice." The choices were: (1) I am in favor of alcoholic beverages; and (2) I am not in favor of alcoholic beverages."

Joseph supervised the election, assisted by Tony Materne. Materne and a committee appointed by the chief magistrate counted the ballots. The result was 150 votes against alcohol and 47 for it.

Following the election, Joseph drafted an ordinance based on the election and left it with the council (which was elected by the people) and the people themselves for further study.

Before the arrival of the next field-trip ship, the chief will sign the ordinance, if it has no amendments. Any amendments will have to be approved by the council. When the final draft arrives at District headquarters, the Distad will deteermine whether the ordinance violates any laws made by higher authority; if not, he will sign it and it will become law for that municipality.

The penalty for making any alcoholic beverage on the atoll or bringing in any (except wines for religious use) will be 30 days in prison, a $25 fine, or both. Trials are held by the municipal courts in such cases. There will not be actual confinement for violation of such an ordinance; the person found guilty will be put to labor on some public project and will stay in his home at other times. He will report to the chief magistrate for work assignments.

This election was the result of two viewpoints: The older people felt that drinking was causing the younger ones to miss too much work; and the members of the council took the attitude that too many young coconut trees were being cut down [rather used] for making of tuba. Very little distilled liquor was being imported—perhaps an average of one case per field trip.

Referendums are not new to Ngatik. Three years ago the municipality voted in favor of alcohol. It was agreed that the women of the atoll turned the tide in favor of prohibition in this latest referendum.

[Ship hits the reef]

Having accomplished its purpose, the **Kaselehlia** prepared to sail ont he morning of March 20, with only a handful of passengers and little cargo. She weighed anchor at 5:30 a.m. and headed for Ponape. Less than half an hour later and about four to five miles from Ngatik, the ship struck one of the numerous treacherous reefs which make shipping in Micronesia a hazard even under normal weather conditions. The passengers were awakened by the crunching jolt, and Captain Melander ordered the engines stopped within a few seconds.

Divers who went overboard reported that the ship had struck the reef on the port side. An eight-inch gash in the hull plate at the anchor locker and several indentations were visible. The roller chock, which acts as a stabilizer in steering, but which is by no means essential to the ship's operation, was badly damaged. The roller chock prevented considerable damage to the hull.

The ship was in sight of the atoll when she struck the reef, and in a short time the outriggers began to appear. One of them carried Corce Rudolph, the medical corpsman, and his appearance was comforting, alghouth his services were not needed. (He had spent most of Friday watching over a man who had been injured at work.)

After a careful assessment of the ship's condition, Captain Melander ordered both anchors to be hooked under the coral on either side of the ship, and 40 feet from the bow. As high tide approached at 2 p.m., the anchor winch was activated and the ship pulled herself off the reef. She steamed on to Ponape and, after a cautious lay-off at sea, docked at 7:30 Monday morning, March 21.

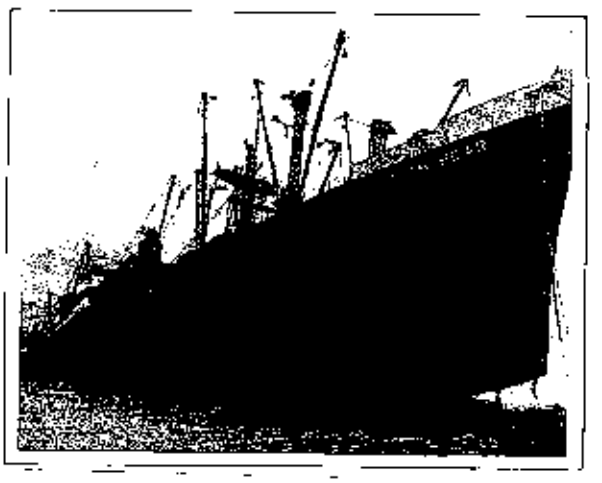
At Ponape another underwater examination was made. Then there followed the decision to make the repairs locally instead of sending the ship to the nearest dry-docking facility, in Japan. Local experts, including John A. "Jack" Adams, an Australian on the Ponape District public works staff, and who knows the **Kaselehlia** well, accomplished the necessary welding, with the support of Robert H. "Bob" Hawley, a former skipper of the ship. Both are senior general mechanics.

On Sunday, March 21, the **Kaselehlia** sailed for Mokil, Pingelap and Kusaie on her regular eastern field-trip run.

Note 1967A

Guam Bear collide with ESSO Seattle

Source: Article in the Guam TV News, ca. 1983.



Crew members aboard the 11,000-ton **Guam Bear** were just beginning to stir in the early morning hours of January 14, 1967, when they were jolted out of bed by a terrifying crash. The **Bear**, coming from San Francisco with a full load of cargo, had just collided with the **ESSO Seattle** close to the Glass Breakwater at the entrance to Apra Harbor.

The **Seattle** had weighed anchor minutes earlier for Aruba via the Panama Canal when it struck the incoming **Bear** on its port side just aft of the No. 4 hatch. The **Bear** immediately began to take on water and tugboats worked furiously to drag the wounded hulk to the reef. Its aft was completely submerged. All 46 crew members and six passengers were brought ashore safely. Meanwhile, the captain of the **Seattle** had managed to bring his ship back to port despite extensive bow damage.

Officials of Pacific Far East Lines, which owned the **Guam Bear**, salvaged some of the cargo but later realized that the ship could not be saved. The massive hull rested on the reef for several months, becoming something of a tourist attraction, while its fate was being determined. Port and military officials were worried the ship would break loose during a storm and cause damage to other ships or sink in the harbor and become a navigational hazard. On July 3, 1967, the **Bear** was towed out to sea about two miles off Orote Point and sunk by the Navy using high explosives.

Document 1967B

Aviation in the Trust Territory

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter.

[Attached]



Micronesian Airlines' "Spirit of Faith" touches down on Pagan Airstrip, marking the first air traffic on Pagan since the war.

greetings were exchanged between the spectators and those who had come on the plane, High Commissioner William R. Norwood officially opened the airfield in a ribbon-cutting ceremony. Reverend Father Arnold Bendowski of Saipan delivered an invocation and a group of school children sang.

Other members of the party that landed on Pagan were Mayor Vicente Sablan of Saipan, John Pincetich, director of the Peace Corps in Micronesia, Vicente N. Santos, President of the District Legislature, Roger Flather, Peace Corps, Washington, and Howard Kerstetter, educational administrator. Also present was District Administrator Coleman, who had come to Pagan by field trip vessel to make final preparations the day before.

Micronesian Airlines plans to make regular flights to Pagan and it is hoped that Pagan will be established as a sub-center on which a good dispensary can be built to serve the people of the northern islands.

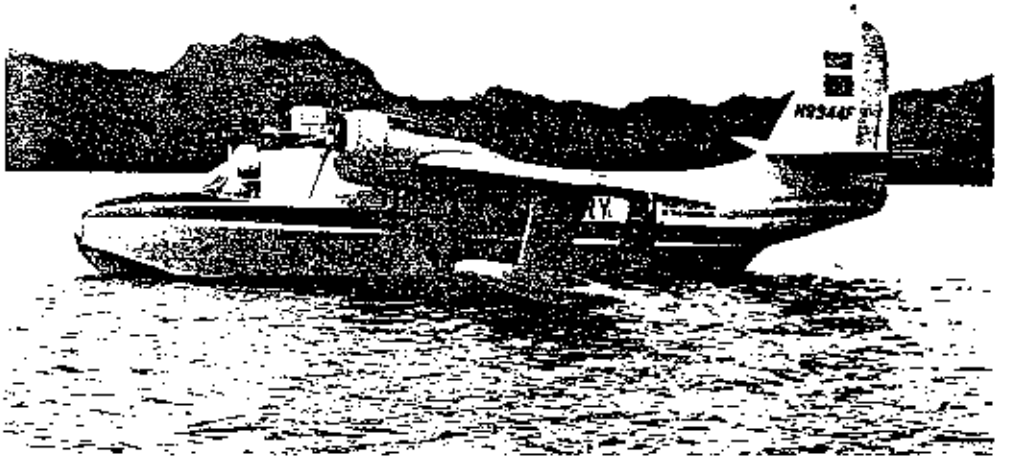
Further engineering studies will likely be made so that the airfield can be extended and generally improved.

About the project District Administrator Coleman said: "I believe this type of project and small plane operation is ideal for every district to bring outer islands closer to the district center. It is an excellent way," he said, "of taking government to the people and bringing the people to the government.

"There are many Japanese airstrips throughout Micronesia," he said. "The Pagan project has proven that with some financial help and full cooperation of the people, all these fighter strips can be rehabilitated and turned into facilities for development of these areas." *

District Administrator Peter T. Coleman and Marianas District Safety Assistant Leon Camacho greet High Commissioner Norwood as he walks out of the "Spirit of Faith" and children rush to welcome the plane's passengers to Pagan.





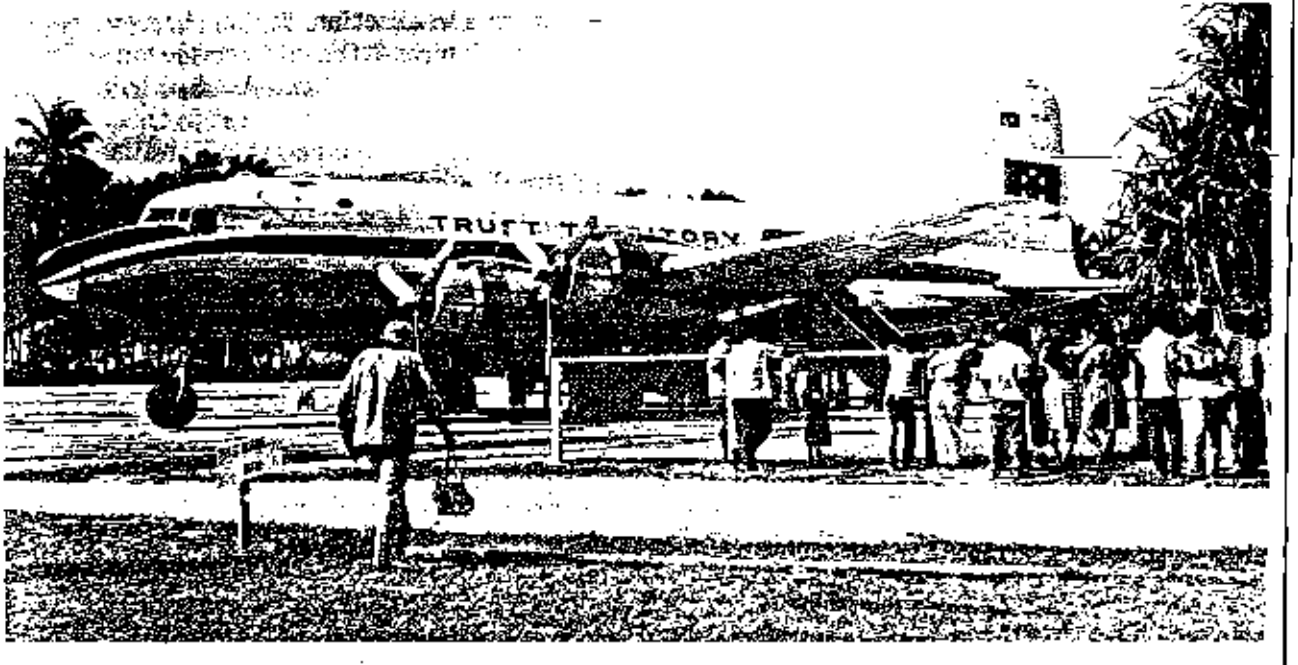
One of the Trust Territory's two SA-16s.

office is based in Guam with an agent on Saipan. Two planes are in service with a third expected in July.

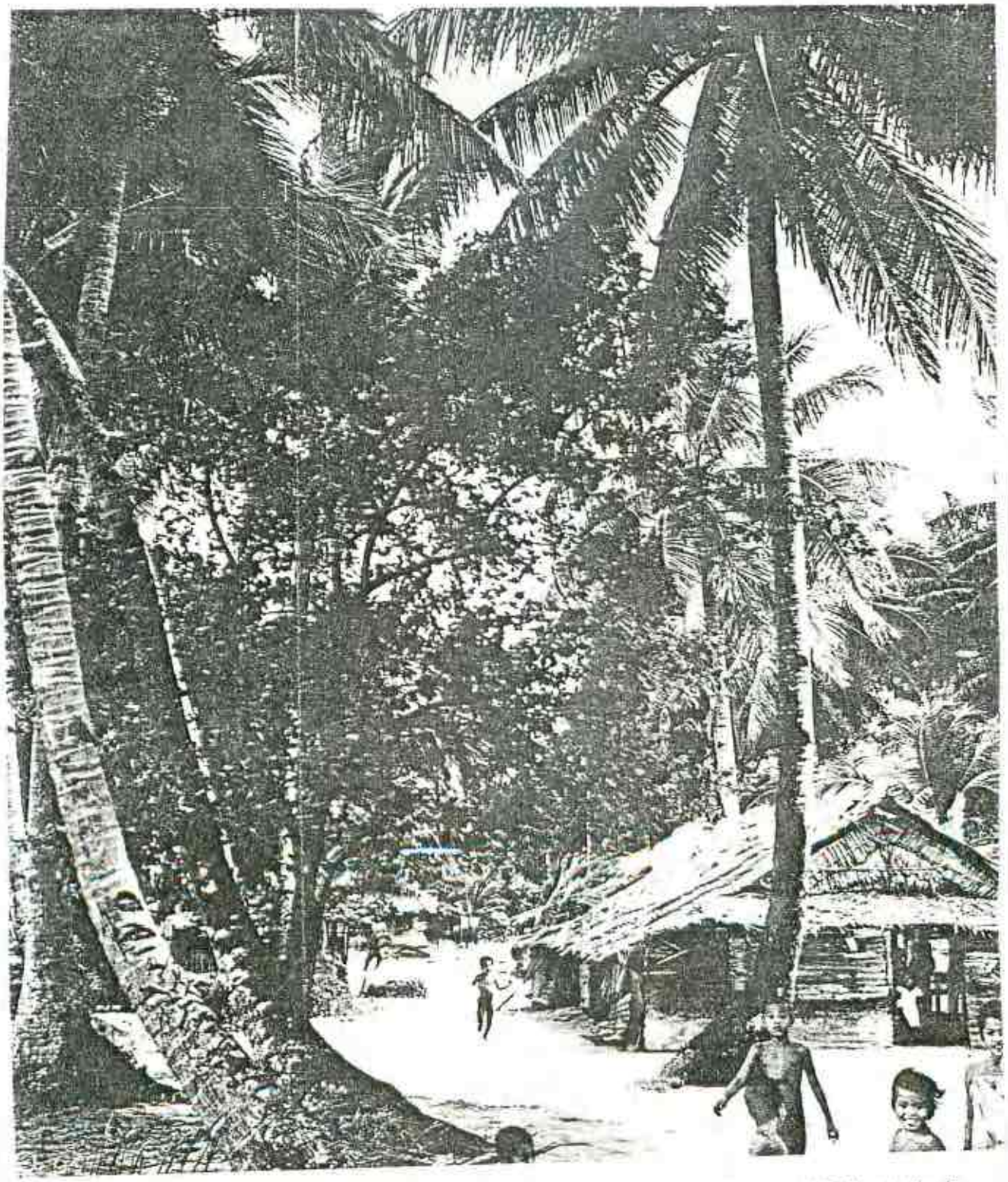
Much of their schedule has been filled with chartered flights by Peace Corps personnel, private businessmen in Guam, as well as some Trust Territory officials.

As could be expected, one of the impediments of development for the TT Air Service has been the lack of adequate landing strips. For example, Ponape will have to be reached by the SA-16 until 1968, when a landing strip will be completed adjacent to the district center of Kolonia. By necessity, government officials are given top priority to ride this flight with its limited capacity.

Most airfields, with the exception of Saipan, need to be wider and longer according to a survey by the Federal Aviation Agency. All airfields should be equipped with more modern navigational instruments and lights for night landings.



A DC-4, one of two, owned and operated by the Trust Territory government.



Tunuk Village, Udot Island, Truk.

Document 1967C

A medical officer in the Gilberts, by Robert J. M. Crawford

Source: Article in the South Pacific Bulletin, Vol. 20, No. 3 (1970), pp. 53-54.
Note: This article was adapted from one first published in the British Medical Journal.

"Go and work in a developing country." So said the professor of my graduation ceremony in 1965. As is often the case when advice reinforces one's own inclinations, I was happy to fall in with his wishes. The Ministry of Overseas Development in London sent me first to Fiji, and then to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony for two years. These latter islands are a chain of low atolls bridging the equator, to the west of the international dateline, with the main island, Tarawa, about 1,300 miles north of Fiji. Although the islands feel big enough when one is living and working on them, they are no more than specks in the ocean—thin strips of land rarely more than half a mile wide. There are 29 inhabited atolls spread over one million square miles of sea; 55,000 people, and a land area of only 376 square miles. It is often said that the land area is doubled at low tide."

It is a curious fact that other than Ocean Island (Banaba) the highest point above sea level in the Gilberts is a mere 14 feet. The Gilbertese have never seen a field or a cow; one class of nurses was quite disgusted when they suddenly realized during the course of a lecture that the powdered milk which usually comes in tins actually originates in the cow's mammary glands. Another thing the Gilbertese have yet to see is a tidal wave—a thing that worried us at first. Luckily the islands are not in the hurricane belt, and tidal waves don't seem to have reached this far for some time. One reassuring epert I spoke to told me that large tidal waves do not form around small atolls because the fringing reef shelves too sharply and the land mass is so small.

Expatriates living in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands naturally find the environment cramping, as indeed do the growing number of islanders who have been abroad. Most expatriates either love or hate it; there seems to be no middle course. It always amazes me to find many (particularly wives) are unprepared to adjust and are always complaining about something or other. Of course, there are plenty of problems concerning living in the islands which, in spite of romantic legends to the contrary, are no more a paradise than any other tropical country. For instance, there are the mosquitoes, the monotony of the same golden sun day after day, and a seasonless year of hot nights and hotter days.

I often found myself dreaming of misty mornings with a touch of frost and my own Scottish hills in the distance. But to me the beauty of a South Sea atoll, the friendliness of the Gilbert and Ellice islanders, the fascination of the problems of a unique environment, far outweigh any defects. Most discontented people lack the ability to make their own amusements, and in a Western world increasingly dominated by mass media entertainment, this problem is likely to worsen. One often wonders what drives people of this type to volunteer for this form of service.

Medical work in the Pacific islands is quite different from that in other tropical countries. The picture is too familiar: a host of diseases, thousands of patients, and only a handful of doctors. From reading textbooks on tropical medicine and articles written about African medicine, for instance, one would be forgiven for thinking that all medicine in developing countries is the same. The picture in the Gilberts is quite different. Patient ratio is 1:2,150; there are 29 inhabited islands, the furthest of the group being 2,000 miles from the capital.

Travel between islands is by Government-owned ships, and the service has improved greatly in recent years. Four of the larger Gilbert Islands are connected by an internal air service, but this is an expensive way of moving patients and equipment. Because speedy travel between the islands is virtually inpossible an attempt has been made to give each island a self-contained medical service of its own. Larger islands with a population of two to three thousand people have a resident doctor who holds the Diploma of Surgery and Medicine from the Fiji School of Medicine. The smaller islands have Medical Assistants or Dressers. Less urgent cases are sent to the Central Hospital at Tarawa for major surgery or medical investigations. At present, there are four expatriate doctors: the Chief Medical Officer, Medical Superintendent, Touring Medical Officer, and Family Planning Officer (female). There are 22 Gilbert and Ellice Island graduates. The main medical problems are population control, tuberculosis, infant malnutrition, and diarrhaeal diseases.

Family planning

One of my duties was that of Touring Medical Officer, and involved travelling to outer atolls, staying on each for two or three weeks, checking, supervising, and helping the work of the resident medical staff. My wife, who is also a doctor, became the Colony's first woman Family Planning Officer.

We often visited the atolls together, and usually spent a full working day in each small village. We would visit a village in the evening, show slides on a kerosene projector, and follow this with a Family Planning talk. Next day we would return to the village to hold general medical and maternal and child health clinics. The villagers always showed us great courtesy and we will always cherish memories of their welcomes. As if the travel by ship to an outer island was not sufficient hardship, a long motor-bike or bicycle ride usually followed to enable us to reach the villages. Some were on separate islets and could only be reached by canoe or by wading across sea passages.

Another problem more difficult to overcome, and commonly met with in any tropical environment, is mental inertia. Tropical ennui has been well documented by many authors, including Somerset Maugham, and neither my wife nor I was exempt from this. It was hard for us to keep up our standards even with our outside contacts and a supply of numerous medical journals. I have the greatest sympathy for the Fiji-trained European-orientated islander graduate who has no choice but to work as an isolated practitioner, with few prospects for specialization, without mobility, and only the occasional course in a metropolitan country to relieve the monotony. It is difficult to measure the value of an overseas course for an island doctor or nurse, but I feel it is one of the best ways of raising individual standards. I am delighted to see this principle shared by such organizations as the South Pacific Commission, the World Health Organization, and the East West Center, Hawaii.

Customs

It is no longer fashionable to believe in the cult of the noble savage. Even so, it is sad to witness the gradual erosion of Gilbertese and Ellice cultures and their replacement with that of the universal consumer-orientated cash economy. The latter is a great leveller: how sad it is for me to think of all the developing countries ending up with the same second-rate values: a grand dull uniformity stretching the whole world over. Of course, no-one can deny that some of the customs in the Gilberts are harmful—for instance, the widespread belief that fish causes diarrhaea in babies—with an increase in infant malnutrition, because fish is the main protein food which is easily available; also, that any learned skill should be jealously guarded and not handed on to others.

However, many customs are worthy of preservation, notably the extended family ties, which reduce the need for a welfare State; and also the custom of living on locally-produced foods like fish and coconuts, not on imported foods such as rice and sugar. Sociologists sometimes talk about trying to keep the good in a culture while disposing of the bad, but how can one do this? Human nature and commercial enterprise reap their own reward today just as in days gone by. Utopia, whether of the Thomas More type, or that attained in Aldous Huxley's *Island*, seems beyond the legislative reach of any Government.

The professor at my graduation said it wasn't too much to ask of young medical graduates to give a year or two of their professional lives to developing countries, which are likely to be short of doctors for many years to come. Altruism is a handy sublimation, but I'd like to reinforce his plea by saying that such young doctors, provided they go abroad without fixed ideas, prepared to do anything from minor clerical work to major surgery, can't fail to have an interesting and varied experience. In all probability they will gain more from living in a developing country than they put into it as doctors.

Document 1967D

Ujelang—Micronesia's unloved islands, by John Perry

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, 3rd quarter 1968.

Standing on the fantail of **M/V Militobi**, I realized for the first time the real meaning of loneliness and desolation. It's Ujelang—the inhospitable island in the northwestern Marshalls which now holds the people displaced from Eniwetok by the nuclear tests of the late forties. There are around 300 of them on Ujelang—a restless, unhappy footnote to the history of American administration in the Pacific.

When traveling by boat in Micronesia, you always look forward to landfall—your first glimpse of something butting out of endless seas. On the **Militobi**, I remembered how people talked of coming on deck, sick or not, to see the great shield of Ponape cut the horizon. But what we saw as I approahed Ujelang late last year [1967] was nothing like Ponape. It wasn't even a good stereotypf of a coral atoll. It was a series of small, half-grown, embryonic sprouts, a long thin skeleton necklace dangling a large green and brown mass of land at one end, wedging the ddisconsolate Eniwetokese against the sea.

I had seen many other islands of the Marshalls. Earlier I had stood on the same ship awed by the splendor of such coral atolls as Majuro, Kwajalein, and Jaluit. But here at Ujelang things were different. We had been at sea for days and, approaching the island, I felt as if I was on a lost ship entering an unknown harbor through deserted waters. Missing were the long, grey-misted satellite islands trailing off over the horizon, signifying other land and other life. At Ujelang, the main island and her ring of miniature islets are all there is.

Aboard the **Militobi**, which had been specially chartered for this voyage to Ujelang, were Marshalls District Administrator Dwight Heine and his wife. Heine had chartered the ship out of Kwajalein for an emergency run to carry $8,000 worth of food and supplies to the most problem-plagued island in the Marshalls. Also, he intended to pick up the field trip officer who had remained behind on Ujelang after restless islanders had besieged the last visiting vessel, swarming aboard, threatening to abandon the island en masse.

I was in Majuro at the time and flew to Kwajalein, gambling that the **Militobi** would still be in port. Luckily, it was suffering from a sick generator when I arrived and departed hours behind schedule.

The problems of Ujelang seemed as vast as the stretch of ocean that separated it from Kwajalein and the rest of the Marshalls. At the date of my trip, early November, 1967, the islanders were at the peak of their long-standing pyramid of troubles: irregular and inadequate field-trip service; lack of basic necessities to cope with an environment poorer than their former home. Eniwetok; crying need for rat extermination and agricultural rehabilitation. All this was topped off by endless requests to return to Eniwetok, their unforgotten home.

As the **Militobi** slid over the shallow Ujelang pass, edging into a vacant lagoon, my mind skipped back twenty years, back to the crucial days which brought the people of Eniwetok to the island I was about to visit.

After World War II, Bikini was claimed for nuclear testing. Next, to go was Eniwetok, in a letter to the United Nations Security Council, the U.S. government contended that closure was "necessary so experimentation relating to nuclear fission could be conducted there." In less than two years the second of the Marshalls nuclear atolls was wrapped in a cloud of security that lingers to this day.

In early December, 1967, the Atomic Energy Commission issued a press release stating that the Eniwetokese themselves would select their new home. A few days later, on Eniwetok, the Governor of the Marshalls proposed a move to Ujelang, then uninhabited. Principal reason: it was government land. As a formal gesture the two Eniwetok *iroijs* (land-owning chief), Ebream (now dead) and Joanej, were flown to Ujelang to inspect the island. Naval reportage declared that the two *iroijs* had reacted favorably to Ujelang. But at that time the Navy had been encountering criticism for the way it handled removal of the Bikini people, and, in light of this, I planned to query Joanej about his exact sentiments at the time the Ujelang move was proposed.

Four days before Christmas, 1947, a box-like LST hauled 136 Eiwetokese across the 120 miles of open ocean between Eniwetok and Ujelang. With them were their belongings and their high-masted sailing canoes. The Navy described the Eniwetokese as eagerly going ashore to their new home on Ujelang. But I had already received testimony from a workman who'd been on that LST. He recalled that the Eniwetokese had gone ashore weeping.

The civil administrator of Kwajalein flew to Ujelang the next day, remaining till Christmas day. He reported the Eniwetok move a success and predicted Ujelang would become one of the wealthiest and most productive atolls in the Marshalls. The prophecy was premature. As I approached Ujelang 20 years afterward, it had firmly established its reputation as one of the most chronically unhappy spots in the Pacific. The prophecies of the long-gone civil administrator sounded like ancient history. At the time of my visit, copra production was nil and the food supply nearly exhausted.

Interestingly, the Eniwetokese continue to venerate the military. They had seen its strength during the war, and to them it was the military that got things done. It was the

Navy that built houses on Ujelang and it was the Navy that came to their rescue years later, with desperately-needed material goods.

Perhaps it was because of their respect for the omnipotence of the armed forces that the Eniwetokese gave the Navy no trouble when they wre told to leave Eniwetok. Perhaps this too is why, if you go to Ujelang today, you may see *iroij* Joanej wearing his brown khaki Air Force shirt, complete to the lagoon blue stripes on the shoulder.

It was afternoon when the **Militobi**'s rusty anchor-chain went screaming to the bottom off Ujelang Village. The island had a rugged look about it. The lagoon beach had been raked over, years before, by a tremendous tidal wave. Coral debris was scattered like sand over the island, in some places to a depth of two feet.

In the center of the village, which was approximately the center of the island, stood a green tin church, reportedly the best structuree on Ujelang. Flanking it was a rusting, two-story tin school. Closest to the lagoon was a newly-built Peace Corps house. It was thatch-roofed with sides made from the wooden crates and boxes the newly-arrived Volunteers had brought with them. The people of Ujelang had been able to supply no building materials themselves. Elsewhere the evening sun cast a dull reflection off a flock of rusting tin roofs and rotting wood-frame houses.

The famous canoes of Ujelang were parked on the beach like an armada of battleships. Hoisting an old gray patched sail, one came to meet the anchored **Militobi**. Like the other canoes, it was in dire need of sail-cloth and repair materials. From her bow hung a band of coconut palm strippings. In olden times these were attached for magic, but now only for decoration. She took me ashore. She was long and beautiful and cut the water like a razor. When the wind caught her sail, she hit into the sea like the great *bako* (shark) going for the kill. It was no wonder these boats were considered the fastest in the Marshalls.

Six months after my visit most of the Ujelang fleet would be operational again. Thanks to a grant-in-aid for repairing and outfitting, nearly a dozen boats again would sail. But at the time of my trip nearly all of the sleek Eniwetok-built canoes were beached.

Coming ashore, the District Administrator was greeted by *iroij* Joanej and other Ujelang leaders. He told them he had brought food and supplies. And for the next two days there ensued a myriad of boat trips between the village and the **Militobi**, trundling numerous bags of rice, flour, sugar, and other supplies ashore.

One of the first men I met on Ujelang was Ataji Balos, one of the central characters in the drama which had occurred a few weeks before. Field-trip officer on the **Ralik Ratak**, Balos had seen his vessel swarmed by a number of Ujelang people determined to leave their ill-fated island and move to Majuro, the Marshalls District center. All the islanders were prepared to leave except one family with a man too old to travel. They planned to remain until he died and then leave themselves.

In some brilliant maneuvering, Balos appeased the irate islanders by requisitioning a two-week food supply from the ship and then promising to remain on Ujelang until additional relief arrived. He told the people that if they starved, he would starve with

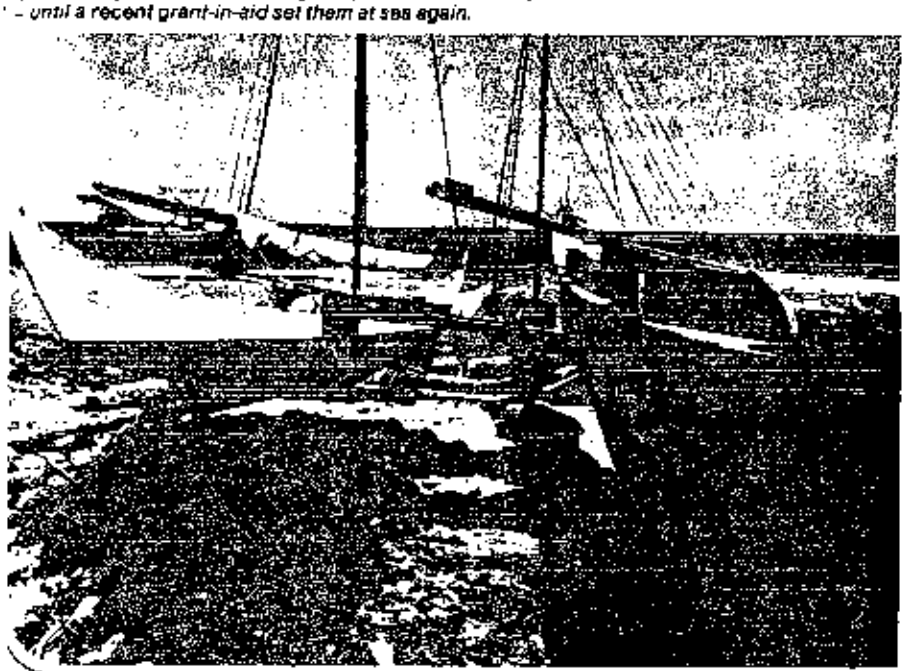


Compounded of weathered wood and rusty tin, this rickety structure characterizes housing on Ujelang. The island's residents hope for new building materials. But hoping isn't buying



Ujelang Peace Corps Volunteers Andy and Barbara Rowles pose before the house they constructed out of the wooden crates their supplies came in. Building materials are all but unavailable on Ujelang.

Ujelang's sailing canoes—most of them built on the island of Eniwetok—are famed for their speed and grace. But in Ujelang's depressed community, the vessels deteriorated on the beach – until a recent grant-in-aid set them at sea again.



them. He also reminded them that the Marshalls Administration had the power to transfer Ujelang back to Ponape District. (In Japanese times, Ujelang was administered from Ponape.) This was a sobering prospect to the residents of Ujelang, who feel culturally closer to the Marshallese than to Ponape.

Balos was gambling on the government to come to the rescue. Fortunately it did.

The *Marshall Islands Journal* called the boarding of the **Ralik Ratak** a "boat-in." By whatever name, it was a daring and effective stroke on the part of the hitherto passive Eniwetokese. There could have been no better demonstration of their impatience with the situation on Ujelang.

While on shore, I watched the emergency supplies of food being stored in a small tin shed about fifty yards from the boat landing. This is where the first two Peace Corps Volunteers to come to Ujelang had lived before leaving in frustration after four months.

In a letter to the Ponape weekly, *Senyavin Times*, one of the two Volunteers described the pair's first encounter with Ujelang rats—a meeting which transpired in the same building now being filled with the island's precious food supply. "As we lay on the wooden platform, we heard the muffled scurry of little feet in the rafters around our heads," the letter said. "A flashlight brought into view the unhurried meandering of four or five ratss that showed as much concern for our presence as commuters on a rush-hour subway." The Volunteer remarked that some children had rat gnaws on their feet. The original two Volunteers have been since replaced by three more, including an agriculturist working in rat control.

I didn't have to scout around far to photograph some of the damage wrought by Ujelang's rats. Many young coconuts on the ground evidenced the lethal trademark of the copra-killers: a small hollow scooped out near the top of the nut. Some islanders reported that if you lived on Ujelang long enough you would soon grow accustomed to the thump of falling coconuts being preyed upon by the rats.

Rattus rattus or the European or Asiatic house rat introduced into the Marshalls by shipping is thought the common copra killer. The indigenous Polynesian rat or mouse is not suspected as a killer, though sources disagree on this point.

Ujelang's rat menace has been increasing for years. It wasn't until 1965, however, that the residents started to "howl," as one government official put it. Immediately attacking the problem, the government dispatched an extermination team to Ujelang. They put out poison for the rats, but this stratagem's repugnant result was the death of 65 pigs who consumed the poiisoned food—a major catastrophe on an island like Ujelang. Only recently did the disaster of the poisoned pigs become public. Not wanting to get the exterminators in trouble, the people of Ujelang failed to report the incident.

Entries taken from field-trip reports testify to growing rat infestation. One, dated September 1966, records slight rat damage to the island. Two months later another entry stamped the problem "very worse."

The most effective exterminator sent to Ujelang has been the common house cat. Since last year numerous cats have been imported, creating a drastic decrease in the rat population.

I spent most of my time photographing and walking the island. Stopping at one house, I passed a few moments in conversation with the owner. Standing in front of the deterioring structure, he told me it was not a very good house, but was the best he could do with what was available. He was right. It wasn't a good house. The tin roof was several shades of brown, and in some places where rust had eaten through, it frayed out like a dead coconut branch. Of course, it was useless as a water catchment. And in an area as dry as the northwestern Marshalls, every drop of water is vital.

Several other houses were made completely of tin that had deterriorated long ago, and the people were living in the rusty shell. There had been some speculation that building materials were available on Eniwetok. But no such materials have yet shown up on Ujelang.

Moving around through the village, I came upon two small boys. They were opening a newly-arrived can of corn-beef. Later, in Majuro, I was to discover that some of the Ujelang residents gained as much as 20 pounds in the months of plentiful food that followed the **Militobi**'s emergency visit. It's feast or famine on Ujelang.

The climax of the emergency trip was Dwight Heine's meeting in the church with the 300 islanders. Women and children were seated on one side of the isle, men on the other. Regarding Eniwetok, Heine told them that a return to the atoll was up to the U.S. Department of Interior and Defense. Like the Bikinians, the Ujelangese have always kindled hope of returning some day, especially the older people who were born on Eniwetok. The younger generation, Ujelang-born, has never seen Eniwetok and knows of it only from stories told by the elders. It was at a meeting similar to this one some years ago that one of the Ujelang leaders told the government representative: "Tell your boss that we want an island like Eniwetok, not Ujelang." The statement pretty well sums up the islanders' feelings.

Heine said he would try to arrange employment for young men, that would set up an aggressive rat extermination program, that he would finish planting Ujelang with coconut and breadfruit trees and that he would bring more children to Majuro for schooling. Our boat left with eight new students for Majuro schools.

Of course, the islanders petitioned Heine for a return to Eniwetok. They also requested the construction of new houses and cisterns, free transportation within the Marshalls District, exemption from taxes and payment by the district of municipal salaries until copra production is increased: and an augmented trust fund. (Ten years ago a trust fund of $150,000 was set up for compensation of the Eniwetokese. The annual interest from this sum amounts to about $16 per year per person. Most of this goes for supplies from field-trip vessels—when they come.) Heine decided to take *iroij* Joanej and the magistrate of Ujelang back with him to Majuro and on to Saipan to personally petition High Commissioner Norwood. This he did.

It was morning when the **Militobi** sailed. I was topside when Joanej came up to wave a farewell to his people. He stood there, wearing his air force khaki, whipping a colored towel through the air while his people moved down the island, keeping abreast of the ship as long as they could.

A few minutes later I asked Joanej what he told the Navy when he was first taken to inspect Ujelang. Naval reportage quotes the *iroij* as praising the abundance of fish, depth of the top soil, number of trees, and the island's land mass. Through a translator, Joanej denied this. He said he was told he was going to a new island. When he saw it, he told the Navy, "This is no new island. We know this place. It's Ujelang." He was not impressed. Asked why he signed away Eniwetok, he said because he trusted the Navy.

It's been half a year since I traveled to Ujelang with the **Militobi**. For the moment, the situation seems temporarily better. For the moment. As I write, the people have food. So much in fact that some has rotted or been invaded by worms. For this food, the islanders have gone thousands of dollars in debt. Who will foot the bill? Some believe the islanders themselves will, others think the islanders believe the govenment will...

The field-trip service in the last six months has been better than ever, with Ponape's **Kaselehlia** supplementing the Marshalls service to the island. How long Ponape will continue to send the ship is unknown as the Ujelang islanders have no copra and little money to purchase food supplies.

Interestingly, the coming of the **Kaselehlia** fulfills one of the recommendations made over 13 years ago by Dr. Jack Tobin, former Marshalls District anthropologist. At that time he also documented Ujelang's other problems and proposed administrative action that could be taken. The problems facing the island today are the same ones enumerated by Tobin 13 years ago.

The rat extermination has been boosted by the assignment of a Peace Corps agriculture worker to Ujelang. He is currently carrying on an interim rat control program until an extensive plan can be formulated by the National Science Foundation. He declares that the island should be cleared of rats by the middle of this year. "The eastern half of the island has been covered with traps and cats are multiplying, and no rats are in the houses," he reported by radio.

Plans call for eventually turning Ujelang's excess cat population loose on several of the smaller islands to combat the rat menace there. Also, a bounty system has been set up. Rat tails now bring a nickel each—with Ujelang's youth responding to the bounty-hunting proposition.

Finally, the question of return to Eniwetok still nags away. The islanders cannot forget about Eniwetok, with its land mass four times that of Ujelang, and the tremendous lagoon 16 times larger than Ujelang's. But the prospect for a return at this time is quite dim. When the assistant Secretary of the Interior visited the Marshalls recently, he held a hard line for supporting the people on Ujelang rather than speculating about a return to Eniwetok.

Possibly the people of Ujelang may soon reap some indirect benefit from Eniwetok as negotiations have been mentioned to obtain surplus materials on Eniwetok for transfer to Ujelang.

When they lived on Eniwetok, the islanders were an isolated population. On Ujelang today they are still isolated. They are 300 miles from the nearest atoll inhabited by Marshallese and over 600 miles from Majuro. They were isolated on Eniwetok, but they were independent, self-sufficient there. On Ujelang they are ceaselessly petitioning dependents. How long they will remain so is a queston that has echoed in the ears of the government for years.

Today there is feasting on Ujelang. But tomorrow is another day.[1]

1 Ed. note: The islanders did not return to Eniwetok until ten years later, in March 1977.

Document 1967E

Nauru Independence Act 1967

Historical comments.

The first half of the 20th century had witnessed a decline in the population of Nauru. There were two main causes: the epidemics of 1920 reduced the population by 18%, and the deportation to Truk during World War II resulted in a further decrease of 28%.

As the revenue from phosphate was seen to be a temporary one at best, during the 1950s, both the Nauruans and the Administering Authority—the Australian Government—looked for another island upon which the Nauruans could resettle. None was found to be acceptable to the small population of Nauru. They chose independence. The first step had been the creation of a Legislative Council in 1966 (see extracts from the Nauru Annual Reports, Doc. 1948B).

Following the passage of the Nauru Independence Act by the Australian Parliament, elections were held on Nauru on 26 January 1968. Hammer De Roburt became the first President of the Republic of Nauru.

AUSTRALIA

NAURU INDEPENDENCE ACT 1967

Reprinted as at 31 January 1984

TABLE OF PROVISIONS

Section
1. Short title
2. Commencement
3. Power of the Legislative Council for Nauru to provide for the establishment of a constitutional convention
4. Australia to cease to be responsible for government of Nauru

An Act relating to Nauru

Short title

1. This Act may be cited as the *Nauru Independence Act 1967*.[1]

Commencement

2.[1] **(1)** Sections 1, 2 and 3 of this Act shall come into operation on the day on which this Act receives the Royal Assent.

(2) Section 4 of this Act shall come into operation on a date to be fixed by Proclamation, in this Act referred to as "Nauru Independence Day".

Power of the Legislative Council for Nauru to provide for the establishment of a constitutional convention

3. The power of the Legislative Council for the Territory of Nauru conferred by section 26 of the *Nauru Act 1965* to make Ordinances for the peace, order and good government of that Territory extends to the making of an Ordinance establishing a convention for the purpose of establishing a constitution for Nauru.

Australia to cease to be responsible for government of Nauru

4. (1) On the expiration of the day preceding Nauru Independence Day—

(a) the *Nauru Act 1965* is repealed; and

(b) all Acts that extend to Nauru as a Territory of the Commonwealth cease so to extend.

(2) On and after Nauru Independence Day, Australia shall not exercise any powers of legislation, administration or jurisdiction in and over Nauru.

NOTE

1. Act No. 103, 1967; assented to 10 November 1967; S. 4 commenced 31 January 1968 (*see* s. 2 (2) and *Gazette* 1968, p. 581); remainder commenced Royal Assent.

Document 1967F

More autonomy for the rest of Micronesia—1967 to 1973 period

Source: Appendix of Carl Heine's book entitled "Micronesia at the Crossroads (Honolulu, 1974).

Major Political Events
in the Process of De-Colonization Since 1967

Summer 1967

Senate Joint Resolution 25 adopted. Introduced by Senator Bailey Olter of Ponape. This resolution created the first Future Political Status Commission.

January 21, 1968

The commission met with members of the House Subcommittee on Territorial and Insular Affairs, U.S. Congress, in Saipan, Mariana Islands.

January 25, 1968

The commission met with members of the Senate Subcommittee on Interior and Insular Affairs, U.S. Congress, in Saipan, Mariana Islands

January 27, 1968

Members of the commission again met in Saipan, the then Representative Lazarus Salii, its first chairman. Dr. Norman Meller of the University of Hawaii was called to Saipan for the first meeting of the commission to discuss the range and alternatives of political status open to Micronesia.

July 8, 1968

The commission presented its first "Interim Report" to the Congress of Micronesia.

January 1969

Dr. J. W. Davidson of Australian National University was retained as consultant to the status commission.

March–April 1969

The Future Political Status Commission traveled to the islands and countries of the South Pacific to study and observe various political systems in the Pacific area.

July 1969

The status commission presented its "Second Report to the Congress of Micronesia," recommending free association as the political choice for Micronesia. Congress accepted this choice when it adopted the "Second Report" of the commission. The "Statement of Intent" was aired throughout Micronesia.

August 1969

The Political Status Delegation was created under P.L. 3C-15, and by Senate Joint Resolution 63. The delegation's mission was defined.

October 1969

The Political Status Delegation went to Washington after it was recommissioned under this new name. The eleven points were presented in Washington. Senator Salii, who won reelection the year before, was again appointed as chairman. This marked the first round of talks on the future of Micronesia.

May 1970

The second round of talks was held at Saipan, Mariana Islands. The U.S. negotiating team was headed by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Harrison Loesch. The United States made its offer of a commonwealth status for Micronesia, and rejected the Micronesian proposal of free association

July–August 1970

The Congress of Micronesia convened in Saipan. The U.S. offer of commonwealth was the subject of bitter objection and was finally rejected by the whole Congress, except the Marianas delegation. Since then the position of the Mariana Islands has been out of line with the rest of the other five districts. It became clear that Marianas is opting for complete reintegration with Guam and the United States. The "Third Report" to the Congress on the question of status and proposals for termination of the trusteeship agreement, and the manner of adoption of a new constitution, was offered and adopted.

The Joint Committee on Future Status was created by House Joint Resolution 102. Senator Lazarus Salii and Representative Ekpap Silk were elected cochairmen.

Under H.J.R. 87, the Congress of Micronesia endorsed the "Four Principles" of Micronesian legal rights.

January 1971

The Congress of Micronesia again convened in Saipan, under a new Secretarial Order, giving it fifty calendar days of work. Discussions on political status during this session were cut short when the Congress of Micronesia building burned and the session adjourned.

May 1971

High Commissioner Johnston called for a special session, held on the island of Truk. It was during this historic session that the Joint Committee on Future Status came under heavy attack as it got ready to meet with Ambassador Franklin Williams, a newly appointed representative of President Nixon to the status negotiations. At the same time, the "Independence Coalition," advocating complete independence, was formed in Truk. All Trukese members of Congress were the first members and several others joined from Palau, the Marshalls, and Ponape. Dr. Thomas Gladwin was retained by the Truk delegation as their advisor, and subsequently by the whole committee.

Senator Salii announced the appointment of Dr. Eugene Mihaly of the University of California, and Carl Heine, deputy district administrator, Yap, as consultant and staff director respectively, of the Joint Committee on Future Status. Professor J. W. Davidson was again reappointed to his role as consultant. Dr. Gladwin was asked to write a paper on the alternative of independence.

July 1971

A special subcommittee was created and asked to travel to Japan, headed by Senator Toshiwo Nakayama. It submitted a report on future trade relations with Japan.

October 4–12, 1971

The third round of talks, the first with Ambassador Williams, held its negotiations on the island of Maui, Hawaii. Senator Lazarus Salii and Representative Ekpap Silk, cochairmen, led the Micronesian negotiating committee. For the first time, the United States came around to giving recognition to Micronesia's quest for self-government.

April 2–13, 1972

The fourth round of talks was held in Koror, Palau District, in Micronesia. In principle, the U.S. delegation finally accepted the last of the conditions laid down by the people of Micronesia—unilateral termination of the compact

Paul Warnke, a distinguished Washington lawyer, was retained by the joint committee as its legal consultant.

July 12–August 5, 1972

Fifth round of talks was held in Washington, D.C., for one month. This round of talks produced the first draft of the compact of free association.

August 14–September 2, 1972

The High Commissioner called for the second special session to be held in Kolonia, Ponape District, to consider the issues of political status, and the report of the Washington talks. Strong opposition to the partially drafted compact developed and the introduction of S.J.R. 117 on independence was the highlight

of the special session. Political maneuvering within and without Congress caused unnecessary delay in the work of the joint committee.

September 28–October 6, 1972

Sixth round of status negotiations held at Barbers Point, Honolulu, Hawaii. This round of talks centered largely on procedural questions and basic assumptions held by both sides. The special session in Ponape earlier had created a real dilemma for both sides, and thus caused delay in proceeding with substantive matters.

January 13–February 27, 1973

The Fifth Congress of Micronesia convened in Saipan, Mariana Islands, returning for the first time since it was made homeless when its chambers were set on fire in February 1971. The Fifth Congress was a "do-nothing" Congress. It passed nothing of great significance. The Joint Committee on Future Status experienced one of its greatest disappointments when the Congress refused to pass legislation strategic to the whole issue of political status negotiations.

The seventh round of status negotiations has been tentatively scheduled to be held in October 1973, to consider the remaining issues of the compact of free association, namely, finance, termination, and U.S. land requirements in the district of Palau. The exact time and place of this seventh round has not yet been decided, at the time of this writing.

Document 1968A

Diocese of Tarawa, Gilbert Islands

Source: Article in the Journal des Océanistes, Vol. 25 (1969), pp. 26-27. Note: Translated by R. L.

Statistical data regarding South Pacific Missions

Diocese of Tarawa—Gilbert Islands.

Historical background.—The Gilbert Island Mission was created in May 1888. The population evangelized by the London Mission Society and the American Board of Foreign Missions (Boston) was then formed a Protestant majority. There was, however, a nucleus of Catholics (500) on Nonouti Island. They had been trained by Gilbertese catechists who had spent time in Tahiti and Hawaii (1850-1880).

In 1897 Father Leray became the first Vicar Apostolic. Upon his death in 1927, there were 10,992 Catholics on a total population of 26,200. His successor dedicated himself mainly to developing schools; the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart then took over the school system.. By 1934 a total of 3,000 Catholic children had graduated from these schools. The mission was then erected into a diocese in June 1966; Msgr Pierre Guichet (Catholic Mission, Tarawa, Gilbert Islands) is the present bishop.

Religious statistics.— In 1967 the diocese counted 22,698 baptized Catholics among a population of 54,000 inhabitants. The diocese had 22 priests, including 2 Gilbertese (many of them being old men); 4 Brothers (2 European and 2 Gilbertese); 42 Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (35 European and 7 Gilbertese) and 7 Gilbertese sisters.

With 17 parishes, the Mission has stations on 14 out of 16 islands of the Gilbert archipelago and on the Island of Nanumea in the Ellice Islands. Each "parish" consists of a parochial center where the parish priest resides, with a church and a school, a Sunday school, catechism, prayer sessions four times a week. In addition, the parish has dependent "villages", each with a church and a school, under the direction of a catechist, and the parish priest visits them many times a month to say mass.

The religious life of the parish is centered on two types of meetings: (1) general meetings (*kapane*) on the occasion of big feasts, the faithful assembling for two or three days at a time; the church then being too small to accommodate everyone, the mass is then celebrated in the *Maneaba*, or feast-house, built in the traditional manner; (2) meetings

on the first Friday of every month: on this occasion a mass with communion is offered; the priest meets with the catechists and the old men.

School system.—The Protestants having vacated this field, the Catholic Mission has about 6,000 children to take care of. There are three types of schools: (1) the village schools, of which there are 111 with 10,975 boys and 1,146 girls; the Gilbertese language is the basic language; (2) the island schools, of which there are 19 with 15,965 boys and 1,465 girls; as a norm, there is one such school in each parish, but Tarawa and Tabiteuea have 3 of them; teaching is done in English by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; (3) Secondary schools, of which there are two wiht 875 boys and 93 girls; fees are charged, at Abaiang, £30 per year for boys, and, at Taborio, £33 per year for girls. Taborio is becoming a mixed secondary school for the whole diocese. To run these schools, the Mission employs 11 "qualified" teachers; 219 "approved" teachers, and 5 lay missionaries (3 French and 2 Australian). This effort has been made possible only with the collaboration of the Government. This policy took effect in 1962. A "consolidation program" has been undertaken: building of "selected schools" in which the Mission shares 50%. Thus, in 1966, 56 classrooms were opened. The teachers belonging to the Mission will receive a salary of 646 Australian dollars per year. The Mission no longer has its own seminary but sends its seminarists to New Guinea: 150 students to Rabaul, 5 to Port Moresby, and 1 to Madang.

Social work.—There exist three youth clubs at Tarawa (8,000 inhabitants). These clubs provide religious and social education to young people, and organizes leasure activities and women's associations, women's clubs, where women are trained to do household work, such as sewing, cooking, and child care.

Finances.—Expenditures, in 1966, A$200,000, which are defrayed by subsidies received from the Propagation of the Faith and from Holy childhood (A$23,000), and by subsidies from the Government for education (A$8,165); local contributions evaluated at A$4,000 and external gifts totally A$30,000.

Publications.—*Te Itoi*, in Gilbertese, a 24-page monthly. A good reference work on the history of the Mission is Father Sabatier's *Sous l'équateur du Pacifique (Paris, 1939).*

Document 1968B

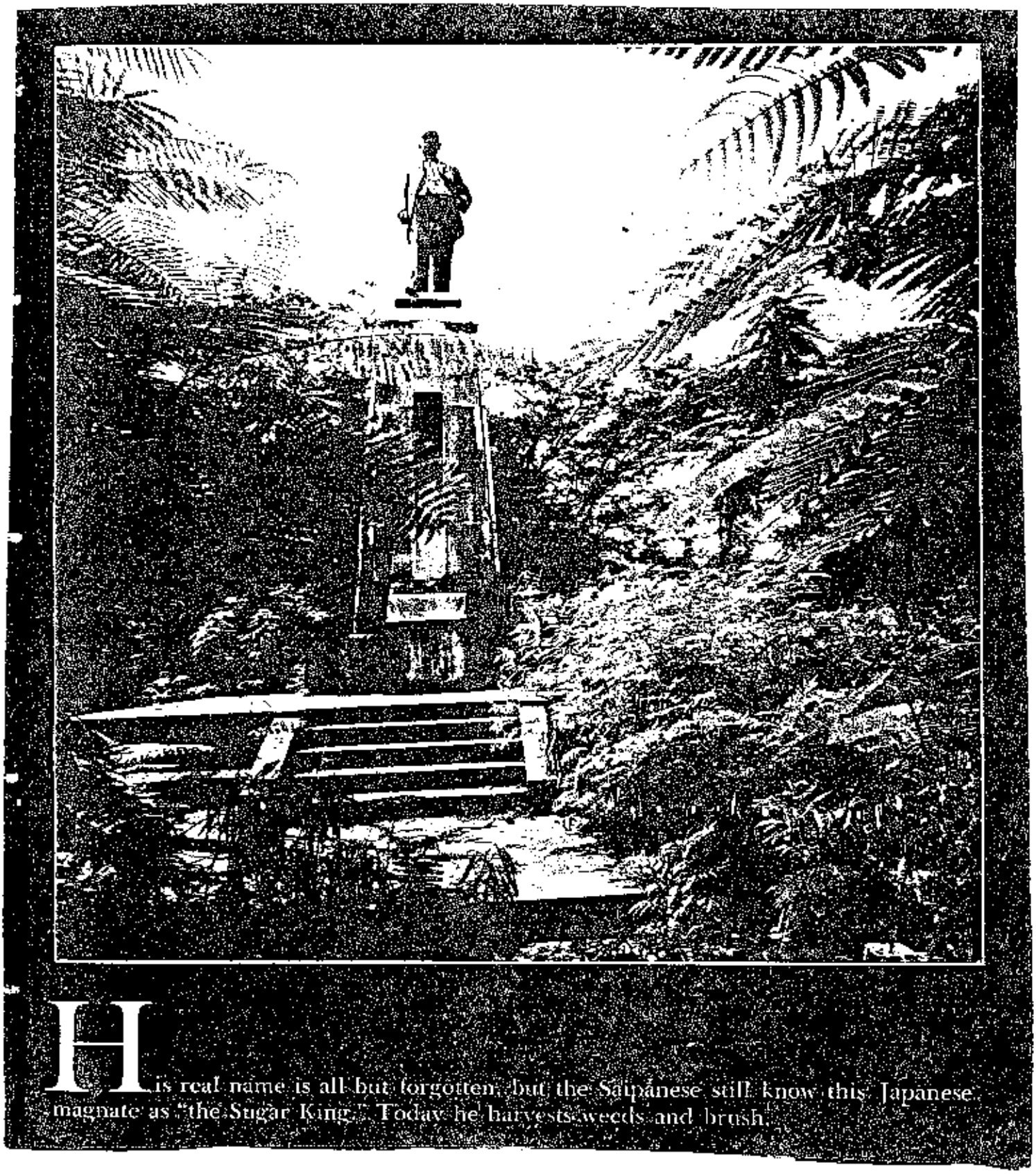
Photographs of Saipan in 1968—Ruins left by World War II

Source: Micronesian Reporter, 2nd quarter 1968.

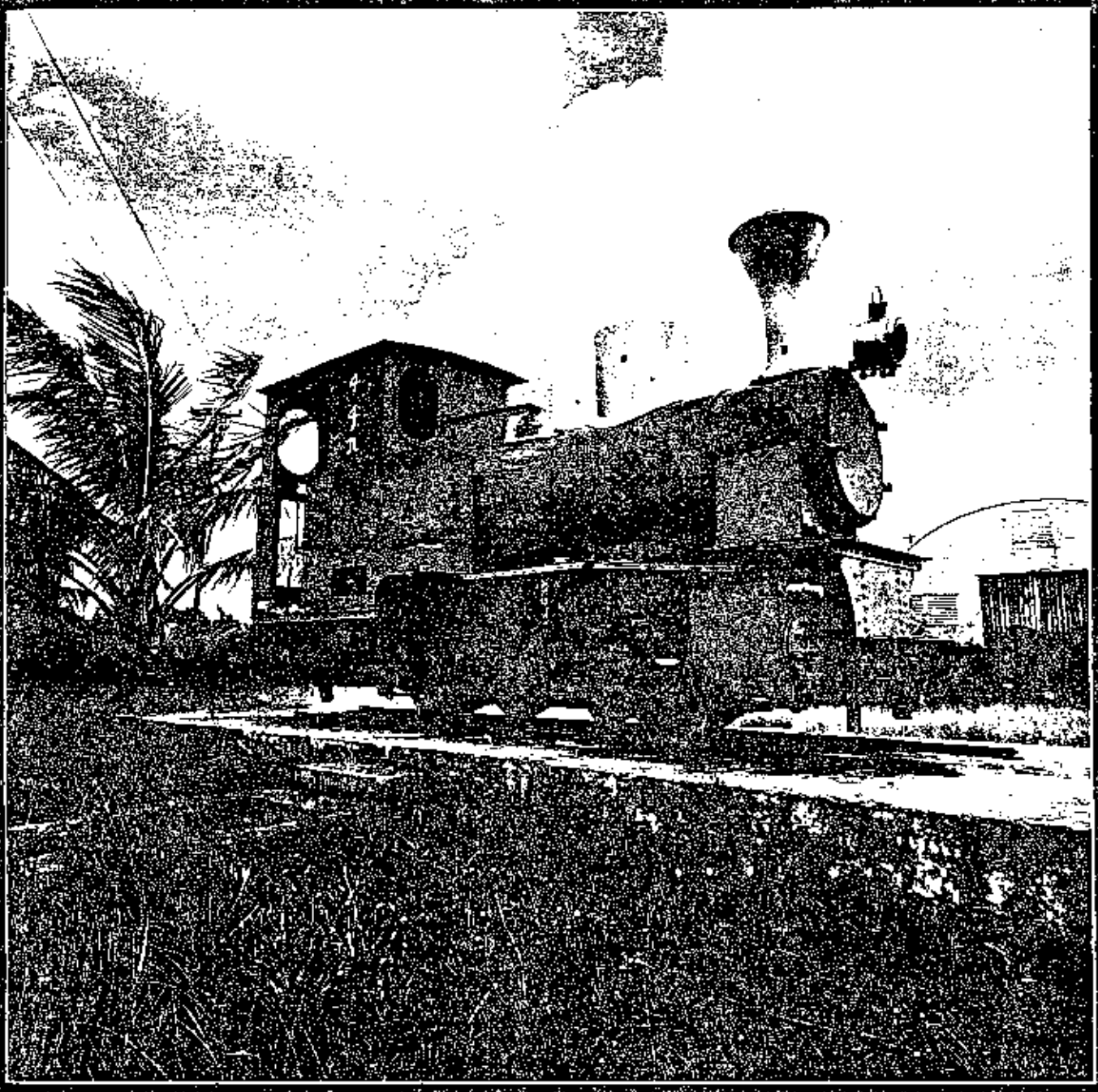
[Attached]



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



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



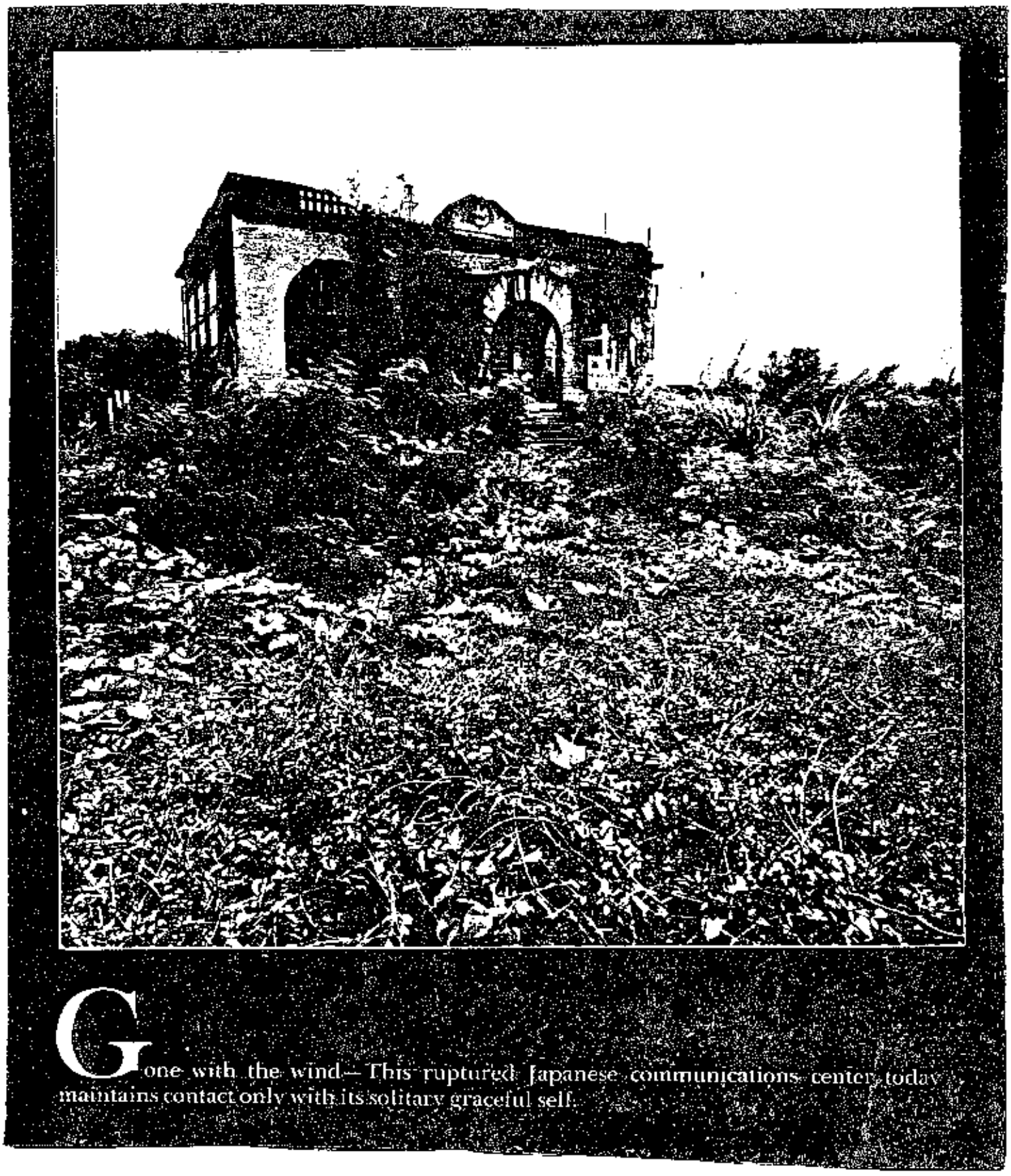
In the days when sugar cane—not scrap metal—was Saipan's ruling industry, locomotives like this one shuttled from cultivated fields to busy docks.



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



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



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

Document 1968C

Field trip to the Northern Marianas, by Fred Kluge

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, 1968.
Note: Fred Kluge sent two years in Tinian and Saipan as a Peace Corps Volunteer and editor of the Micronesian Reporter.

Field Trip

To a statesider the term conjures memories of frivolous pastel days away from school, chartered busses, class mothers, and box lunches. Visits to the Empire State Building or the zoo or the state mental asylum. But in Micronesia the term carries much more serious meanings. To the few hundred residents of the isolated islands of the Northern Marianas, "field trip" means the first sight of a vessel in long months, a chance to sell copra, to replenish their exhausted supplies of rice, flour, cigarettes and beer. It brings mail from other islands, a priest to baptize new babies or visit the graves of the recent dead. A dentist to pull teeth. And a doctor.

by P. F. Kluge

Pagan, Anatahan, Agrihan, Alamagan—the wild volcanic islands strung out north of Saipan. Black sand beaches, hot springs, rocky points, cone-shaped peaks and radiating valleys that run downward like the spokes of a wheel, or the fingers of a clenched fist. Beautiful places. But hard to get to. At some times, impossible. Here's how George Fleming, captain of the *M.V. Ran Annim*, recalls an abortive voyage last winter: "The last trip, we came up in rough weather. We had to turn back. The children were crying, the women were screaming. Some of the people were even swearing at me saying 'You want to kill us?' So we turned back."

The *Ran Annim* tried again last January. Although not formally designated as a field trip vessel, the ship carried a doctor and dentist assigned to look after the health needs of the 250 or so inhabitants of the Northern islands—many of whom would be receiving their first medical attention in several months. Dr. Carlos S. Camacho was one of the first to appear on board the *Ran Annim*.

"Dressed for surgery, isn't he?" commented one dockside bystander when the youthful, soft-spoken graduate (1962) of the Fiji School of Medicine bounded up the gangplank of the *Ran Annim*. Attired in casual, short-sleeved shirt, black slacks and physical-education class sneakers, Camacho had little of the traditional medic about him. And during the first night of the voyage "Physician, heal thyself," was the order of the day. While the *Ran Annim* bounded through rough seas, passengers slept with hands clasped to both sides of their bunks, bracing themselves against the ship's rolling. Camacho dipped into his medical kit for two round pink pills. "I usually get sick as soon as I come on board. The roughness makes me sick . . . and the



Dr. Carlos Camacho disembarks at Agrihan.

diesel fuel." That first wretched night, while the *Ran Annim* bounced its way on a trampoline sea, Dr. Camacho shifted about restlessly. There were no empty bunks—at first he stretched out on the Captain's dining table, then moved into a berth with another passenger. But at 3 a.m., as the *Ran Annim* sighted Anatahan, Camacho was up and ready for work. The island's handful of residents, copra-makers and subsistence fishermen, were about to receive their first visit in five months.

Coming into the Northern Islands, even in calm, in daylight, is a taxing business. At night, in rough seas, with no lights, no docks, no buoys, few distinct landmarks, the exercise becomes more difficult. The vessel's searchlight probed towards shore, groping over black water, through fog, and at last stumbling against a cliff that might be brown, covered with vines that might be green. Anchored offshore, the *Ran Annim* watched a small boat, name "Kinrohsi" dabbed on its hull, row out from land, move into the beam of the searchlight and moor alongside. The visiting priest, Saipan's Father Arnold, the captain, George Fleming, the doctor, Carlos Camacho—a trinity of emissaries—greeted the half dozen islanders who came on board, shook hands, accepted cigarettes. There were fifteen tons of copra on shore, they learned—that would have to wait for calm weather on the return trip. There was a medical case on the island too. "There's a boy with a laceration, a knife wound, evidently at the joint of the ankle," Dr. Camacho reported. "The best thing we can do now is get them to stop using the herb medicines and start on antibiotics. The herb medicines can sometimes be effective but also can infect wounds. I'm not too worried about this—he's had the wound since Christmas."

The boat moved off, carrying a few bags of rice and other supplies (it's hard for the islanders to purchase much unless they first cash in their copra). Rowing off, down the floodlit alley, the *Kinrohsi* soon became indistinct, the searchlight suddenly snapped off, darkness fell, Anatahan resumed its gloomy silhouette, black against gray. The *Ran Annim* sailed north to Alamagan.

"I've been to this place a hundred times, but I've gone ashore only once," commented a senior member of the *Ran Annim's* crew. "As soon as I opened my mouth there were fifteen dozen flies inside."

Alamagan is a deceptive island. Scanned from the sea, it has considerable allure: black, volcanic shoreline gives way to palm-covered slopes, which yield in turn to what appears to be high emerald meadows—an almost Alpine scene, green and pastoral.

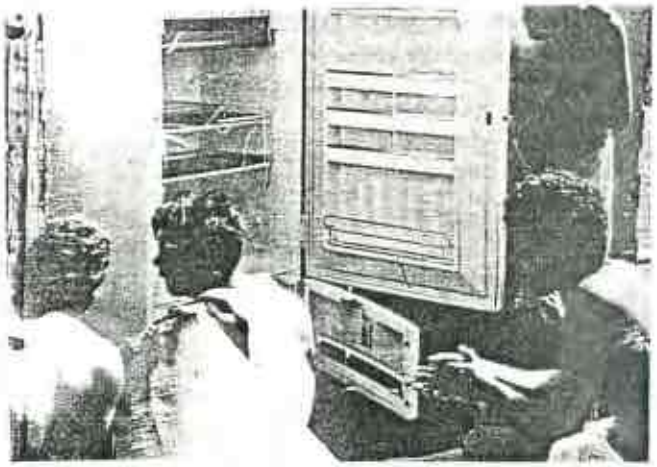
On closer inspection, this judgment is highly modified, if not reversed. The green meadows turn out to be waving fields of sword grass, thick, chest-high, and cutting. The island abounds with flies, drawn in hoards to the drying copra and abundant pigs. Dogs, cats and pigs share the shade under the floors of houses.

"Whenever the wind knocks these houses down, they rebuild them smaller," commented one veteran of fifteen years' field trips. "There was a lot more here when I first came. The kids go away and they don't come back."

A small, hard, lonely island, Alamagan still has a few dozen inhabitants, good people who greet field trip visitors with plentiful pork, yams and taro. Sometimes they get sick and need help. One of them was sitting in the doorway of a house in Songsong Village—a worn looking man in his late thirties, with his right leggingerly extended in front of him and a crude wooden crutch at his side. Dr. Camacho sat beside him in the doorway and examined a puffed, curious knee.

"It's a reinjury of an old wound he's had since 1947. He went out in an outrigger and his knee got pinned between the boat and a rock. Now he can't flex his knee. We'll take him to Saipan for X-rays."

A game leg is not the gravest or most exciting of medical problems. Yet any visitor to an island like Alamagan soon finds himself wondering what would happen if a more critical medical emergency arose. The first one you always think about—almost fingering



Agrihan inspects dispensary's new kerosene refrigerator.



Dr. Manuel Aldan finds some good teeth . . . and some bad.



your abdomen at the very thought—is appendicitis. Appendicitis on an island without electricity, without oceangoing ships, without even sideband radio contact to the outside world. Where, one wonders, would help come from?

Two members of the *Ran Annim's* contingent were asked—what about acute appendicitis? Their answers were forthright.

"You die," replied one.

"That's the risk you take out here," added the other.

Unless one's appendix elects to rupture on one of the three or four days a year when the *Ran Annim* is offshore, the complaint is liable to prove fatal. Smoke signals have, on occasion, succeeded in attracting the attention of passing military planes, but this makeshift alarm system is unreliable at best.

Dr. Camacho left a supply of medicine with one of the local women—some pills and bandages—along with instructions in their use. Having traded their fifteen tons of copra for rice and beer (the former, one hoped, would last longer than the latter), the residents of Songsong village, Alamagan Island saw the *Ran Annim* leave at dusk. Its next visit would be—might be—in three months. Or five.

From the sea, Alamagan again appeared beautiful.

There was—until very recently—a young man on the island of Pagan, an elusive fellow whose attachment to his home island was equalled only by the health department's insistence that he be evacuated to Saipan for medical treatment. He suffers from hemoptysis—a spitting of blood which can be an indication of tuberculosis. On two previous field trips, doctors had urged him to ship for Saipan. Twice he had eluded them by hiding in the boondocks until the ship departed. He constituted Dr. Camacho's most important task on the island of Pagan. Hemoptysis is a communicable condition and the youth amounted to a public health hazard.

Not that his reluctance to leave Pagan can't be explained. For one thing, it costs money. "Saipan is a money economy," Dr. Camacho observed. "These Northern Islanders don't have to worry about the hospital bills, but they have to find a place to stay and eat."

Then, too, Pagan is the loveliest of islands, and of all the northern chain, the most obvious candidate for resort and tourist development. Some of the few visitors able to make the comparison liken Pagan to Kauai, the garden island of Hawaii. Several volcanic peaks—one still deemed active—, extensive black sand beaches, a fresh-water lake, hot sulphur springs and a dilapidated but still usable Japanese air-strip may someday win Pagan a wider renown than it today enjoys. Now it's a quiet, if lovely, place with fewer than one hundred people—engaged in small farming, catching coconut crabs, and manufacturing some of the thirty-five tons of copra they loaded on to the *Ran Annim* last month . . . (for which they received $85 a ton).

It was on Pagan, while Dr. Camacho was worrying about his elusive patient that Dr. Manuel Aldan, trip dentist, began work in earnest. Spreading a small kit of surgical tools on the table of the Pagan Dispensary,

the veteran Saipanese practitioner reflected upon dentistry in the Northern Marianas. He confessed that, in the absence of any drill, he was unable to do much about cavities. "We mainly do emergency work, extractions and restorations," said Aldan. "No drilling or filling of cavities. Most of these people are in pretty good shape. They get to Saipan sometimes and we come up every four months or so."

There's nothing coy about the practice of dentistry on a field trip. After bagging five teeth in the dispensary, and scanning a score of mouths, Dr. Aldan walked from house to house. "Psst! Boy! Mila (Come)!" he ordered a strolling youth. Dropping by at a relative's home, he found a cousin, Francisca Aldan Cruz ensconced in a Micronesian domestic scene—sitting in a friendly cookhouse, fire flickering, dogs, chickens, and humanity at peace with the world. Within ten minutes his cousin was short a molar.

"People are reluctant to come to the dispensary when the field trip vessel is in," Dr. Camacho later explained. "They're talking and loading copra, busy and excited. So we sometimes have to go around ourselves."

The hemoptysis sufferer remained a question mark.

"I found him in the house over there and he agreed to come—maybe he's just trying to get rid of me. But he has some copra and he has to come and get his money. It's already been arranged that he get his money last. If he comes here and we can't persuade him to go we'll call the I.C. He's a public health hazard now and we can legally take him off . . . It's all in how you approach people. You just can't come here and order him around."

But that night, the doctor's diplomacy seemed to have failed—and the *Ran Annim* sailed for Agrihan, northernmost of the inhabited islands, without the sick youth.

Agrihan. The field trip routine repeats itself. The doctor and dentist lower away in the dinghy, wade to the beach through surf, open up the dispensary-radio shack. Dr. Camacho inventories the island medical stock and, as he checks shelves of pills, questions Juan Mettao, the resident health aide on the island.

Who is the midwife here?

My wife.

Under supervision?

(No answer)

You help each other?

Yes.

You sterilize the scissors?

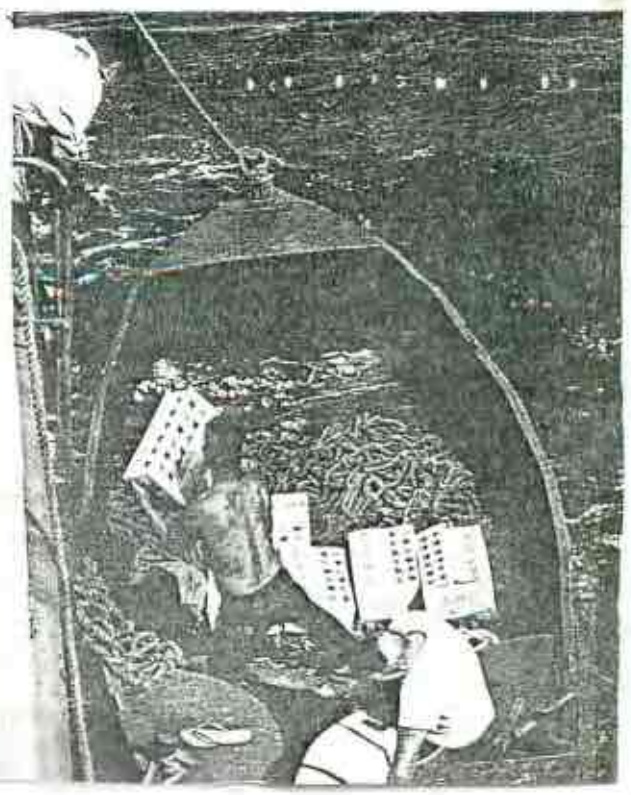
Yes, we sterilize.

Then follows the house to house visitation, a walk up grassy flowered slopes to Agrihan's only village, past grazing cows and small gardens and numerous burrows which serve as typhoon shelters. In one house the doctor finds a thin anemic-looking woman, recently pregnant, suffering from internal bleeding. After an examination, he instructs her to pack and prepare for departure the same day. Another house produces a young girl with an ugly skin condition dappling her legs. In a third house a cheerful old woman benignly

Loading Copra



Beer for Copra



hubbards a covey of grandchildren.

"I went into the house and asked the old woman whether everything was O.K. She said 'Yes, I'm fine.' Then I said 'Well, let's shake hands. And she couldn't find my hand. She said 'I'm already blind. A coconut fell and hit me on the head.' A coincidental thing probably. A coconut hit her on the head at the time she was going blind and she blames it on the coconut."

Southward bound, the *Ran Annim* returned to Pagan and the doctor quickly went ashore, landing at the crowded dock. There, all splashed with moonlight, in the shadow of a bullet-scarred shinto shrine, was half the population of Pagan. There, too, was all the paraphernalia that travels south with copra—bound, pungent, hysterical pigs, haltered chickens, a caged fruit bat, mats and bundles.

Concerned about the hemoptysis patient, Dr. Camacho moved along the dock, hastily locating a member of the Insular Constabulary who had happened to be on board the *Ran Annim*. There followed a low conversation in a closed group, a consultation from which the words "handcuffs" and "diplomacy" and "make sure he's on the first boat out" could be heard.

He was there, already packed, sitting in the moonlight, stroking the long white feathers of a chicken. He went out to the *Ran Annim* on the first boat. The hemoptysis case from Pagan; the lame man from Alamagan; the bleeding woman from Agrihan—these were the three who came to Saipan; who were met by an ambulance at Charlie Dock two days later.

Who can say what is the obligation of the Trust Territory government, or of the medical profession, to the handful of humanity which clings to these remote, beautiful islands? Two dispensary shacks, a handful of medicines, some first aid training, a quarterly field trip—these have constituted the effort to date.

Radio contact with the Northern Islands is a faltering affair and one is tempted to hope that the installation of reliable radios on all inhabited islands might not prove an unreasonable project.

Yet whatever the poverty of equipment, the performance of individual human beings remains impressive. The efforts of Drs. Aldan and Camacho, for instance. The former, a laconic, competent man treated a number of patients with a minimum of fuss. "No puti (pain)?" he would ask after an extraction. "No puti" was the answer.

And Dr. Camacho is an example of a skilled medical officer whose concern for the people of the Northern Islands extends beyond medical care to such projects as the rehabilitation of water catchments on Alamagan, the restoration of a fractured Japanese dock on Pagan. To have seen these men work on the lurching, bounding *Ran Annim*, visiting house to house, wading—even swimming—to shore, is to have seen the Trust Territory government at its current best . . . making a little go a long way. Which if it is not an end in itself, nonetheless constitutes a respectable attempt to cope with things as they are.

For the Northern Islands are a long way.

a leg that will not bend



Stricken on deck



Evacuated to Saipan



Documents 1968D

Return to Bikini

D1. Article in Life Magazine, 18 October 1968.

Bikini is an oval sweep of 36 coral islands ringing a broad lagoon in the west central Pacific. In 1946, 167 people lived there, most of them on the largest island, Bikini itself. Because the atoll was so isolated and so sparsely populated, the U.S. chose it as its main nuclear testing site and the Bikinians were taken away. They were moved first to Rongerik, an island the Bikinians themselves chose because it was nearby—though they knew it to be inhabited by a witch who poisoned the fruit and fish. But Rengerik was too small to support them and two years later the Americans, who had been too preoccupied with their tests to pay attention, found them near starvation. They were hastily moved to a temporary tent encampment on Kwajalein, nnd finally to Kili, 500 miles south of the Bikini, a single island which the pounding seas isolate from the outside world four months a year. This has been their home since 1948. During these years, 28 nuclear devices were exploded at Bikini, including the first hydrogen bomb. The last test took place in 1958, and the atoll was abandoned by the scientists.

...

D2. Article by Nicholas Wollaston in the Saturday Evening Post, 18 November 1968.

For twenty-two years the natives of this Pacific island, exiled by our nuclear tests, have yearned to go home. This fall permission finally came, but when an advance party saw their devastated homeland, they could only ask, "What have you done to our atoll?"

We make a landfall at Kili before dawn, A light flashes on the shore. The little motor schooner drops anchor outside the coral reef, a boat is lowered into the water. We give the skipper $100 and tell him not to forget to pick us up in six days. As the boat swings in toward the shore, the dawn breaks, and we see people collecting on the beach. At the reef our sailor stops the engine and slips overboard up to his neck. He holds the boat while two big waves come rolling in and crash on the coral. Then, profiting from a lull, he quickly pushes us ashore. We step out onto the beach, walk up among the people.

"Yokwe," they say, holding their hands out to be shaken. *"Yokwe, yokwe."* It means "love." It seems that the whole population of Kili, about 300, is here to greet us. Some of them speak a little English in addition to the language of the Marshall Islands.

They are darker than the Polynesians of Hawaii, fairer than the Melanesians of Fiji. All of them smile with happiness at our arrival. They don't often have visitors.

The islanders are Bikinians, resettled on Kili when their atoll was commandeered as a nuclear testing ground. Although they do not know it yet, their greatest desire—to be allowed to return to Bikini—is about to be realized. An announcement is due sometime this week, we've been told. We have come to Kili to be among them when the news arrives, and to go back to Bikini with their leaders.

We walk through the village, past palm-thatched houses and down a "street" of white coral mixed with shells. A man shaves in his doorway—no soap, no water, no razor, just a blade. *"Yokwe,"* he says to us. "Love."

We walk out of the village through feathery ferns and into the coconut groves. Nothing is far, for this is a tiny island, only a third of a square mile of land beleaguered by the sea. Even at the very center we can hear the surf. To stand there is like putting one's ear to a great shell.

Among the palms men are drying coconut meat—copra—to be sold as a source of oil. A girl comes through the grove, bringing a pot of boiled rice and a can of corned beef. There is ample rice, but only one small can of meat for seven men and two boys. Back in the village the women and children have no meat at all, only rice mixed with coconut milk. Things were better on Bikini atoll.

Bikini was a huge ring of islets, 26 of them strung like a necklace on a thread of coral reef, enclosing a lagoon 230 square miles in area. The Pacific breakers might pound forever on the reef outside, but within the lagoon the water was calm and full of fish. It was a harbor, too, where the islanders could keep big sailing canoes for voyages out into the ocean.

Unfortunately for the islanders, their remote atoll was also ideal for something else. In February, 1946, the military governor of the Marshall Islands arrived to explain to the bewildered population that it had just six weeks to get ready to be moved. For generations the Bikinians had been ruled by outsiders—.by Germany from the mid-19th century until after World War I, by Japan until 1945 [sic], and since then by the United States, under a United Nations trusteeship. When the order came, they decorated the graves of their ancestors and went without protest, believeing that it wouldn't be for long.

During the first two years the Bikinians were moved three times. By early 1948 they were reported to be on the verge of starvation. Then their chief, Juda, and his council were taken to visit islands where they might permanently settle, and the islanders voted for Kili.

On Kili the rainfall is high and the copra is about the best there is. But for the Bikinians nothing can make up for the island's massive disadvantage: no lagoon, no anchorage, no ring of islets. Though they brought some of their big sailing outriggers from Bikini, there is nowhere on Kili to keep them; though there may be fish out there on the ocean, a small canoe can seldom get across the reef; though ships may visit Kili,

they often can't get a boat ashore to bring supplies and take away the copra. For months on end the Bikinians are cut off from all contact with the outside.

In 1956 Washington made a gesture of amends: $25,000 was paid out among the original refugees and their descendants and relatives, and a further $300,000 was invested in trust for the Bikinians. From the income, they receive a yearly pension of about $24 each. But still the islanders remained adamant in their disbelief that the move was final and that they would never go back to the *Iamoren*, the homeland where their ancestors are buried, where they wish to live and die. As we get to know these people, we can sense their discontent, their innocence and anguish.

One afternoon a great old man comes out of the surf like a prophet. He stands there on the beach, grizzled and wet, his trousers clinging round his thighs. For three hours he has been swimming down the reef with a hook and line and caught nothing. He will go out again tomorrow; he must. Between November and April it will be too rough to fish at all. He laughs, this great old man.

The days go idly by. A fire of coconut shells smoulders in a house, the smoke sifting through the thatch. Dragonflies hover over rain pools, butterflies dance through hot afternoons, men sit under a pandanus tree, playing checkers with pebbles from the beach. Women weave "Kili bags" from strips of palm leaf. It has gone on for 22 years now, this waiting.

And now the day our skipper promised to pick us up has arrived. The announcement we expected has not come. We have packed our things and lie at midday listening to the radio, eating bananas and waiting for the motor schooner to anchor off the reef.

Then it happens. The radio annuncer speaks quite matter-of-factly. We ar hardly listening; our thoughts are drifting in the heat. It was yesterday in Texas, he says. President Johnson made the announcement. The long years are over. Bikini is safe from radiation. The islanders may all go back.

There is a scream outside. Children run among the houses. A chicken scuttles out of the way. A young man grabs a stick, jumps whooping up and down, beats a tree trunk. A woman throws back her head and laughs. After a bit they flop down exhausted. Perhaps they are stunned, incredulous, uncomprehending. Or perhaps, after so long, the reality is a little daunting, even a litle suspect.

Early on Friday morning, a day late, the shout goes up, "Sail ho!" The islanders load us with coconuts and pandanus fruit, escort us down the beach, waving and calling *"Yokwe, Yokwe."*

Ten days later we are back, this time in a bigger ship flying the flag of the American high commissioner and full of colonels, atomic physiccists, administrators, engineers, anthropologists, photographers and reporters. We are to pick up Bikinian elders and take them to inspect their atoll. But the ship is so full that there is only room for nine Bikinians, and they have to sleep on deck while the rest of us have proper bunks. From Kili we sail north for 500 miles, and on the third day, cutting through the torrid noon, we sight Bikini on the horizon: a steel tower rising 300 feet above the sea. On the fore-

deck, entering the lagoon, there is a sense of anxiety as we watch the nine Bikini men. This is their moment.

There is to be a ceremony, and the nine men have asked for it to be held at the old cemetery among the graves that they decorated before leaving in 1946. The Bikinians have put on clean white shirts, dark trousers, shoes and socks and black ties. With great dignity they step from the boat onto the beach. They look up and down the beach, aghast at the thick low jungle in front of them. There are no landmarks, nothing familiar, only strange masses of rusty iron along the shore, and this wall of impenetrable green. Then they force their way into the brush and disappear.

We fight our way through behind them, crashing, pulling, breaking, tearing. When we catch up with them, they point silently to a row of sunken beer bottles marking the border of a grave and a few head-stones still standing in the tangled undergrowth.

Then we set about with our machetes to make a clearing. The high commissioner takes a spade, the district sheriff and the captain of the ship swipe at the trees, half the crew is ashore, assaulting the jungle. Two flagpoles are carried up from the boat and set up in the clearing.

One of the nine Bikinians recites a prayer, as all of them shut their eyes. The two flags are hoisted limply, American on the right, Micronesian Trust Territory on the left. Halfway the American flag jams in the pulley; nothing can be done, nobody moves. One of the nine Bikinians takes off his smart black shoes, swarms up the pole in his socks to free it. The high commissioner makes a speech: "This historic occasion..." There is a smell of trampled undegrowth, of bruised leaves. The leader of the nine Bikinians makes a speech. He says, "Thank you." He stands there, wearing dark glasses and a clip-on bow tie, beside this ancient cemetery. After 22 lost years, on the broken and blasted island, he thanks us.

After the ceremony we explore. Deep in the undergrowth we see a painted notice board; we tear away the leaves and branches to read it:

CAUTION: THE HUMAN CONSUMPTION OF ANY PLANT LIFE COULD BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

Strewn everywhere are bits of wire cables, rubber tires and corroded vehicles. Along the shore we see huge wrecked barges and pontoons, now worn down to skeletons. Most of the metal, the atomic physicist explains, is still radioactive and will have to be removed. The coconut crabs, an island delicacy, will also have to be exterminated. They eat their own shells when molting and thus accumulate Strontium 90

But the fish, undisturbed now for 10 years, are plentiful; we pull them out on hooks, we spear them, we hack at them in the pools with machetes. There are turtles and birds, fairy terns and curlews fishing on the reef. There is no danger of radioactivity from them, the physsicist says.

For three days we sail round the lagoon, calling at the islets of the atoll. Chopping through the vegetation in the tropical heat, we find a ruined mess hall. We climb in through a broken window over the kitchen sinks. The roof is down, there are vines creeping riotiously across the ovens and refrigerators. An engineer says the Bikini

people could use it as a meeting-house or a church or a school, or it would make a lovely hospital. We inspect the rotted Ping-Pong table and the coffee urns and the stainless-steel hoods above the cooking stoves. They would make good roofing for someone's house, the high commissioner says, better than their huts on Kili. We find a store of plumbing fixtures lying in the sun. The high commissioner sits on a disconnected toilet for the photographrs, and we laugh, but the nine Bikinians do not. Then we get lost in this maze of scrub and concrete and unrecognizable wooden shells. "Can't you ask one of the natives?" a sweat-drenched colonel says impatiently. "It's their island, after all. They should know the way back to the ship."

The nine Bikinians walk along the beaches, collecting glass bottles, trying to salvage something useful, pulling at piles of metal and wood and coils of wire that turn to dust in their hands. And then we stand in the great assembly shed, an immense concrete building almost intact even after these 10 years of neglect. "Assembly?" There is silence. We mustn't call it that. The **device** sounds better, more peaceful and scientific.

Quite a device it was. Between 1946 and 1958 there weree 23 nuclear shots on Bikini atoll. One blast alone wiped two islands off the map and reduced a third to a spit of sand. Near the assembly shed, two Bikinians cower under a solitary bush, as if terrorized by the sight of desolation. The nothingness hammers at their senses. "Where is that *lamoren,* the ancestral land longed for all those years on Kili? The heat hangs over the scene like an accusation.

On the third and last day the high commissioner tries to reassure the nine Bikinians. A coconut tree takes only seven years to grow. If he can raise the money, he will get the mess cleaned up. The President has promised to build a "modern and model community here. It will take time and money. It may be years before all the families on Kili can return to Bikini. But an advance party may begin the work of clearing and building this year. There are many claims on public funds these days—Vietnam, the cities, rockets to the moon—but the high commissioner promises to do his best.

And now we sail toward the exit of the lagoon. As we pass through the limpid water for the last time, a sudden tropical storm swings in from the ocean, drenching us, rinsing off the sweat; a rainbow loops across the stricken islets, over the rusty towers, harmless now, though still not innocent. Tonight there are Bikini lobster tails for supper. Soon we shall go our separate ways, to New York or Washington—or Kili.

Perhaps Kili will look a little different now for those nine men standing at the rail. As we leave Bikini, we see that one of them—the leader, the one who thanked us—is in tears.[1]

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1 Ed. note: See Doc. 1978A for a sequel, after a further wait of ten years..

Documents 1968E

Field trip through the outer islands of the Yap District

Source: Articles in the Micronisian Reporter, 2nd quarter 1969.

E1. The outer islanders, by P. F. Kluge

Note: Why does a long field trip, starting a week late, take one week longer than scheduled? Blame storms and seas, breakdowns and evacuations. Blame life. The ***Palau Islander*** *was forced to return from Ulithi to Yap to pick up missing navigatonal charts, was delayed at Satawal by rough seas, no anchorage, and a funeral on shore, was diverted to Woleai by a typhoon and further delayed by a generator breakdown and a premature Christmas celebration, went south to Eauripik, backtracked north to Faraulep and at last steamed home to Ulithi and Yap... a long, long field trip.*

How long have they been like this?
For as long as men remember.
How long will it last?
Maybe forever.

The Outer Islandders,

by P. F. Kluge

For some reason my clearest thoughts about the Trust Territory occur to me when I am away from it, in Guam, where nobody knows me and where—while waiting for a plane to another district—I never know what to do with myself. In Guam, scanning the jukebox at the old American Café, or rudely staring at the girl working the Town House's popcorn machine, or pondering the Jackie Gleason show on KUAM, in Guam, I turn sullen and thoughtful, I mull, and reflect and define, and I call these thoughts my Guam Thoughts. They occupy a special corner of my mind: that corner which both spurns and misses Guam's things, that part of me which worries at the Nam-bound B-52s overhead, which grows sad and apprehensive at the legions of so-young soldiers thrown by course of history to the island "Where America's Day Begins." But there is also, in that corner, something which lusts after pizza, even mediocre pizza, which craves magazines, ravishes U-Drive and really rather likes Jackie Gleason's humor. And which on every morning in Micronesia, every morning, has missed that fresh daily newspaper at breakfast.

In Guam I revisit America, Jackie Gleason and the B-52s. What better symbols than the jovial how-sweet-it-is topside and the shrieking, camouflage-painted underside of today's America? In Guam I think—think hopefully, hopelessly—of Micronesia, which, so far anyway, has neither Gleason or B-52s. In Guam, where America's day begins and ends, one struggles to define what there is about Micronesia... and about Guam that I should fear the shadow it casts over Micronesia.

People are stubborn. Consider the fact that in December, 1968, Year of Our Lord, when beer and jukeboxes and U-drives and all of life's good things were flowing into the Trust Territory's district centers, when the handicraft trade was stepping lively and hotel corporations were springing up like mushrooms and rumored military bases were being located from Saipan to Peleliu, in the midst of all this, 2,000-plus souls persisted in clinging to some tiny specks of land dotting the 900-mile sweep of ocean between Yap and Truk. Stubborn, traditional people, these outer islanders, seemingly content to remain on tiny rafts of land and coconut where they live in thatch houses and fish in hand-hewed canoes, where women gather taro at dawn and men pass the afternoon in the shade of palm trees and beguile the evening in boat houses.

What an anachronism, all this in the middle of the twentieth century's excitements: the Paris talks, a new President, and Bible readings from around the moon. When you catch a field trip, you leave all these pleasures behind—and so for many I would not recommend a field trip through the Yap District. Likely tourists will not be encouraged by this report, but observers concerned to discover the reality of Micronesia, the reality beyond Guam and district conters, may find something of interest.

No-one has ever satisfactorily defined what a field trip is, but as long as the Government must more or less administer communities located as much as 550 miles from its adminsitrative center, boats like the **Palau Islander** and the **Yap Islander** and the **Kaselehlia**, the **Ran Annim** and the **Militobi** will leave on field trips and odd groups of people will find their way aboard: a doctor, a land-management survey team, someone from the Education Office and from the Peace Corps, a scrap-metal dealer eyeballing the islands for brass, a merchant buying copra and peddling rice, sugar, corned beef, *zoris* [rubber sandals], pomade. A field trip is thus a coincidence of purposes (and cross-purposes) both commercial and governmental, official and social. Field trips are long to begin with, late in starting, delayed in route, and tardy to return, and enormously expensive, it's hard to say which is the greater anachronism in the outer islands: the atoll style of life or the operating style of the field-trip vessels which serve them. Still—until someone blows the whistle, the field trip is still a grand institution and I hope no-one demands too strict an accounting too soon.

Ulithi: Halfway House

Ulithi—always the first stop on long field trips out of the Yap District, is a mere overnight voyage from Colonia and for this and some other reasons, is not fully typical of the outer islands. This island has a history: 700 ships moored in its sheltering lagoon in October 1944, as many a 30,000 rest-and-recreation types swarmed ashore on

the reef-island of Mogmog, 1,100 yards long by 500 wide. Even today, the Mogmog islanders contend that there are unopened crates of Scotch whiskey buried by the military at one end of the island, although the precise location is unknown. Falalop, largest of the more than 30 islands in the lagoon, was the site of a postwar Coast Guard Loran (long-range navigation) Station, since relocated to Yap. Today, at the entrance of the old Loran station, a sign welcomes visitors to the Outer Islands High School "born in 1963" and "best in the western Pacific."

Three hundred students from the Outer Islands attend the high school, and fifty of them are female. Thesem of course, one notices first and not only because of the prevailing toplessness. (And I would like to dispose of this matter once and for all with the comment that, after spending three weeks among the much-kidded, much-commented upon topless islands, I will never again underestimate the importance of the human face.)

The Outer Islands High School is a striking combination of two worlds: one sees groups of girls loitering under palm trees, thu-clad youths moving from classroom to classroom, one finds books like *Plutarch's Lives, David Copperfield, The Winning of Barbara Worth.* And, eavesdropping outside a classroom, one hears dialogues like this:

—"The big quail was chasing the little fish. What are the opposite words?"

—"Big and little."

—"And what do we call opposite words?"

No answer.

—"We call them antonyms."

Impressive, touching, and unique. What other public high school draws its students from 500 miles away, or feeds its sutdents largely on taro, dried fish, and coconuts shipped in from their home islands? What other high school, for that matter, is located on an island one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide? Or sends its brightest students on to college with funds from the wages paid the 10th, 11th, 12th grade males who stevedore visiting field trip vessels. And yet, some questions do arise, when one sits in a classroom and observes the same brawny youths who unloaded the **Palau Islander** in nothing flat puzzling out the negative and positive clauses in an English sentence:

—"Victor is from Lamotrik, isn't he?"

—"He isn't from Ifalik, is he?"

Where do the high school's students go from here? Back to the miniscule outer islands from which they come or on to college and thus probably never to return? The high school is a colorful juxtaposition of American education and Micronesian surroundings, but one still speculates whether the two are compatible.

Back on shore, the male students, relieved from classes on ship days, had almost completed unloading the **Palau Islander**. The sunlight, mellowing down over the lagoon, cast its last rays on deck while the final boats shuttled to shore. The student-stevedores, their bodies powdered by dust from scores of off-loaded concrete sacks, lounged on railings and Wayne Richards, principal of the OIHS, chatted about the curious institution he supervises. He indicated a growing interest in encouraging vocational

education rather than in continuaing some Micronesia version of Harrison High. He knows there is a problem about his students' destinies and he knows that others are aware of the problem also. According to Richards, the Outer Islanders themselves are concerned with the school's impact on traditional patterns. Witness their reluctance to send girls off to Ulithi: "They intimate, although they don't tell us directly, that if the girls leave, the boys will go and they won't return home, and if they don't, there will be no-one to fish and make copra."

It remains to be seen whether the OIHS, having succeeded as an experiment, can sustain itself as an institution, contributing to the life of the Outer Islands rather than acting as a halfway house for the ambitious and intelligent and outward-bound. Even onUlithi the prospect of Guam and its good things could not be escaped. One teacher told me: "With the Coast Guard having been here and the high school, they've had a taste of American life and the young men want to get out."

—"Out where?" he asked.

—"Guam is the first place. And a lot of them want to join the military."

Meanwhile, at Ulithi's unique high school, the process of education continues and youths in red lava-lavas with physiques that could challenge Cassius Clay's, and women—not girls—one step away from the world of endless cooking and pregnancy, ponder the likes of *Rumple Stiltskin* at the pace of a page a day.

—"Who are the people we've met so far... The miller and the king. Where do they live? Across the sea. The miller was so proud of his daughter..."

Above the classroom blackboard a poster eedeclares "Speak English!"

Wolcai and beyond

After Ulithi comes the long haul to Woleai and it is at this point that one begins to feel oneself amidst the Outer Islands nad the field-trip routine—meals, boats, copra loading—sluggishly asserts itself. And, in retrospect, it is at this point that memories of the islands begin to blur. All—with the exception of Fais—are low and small. Heading for shore, you feel that you are not really stepping on land, but rather that you are boarding, another ship, a floating raft covered with sand and coconut palms, permanently anchored in a huge sea. On one side of the island is a village, there is seldom more than one; to the left and right the trail wanders off into coconut groves and taro patches and the backsides of the islands are lonely and deserted. A visitor's walking tour usually ends early and—sooner than he'd expected—he finds himself back in the village, seated in the shade of a coconut palm or in a boat house, watching the twentieth century do its thing: letters, most of them originating from students at the high school, are distributed, checks are paid to the health aide and the school teacher; the doctor inventories the dispensary and sees patients and the slow, familiar exchange of Micronesian copra for store goods proceeds. A visitor sits and looks—offers cigarettes, is offered a coconut, exchanges words and stares, sticks his head in a church, strolls to the cemetery—there's very little variation in the routine. Yet, against a background of flat islands and thatched houses, out of the smell of cookhouse smoke and the buzz

of flies, from a long gallery of remembered faces and bodies, from the feeling beneaath one's feet of sand beaches and coral paths, springy swards of short-bladed grass and wood- shavings in boat houses, out of this procession of scribbled notes and contrasting moods, some memories—sharp and specific—do emerge.

An afternoon on Ifalik

It did not begin well, a bleak rainy day and a nondescript flat island to match it. I questioned the widsom of going ashore in the first boat. I might stay on board the **Palau Islander**, drink coffee and finish re-reading *Shane*. But a conviction that I haven't been working hard enough (true) makes me go. I'm thoroughly soaked before the boat even casts off. The wretched morning passes in a pointless walk from one end of the island to the other and back. But the afternoon brightened and Ifalik, which had been colorless in the morning rain, soon flashes grassy lawns, high green palms and imposing boat houses—tall imposing slopes of thatch, with fish nets spread on the surrounding grass to dry giving the whole scene the intricate measured beauty of a formal garden. And suddenly the whole population appears: the men crowding around the ship's boat and the women, much more reserved, sitting further back in groups, minding babies, passing cigarettes, and staring at visitors. As each of the boats came in, the villagers converged on the beach, crowding around, and when the boat left again, the assembly scattered back in groups under trees. With every departure they moved back beneath the palms, and that was the rhythm of the afternoon, until the last boat left, with waving and wailing for the villagers who were leaving Ifalik.

It was one of those afternoons for which you reserve adjectives like "fine" and "mellow," as if you were viewing the world through glasses tinted with gold. One of those tempting interludes when you contemplate what life, your life—that is, might be like on Ifalik what sacrifices and what gains there would be. That's what I was thinking as I walked down a balmy sand trail and heard a weird chanting sound coming from a building 20 yards off the trail—an uninterrupted cry of—it would be hard to say what—grief or joy. On and on it went, ominous and solitary, and I walked in towards it.

The concrete slab was ten feet square with thatch on top and strong wire around the sides. Inside, there were some coconut husks and a sleeping mat and a mosquito net and a man named Tarof who had been in the cage for twenty years or so. Sometime, after the war, he'd tried to kill someone, they said, and so they had put him here, although his family took him out for exercise occasionally and fed him. Stooped, bent, somewhat graying in color, he had a suffering Job-like tone in his voice, pleading quickly and desperately, rushing to get his sentences out in the presence of visitors. "A burnt-out schizophrenic," said the Trust Territory doctor, adding that with heavy doses of tranquilizer administered daily, the unfortunate Tarof could be removed from his cage. But there remained some question as to whether the medicine would be there, or the health aide to administer it, and so I wonder whether other visitors to idyllic Ifalik will hear some howling from of the path when they cut left at the village and stroll through coconut groves on a mellow afternoon.



Scene at Lamotrek Island in 1968.

A morning on Lamotrek

Another day that began badly and ended well. Rain, gray rain, again and it had washed the color out of the thatch and the palms. Another flat, gray island. The flies were oppressive—I counted 19 of them on my left foot, four of them feeding at one miniscule coral cut. A walk to the left (usual pattern is first to walk left, then right) brings me to two Japanese seaplanes partially buried in the beach. I recognize one—the one that the *National Geographic* photographed on a sunnier day with a suspiciously cleaner beach in the background and a suspiciously picturesque outrigger canoe sailing prettily into the background. One Lamotrek, at least, life does not imitate art; today the beach was littered—palm leaves, coconut shells, (some opened by human beings,

others gnawed through by rats). A ramshackle cookhouse, out of use, nestled in the armpit of the plane—the sheltered area where its wing connected with its torso.

And now, the walk to the right, and more of the same: some mossy foundations of Japanese houses—the concrete floor—supports behind the steps gave the impression of a grave yard, except that the graves were too close together. But there was a grave nearby, another gloomy historical souvenir, situated in a damp, sunless grove, last resting place of one —Paul Glasser— a crewman of the German cruiser **Cormoran** which ducked in here during the first world war, hiding from prowling allied ships. The resident Peace Corps Volunteer tells me that the islanders talk of the **Cormoran**'s visit, describe the ship's dimensions, as if it had called only yesterday and slipped out at dawn this morning just ahead of the **Palau Islander**.

Near Glasser's grave is another vaguely depressing object, a high Japanese tower, its main supports still erect but the ladder rungs long rusted away and the tower therefore unclimbable. Still amidst the grayness and the onmipresent flies, the day begins to turn out well: I walk to a house and they give me a palm leaf seat (they won't let you sit on the gravel). A woman is weaving a lava-lava on a wooden loom: cigarettes are passed, coconuts offered. I have some pictures of Saipan (wish I'd brought more) and a postcard of the Mount Carmel Catholic Church goes over well. One girl—woman, I guess··· writes her name, first, middle and last. The initials are M. R. Y. andd, pencilled beneath each initial is "Memory, Remember, You." (Note: never, never underrate the Romantic Movement.)

In ways like this, time passes on Lamotrek's field-trip day, uneventful and charming. And so you relax—not without an eye to the beach, to check the progress of loading and unloading, and other field-trip business. But, as usual, there's little to worry at that end: business goes very slowly indeed, and so I gaze at the woman weaving the lava-lava, the flies banqueting on my coral cuts, and the flowers in front of the church... The crew continues to talk about the dead woman in the coffin in the hold of the ship. Bound for burial on Satawal, she seems to bother everyone from the captain on down. He reports that during some rough weather the other night, with all doors on the bridge closed, those inside heard a knocking outside, repeated and loud, but found no-one there. Now, none of the crew willingly ventures into the hold.

Satawal

Satawal is reputed the most progressive of the outer islands. Volunteers, they say, plead to be assigned there, and it's not hard to see why. Satawal is the only island where I have actually seen coconut groves thinned to increase production. It is the only island where government-endorsed water-seal toilets are universal—and any island where such difficult and improbable projexts succeed must have something going for it. Pain and pleasure were mixed on Satawal today. The dead ornate lava-lavas, turmeric powder and hibiscus flowers followed her, and while some men packed a neat earth mound over her, the rest of the village sat in the cemetery amongst the older graves, using crosses for arm rests, as if silently emphasizing their own mortality, their eventual death on *this*

island and their burial in this graveyard... At night there was tuba (fermented—or fermenting—sap of the coconut palm). It was quick, experienced drinking, and I awoke on a carpet of wood shavings, sleeping next to a virgin canoe... There were three days hanging off SAtawal, in rough seas and heavy swells, with the **Palau Islander** forced to circle in and out and around, pirouetting for three days at $600 a day for the ship alone, days of struggling to load copra and unload cement. Revenues from all the copra, the freight, the passenger tickets, couldn't finance the trip to Ulithi and back. Considering what it does and what it does not attempt to do, I think the government does fairly well by these outer islands. A harsher administration would have moved these people into Yap long ago, or, more likely, left them here and forgotten about them altogether.

Having unloaded the dead woman's body, the crew now has succeeded in getting rid of the ghost as well. When she knocked again last night ssomeone on the bridge figured she wanted to thank them for delivering her back to Satawal, for burial on her home island. He brightly shouted "You're welcome!" and the dear soul has not been heard from since.

Eauripik holiday

Almost at the end of the line, two full weeks out of Yap, we come to Eauripik, incredible Eauripik; half a mile long, six hundred yards wide, with a population of 150. Some day something very important will happen on Eauripik—people will multiply and starve or the island will sink and this misfortune will happen elsewhere, on other continents, but on Eauripik it will happen first. Watch for it.

Overpopulated Eauripik seldom has much copra to sell and on this Christmas Day it had none at all. Heading for shore in some of the vilest, coldest weather I've seen in the tropics, crossing a wide, shallow lagoon, I wondered how the people of Eauripik would secure the cash to buy things they wanted from the ship the California rice and Taiwan sugar and New Zealsnd corned beef and Australian flour. In the village, the cold rain and driving wind kept us huddled in the boat house, and then a strange thing happened. The men—a dozen of them—came through the village, through the rain, carrying handicrafts, more handicarafts than at any other island. It was good work too, but there was an element of pathos in seeing them walking toward us, a handful of visitors some with only checks, others out of money altogether. Without words, almost without gestures, the men of Eauripik spread out their wares on the outrigger of a canoe: there were carvings—stiff, crude monkey-men with unexpected feline eyes of white shell; there were graceful, streamlined fish, including some hammerhead sharks; breadfruit tackle-boxes with turtle-shell fishhooks inside; adzes of wood and shell; carved bowls, some standing on curved legs; lava-lavas with restrained, intricate designs. But there was one item which surpassed all the others—the superb turtle shell belts which are made on Eauripik and only on eauripik—hundreds of individually carved and pierced trutle-shell rings strung on strands of coconut rope, four strands to a belt at something like $4.00 a strand... And so it was market-day on Eauripik at Christmas, near the far-end of a dragging field trip, with the men quietly showing the *ornaments*

of their copra-less island and the women—their faces bright and fantastic with yellow paint—gathered at one end of the boathouse. Soon the buying ended—all the belts sold but many other items remained unclaimed. The rain let up and we walked back across shallow tidal flats to the reef, groups of people ankle-deep in water, headed to the deep water and the boat waiting where the reef dropped off, islanders and visitors walking to the point of embarkation, some of them pausing to rest bundles of food, fish and taro, on occasional dry rocks. The whole scene had about it a quality which reminded me of paintings from several centuries ago on the other side of the world, of stolid fishing villages off Holland and Belgium, with heavy-bodied women and weaathered women toiling in gray light at the edge of the sea... For some unaccountable reason the handshake has caught on at Eauripik, even among the women: several whom we'd passed on our way to the boat called us back to shake hands, which was a good way to leave on Christmas.

Not to do wrong

There were other islands: sleepy Elato, and Fais, a high beautiful place, lush on the outside and pitted from phosphate mining at its center, with the macabre silhouette of cranes, pipes, tumblers, visible from the sea and a bit of the old narrow-gauge railway still used to trundle copra down to shore. There was a long wait at Woleai and return to Ulithi: it was almost 1969 when the **Palau Islander** saw Yap again. There were numerous walks I didn't have time to take, conversations which escaped because of the language and time that were lacking. I saw these islands as a visitor and that was how they saw me. I was at a disadvantage: I was not a local Peace Corps Volunteer, I was not an anthropologist, I was not a Micronesian. But as an outsider, homeward bound, I could hope the islanders' evident leisure and grace and decency might pull through the century, that their deep daily contact with the past might not be overwhelmed by the gimmicks and gadgets they are alreeady beginning to marvel at: walkie-talkies, polaroid cameras, canned meat.

Today all that holds them to the twentieth century is a fairly good-natured foreign administration and a rather marginal copra trade. The former will some day change and it is hard to believe that the latter will continue indefinitely. And then it would be hard to say what will happen. Nothing perhaps. And these days, nothing is often better than something. So, perhaps they will not be totally destroyed, only because it is no-one's profit to do so.

The flight home was routine and the stop at Guam, the island which is not afraid of its own shadow, took no more than twenty minutes. No time for pizza or a night of television or even a long rude stare at the girl working the Town House's popcorn machine. And, thinking of the Outer Islands as they are today, it occurred to me that America's opportunity to do right in the Trust Territory is immense, but if it should be impossible to do right, there exists another possibility almost as great: not to do wrong.

E2. Captain Willie's world, by Bob McAndrews

Captain James Wilson put the outer islands on the map. The captain of the Yap Islander keeps them there.

It sneaks out of Yap's coral obstacle course in the beginning darkness of night under the careful guidance of an irresistible character—.Captain Willie. Only he could guide the **Yap Islander** through the tricky channel without full daylight. More about Captain Willie as our saga unravels.

Off to one more of numerous long field trips to the outer isalnds in Yap District, the **Yap Islander** chugs along at less than an average 10 knots. Ship life begins to settle down for the evening once the immediate danger of the channel maneuvering has been mastered. Bargaining for berths and cabins begins, though a passenger and cabin list has been posted in the closet-size dining room.

As per notice, I promptly placed my belongings in Cabin #3; a cabin with but two berths. Father [William] Walter, Catholic priest for Yap's Outer Islands, and I were to stay together in Cabin #3. The evening's dinner of corned beef and bread finished, I returned to Cabin #3 for a can of root beer. The first of a series of farcical incidents began when I realized all my belongings had been moved to another cabin or cabins. "Pay it no mind," said I, and returned top deck to experience the night air, sea, and motion of the **Yap Islander**. At 10:30 p.m. I retired once again to Cabin #3 for my first evening's sleep and found a male passenger in my bed with a young lady returning to her island home. In place of Father Walter on the top bunk were bags, suitcases, and clothing: enough to fill the entire bed, leaving no alternative to an unsuspecting intruder but to let lovers lie.

I shrugged my shoulders and found another cabin where Father Walter had already gone fast asleep.

The next morning I found my belongings scattered among several lockers in all the other cabins. How long had someone planned this well-executed escapade?

Not long after the first morning's breakfast of eggs, ham, and bread at the "Captain's Table", no larger than a large night stand, I wandered up to the cap'n's bridge to have a chat. No time to speak before he muttered in his inimitable gruff voice, "We're going to have a fire drill." Reverently I slipped back down to join the other passengers. Where were the others mulling?—that must be where we're to prepare for the big event. There next to the engine room where I saw piles of rumpled, faded orange life jackets. Other passengers had begun the life jacket preparation without instruction—so I grabbed one of the musty orange jackets and began to unravel it, continually looking about for some assistance. Twenty of us crowded together adjusting belts of life jackets. Now what? No-one seemed to know what was expected of them. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and informed me that my life jacket was on upside down. I shrugged my shoulders, but left it upside down.

Then before our very eyes, the crew appeared with what might have passed some years ago for a water hose. A few hundred feet of perforated canvas with deep fissures

every few feet was unraveled under the careful guidance of at least ten members of the crew. Every other one of the countless perforations was carefully bandaged with a strip of cloth. We, the passengers, braced ourselves for the imminent event. The crew braced themselves, under a flow of several languages, while one crew member proceeded to open the water valve. Then strong, they poised with this musty, heavily-creased, dead snake, awaiting the force of its spit. We all heard the valve open and heard the sound of flowing water but none felt the impact of an expected gush. A thousand spurts of water from the many perforations showered us. All eyes moved in the direction of the snake's head. And there before passengers and crew, it dribbled. Tiny spurts of water trickled out from the hose's nozzle.

(It's true that this is a test and there is really no fire; isn't it?" I said to a fellow passenger, never taking my eyes off the forceless fire hose. "But you should be thankful you've experienced one of two fire drills in the three-year stint of the **Yap Islander**'s service to the outer islands," advised a well-seasoned passenger. (However, I later learned that boat drills were held periodically.)

Ham and eggs for breakfast this morning—a fine fare. A few passengers indicated to me that life was never as pleasant as now on the **Yap Islander**. A recent limitation on the number of passengers has actually left some sleeping space on deck: eggs were actually served for breakfast; a clean sheet and pillow case were actually issued for each bunk; and a passing attempt was actually made to rid cabins and dining room of cockroaches. We were, indeed, experiencing special services and I tried to express my gratitude to Captain Willie.

A Gilbertese by birth, Captain Willie has served as the **Yap Islander**'s guiding light since its maiden voyage in 1965. He knows when it has a belly ache and feels the rate of its heart beat. The **Yap Islander**, for better or worse, has been Captain Willie's home for three years.

It can be taken on the best authority that Captain Willie runs a tight ship in a sober manner. His eyes are bloodshot from lack of sleep and his voice hoarse from the impact of weather changes.

Late the second evening out, Captain Willie and I had a chat about the Gilbert Islands; the British way of life; astrology; the Vietnam war; race relations; and the Peace Corps.

We stood together on the captain's bridge facing the bow and the vast ocean of water and stars before us, while the good Captain issued forth a blunt gruff spurt of a question. His curiosity overwhelmed me.

These talks with Captain Willie continued throughout the trip; we were joined several times by the Field Trip Officer, Petrus, a recent graduate of the Outer Islands High School on Ulithi.

One night our discussion centered on race relations. I mentioned the separation between people based on their skin color which was most obvious in South Africa and America. We then talked of the prejudice experienced in Yap District, but not based on color. Captain Willie was reminded of a phrase which he caustically suggested as a

summary of our conversation: "If you're black, stay back; if you're brown, stick around; if you're white it's alright."

Somehow, the many nuances of his simple phrase were deluged with laughter from the three of us.

It must have been the fourth day at sea, for surely it was just after eggs and fresh water ran out—that our "crazy man" in residence made his suitable case for treatment known to passengers and crew alike.

One of the passengers was apparently seeing things on the ship. He was muttering the names of spirits he saw in various obscure places such as the engine room, light bulbs, and water pipes.

Most passengers and crew ignored his peculiar activities and mutterings at first, but after a while a few of us began "seeing things" as well.

None of us knew what was troubling our "crazy man" but we began to suspect that his affliction needed special attention—particularly when he threatened to jump overboard while the ship was in motion.

This new problem caused no end of worry on Captain Willie's part, as we had no official physician on board. "And we've got no 'crazy man' medicine on board," Captain Willie kept saying. No-one had quite diagnosed our problem yet, and wild theories were passing among passengers and crew.

Catatonic? Hebephrenic? Manic depressive?

A three-man all-night watch was stationed outside Cabin #3 where we put our patient. Those in the first shift sat like three little Indians, legs crossed, in the narrow passageway, on the floor in front of Cabin #3's door.

Our patient was said to have slept but a few hours that night.

Early the next morning, as commercial goods were being off-loaded from the ship's hold to service one of the outer islands, two bottles of Hawaiian Punch fell through the vast holes in the cargo net and smashed upon a wooden casket containing a body. The sweet red syrup stained the casket, and it looked as if blood were seeping out of the coffin. If delusions and illusions were ever in order, our man now had new stimulation. Spirits with names—and designs for all of us—were everywhere.

The day was filled with frantic "man overboard!" rescues as our problem took periodic plunges. Fortunately the **Yap Islander** was not sailing.

Much sleep was lost in worry over our special problem. Should we continue through the field trip and tie him down? Should we leave him on Woleai and pick up on our way back to Yap? Perhaps we should return immediately to Yap so as not to take unnecessary chances. All of these possibilities went through the captain's mind.

Several passengers were discussing the relative alcoholic intake of our problem prior to the **Yap Islander**'s departure from Yap. From all accounts it seemed we were witnessing, along with other things, a severe form of the DT's.

As soon as the captain had decided to complete the scheduled field trip, our problem paassenger retreated into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, only to awaken fully healed some 40 hours later. So we didn't need "crazy man" medicine after all.

Captain Willie revived himself from tension the next day by casually guiding the **Yap Islander** straight towards the beach of the small islands of Elato, near Lamotrek.

"Does he think this is a motor boat?" I asked someone. "Watch closely now," I was told. What a sight! The bow of the **Yap Islsnder** resting on the sandy beach, the boatswain tossing a rope to one of the island men, and he in turn tying the rope around a coconut tree. Just like tying your horse to the hitching post. But the performance was not yet finished. Captain Willie was not quite satisfied with his parking job—a bit too far from the curb. So he brought the stern of the ship around and parallel to the beach. He had parallel-parked the **Yap Islander** flush on the shore of Elato.

While passengers swam and partook of the food offered by Elato's people the crew painted our floating abode. Sea-sick shades of green and yellow were rolled on. Palauan, Yapese, and Outer Island crew members interspersed work with play as they dove and shoved each other into the ocean from their painting posts.

The remainder of our "pleasure cruise" on the **Yap Islander** was relatively uneventful though my talks on the bridge with Captain Willie continued until we approached the Yap coral channel. His attention was then fully taken with guiding his ship. "Easy left", "Easy right". Catain Willie's fricative phrases spurted out to the first mate.

For all its fabled hardship, a trip on the **Yap Islander** proved endurable yet creature comforts seemed oddly insignificant in the face of spice, character, and unpredictability of it all.

Document 1972B

Ebeye-Kwajalein Report, by Jack Tobin

Source: Trust Territory Archives, File CELO 2-6.

Covering letter, dated 19 July 1972

Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—Office of the District Administrator Marshalls

7/19/72

To: District Administrator Representative, Kwajalein

Thru: District Administrator, Marshalls

From: Community Development Advisor, Marshalls

Subject: **Ebeye-Kwajalein Report**

The above committee asked the Distad Marshalls "to prepare a report indicating the nature and severity of the existing problems on Ebeye, projected problems that are anticipated through 1978, and possible alternative solutions to these problems."

In response to your request to Distad Marshalls I made a survey of the Ebeye situation in order to furnish your office with the information requested by the Congress of Micronesia Committee.

The period 6/29/72-7/14/72 was spent on Kwajalein and Ebeye. A large number of individuals, both American and Marshallese were interviewed informally and pertinent information was obtained. A short trip was made to Ebadon Island with you to ascertain the situation there.

I have also drawn upon my past experiences and observations of the Ebeye-Kwajalein situation in order to evaluate and analze the current situation.

Your cooperation and assistance to me while I was on Kwajalein are greatly appreciated.

Jack A. Tobin

...

Ebeye Report—July 1972

This report was made at the request of the Joint Committee on Program and Budget Planning of the Congress of Micronesia, March 1972.

During a trip to the Marshall Islands District to study the problems of the Bikini Rehabilitation Program, the Committee learned of serious social, health and sanitation problems which exist on Ebeye Island in the Kwajalein Atoll. The Committee asked the District Administrator, Marshall Islands District, to prepare a report indicating the nature and severity of the existing problems on Ebeye, projected problems that are anticipated through 1978, and possible alternative solutions to these problems. The Committee recommended that the report be submitted prior to the hearings on the FY 1974 budget.

Background—The location.

Ebeye Island is one of the approximately 97 islands and islets of Kwajalein Atoll. Kwajalein (Kuajlen) is located in the north central Marshalls, in the Ralik Chain of the archipelago. It is the largest atoll in the world with a lagoon area of about 900 square miles. The land area however is only approximately 6.5 square miles. Ebeye is located on the southeastern sector of the atoll, only two miles from the main island of Kwajalein. Kwajalein Atoll is 235 miles northwest of the district center at Majuro.

History of Ebeye Village.

In early 1944, after the U.S. armed forces had captured Kwajalein Atoll from the Japanese forces who were strongly entrenched there, a tremendous task of clearing off the battle-ravaged and bomb-scarred main island of Kwajalein to make it useable for American millitary operations faced the victors. A huge labor force was needed to accomplish this herculean task. Several hundred Marshallese and Ponapeans were recruited and the work of reconstructing airstrips and building aircraft hangars, warehouses, repair shops, barracks and other military facilities proceeded as the debris of battle was disposed of.

Housing and messing facilities were of course necessary, and a workers' camp was set up on Kwajalein Island itself. After the initial phase of rehabilitation, wives, children, and other dependents joined their menfolk on Kwajalein. The Ponapean laborers were sent home, and a Marshallese community, albeit atypical and in an alien setting, came into being. This community was known as the Kwajalein Labor Camp.

Relocation of the Kwajalein Labor Camp.

The Kwajalein Labor Camp population had swollen to 559 people by January 1950 and presented a squalid, shabby town appearance, contrasting sharply with the spic-and-span buildings of the adjacent military establishment. It was decided at this time to relocate the Labor Camp on Ebeye Island, close to Kwajalein, and orders to that effect were promulgated. The new camp was planned to accommodate 370 people. The new camp was completed and most of the inhabitants of the Kwajalein Labor Camp were moved to the new location on Ebeye in January of 1961. The Kwajalein Labor Camp was then torn down.

History of Ebeye Island.

Ebeye Island (U.S. Navy orthography), known as Ebeje to the Marshallese, was occupied in 1940 by Japanese forces who constructed a seaplane ramp and other military installations. No compensation was made to the owners of Ebeye for land used and occupied. The U.S. Navy later utilized Ebeye, and a Coast Guard Loran station was established on the southern end of the island. The station is still in commission and a small Coast Guard unit is stationed there.

The Marshallese land owners were not compensated for use of their land until after final negotiations and agreement were completed in 1964. They are not satisfied with the amount received, currently $8.50 per acre per month. In fact, one *alab* or one of the lineage heads has refused to accept any of the money tendered by the government because he feels it is insufficient.

The Ebeye "problem" had its origin in the Labor Camp on Kwajalein and became exacerbated when the camp was moved too Ebeye Island. The conditions of overcrowding and overpopulaion increased tremendously and rapidly in the new location. The Navy had constructed 75 simple frame dwelling houses, cook-houses, bath-houses and *benjos.*[1] These were soon hemmed in by additional buildings constructed by the Marshallese themselves. Additional structures made of scrap wood and salvage sheet metal, most of which were nothing but "shanties" barely providing adequate shelter from the elements, were later erected as more people moved to Ebeye.

A census made by the Marshalls District Anthropologist in February 1954, a little over four years after the move to Ebeye, revealed a population of 581 only 226 of whom were employed on the naval base on Kwajalein.

The primary problem then, as now, was that of overpopulation. Ebeye is less than one-quarter of a square mile in extent. Only a little over 64 acres available for housing and other community functions. The current population is over 5,500. This is obviously a considerable increase from the 1964 population of less than one thousand. About 690 people are now employed on Kwajalein...

There are 135 Micronesian employees of the Trust Territory on Ebeye. The Ebeye population fluctuates during the year as Ebeye is an important economic and social center. The huge missile base on Kwajalein (KMR)[2] attracts job seekers from all over the Marshalls, and from other districts as well.

Most of the permanent residents, and relatives and friends who visit them, are housed in 77 fairly new American-style multi-family units which were constructed by the military about five years ago. The design of these units leaves much to be desired in terms of Marshallese living, and adaptation to the island environment. However, they are a great improvement over the old housing. Unfortunately, utilization of the limited land area was not maximized in the siting of these buildings.

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1 Ed. note: The Japanese word *benjo* means 'toilet' or 'latrine'.

2 Ed. note: Kwajalein Missile Range.

These "one-family units" are crowded with 15-20 people on the average, according to Dr. Tregar Ishoda. Although designed for nuclear families after the American pattern they are occupied by extended families after the Micronesian pattern. In a number of cases more than one family occupy a unit. Overcrowding is the rule with concomitant health and sanitation problems.

The rest of the Ebeye people live in what remains of the original housing which is in very poor condition, and in the houses which individuals have built over the years. Some of the latter are in good condition but most of them are not.

A number of retail stores, two restaurants, and three bars provide services to the population. A Protestant, and a Catholic church and Seventh-Day Adventist, and Assembly of God, and Jehovah Witness missions handle their spiritual needs.

Ebeye today is an overcrowded and unattractive place. It is essentially a huge labor camp, an adjunct to the Kwajalein Missile Range.

The Basic Problem as has been indicated, is overpopulation. There are just too many people for the small land area and the facilities available to handle their needs. The major problems of Ebeye stem from this fact. With a ratio of six live births to one death and with a continual influx of people, the implications for the future are obvious.

Perhaps 75% of the people on Ebeye are from other atolls in the Marshalls. Included are people from other districts, mainly Kusaians. A significant number of Americans employed on Kwajalein and Ebeye live on Ebeye with their Marshallese wives. Most of the Kwajalein Atoll people live on Ebeye although other land, mostly in the northern part of the atoll is available to them. A certain amount of friction exists between the Kwajalein Atoll people and the "outsiders." This has created socio- political problems.

There are a number of reasons for people moving to Ebeye. Those who work on Kwajalein, and Ebeye, prefer this to making a living from copra production and subsistence farming. Some of them work to make money for school expenses for their children who are attending school on Majuro or on Ponape, Palau, Guam, Hawaii or on the mainland U.S. Others work to accumulate capital to establish businesses on their own home atolls or to build homes there. Other reasons to come to Ebeye and to remain there include the lure of bright lights, excitement, recreation, seeing new faces; being able to patronize bars. People come to the tiny overcrowded island to be with their children attending school on Ebeye, a better school, they believe, tthan those on the outer islands. They also are there to receive medical treatment which is superior to that available on the home island, and to be with their sick relatives. Access to a usually reliable supply of imported foods and other consumer goods is another attraction.

People also take advantage of Marshallese customs of familial obligation and hospitality and live off their relatives who are employed on Kwajalein or Ebeye. This, of course, works a serious hardship on those employed and creates pressure on the existing housing. Overcrowded conditions become much worse.

Economic factors weigh heavily in this situation. Employees of KMR and ofprivate American individuals on Kwajalein are paid U.S. minimum wages. Ebeye has the high-

est per capita income of any community in the Trust Territory. The total gross income from all sources (wages) for Micronesians on Kwajalein Atoll is over three million dollars per year.

Ebeye is another example, indeed a prime example, of the process of urbanization that has been happening all over the world. The port towns and administrative centers in Micronesia and in other parts of the Pacific are also undergoing rapid change. Overpopulation and concomitant problems which exist on Ebeye are found in these places as well. Ebeye is highly concentrated and highly visible and is perhaps the area of the most intense culture change and acculturation in all of Micronesia. The life style, actions, and attitudes of the residents of Ebeye reflect this.

It should be emphasized that there are no "solutions" to the problem of Ebeye. As long as the United States maintains a military installation on Kwajalein there will be an Ebeye problem. People will continue to move to Ebeye and to proliferate there. They will continue to be reluctant to return to life on the outer islands and atolls. If, and when the United States closes down KMR the population of Ebeye will return from whence they came and the problems of Ebeye will become very minor ones.

There are, however, possible ways to ameliorate or to alleviate the situation and problems of Ebeye. The Administration has addressed itself to some of these problems, and conditions should iimprove in these areas in the near future. Salient problems and action that is being taken, or can be taken to alleviate them are as follows:

Public Health and Sanitation—Hospital.

The hospital on Ebeye is a disgrace. The barn-like wooden building has deteriorated and is overcrowded and inadequate for the needs of the large Ebeye population. It is, in a word, a mess. This is no reflection on the staff. It has been worse in the past, in fact. Ebeye Hospital, if one can dignify it by this term, is in sharp contrast to the modern, well-equipped hospital on Kwajalein which serves the Americans attached to KMR. A new hospital is under construction. The steel framework is up. However, Dr. Tregar states that it is not adequate. He claims that a larger bed hospital is needed. If this is indeed the case, perhaps more monies could be appropriated for expansion.

Sewage Disposal.

A sewage treatment and disposal plant is badly needed. Extensions are needed on the sewage effluent outfalls to eliminate contamination to beach and lagoon. The outfalls should extend far enough out so that tide and currents will sweep the materials away. A new sewage treatment plant is planned for Ebeye. It will be located on the northern tip of the island. This should greatly improve the problems of environmental health and sanitation on Ebeye.

Garbage disposal is another problem to which the Administration has addressed itself. Improvements in this area will also improve the public health situation.

Toilet Facilities.

The toilet facilities on Ebeye are very inadequate. Benjos are still being built. They are found all over the island and foul odors are emitted from them. When the wind is blowing from the direction of the benjos, the odor is sometimes overpowering. The plan is to eliminate all benjos eventually and replace them with flush toilets, with which the government housing units are equipped.

Funds have been allocated from the Kwajalein Atoll Development Fund to construct a large number of flush toilets on Ebeye. The Nitijela has allocated $10,000 for sanitary facilitties on the island as well.

Water Supply.

The supply of potable water has been a problem in the past, especially during the months when rainfall is scanty. The water supply system is a vast improvement over that of a few years ago. However, it is still necessary to barge water in from Kwajalein Island during times of shortage. The problem will, of course, intensify as the population increases on Ebeye. Additional water catchment and storage units will be necessary.

Construction of additional fresh water storage units is projected for and a fresh water distillation plant is projected for FY 1978.

Educational Facilities.

As of June 30, 1972, there were 1,066 students in the elementary school on Ebeye. The ages range from six to sixteen. There were also 206 children in the kindergarten. (The enrollment in the school operated by the Protestant Church was 190.) District Director of Education Kinja Andrike stated that the school needed to handle the increased number of school-age children.

Eight additional class-rooms are budgeted for Ebeye for FY 1972. A one-classroom building was funded in FY 71 for Ebadon Island, in the northwest part of the atoll, as was one for Enebuoj Island (Carlson) across the lagoon from Ebeye. Salaries for teachers needed to man these classrooms and new schools will be made available as well.

Recreation Facilities.

There is a definite need for wholesome recreation for the young people of Ebeye who make up a very large percentage of the population. An interesting and wholesome alternative to drinking, sitting around and boredom is needed. While the recreation program on Kwajalein in which more of the older males participate takes care of part of this need, the small children and other youths and young girls have no recreation except that provided on Ebeye.

The on-going program on Ebeye was funded by a Grant-in-Aid a few years ago. An athletic field with facilities has been constructed and is being improved. Basketball and volleyball leagues have been created and the program continues. A Peace Corps Volunteer has been the leading force in the program. We must have a paid Micronesian

Recreation Director in order to have continuity in the needed program. An adequate operating budget is also needed to purchase supplies, equipment, and other necessities.

Juvenile delinquency has reportedly declined markedly since the recreation program has been in operation. We want this positive trend to continue in the future.

We are in the process of recruiting a Marshallese to run this program. The position is funded by the Community Development Office, However, additional funds are needed for operation of the program in the future.

A community center was created through a Grant-in-Aid several years ago. It was well planned and well executed. However, after it was turned over to the control of the Ebeye Council it rapidly deteriorated. Many of its activities ceased. These included a youth center with a young people's canteen. This center can be revived and expanded under the leadership of the recreation director and with adequate funding. This will also serve an important need in the community, especially among the young people.

Other Islands in the Kwajalein Atoll.

As stated previously, there are other islands in the Kwajalein Atoll on which Kwajalein people now on Ebeye can live. This would alleviate the population pressure to ssome extent, providing they would move there. These islands, chiefly in the northern sector of the atoll are sparsely populated, if at all.

A number of the larger islands such as Kwajalein, Roi-Namur (Ruot-Nimur), Meik, Koñijikeñen, Bikej, Lojeiañ, and Enelapkan are being used by KMR. A large sector of the atoll, known as the Mid-Corridor, has been restricted against Marshallese habitation. People cannot live on the islands of this sector permanently because they are in the path of incoming missiles during test operations. However, the islands that are available for permanent habitations are considerable.

The largest of these is Ebadon in the northwest of the atoll about 80 miles from Ebeye. The island has an area of 0.52 squre mile or 332.8 acres. The area, including the adjacent islands, is 0.75 square mile. This is about three times the size of Ebeye. The total land available in the northern part of thee atoll is 1.75 square miles or 1,120 acres. Ebadon is a very fertile island with an abundant supply of breadfruit, coconut, and pandanus as well as banana, arrowroot, and taro plants. The surrounding reef complex teems with marine life. The permanent population is only ten people. The island could obviously support a great many more than this. This is true for the other isalnds in this area as well.

A school and dispensary arc planned for Ebadon. It is hoped that the provision of these essential services will induce people to move back to the arca. This will be of some help in alleviating the population problem on Ebeye.

The only island in the atoll outside of Ebeye with a sizeable Marshallese population is Eneidr in the northeast part of the atoll across the lagoon from Ebadon. There are 190 Marshallese there now. They are employees of the adjacent military installation on Roi-Namur (Ruot-Nimur) and their families. Theirs is a viable, well integrated com-

munity and is not overcrowded. However, the population is on the increase and may present a problem in the future.

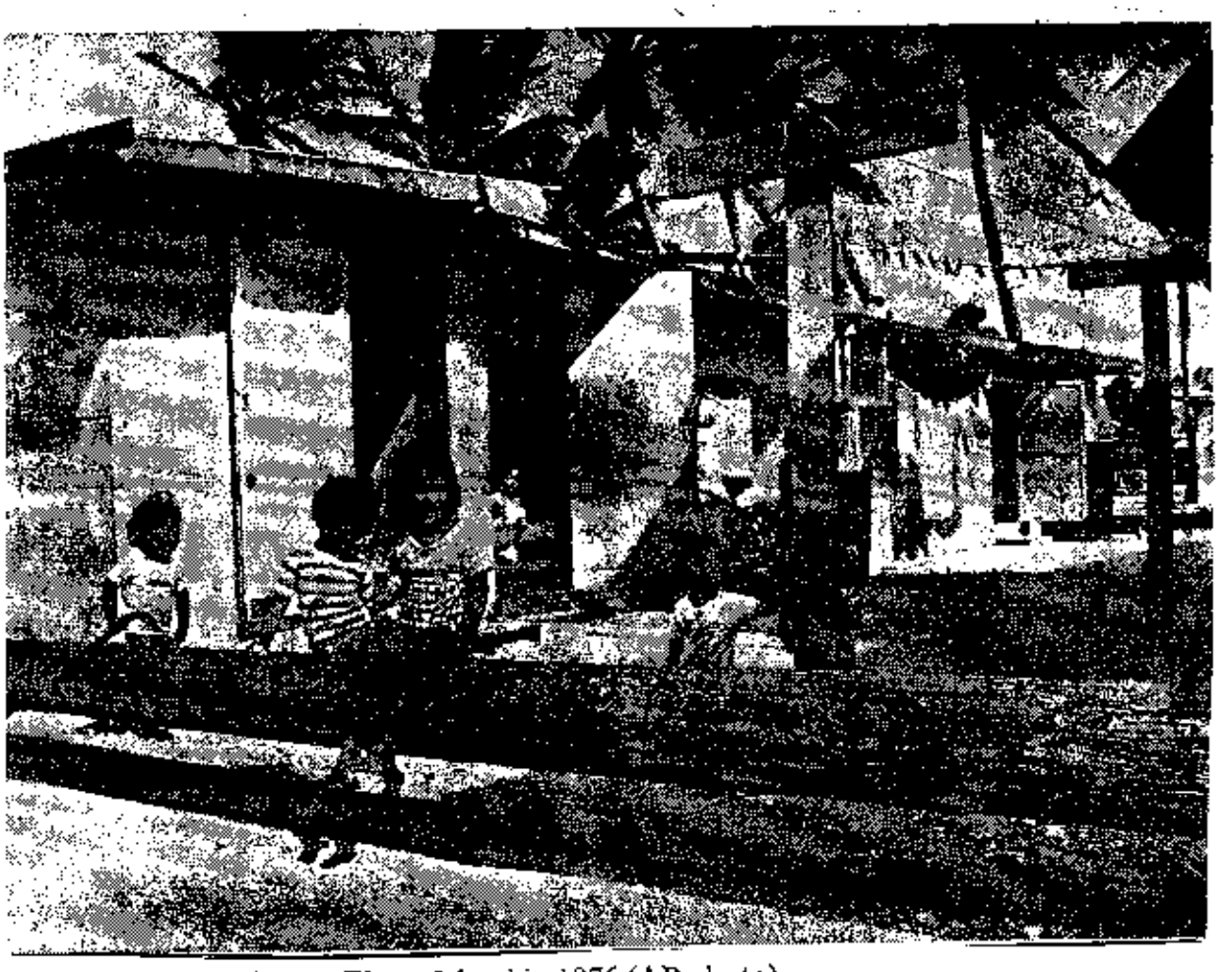
Conclusion.

To recapitulate, there is no "solution" to the Ebeye problem, only alleviation. The only possible solution, and one which will not happen in the foreseeable future, is to close down Kwajalein Missile Range. Then the surplus population would be forced to return to their home atollls and islands. There would be nothing for them to do on Ebeye and elsewhere where military operations exist. The Kwajalein Atoll people could live quite comfortably with the reduced population that would result. This would be chaotic at first but would eventually settle down. The move would be traumatic but the Marshallese are a very adaptable and resilient people and would be able to adjust to the new situation.

Another means to control the population, not discussed earlier because it does not seem feasible is that of strict immigration control. That is, to strictly enforce the existing immigration laws. This, to my knowledge, has never been done. Perhaps it cannot be done by local law enforcement personnel beacuse of kinship ties that exist in the Marshalls. It would, admittedly be a formidable task. Perhaps impossible without the use of a military-type organization to enforce it. Even then it would be difficult and would create serious problems. The question also arises whether this is not counter to the Bill of Rights' guarantee of freedom of movement. Could sanitary and public health conditions justify this strict measure? Can immigration be controlled for any appreciable and meaningful length of time for these reasons?

I believe that no matter how many houses are built to relieve the population pressure and the overcrowding, people will crowd into Ebeye as they are crowding into urban centers throughout the world, and for much the same reasons. Ebeye is not an isolated case. There are many "Ebeyes" in this world.

Jack A. Tobin
7/19/72



Children at play on Ebeye Island in 1976 (AP photo).

Document 1972C

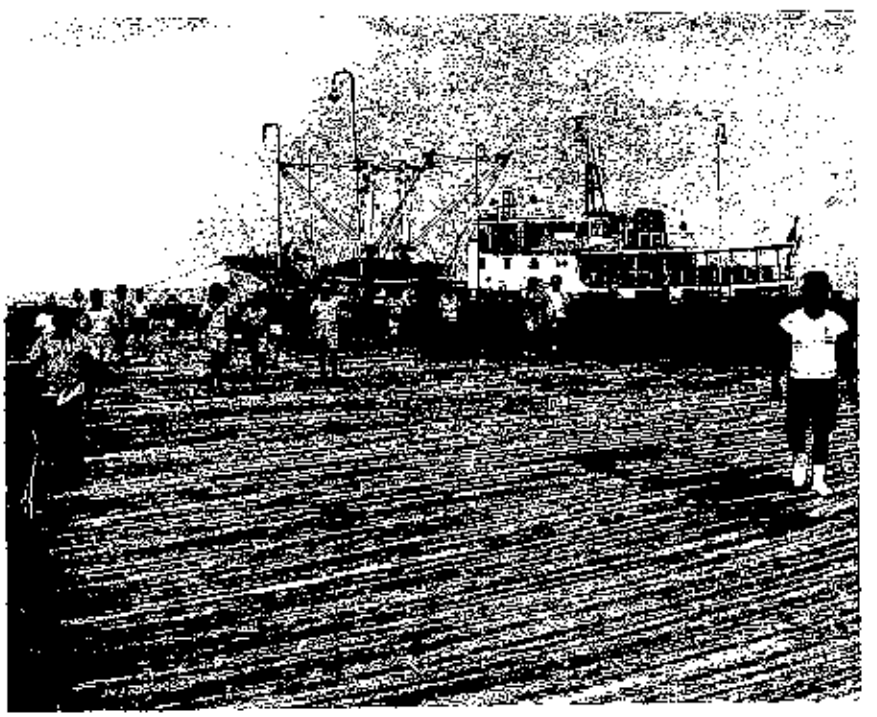
Return to Eniwetok, by Jon A. Anderson

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, 3rd quarter 1972.

[Attached]

Return to Eniwetok

Impressions by Jon A. Anderson

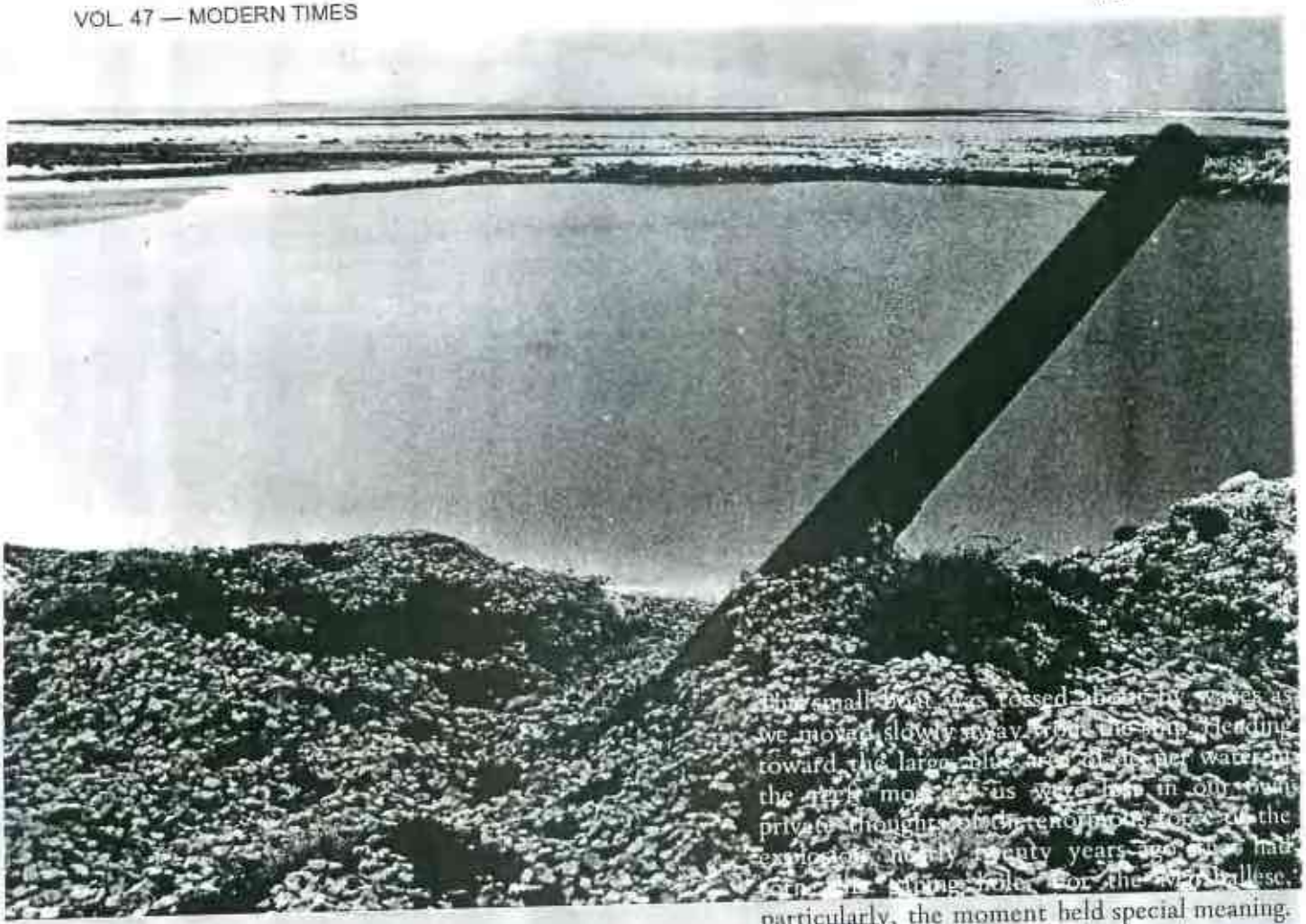




Above, going ashore at Parry from the Militobi. At right, liaison between the people and the administration, Deputy High Commissioner Peter T. Coleman.

The return to Eniwetok was perhaps not as dramatic as the Return to Bikini. The second time around for anything is never quite as significant. But in May of this year, when seven leaders of the displaced peoples of Eniwetok returned from Ujelang to set foot on the islands of their atoll for the first time after more than 25 years of exile, there was a drama, a certain poignancy that displayed itself in their reactions to the event. They were happy, yet also sad at seeing what had been done to their islands; pleased at the opportunity to return, yet unhappy in the knowledge that it will be many months before they and their people can return to stay.

Much work must be done before that can happen. The purpose of this survey trip was to begin making plans for the "rehabilitation," that ostentatious word we apply to the effort to restore a ravaged landscape to something like its former state or make it better if we can. By the end of 1973, the U.S. will be finished with Eniwetok, and will be ready to cast her off, another relic of the Atomic Age. In reality, the U.S. was finished with Eniwetok years ago. The atoll has been virtually deserted for years. But one last testing program is taking place now. When it is completed the military "need" for the atoll will be ended. The need of the Eniwetokese for their atoll, undiminished despite years of enforced absence, can then again be fulfilled.



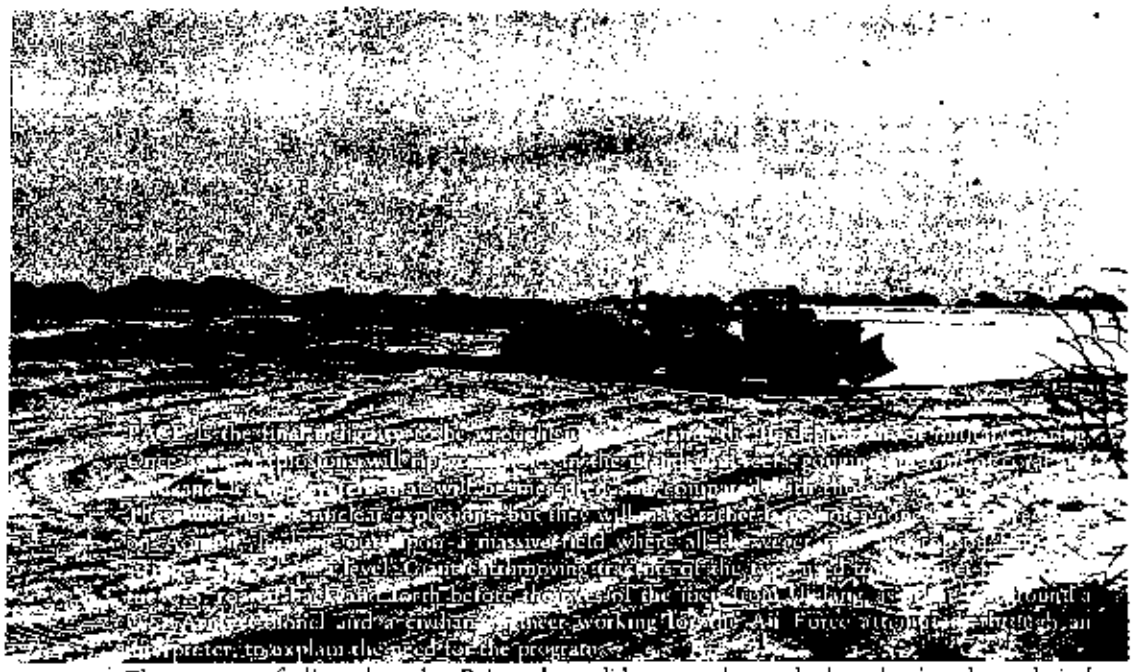
[illegible] small boat [illegible] tossed about in the water as we moved slowly away from the atoll. Heading toward the large blue area of the open water, the men [illegible] us were lost in [illegible] private thoughts and memories [illegible] the explosion nearly twenty years ago [illegible] particularly, the moment held special meaning. Although they had seen the massive craters from the air, they had insisted on being taken directly over them on the surface of the water. Only in this way could the reality of their loss register completely. Here, in the reef at Eniwetok, two small islands that had once been part of the heritage and legacy of these people were gone—disintegrated entirely into a huge, mushroom cloud that in 1954 marked man's first explosion of a hydrogen device.

Land is important to the Micronesian, probably more important than any American can comprehend. And certainly in the Marshalls, where land is so scarce, this importance is the more profound. The loss of two islands, and part of a third, cannot be explained or compensated for. It must simply be endured, and the expressions on the faces of the people from Ujelang showed the pain of that endurance.

Never mind that the islands had never been inhabited, or that they supplied only a small amount of food. They were pieces of land, and land, any land, is precious.



Top, at Ground Zero, a nearly perfect circle where a bomb exploded, and a pipe that once ran to the test device now protrudes, the rest of it disintegrated. Above, over the exact spot where Elugelab once stood—Mike Crater. Ishmael John and, left, Col. Lou Circeo.



There was a feeling that the Eniwetokese did not understand—that despite the technical explanation, the more lasting impression on them was being made by the tractors, as they chewed away at the island. It was left to the legal assistance attorneys to ask the questions, and they did. The Eniwetokese have legal representation now, and that is probably good. No one can deal with the U.S. without an attorney to represent him nowadays—not even an American. But the lawyers will be a thorn in the sides of those responsible for the PACE project, and there will undoubtedly be delays as a result.

On the beaches of Eniwetok, debris of the Atomic Age. At right, Tod Mitchell, Director of Micronesian Legal Services, providing legal counsel to the people of the Atoll.





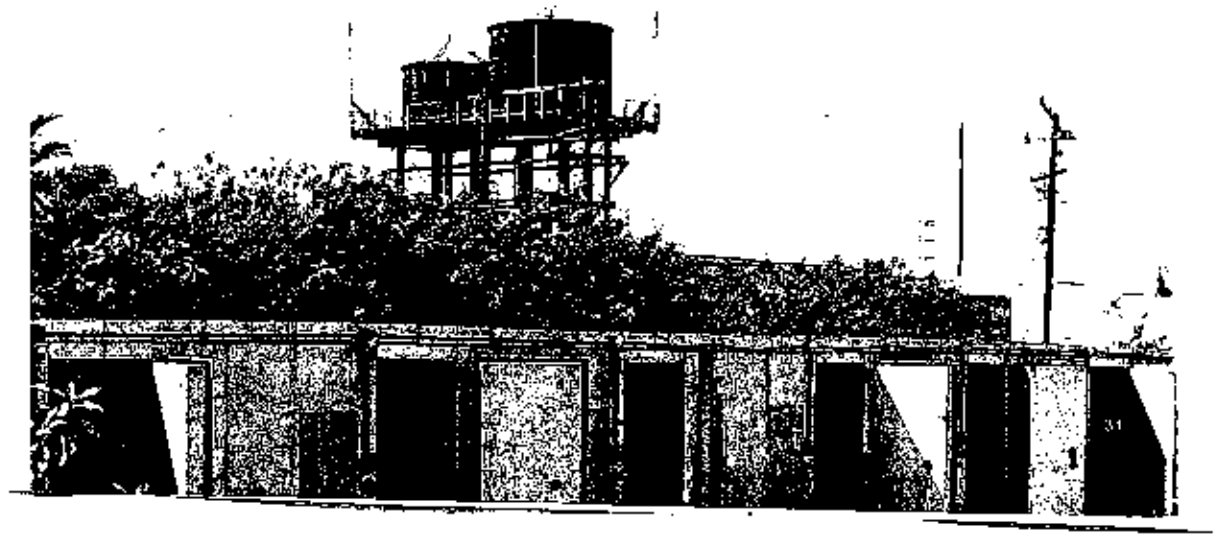


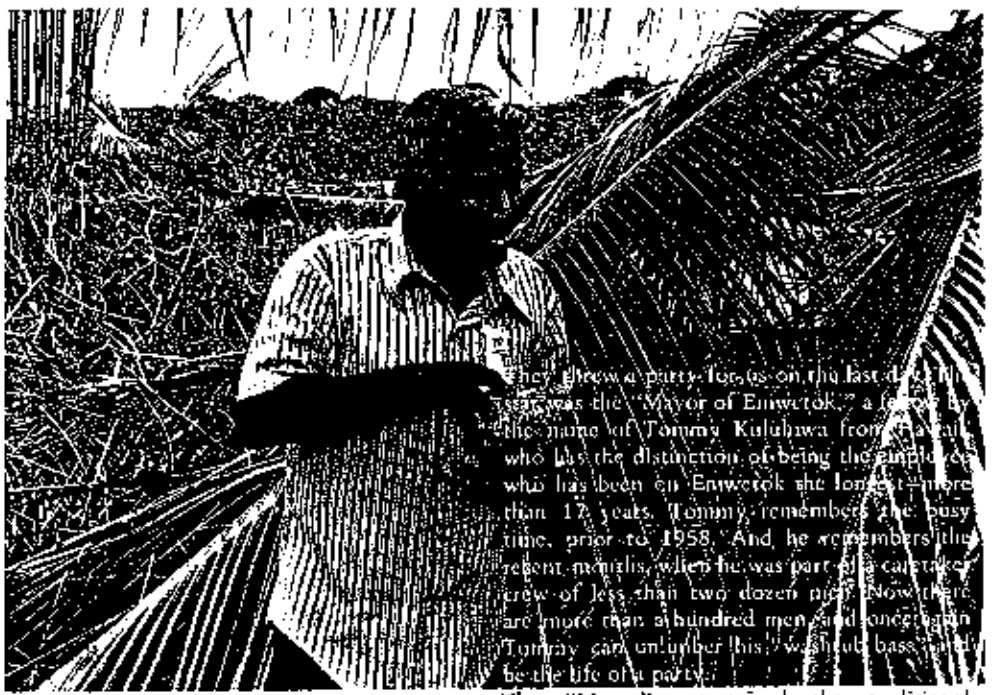


"They used to serve the best meals in the Pacific here," said Maynard Neas as we strolled through a shell of a building that was once the mess hall. Neas was DistAd Marshalls then, and he was a visitor to Eniwetok during the nuclear testing period. He remembered, as we walked around Parry Island.

Thousands of men used to be stationed on Parry. Their buildings, their equipment, the dormitories where they slept, the bathrooms where they washed, even the chapel where they worshipped are all still there, as though waiting for the return of the men. But no one has lived on Parry since 1958. It is a ghost town. In one building we found some huge electrical transformers, still in their shipping crates, unused but stenciled "abandoned." A trailer-mounted pump of some sort was the solitary object in another big building. In a third, hundreds of bags of cement were stacked up, the entire mass congealed into a solid rock. The value of the equipment and supplies abandoned staggers the imagination.

Parry will have to be rehabilitated. It is overgrown mostly with scrub brush. The stands of coconuts that once grew there are gone, with only the few trees that were planted for ornamental purposes remaining. Acres of concrete cover the ground, and hundreds of buildings, large and small, occupy valuable agricultural space. The Eniwetokese were bewildered as they hiked over the island. Their familiar landmarks were gone. The island had been transformed into a strange place. Only the fish in the shallow reef waters were familiar, offering the promise that things may someday be as they were before.





Troil Lorensi samples an Eniwetok coconut, for the first time in more than 26 years.

They threw a party for us on the last day. The host was the "Mayor of Eniwetok," a fellow by the name of Tommy Kululiwa from Hawaii who has the distinction of being the employee who has been on Eniwetok the longest—more than 12 years. Tommy remembers the busy time, prior to 1958. And he remembers the recent months, when he was part of a caretaker crew of less than two dozen men. Now there are more than a hundred men, and once again Tommy can unlimber his well-built bass and be the life of the party.

The "Mayor" entertained the traditional leaders of Eniwetok, at a Hawaiian-style luau. Then the Marshallese, from Ujelang and from the crew of the *M/V Militobi*, entertained the rest of the group with songs and dances. Finally, the "visitors" from Ujelang departed, their boat carrying them into the darkness as the strangers who live on Eniwetok hollered their "Alohas" into the wind. It seemed backward, somehow. The people of Eniwetok were leaving, and this assorted group of friendly but largely out-of-place Americans was remaining.

The next day, we also departed Eniwetok to return to Majuro and Saipan. Our plane from Kwajalein flew along the reef, over the islands we had been on the previous three days, and we could see again the craters left by the bombs. Then, an hour or so later, we were on Kwajalein, and unlikely as it now may seem, there was the inescapable thought that Kwajalein may someday join Eniwetok and Bikini on the military's surplus list. Eniwetok, after all, looked fifteen years ago much like Kwajalein today. Probably no one thought then that Eniwetok was only temporary.

Document 1973B

Census of Micronesia for 1973

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter, 1st quarter 1974.
Note: Obviously, only part of Micronesia was included, that under the TTPI.

[Attached]

Counting Micronesia's Peoples-- From the Report on the 1973 Census

The first public release of population figures from the September 1973 Census of the Trust Territory came in February of this year as the culmination of about two years of work. The Census was the largest program of its kind ever undertaken in the Trust Territory. A supervisory staff and advisors hired, trained and deployed about 400 district counterparts and field enumerators. Ships were required to deliver enumerators to each of the Territory's 100 or so inhabited islands on precise schedules. Household questionnaires from more than 400 enumeration districts then flowed into Saipan where a corps of enthusiastic and efficient checkers and coders translated residents' responses into numbers, the language of the computers. The computers at the East West Center Population Institute ran out the tally sheets in great stacks in prescribed categories. Deadlines were met, and the results of the Census and the manner in which the program was conducted earned high praise from Trust Territory and East West Center officials alike.

One EWC spokeman, who worked with the Trust Territory figures, said: "The Census was so beautifully executed for computer analysis that we are still amazed that the tables were completed in such a short time. From these tables it is obvious that the census enumerators did an outstanding job in the field, and that the coders and checkers were able to withstand what is ordinarily a very tedious and boring job to give us data which were virtually error free. In fact, there were fewer than one percent errors in the total data set, which contained 138,000 cards. Not only is the percentage less than would normally be expected, it is also the lowest percentage of errors that we have ever seen for a census of this nature."

The figures themselves, some of which are listed in the tables below, show an average annual population increase of about 3.5 percent since the Peace Corps census of March 1967. If population growth were to continue at that rate, the population of the Trust Territory would reach about 200,000 in 1989 and 300,000 in the year 2001.

The official release from the Census office noted:

"One of the most significant results of the 1973 Census is the indication of a tremendous movement of population during recent years from the outer islands to the district centers.

"In spite of high birth rates in the outer islands of the Marshalls (for example), their combined population actually declined from 10,135 in 1967 to 9,266 in 1973. Between 1967 and 1973 the population of Majuro Atoll increased from 5,250 to 10,290. This is a growth rate of more than 10 percent per year. The population of Ebeye Island grew from 3,540 to 5,124 during this time period. Representing an inhabited land area of about 64 acres, the population density of Ebeye is the equivalent of ɔ1,240 persons per square mile."

Other district center population growth is charted below. Population tables which list resident populations for each island or municipality in the Trust Territory are available from the Public Information Division at Trust Territory Headquarters. In the next issue of the *Micronesian Reporter,* Statistician and Demographer Alan Kay explores some of the other areas covered in the 1973 Census.

ANNUAL GROWTH RATES 1967–1973 BY DISTRICT AND DISTRICT CENTER

District	Resident Populations (All Persons) 1967	1973	Annual Growth Rate (Percent)	District Centers	Resident Populations (All Persons) 1967	1973	Annual Growth Rate (Percent)
Marshalls	18,925	25,044	4.4	Majuro Atoll	5,250	10,290	10.9
Marianas	10,986	14,335	4.2	Moen	5,687	9,562	8.3
Ponape (incl. Kusaie)	18,304	23,251	3.8	Kolonia-Sokehs-Net (Ponape)	6,414	10,369	7.7
Kusaie	3,260	3,989	3.2	Koror	5,667	7,670	4.8
Truk	25,107	31,600	3.6	Ebeye	3,540	5,124	5.9
Yap	6,761	7,869	2.4	Saipan	9,035	12,384	5.0
Palau	11,365	12,674	1.7	Rull-Weloy (Yap)	1,741	2,482	5.6
TT Total	91,448	114,973*	3.6	District Center Total	37,334	57,881	7.0

*Includes 200 "residents" of ships

In 1967, District Center population was 41 percent of total Trust Territory population.
In 1973, 50 percent of the population resided in District Centers.

Document 1975A

Constitution of the Federated States of Micronesia

Source: Special issue of the Micronesian Reporter.

[Attached]

Constitution of the Federated States of Micronesia

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF MICRONESIA, exercising our inherent sovereignty, do hereby establish this Constitution of the Federated States of Micronesia.

With this Constitution, we affirm our common wish to live together in peace and harmony, to preserve the heritage of the past, and to protect the promise of the future.

To make one nation of many islands, we respect the diversity of our cultures. Our differences enrich us. The seas bring us together, they do not separate us. Our islands sustain us, our island nation enlarges us and makes us stronger.

Our ancestors, who made their homes on these islands, displaced no other people. We, who remain, wish no other home than this. Having known war, we hope for peace. Having been divided, we wish unity. Having been ruled, we seek freedom.

Micronesia began in the days when man explored seas in rafts and canoes. The Micronesian nation is born in an age when men voyage among stars; our world itself is an island. We extend to all nations what we seek from each: peace, friendship, cooperation, and love in our common humanity. With this Constitution we, who have been the wards of other nations, become the proud guardian of our own islands, now and forever.

ARTICLE I

Territory of Micronesia

SECTION 1. The territory of the Federated States of Micronesia is comprised of the Districts of the Micronesian archipelago that ratify this Constitution. Unless limited by international treaty obligations assumed by the Federated States of Micronesia, or by its own act, the waters connecting the islands of the archipelago are internal waters regardless of dimensions, and jurisdiction extends to a marine space of 200 miles measured outward from appropriate baselines, the seabed, subsoil, water column, insular or continental shelves, airspace over land and water, and any other territory or waters belonging to Micronesia by historic right, custom, or legal title.

SECTION 2. Each state is comprised of the islands of each District as defined by laws in effect immediately prior to the effective date of this Constitution. A marine boundary between adjacent states is determined by law, applying the principle of equidistance. State boundaries may be changed by Congress with the consent of the state legislatures involved.

SECTION 3. Territory may be added to the Federated States of Micronesia upon approval of Congress, and by vote of the inhabitants of the area, if any, and by vote of the people of the Federated States of Micronesia. If the territory is to become part of an existing state, approval of the state legislature is required.

SECTION 4. New states may be formed and admitted by law, subject to the same rights, duties, and obligations as provided for in this Constitution.

ARTICLE II

Supremacy

SECTION 1. This Constitution is the expression of the sovereignty of the people and is the supreme law of the Federated States of Micronesia. An act of the Government in conflict with this Constitution is invalid to the extent of conflict.

ARTICLE III

Citizenship

SECTION 1. A person who is a citizen of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands immediately prior to the effective date of this Constitution and a domiciliary of a District ratifying this Constitution is a citizen and national of the Federated States of Micronesia.

SECTION 2. A person born of parents one or both of whom are citizens of the Federated States of Micronesia is a citizen and national of the Federated States by birth.

SECTION 3. A citizen of the Federated States of Micronesia who is recognized as a citizen of another nation shall, within 3 years of his 18th birthday, or within 3 years of the effective date of this Constitution, whichever is later, register his intent to remain a citizen of the Federated States and renounce his citizenship of another nation. If he fails to comply with this Section, he becomes a national of the Federated States of Micronesia.

SECTION 4. A citizen of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands who becomes a national of the United States of America under the terms of the Covenant to Establish a Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands may become a citizen and national of the Federated States of Micronesia by applying to a court of competent jurisdiction in the Federated States within 6 months of the date he became a United States national.

SECTION 5. A domiciliary of a District not ratifying this Constitution who was a citizen of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands immediately prior to the effective date of this Constitution, may become a citizen and national of the Federated States of Micronesia by applying to a court of competent jurisdiction in the Federated States within 6 months after the effective date of this Constitution or within 6 months after his 18th birthday, whichever is later.

SECTION 6. This Article may be applied retroactively.

ARTICLE IV

Declaration of Rights

SECTION 1. No law may deny or impair freedom of expression, peaceable assembly, association, or petition.

SECTION 2. No law may be passed respecting an establishment of religion or impairing the free exercise of religion, except that assistance may be provided to parochial schools for nonreligious purposes.

SECTION 3. A person may not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or be denied the equal protection of the laws.

SECTION 4. Equal protection of the laws may not be denied or impaired on account of sex, race, ancestry, national origin, language, or social status.

SECTION 5. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and other possessions against unreasonable search, seizure, or invasion of privacy may not be violated. A warrant may not issue except on probable cause, supported by affidavit particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.

SECTION 6. The defendant in a criminal case has a right to a speedy public trial, to be informed of the nature of the accusation, to have counsel for his defense, to be confronted with the witnesses against him, and to compel attendance of witnesses in his behalf.

SECTION 7. A person may not be compelled to give evidence that may be used against him in a criminal case, or be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense.

SECTION 8. Excessive bail may not be required, excessive fines imposed, or cruel and unusual punishments inflicted. The writ of habeas corpus may not be suspended unless required for public safety in cases of rebellion or invasion.

SECTION 9. Capital punishment is prohibited.

SECTION 10. Slavery and involuntary servitude are prohibited except to punish crime.

SECTION 11. A bill of attainder or ex post facto law may not be passed.

SECTION 12. A citizen of the Federated States of Micronesia may travel and migrate within the Federated States.

SECTION 13. Imprisonment for debt is prohibited.

ARTICLE V

Traditional Rights

SECTION 1. Nothing in this Constitution takes away a role or function of a traditional leader as recognized by custom and tradition, or prevents a traditional leader from being recognized, honored, and given formal or functional roles at any level of government as may be prescribed by this Constitution or by statute.

SECTION 2. The traditions of the people of the Federated States of Micronesia may be protected by statute. If challenged as violative of Article IV, protection of Micronesian tradition shall be considered a compelling social purpose warranting such governmental action.

SECTION 3. The Congress may establish, when needed, a Chamber of Chiefs consisting of traditional leaders from each state having such leaders, and of elected representatives from states having no traditional leaders. The constitution of a state having traditional leaders may provide for an active, functional role for them.

ARTICLE VI

Suffrage

SECTION 1. A citizen 18 years of age may vote in national elections. The Congress shall prescribe a minimum period of local residence and provide for voter registration, disqualification for conviction of crime, and disqualification for mental incompetence or insanity. Voting shall be secret.

ARTICLE VII

Levels of Government

SECTION 1. The three levels of government in the Federated States of Micronesia are national, state, and local. A state is not required to establish a new local government where none exists on the effective date of this Constitution.

SECTION 2. A state shall have a democratic constitution.

ARTICLE VIII

Powers of Government

SECTION 1. A power expressly delegated to the national government, or a power of such an indisputably national character as to be beyond the power of a state to control, is a national power.

SECTION 2. A power not expressly delegated to the national government or prohibited to the states is a state power.

SECTION 3. State and local governments are prohibited from imposing taxes which restrict interstate commerce.

ARTICLE IX

Legislative

SECTION 1. The legislative power of the national government is vested in the Congress of the Federated States of Micronesia.

SECTION 2. The following powers are expressly delegated to Congress

(a) to provide for the national defense;

(b) to ratify treaties;

(c) to regulate immigration, emigration, naturalization, and citizenship;

(d) to impose taxes, duties, and tariffs based on imports;

(e) to impose taxes on income;

(f) to issue and regulate currency;

(g) to regulate banking, foreign and interstate commerce, insurance, the issuance and use of commercial paper and securities, bankruptcy and insolvency, and patents and copyrights;

(h) to regulate navigation and shipping except within lagoons, lakes, and rivers,

(i) to establish usury limits on major loans;

(j) to provide for a national postal system;

(k) to acquire and govern new territory,

(l) to govern the area set aside as the national capital;

(m) to regulate the ownership, exploration, and exploitation of natural resources within the marine space of the Federated States of Micronesia beyond 12 miles from island baselines;

(n) to establish and regulate a national public service system;

(o) to impeach and remove the President, Vice-President, and justices of the Supreme Court;

(p) to define major crimes and prescribe penalties, having due regard for local custom and tradition; and

(q) to override a Presidential veto by not less than a 3/4 vote of all the state delegations, each delegation casting one vote.

SECTION 3. The following powers may be exercised concurrently by Congress and the states:

(a) to appropriate public funds,

(b) to borrow money on the public credit;

(c) to promote education and health; and

(d) to establish systems of social security and public welfare.

SECTION 4. A treaty is ratified by vote of 2/3 of the members of Congress, except that a treaty delegating major powers of government of the Federated States of Micronesia to another government shall also require majority approval by the legislatures of 2/3 of the states.

SECTION 5. National taxes shall be imposed uniformly. Not less than 50% of the revenues shall be paid into the treasury of the state where collected.

SECTION 6. Net revenue derived from ocean floor mineral resources exploited under Section 2 (m) shall be divided equally between the national government and the appropriate state government.

SECTION 7. The President, Vice-President, or a justice of the Supreme Court may be removed from office for treason, bribery, or conduct involving corruption in office by a 2/3 vote of the members of Congress. When the President or Vice President is removed, the Supreme Court shall review the decision. When a justice of the Supreme Court is removed, the decision shall be reviewed by a special tribunal composed of one state court judge from each state appointed by the state chief executive. The special tribunal shall meet at the call of the President.

SECTION 8. The Congress consists of one member elected at large from each state on the basis of state equality, and additional members elected from congressional districts in each state apportioned by population. Members elected on the basis of state equality serve for a 4-year term, and all other members for 2 years. Each member has one vote, except on the final reading of bills. Congressional elections are held biennially as provided by statute.

SECTION 9. A person is ineligible to be a member of Congress unless he is at least 30 years of age on the day of election and has been a citizen of the Federated States of Micronesia for at least 15 years, and a resident of the state from which he is elected for at least 5 years. A person convicted of a felony by a state or national government court is ineligible to be a member of Congress. The Congress may modify this provision or prescribe additional qualifications; knowledge of the English language may not be a qualification.

SECTION 10. At least every 10 years Congress shall reapportion itself. A state is entitled to at least one member of Congress on the basis of population in addition to the member elected at large. A state shall apportion itself by law into single member congressional districts. Each district shall be approximately equal in population after giving due regard to language, cultural, and geographic differences.

SECTION 11. A state may provide that one of its seats is set aside for a traditional leader who shall be chosen as provided by statute for a 2-year term, in lieu of one representative elected on the basis of population. The number of congressional districts shall be reduced and reapportioned accordingly.

SECTION 12. A vacancy in Congress is filled for the unexpired term. In the absence of provision by law, an unexpired term is filled by special election, except that an unexpired term of less than one year is filled by appointment by the state chief executive.

SECTION 13. A member of Congress may not hold another public office or employment. During the term for which he is elected and 3 years thereafter, a member may not be elected or appointed to a public office or employment created by national statute during his term. A member may not engage in any activity which conflicts with the proper discharge of his duties. The Congress may prescribe further restrictions.

SECTION 14. The Congress may prescribe an annual salary and allowances for members. An increase of salary may not apply to the Congress enacting it.

SECTION 15. A member of Congress is privileged from arrest during his attendance at Congress and while going to and from sessions, except for treason, felony, or breach of the peace. A member answers only to Congress for his statements in Congress.

SECTION 16. The Congress shall meet in regular, public session as prescribed by statute. A special session may be convened at the call of the President of the Federated States of Micronesia, or by the presiding officer on the written request of 2/3 of the members.

SECTION 17. (a) The Congress shall be the sole judge of the elections and qualifications of its members, may discipline a member, and, by 2/3 vote, may suspend or expel a member.

(b) The Congress may determine its own rules of procedure and choose a presiding officer from among its members.

(c) The Congress may compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of documents or other matters before Congress or any of its committees.

SECTION 18. A majority of the members is a quorum, but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day and compel the attendance of absent members.

SECTION 19. The Congress shall keep and publish a journal of its proceedings. A roll call vote entered on the journal shall be taken at the request of 1/5 of the members present. Legislative proceedings shall be conducted in the English language. A member may use his own language if not fluent in English, and Congress shall provide translation.

SECTION 20. To become law, a bill must pass 2 readings on separate days. To pass first reading a 2/3 vote of all members is required. On final reading each state delegation shall cast one vote and a 2/3 vote of all the delegations is required. All votes shall be entered on the journal.

SECTION 21. (a) The Congress may make no law except by statute and may enact no statute except by bill. The enacting clause of a bill is: "BE IT ENACTED BY THE CONGRESS OF THE FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA:". A bill may embrace but one subject expressed in its title. A provision outside the subject expressed in the title is void.

(b) A law may not be amended or revised by reference to its title only. The law as revised or section as amended shall be published and re-enacted at full length.

SECTION 22. A bill passed by Congress shall be presented to the President for approval. If he disapproves of the bill, he shall return it with his objections to Congress within 10 days. If Congress has 10 or less days remaining in its session, or has adjourned, he shall return the bill within 30 days after presentation. If the President does not return a bill within the appropriate period, it becomes law as if approved.

ARTICLE X

Executive

SECTION 1. The executive power of the national government is vested in the President of the Federated States of Micronesia. He is elected by Congress for a term of four years by a majority vote of all the members. He may not serve for more than 2 consecutive terms.

SECTION 2. The following powers are expressly delegated to the President:

(a) to faithfully execute and implement the provisions of this Constitution and all national laws;

(b) to receive all ambassadors and to conduct foreign affairs and the national defense in accordance with national law;

(c) to grant pardons and reprieves, except that the chief executive of each state shall have this power concurrently with respect to persons convicted under state law; and

(d) with the advice and consent of Congress, to appoint ambassadors; all judges of the Supreme Court and other courts prescribed by statute; the principal officers of executive departments in the national government; and such other officers as may be provided for by statute. Ambassadors and principal officers serve at the pleasure of the President.

SECTION 3. The President:

(a) is head of state of the Federated States of Micronesia;

(b) may make recommendations to Congress, and shall make an annual report to Congress on the state of the nation; and

(c) shall perform such duties as may be provided by statute.

SECTION 4. A person is ineligible to become President unless he is a member of Congress for a 4-year term, a citizen of the Federated States of Micronesia by birth, and a resident of the Federated States of Micronesia for at least 15 years.

SECTION 5. After the election of the President, the Vice-President is elected in the same manner as the President, has the same qualifications, and serves for the same term of office. He may not be a resident of the same state. After the election of the President and the Vice-President, vacancies in Congress shall be declared.

SECTION 6. If the office of the President is vacant, or the President is unable to perform his duties, the Vice-President becomes President. The Congress shall provide by statute for the succession in the event both offices are vacant, or either or both officers are unable to discharge their duties.

SECTION 7. The compensation of the President or Vice-President may not be increased or reduced during his term. They may hold no other office and may receive no other compensation from the Federated States of Micronesia or from a state.

SECTION 8. Executive departments shall be established by statute.

SECTION 9. (a) If required to preserve public peace, health, or safety, at a time of extreme emergency caused by civil disturbance, natural disaster, or immediate threat of war, or insurrection, the President may declare a state of emergency and issue appropriate decrees.

(b) A civil right may be impaired only to the extent actually required for the preservation of peace, health, or safety. A declaration of emergency may not impair the power of the judiciary except that the declaration shall be free from judicial interference for 30 days after it is first issued.

(c) Within 30 days after the declaration of emergency, the Congress of the Federated States of Micronesia shall convene at the call of its presiding officer or the President to consider revocation, amendment, or extension of the declaration. Unless it expires by its own terms, is revoked, or extended, a declaration of emergency is effective for 30 days.

ARTICLE XI

Judicial

SECTION 1. The judicial power of the national government is vested in a Supreme Court and inferior courts established by statute.

SECTION 2. The Supreme Court is a court of record and the highest court in the nation. It consists of a Chief Justice and not more than 5 associate justices. Each justice is a member of both the trial division and the appellate division, except that sessions of the trial division may be held

by one justice. No justice may sit with the appellate division in a case heard by him in the trial division. At least 3 justices shall hear and decide appeals. Decision is by a majority of those sitting.

SECTION 3. The Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court are appointed by the President with the approval of 2/3 of Congress. Justices serve during good behavior.

SECTION 4. If the Chief Justice is unable to perform his duties he shall appoint an associate justice to act in his stead. If the office is vacant, or the Chief Justice fails to make the appointment, the President shall appoint an associate justice to act as Chief Justice until the vacancy is filled or the Chief Justice resumes his duties.

SECTION 5. The qualifications and compensation of justices and other judges may be prescribed by statute. Compensation of judges may not be diminished during their terms of office unless all salaries prescribed by statute are reduced by a uniform percentage.

SECTION 6. (a) The trial division of the Supreme Court has original and exclusive jurisdiction in cases affecting officials of foreign governments, disputes between states, admiralty or maritime cases, and in cases in which the national government is a party except where an interest in land is at issue.

(b) The national courts, including the trial division of the Supreme Court, have concurrent original jurisdiction in cases arising under this Constitution, national law or treaties; and in disputes between a state and a citizen of another state, between citizens of different states, and between a state or a citizen thereof, and a foreign state, citizen, or subject.

(c) When jurisdiction is concurrent, the proper court may be prescribed by statute.

SECTION 7. The appellate division of the Supreme Court may review cases heard in the national courts, and cases heard in state or local courts if they require interpretation of this Constitution, national law, or a treaty. If a state constitution permits, the appellate division of the Supreme Court may review other cases on appeal from the highest state court in which a decision may be had.

SECTION 8. When a case in a state or local court involves a substantial question requiring the interpretation of the Constitution, national law, or a treaty, on application of a party or on its own motion the court shall certify the question to the appellate division of the Supreme Court. The appellate division of the Supreme Court may decide the case or remand it for further proceedings.

SECTION 9. The Chief Justice is the chief administrator of the national judicial system and may appoint an administrative officer who is exempt from civil service. The Chief Justice shall make and publish and may amend rules governing national courts, and by rule may:

(a) divide the inferior national courts and the trial division of the Supreme Court into geographical or functional divisions;

(b) assign judges among the divisions of a court and give special assignments to retired Supreme Court justices and judges of state and other courts;

(c) establish rules of procedure and evidence;

(d) govern the transfer of cases between state and national courts;

(e) govern the admission to practice and discipline of attorneys and the retirement of judges; and

(f) otherwise provide for the administration of the national judiciary.

Judicial rules may be amended by statute.

SECTION 10. The Congress shall contribute to the financial support of state judicial systems and may provide other assistance.

SECTION 11. Court decisions shall be consistent with this Constitution, Micronesian customs and traditions, and the social and geographical configuration of Micronesia.

ARTICLE XII

Finance

SECTION 1. (a) Public money raised or received by the national government shall be deposited in a General Fund or special funds within the National Treasury. Money may not be withdrawn from the General Fund or special funds except by law.

(b) Foreign financial assistance received by the national government shall be deposited in a Foreign Assistance Fund. Except where a particular distribution is required by the terms or special nature of the assistance, each state shall receive a share equal to the share of the national government and to the share of every other state.

SECTION 2. (a) The President shall submit an annual budget to Congress at a time prescribed by statute. The budget shall contain a complete plan of proposed expenditures, anticipated revenues, and other money available to the national government for the next fiscal year, together with additional information that Congress may require. The Congress may alter the budget in any respect.

(b) No appropriation bills, except those recommended by the President for immediate passage, or to cover the operating expenses of Congress, may be passed on final reading until the bill appropriating money for the budget has been enacted.

(c) The President may item veto an appropriation in any bill passed by Congress, and the procedure in such case shall be the same as for disapproval of an entire bill by the President.

SECTION 3. (a) The Public Auditor is appointed by the President with the advice and consent of Congress. He serves for a term of 4 years and until a successor is confirmed.

(b) The Public Auditor shall inspect and audit accounts in every branch, department, agency or statutory authority of the national government and in other public legal entities or nonprofit organizations receiving public funds from the national government. Additional duties may be prescribed by statute.

(c) The Public Auditor shall be independent of administrative control except that he shall report at least once a year to Congress. His salary may not be reduced during his term of office.

(d) The Congress may remove the Public Auditor from office for cause by 2/3 vote. In that event the Chief Justice shall appoint an acting Public Auditor until a successor is confirmed.

ARTICLE XIII

General Provisions

SECTION 1. The national government of the Federated States of Micronesia recognizes the right of the people to education, health care, and legal services and shall take every step reasonable and necessary to provide these services.

SECTION 2. Radioactive, toxic chemical, or other harmful substances may not be tested, stored, used, or disposed of within the jurisdiction of the Federated States of Micronesia without the express approval of the national government of the Federated States of Micronesia.

SECTION 3. It is the solemn obligation of the national and state governments to uphold the provisions of this Constitution and to advance the principles of unity upon which this Constitution is founded.

SECTION 4. A noncitizen, or a corporation not wholly owned by citizens, may not acquire title to land or waters in Micronesia.

SECTION 5. An agreement for the use of land for an indefinite term is prohibited. An existing agreement becomes void 5 years after the effective date of this Constitution. Within that time, a new agreement shall be concluded between the parties. When the national government is a party, it shall initiate negotiations.

SECTION 6. The national government of the Federated States of Micronesia shall seek renegotiation of any agreement for the use of land to which the Government of the United States of America is a party.

SECTION 7. On assuming office, all public officials shall take an oath to uphold, promote, and support the laws and the Constitution as prescribed by statute.

ARTICLE XIV

Amendments

SECTION 1. An amendment to this Constitution may be proposed by a constitutional convention, popular initiative, or Congress in a manner provided by law. A proposed amendment shall become a part of the Constitution when approved by 3/4 of the votes cast on that amendment in each of 3/4 of the states. If conflicting constitutional amendments submitted to the voters at the same election are approved, the amendment receiving the highest number of affirmative votes shall prevail to the extent of such conflict.

SECTION 2. At least every 10 years, Congress shall submit to the voters the question: "Shall there be a convention to revise or amend the Constitution?". If a majority of ballots cast upon the question is in the affirmative, delegates to the convention shall be chosen no later than the next regular election, unless Congress provides for the selection of delegates earlier at a special election.

ARTICLE XV

Transition

SECTION 1. A statute of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands continues in effect except to the extent it is inconsistent with this Constitution, or is amended or repealed. A writ, action, suit proceeding, civil or criminal liability, prosecution, judgment, sentence, order, decree, appeal, cause of action, defense, contract, claim, demand, title, or right continues unaffected except as modified in accordance with the provisions of this Constitution.

SECTION 2. A right, obligation, liability, or contract of the Government of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands is assumed by the Federated States of Micronesia except to the extent it directly affects or benefits a government of a District not ratifying this Constitution.

SECTION 3. An interest in property held by the Government of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands is transferred to the Federated States of Micronesia for retention or distribution in accordance with this Constitution.

SECTION 4. A local government and its agencies may continue to exist even though its charter or powers are inconsistent with this Constitution. To promote an orderly transition to the provisions of this Constitution, and until state governments are established, Congress shall provide for the resolution of inconsistencies between local government charters and powers, and this Constitution. This provision ceases to be effective 5 years after the effective date of this Constitution.

SECTION 5. The Congress may provide for a smooth and orderly transition to government under this Constitution.

SECTION 6. In the first congressional election, congressional districts are apportioned among the states as follows: Kusaie — 1; Marianas — 2; Marshalls — 4; Palau — 2; Ponape — 3; Truk — 5; Yap — 1. If Kusaie is not a state at the time of the first election, 4 members shall be elected on the basis of population in Ponape.

ARTICLE XVI

Effective Date

SECTION 1. This Constitution takes effect 1 year after ratification unless the Congress of Micronesia by joint resolution specifies an earlier date. If a provision of this Constitution is held to be in fundamental conflict with the United Nations Charter or the Trusteeship Agreement between the United States of America and the United Nations, the provision does not become effective until the date of termination of the Trusteeship Agreement.

Josima Nakayama, President

YAP DELEGATION
Petrus Tun
Samuel Tallafaraq
Francisco Lukun
Hilary Tamagtol
Luke Iman
Delegmaira Rathey

TRUK DELEGATION
Kukuma Rungeo
Chiro Albert
Tokito Dossy
Sasaou Haruo
Hatoru Heldart
Katoky Joseph
Frank Nilen
Makelo Robed
Tokio Sony
Manuel Sound
Jelon Wainit

PONAPE DELEGATION
Leo Falcam
Rehua Pais
William Egerian
Henrich Iriarte
Mike Lebed
Marosi Isaiah
Rafael Maileah
Bailey Olter
Jadao Sigerah
Hendrick Stephen
Dore Weital
Strik Yoma

PALAU DELEGATION
John Haiebed
Abedul Sibbons
Tosiwo Nakamura
Santos Olikong
Lucretus Salii
Jacob Sawaichi
Helen Kohler Temmerer
Johnson Toribiong

MARSHALLS DELEGATION
Carl Heine
Milton Canki
Lemeking Jamieing
John Heine
Congue Halles
Wilfred Kendall
Tom Kijiner
Isaac Lanki
Mary Capasi
Tiofil Phillipo
Kabua Kabua

MARIANAS DELEGATION
Lorenzo L.G. Cabrera
Olympio T. Borja
Alonzo Igisomar
Luis Limes
Benjamin Manglona
Alfonso Rosa

A RESOLUTION

Relating to the traditional leaders of Micronesia.

WHEREAS, in establishing the government for the new Federated States of Micronesia, and making provision for the governing of the various states, the question has arisen over whether this affects the traditional leaders of Micronesia. It is not the intention of the Delegates to the Micronesian Constitutional Convention to affect adversely any of the relationships which prevail between traditional leaders and the people of Micronesia, nor to diminish in any way the full honor and respect to which they are entitled; now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED by the Micronesian Constitutional Convention of 1975 that it is the consensus of this Convention that all due honor and respect continue to be accorded the traditional leaders of Micronesia, and nothing in the Constitution of the Federated States of Micronesia is intended in any way to detract from the role and function of traditional leaders in Micronesia or to deny them the full honor and respect which is rightfully theirs; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that upon the signing of the Constitution, this Resolution be included with all duplications of the Constitution so that the intent of the Delegates may be evident to all who read the Constitution of the Federated States of Micronesia.



Small, informal meetings among delegates were fruitful to the Convention.



Coffee breaks helped release tension among delegates.

Delegate Samuel Falanruw of Yap signing the Constitution. Standing are (l-r) delegates Hilary Tachelial and Petrus Tun also of Yap.



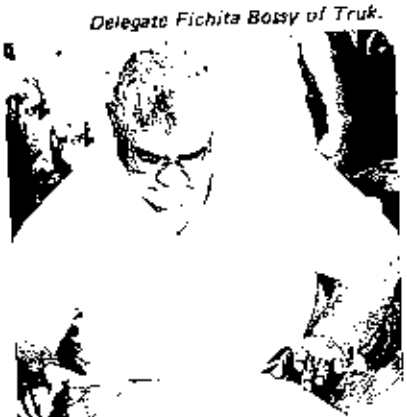
Delegates Ibedul Yutaka Gibbons (left) and Acting Reklai Eusevio Termeteet of Palau signing the Constitution.



Mrs. Mary Lanwi of the Marshalls, the only woman delegate to the Convention, appending her signature to the document.



Delegate Fichita Bossy of Truk.



Delegate Heinrich Stephen of Ponape signing. Others are (clockwise) delegates Max Iriarte (wearing dark glasses), Heinrich Iriarte, Daro Weital, and Leo Falcam, all of Ponape.



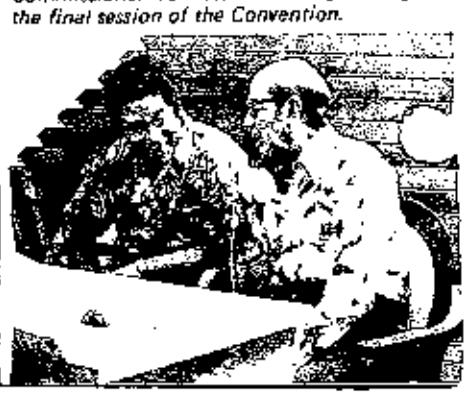
Delegates from Kusaie—Tadao Sigrah (left) and Hirosi Ismael. Kusaie will become a separate district in January 1977.



Delegates Alonzo Igisomar (left) and Lorenzo LG. Cabrera of the Marianas signing the Constitution.



President Nakayama and High Commissioner Johnston chatting during the final session of the Convention.



Document 1975B

Marianas move toward Commonwealth, by David Schiele

Source: Article in the Micronesian Reporter 1st quarter 1975.

[Attached]

MARIANAS MOVE TOWARD COMMONWEALTH

by David Schiele



The members of the Marianas Political Status Commission (MPSC) and its guests gathered on February 15, 1975, at the Mount Carmel High School Auditorium on Saipan to witness the historic signing of the Covenant creating a commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands in Political Union with the United States of America. The Covenant, which was signed by the majority of the MPSC and the United States Delegation, will be presented to the people of the Marianas District for their consideration in a plebiscite on June 17, 1975.

Over two years of negotiations were successfully completed on February 15, 1975, when a Covenant creating a Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands in Political Union with the United States of America was signed on Saipan. The document provides that the Mariana Islands District will become a self-governing American commonwealth and the people of the District will have the choice of becoming United States citizens when the Trusteeship Agreement ends.

The Covenant was unanimously approved by the District Legislature on February 20 and will be presented to the people of the District for their consideration in a plebiscite. The United Nations will be invited to observe the voting, which will follow a period of intensive political education, and may take place by the end of June 1975. If it is approved by fifty-five percent of the voters and by both Houses of the United States Congress, the Marianas will have their own constitution and become self-governing before the

Trusteeship ends. This could happen by summer or fall of 1976, depending on how quickly the District Legislature calls a Constitutional Convention and when it is possible to hold elections under the new constitution.

The historic document was negotiated by the Marianas Political Status Commission (MPSC) and Ambassador F. Haydn Williams, the President's Personal Representative for Micronesian Status Negotiations. The MPSC was created by an act of the District Legislature passed on May 18, 1972, and was so constituted as to be broadly representative of all principal elements in the Marianas. It included the two Marianas representatives on the Congress of Micronesia's Joint Committee on Future Status (JCFS), two representatives each from the municipal councils of Saipan, Tinian and Rota, two from the District Legislature, one from each of the two political parties, one from the United Carolinian Association of Saipan, one representing the business community and one representing the Northern Islands. The Legislature stated it was creating the MPSC because the people of the District "desire a close political status different from that which has been tentatively chosen by the people of the remainder of the districts of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, as expressed by their representatives in the Congress of Micronesia."

U.S. Agrees to Marianas Talks

Ambassador Williams, the United States negotiator, was selected by the President to act as his personal representative for Micronesian status negotiations in 1971 and has been negotiating with the JCFS since that time. Prior to the April 2, 1972 opening of the fourth round of Micronesian status talks on Koror, the Ambassador had been informed by the JCFS Chairman, Senator Lazarus Salii, that the question of separate future status for the Marianas might come up at those talks. The desire of the people of the Marianas for a close relationship with the United States had long been a matter of public record and had been previously recognized by the Joint Committee. For more than twenty years the elected leaders of the Marianas had expressed their desire through petitions and resolutions that the Marianas become a part of the United States and the people voted for unification with Guam in referendums in 1961, 1963, and 1969. Additionally, the July 1969 report of the Congress of Micronesia's Future Political Status Commission (later to be known as the JCFS) noted the "freely-expressed wish of many Marianas residents to immediately unite (or 'reintegrate') with the United States Territory of Guam" and stated that "unless the projected harm to minorities in the Marianas or to Micronesia at large is intolerable, it (the Political Status Commission) will not oppose a political union which reflects the freely-expressed desire of a majority of the residents of the district." On October 4, 1971, JCFS Chairman Salii informed the Americans with whom he was meeting in Hawaii that the desire of the people of the Marianas was to become "more closely affiliated with the United States" and that the people of the other districts wished to live in a Micronesian state. Thus, it came as no surprise during the fourth round of talks with the JCFS when the Marianas representatives on the JCFS, Senator Edward DLG. Pangelinan and Representative Herman Q. Guerrero, formally requested on April 11, 1972, that the United States negotiate separately with the Marianas. In his reply the Ambassador stated that the United States Government was willing to respond affirmatively to the Marianas request to enter into separate negotiations in order to satisfy a desire which the JCFS had already recognized. Formal negotiations began on Saipan in December 1972.

The two sides were able to reach agreement in principle by June 1973 on the outline of their future relationship, and by February 1975, at the conclusion of five negotiating sessions, precise language which the two negotiating teams felt guaranteed their interests had been worked out. Agreement was reached on a document covering the political relationship between the prospective Commonwealth and the United States, providing that the people of the Northern Marianas will write and approve their own constitution, granting United States citizenship to Micronesian residents of the Northern Mariana Islands (with option to select United States nationality if preferred), creating a judicial system for the proposed Commonwealth, describing United States financial assistance to the islands and placing limitations on the sale of land to persons not of Northern Mariana Islands descent. In addition the Covenant has sections on the applicability of United States law to the Northern Marianas, on revenue and taxation, on representation for the Commonwealth in Washington, D.C., and on land to be leased to the United States to enable it to carry out its defense responsibilities.

As outlined in the Covenant, the Northern Marianas Constitution will create a republican form of government with separate executive, legislative and judicial branches and will contain a bill of rights. Both the Governor and the Legislature will be elected by the people. The Legislature will have two houses, one of which will contain equal representation for each of the chartered municipalities of the Northern Marianas. The official negotiating history makes it clear that this refers to the municipalities of Rota, Saipan and Tinian but may be extended to include any chartered municipalities which may be added in the future. A federal district court will be established for the Mariana Islands to hear cases arising under federal law. It may hear appeals from local courts and other cases arising under local law to the extent permitted by the local legislature. The Commonwealth Constitution must be

submitted to the United States for approval on the basis of its consistency with the Covenant and those provisions of the constitution, treaties, and laws of the United States which will be applicable to the Northern Mariana Islands. Amendments to the Commonwealth Constitution may be made without United States Government approval, but must be consistent with the Covenant and those provisions of the Constitution, treaties, and laws of the United States which apply in the Commonwealth.

In many instances federal law will apply to the Commonwealth in the same manner it now applies to Guam and the States. The federal income tax will be applied in the Northern Marianas as a local law, just as it is on Guam, and the money collected will be retained for local use. The Marianas also may rebate revenues to local taxpayers on local source income. The immigration and nationality law will not be applicable during the remainder of the Trusteeship and until the United States Congress chooses thereafter to legislate in this area, though provision is made to permit close relatives to immigrate and acquire citizenship after the Trusteeship ends. U.S. minimum wage will not automatically apply except for the United States Government and United States Government contractors who employ local residents under federal contracts. The Marianas Legislature will be able to pass legislation setting a minimum wage consistent with local conditions.

Land for Defense Needs

The total United States land requirement for defense purposes in the Northern Mariana Islands is approximately 18,182 acres, 17,799 acres of which are on Tinian. The Covenant assures that this need will be met and that the land will be made available to the United States under a 50-year lease, with an option to renew for another 50 years. The United States will make a lump sum payment of $19,520,000 to cover both the initial period and the optional renewal. Of this total acreage, approximately 6,458 acres on Tinian will be leased back to the Government of the Northern Marianas for one dollar per year per acre for such use as farming, grazing and other purposes compatible with U.S. plans for possible future use. Most leasebacks may be terminated by the United States on one year's notice. Present plans envisage some upgrading of West Field and the harbor at San Jose and include use of portions of the island for training and maneuvers. However there are no current plans to build a joint service base or permanently station military personnel there. Future use may include development of a multipurpose base as set forth in the course of the status negotiations.

Lease of 177 acres at Tanapag Harbor on Saipan is a part of the total lease acreage provided in the Covenant. Most of the land in the harbor area, 133 acres, will be made available to the Government of the Northern Marianas without cost for use as an American memorial park to honor the American and Marianas dead in the World War II Marianas Campaign. Two million dollars of the total lease payment paid by the United States will be put in trust to earn income for the development and maintenance of the park. The United States will also lease Farallon de Medinilla, an unused uninhabited island of approximately 206 acres north of Saipan.

Joint use by the civilian population and the military of West Field, the Tinian airfield, has been agreed upon. The field will be open to the Government of the Northern Marianas and the civilian population for continuous joint use with exceptions for safety of flight and priority military operations. San Jose Harbor, also in Tinian, will be under the control of the Commonwealth government until the Department of Defense implements plans for an operational base on Tinian. If and when this happens arrangements will be agreed upon to ensure civilian access to the harbor.

U.S. Financial Support

If the Northern Marianas become part of the American community, the United States will assume the responsibility to assist in achieving a progressively higher standard of living for the people of the islands and to develop the economic resources needed to meet the costs of local self-government. In order to accomplish this, the United States will provide $14 million per year for seven years to the Government of the Northern Marianas in direct grant assistance and in addition will make available the full range of federal programs and services available to the territories of the United States. The annual direct grant will provide $8.25 million for budgetary support for government operations, of which $250,000 each year will be used for special education and training in connection with the transition of the Northern Marianas to a new political status. Four million dollars each year will go to capital improvement projects, with $500,000 earmarked for projects on Tinian and $500,000 for projects on Rota. An economic development loan fund will receive $1.75 million each year, of which $500,000 will be reserved for small loans to farmers and fishermen and to agricultural and marine cooperatives, and of which $250,000 will be reserved for a special program of low interest housing loans for low income families. The $14 million direct grant will be in "1975 dollars," that is it will be adjusted each year to allow for inflation in order to provide the same purchasing power which the money had in 1975. The annual level of the direct grant will continue beyond the seven-year obligatory period unless Congress acts to change it.

Conclusion

The Covenant has been signed by the negotiators and approved by the

Marianas Legislature, but it is not yet binding. The people of the Marianas District must examine it and decide if it provides the future they want. The document is the result of detailed study and compromises by both sides in the negotiations. If the people of the Marianas wish to become part of the American community and if they believe the Covenant protects their interests, they will vote to approve it in the coming plebiscite. If they approve it by at least fifty-five percent of the votes cast, separate administration of the Marianas District will be brought into effect and the way will be cleared for the last step in the ratification process, submission of the Covenant to the United States Congress. Agreement by the Congress will constitute final approval. The road will then be clear for establishment of the Northern Marianas' own government under their locally drafted constitution, perhaps as early as mid-1976. All the provisions of the Covenant will become fully effective when the Trusteeship ends, a date presently envisaged as 1981.



Ambassador F. Haydn Williams, Personal Representative of the President of the United States.



Edward DLG. Pangelinan, Chairman of the Marianas Political Status Commission.



Note 1976A

The separation of the Gilberts and Ellice Islands—The birth of Tuvalu

Sources: Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony. The Ellice Separation Conference: 12-28 March 1975; articles by Barrie Macdonald (see below).

On 1 January 1976, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, run by Great Britain, was separated into two separate colonies. This occurred at the request of the Ellice Islanders. The Gilbertese are Micronesians, whereas the Ellice Islanders are Polynesians whose ancestors came mostly from Samoa and Tonga. At the date of separation, there were 47,500 Gilbertese but only 7,500 Ellice Islanders.

Barrie MacDonald states, "Before the Second World War, there was little contact between the two peoples except at Ocean Island." After the war, the Gilbertese were slow to react to modern fast-pace development in their islands, specially on Tarawa, but the Ellice Islanders took advantage of the situation to get advantage of scholarships and jobs that became available. Racial tensions, based on jealousy, reared their ugly heads in the 1960s among the civil servants of the GEIC.

The creation of a House of Representatives in which the Gilbertese controlled 86% of the votes made the Ellice Islanders believe—rightly—that they would eventually be neglected at independence. Although the Ellice Islanders were granted more votes that they rightly deserved on a population basis, they would never constitute a majority in the House.

In August 1971, the then Resident Commissioner, Sir John Field, visited most of the Ellice Islands and saw evidence of a sentiment of separatism on the part of the natives there. He produced the following report: "GEIC. The Future of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.—A Note on the Implications of Separation and Continued Association" (1972).

For a dertailed discussion of the politics of separation, specially the referendum of August-September 1974, see Barrie Madconald's essay: "Secession in the Defence of Identity: the Making of Tuvalu," in *Pacific Viewpoint*, XVI (1975), 26-44.

The name "Tuvalu Islands" for the new state was first recommended by a committee of elected representatives meeting at Tarawa in November 1974. The word 'Tuvalu' means "cluster of eight" and had been the traditionsl name for the group. The new state was to have its seat at Funafuti, rather than at Vaitupu.

The Ellice Islanders knew that independence would bring them economic disadvantages, since they could not expect an increase of services and would continue to depend on the United Kingdom for a subsidy of at least 3/4 of the national budget. They knew that they would no longer share in the phosphate revenues from Banaba and the Line Islands (since part of Kiribati), or in the job opportunities in Kiribati, after 1978. Such participation became the subject of negotiations between the natives of the two jurisdictions.

Documents 1978A

Bikini Island radiation troubles

A1. Bikini Islanders to move—again

Source: Article by Walter Pincus of the Washington Post Service. Note: See earlier Doc 1968D.

Washington.—Nine years ago, the U.S. government told the Bikini islanders it was safe to return to their atoll, once the site of nuclear weapons tests in the Pacific. And some of the islanders went home.

Now the government has found that it was wrong. According to tests last year, the ground water in Bikini is still too radioactive for human consumption. So are coconuts and fruits and vegetables grown in the still contamined soil.

So the Interior Department quietly has asked Congress for $15 million to move the islanders to another home.

"It is now clear," Interior told a House Approriations sub-committee last week, "that for the foreseeable future the island of Bikini in the atoll should not be used for agricultural purposes, particularly for local consumption, and should not be considered a residential area."

The approximately 100 Bikinians now living on the isalnd "are being carefully monitored," Interior said. "A feeding program has been provided for them and they are not consuming locally-grown food."

Higher than normal concentrations of radioactive elements taken into the human body in food or water over long periods have been associated with the occurrence of leukemia and other cancers.

None of the present Bikini residents, according to Interior officials, appears yet to have become ill from living on the island.

Nonetheless, the Bikini situation will take its place as part of the continuing controversy among scientists both inside and outside the government on the long-term health effects of low-level radiation.

It has a further significance: The high residual radiation levels in the soil, and its uptake by plants 23 years after exposure, may influence military planners as they explore the prospects of using tactical nuclear weapons in even a limited manner in western Europe.

Interior officials who manage the U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific, which includes Bikini, are asking Congress for $6 million in Fiscal Year 1979 to begin a proposed $15 million to try again to relocate the Bikinians who were moved off their atoll to make way for the nuclear weapons tests.

Some $3 million has already been spent on bringing them back to Bikini. The entire island was plowed up, topsoil removed, 50,000 new coconut trees planted and 40 new homes built.

"All that will be abandoned," Ruth Van Cleve, Interior's director of territorial affairs, said.

On March 1, 1954, the United States exploded a 15-megaton hydrogen bomb nicknamed Bravo on a spit of coral off Nanu, a tiny island at the northwest corner of Bikini atoll.

The enormous explosion blew a mile-wide hole in the coral reef and sucked radioactive debris up into the mushroom cloud.

Winds carried that fallout over Bikini island, 18 miles southwest of ground zero.

Altogether, 23 nuclear tests were carried out at Bikini atoll, but the 1954 Bravo shot caused almost all the present radioactive contamination now on Bikini, according to the Interior congressional presentation.

In August 1968, President Lyndon Johnson announced [that] Bikinii atoll would be cleaned up, rehabilitated and returned to its original inhabitants, who by that time were living on Kili, a tiny island almost 400 miles away.

A year later, the Atomic Energy Commission surveyed Bikini and, according to published reports, an official said he found radioactivity there "less than Denver, Colorado."

"There is virtually no radiation left," the AEC official was quoted as saying, "and we can find no discernible effect on other plant or animal life."

Bikinians in 1970 had approved a rehabilitation plan, and work started in 1971.

By 1974, some problems had cropped up. The natives wanted to move additional new houses away from the lagoon and into the island interior. A new ground radiological survey in 1975 found the interior portion of the island too radioactive for safe occupancy. It also discovered that breadfruit and bananas, two food staples of the area grown on trees, contained too much radioactivity.

Coconuts, during the 1975 survey, were found to be safe.

These findings troubled the Bikinians, both those living on the island and the 400 more who wanted to return.

They asked the U.S. government to make a more complete analysis.

In 1977, the government-run Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in California conducted a new study.

It turned up a Strontium-90 level in the well water that exceeded U.S. standards.

The radiation level in coconuts was so high that the Bikinians were told they could only eat one a day. Eventually, even coconuts, a mainstay for the natives, were placed on the restricted list.

Early this year, Interior decided the food situation on the island was such that an alternative had to be found.

Since the marine life in Bikini lagoon and the ocean surrounding it has tested safe, Interior is studying whether a new village can be constructed on Enyu, a smaller Bikini atoll island 10 miles away which was outside the 1954 fallout pattern.

Bikini island, itself, will continue to be a living laboratory for scientists to explore the continuing new problems caused by radiation.

A2. Radiation 'kills' Bikini again

Source: Article by Jeremy Belcher of the Los Angeles Times Service, published by the Honolulu Star-Bulletin & Advertiser, July 30, 1979.

"When the atomic bomb dropped, I thought Bikini would disappear completely. It would have been better, maybe, if it had. Then we wouldn't have all these troubles."

—Nathan Note, scribe of the Bikini people, 1978.

Bikini, Marshall Islands.—When the American made him leave Bikini for the first time, in 1946, Andrew Jakeo was 34 years old.

When, after using the fragile Pacific atoll for 23 nuclear test blasts, the Americans in the person of President Lyndon B. Johnson assured him, his fellow islanders and the rest of the world that Bikini once again was safe for human life, Andrew Jakeo was 56.

Now Andrew Jakeo is 66 and, above all else, he wants to live out the days that remain to him on this tiny curve of coral, sand and coconut palms with his family and friends.

Then, when his time comes, he wants to be buried here among his ancestors.

But the old man will not be permitted to end his days where he wishes.

For one day next month—federal officials say about Aug. 22, this place and these people seem to go away more often than not—the Americans will remove Andrew Jakeo and the many others living on 229-acre Bikini island, largest of the 26 islets that make up Bikini Atoll.

They will be transported to "temporary" quarters on Kili, a single island with a land area one-sixth that of their 2.2- square mile home atoll, without a lagoon, and nearly 500 miles southeast. Kili is an island some Bikinians habitually refer to as "the prison."

The Bikinians must leave their ancestral home and its beautiful fish-teeming lagoon because the Americans as they themselves now admit, made a regrettable error 10 years ago.

Despite what the scientists and the President said—despite an investment of $3.25 million to clean up and rebuild it --Bikini is not safe after all.

Andrew Jakeo and the others living on Bikini Island are being subjected to unacceptably-high doses of radiation left behind by atomic and hydrogen bomb blasts that seared the atoll during 12 years of testing.

Some younger Bikinians may live to see their homeland again, but Andrew Jakeo will not. It may be 50 years before Bikini is fit for human habitation.

...

The Bravo disaster and the world-wide publicity given to it played a part in the eventual suspension of nuclear testing in 1958—the year of the 23rd and final shot at Bikini—and in the nuclear test-ban treaty of 1963.

...

In May 1967, sometime after a formal request by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, the AEC sent a team of technologists to make an intenseve radiological survey of the atoll.

On Aug. 12, 1968, President Johnson announced that Bikini was safe, that it would be rehabilitated and resettled "will all possible dispatch."

...

Chief Juda did not live to hear the news. He had died—shortly before the Johnson acnouncement—of cancer, which he believed had been caused by his exposure to the first A-bomb test in 1946, a claim scientists are inclined to discount.

...

The clean-up began in February 1969, using some Bikinians on the work crew. The rest of the rehabilitation project - plowing up Bikini and Eneu Islands, replanting them with food crops, began later the same year. A few families began moving back to Bikini.

By 1974, the $325,000 clean-up was over and the $3 million rehabilitation program weas through its first phase. Forty of the planned 80 homes had been erected.

The following year, another AEC radiological survey was made, this time in more detail. It was found that radiation levels in the interior of the island were too high to permit people to build and live in homes there.

...

Last summer, the ERDA[1] environmental safety officer, Roger Ray, said it would be premature to say that the Bikinians should be moved off their atoll.

By fall, though, there no longer was any question. Ray told a meeting of the Bikini-Kili Council in Majuro that Bikini Island "should no longer be considered a permanent settlement" and advised that consideration be given to moving the settlement to Eneu.

It seemed the scientists had now determined that the Bikinians were absorbing radiation at a rate substantially above the federel safety standard of 5 rem per year, a measurement of radiation dosage of any kind producing biological effects in man.

According to the Department of Energy (successor to ERDA) the external dose on Bikini Island in 1977 was 2, the same as 1974. But the internal dose, measured by a relatively new instrument called the whole body counter, had risen dramatically in three years—from a top reading of .078 in 1974 to a top of .538 in 1977.

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1 Ed. note: Energy Research and Development Agency, the AEC's successor agency.

And the coconut was named as the radioactive "villain," since it was the only locally-grown food then being consumed to any quantity. As one scientist put it, the coconut palms were "sopping up" radioactive Cesium-137 and Strontium-90 at a much greater rate than anyone predicted.

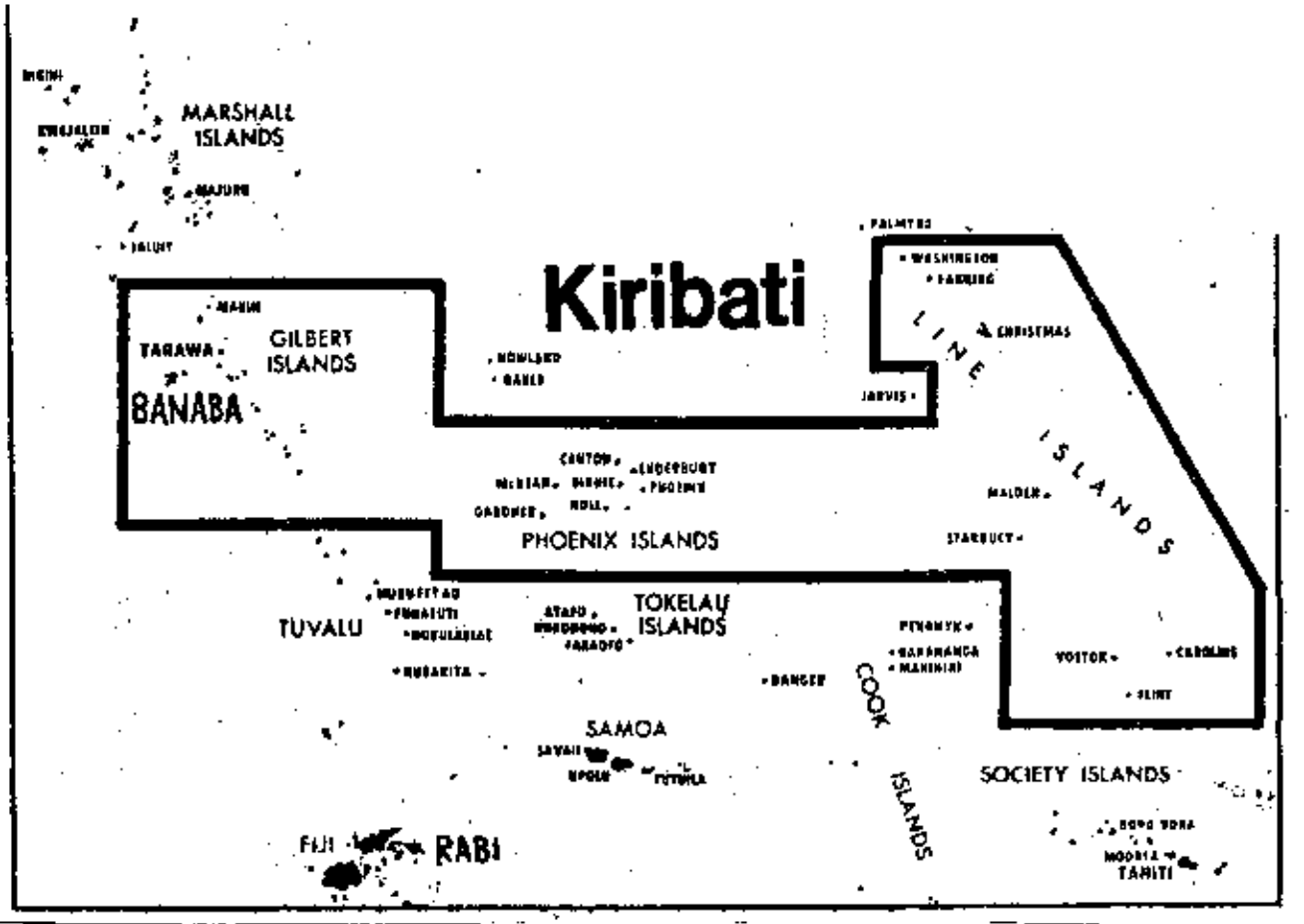
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Document 1978B

The problem of Banaba

Associated Press article written by Graham Heathcote.

[Attached]



The Problem of Banaba

By Graham Heathcote

WHEN THE NEW nation of Kiribati gains its independence from Britain Thursday, the elation will not be unanimous.

Kiribati, lying to the southwest of Hawaii, will consist of the Gilbert, (Kiribati means Gilberts), Phoenix and Line Islands. At its closest point, Washington Island, the new nation will be only 1,200 miles south of Oahu, making it the foreign nation closest to Hawaii

But Kiribati will also include the phosphate island of Banaba, formerly called Ocean Island, from the British ship Ocean, the crew of which discovered the island in 1804. And that is the problem.

Banaba, southwest of the capital island of Tarawa, wanted to be independent, but the Gilbertese and the British government insisted it be included in Kiribati. A dispute about that has dragged on for years.

For the last 10 years the 2,500 Banabans have campaigned for separation from the Gilberts. They say they want to be associated with Fiji, 1,400 miles away, rather than with Tarawa, 240 miles distant.

The Banabans say they get along better with the Fijians after 32 years of living on the Fijian island of Rabi, and they want British aid to restore their island homeland so they can return there. A few score already have done so.

THE BRITISH, who annexed Banaba in 1900 when they found it rich in minerals, moved the Banabans to Rabi in 1947, after phosphate quarrying made Banaba uninhabitable. Britain doesn't relish the prospect of a single island needing lots of economic aid because its terrain has been exhausted.

When the Kiribati independence bill was before the House of Lords last February, the Commonwealth minister of state, Lord Goronwy-Roberts, said the phosphate will be exhausted by the end of this year.

He acknowledged the Banabans' claims: that they are a different people from the Gilbertese, that until this century they had not been governed by them and had no say in their being joined to the Gilberts by Britain in 1916, and that since the Ellice Islanders were allowed to separate from the Gilberts, they should be, too. (Under colonial rule the Gilberts were linked with the Ellice Islands to the south. But the Ellice Islanders opted in 1975 for independence on their own under the name of Tuvalu.)

The Banabans want to be separate from Kiribati.

The minister said the Banabans, irrespective of whether they become citizens of Fiji or the new Kiribati, will retain rights of access and land ownership on Banaba.

Whitehall hopes the Banabans will stay on Rabi and abandon their Banaba homeland to the seabirds.

LAST WINTER, the 25-member Banaban delegation to the London conference on a new constitution for the Gilberts walked out when the British refused their demand for separation.

British politicians of all three major parties have denounced British treatment of the Banabans, who say their minerals have enriched Britain, Australia and New Zealand by more than $225 million.

The wealth of Banaba, although there isn't much phosphate left, remains the biggest source of income for the Gilberts. The only exports are the Banaba phosphates and copra from the coconuts grown on the other islands.

"The treatment of the Banabans by Britain is one of the most disgraceful episodes in colonial history for which any European country has responsibility," says former Liberal Party leader Jo Grimmond.

Sir Ian Gilmour, foreign affairs spokesman for the recently elected Conservative government, told the House of Commons last month that his Labor predecessors made "every effort to help the Gilbert Islands and Banabans reach agreement on the future status of Banaba. If it has not yet succeeded it is not for want of trying," he said.

Associated Press

Note 1979A

Birth of a nation—Self-government in the Marshall Islands

Source: Article in Highlights (TTHQ Newsletter), June 1979.

Notes on the inauguration of the Marshall Islands Government

May 1, 1979.—Amata Kabua was inaugurated President of the Marshall Islands, at Majuro, at exactly 10 a.m.

It rained heavily, but the Marshallese people viewed the rain as "a good sign for the birth of a nation."

Beginning at 10 a.m., "the momentous ceremony began to install the new President, the Cabinet members, and the members of the Nitijela (Marshalls legislature) sworn in by High Commissioner Adrian P. Winkel and by Presiding Judge Kabua Kabua. Their national and official flag was raised to replace the six stars of the Trust Territory, and the new nation of the Marshall Islands took its place among the family of nations.

President Kabua said in his inaugural speech: "From this day forward, let no-one doubt our full and complete sovereignty over the Marshall Islands. We proudly proclaim our profound thanks to Almighty God, whose blessing we seek today."

President Kabua announced that the formal celebration of the undertaking self-government in the Marshall Islands will be held on Majuro July 25 of this year and "at that time we shall invite the world to join with us in celebration of the fact that we have now achieved self-government."

Marshalls Government

The following are the members of the Cabinet for the Government of the Marshall Islands. They were sworn into office on May 1, 1979.

1. Hon. Amata Kabua, President;
2. Hon. Ataji Balos, Minister of Internal Security;
3. Hon. Kunar Abner, Minister of Public Works;
4. Hon. Wilfred I. Kendall, Minister of Internal Affairs;
5. Hon. Tom D. Kijiner, Minister of Education;
6. Hon. Jima J. Lavin, Minister of Social Welfare;

7. Hon. Kessai Note, Minister of Resources and Development;
8. Hon. Atjang Paul, Minister of Finance;
9. Hon. Henry Samuel, Minister of Health;
10. Hon. Ruben R. Zackhras, Minister of Transportation and Communication.

Document 1982A

Palau alias Belau—The latest republic

Source: The Washington Post, Parade Magazine, October 24, 1982.

The challenge of a gentle people, by David Lechinsky

Why a tiny island in the West Pacific does not want our arms.

The cleanliness and friendliness of the p lace were startling. I was walking down a narrow dirt road in the little village of Melekeok on Babeldoab, the largest island in the new Republic of Belau (Palau) in the western Pacific, with Moses Uludong, 33, a senator in the Belau legislature. It was a clear, sunny day, and the people called out as we strolled along.

After a time, we came to the tin-roofed house of his parents. A young boy named Skras—11, slim, shy, with large eyes and rich-brown skin—ran off to call them. Liall Basiou, 70, who had been planting tapioca in a field beyond the jungle, soon joined us. then her husband, Malychanged, 68, came. They greeted us warmly.

I was given a cut green coconut to sip, and the old couple settled cross-leggged on a smooth bamboo platform and began telling Moses the news—family news, clan news, village news.

The setting—with its gentle people, golden beaches and blue ocean—was idyllic. As I listened, though, I began to gather word of more ominous import, indications of trouble that has been shaping up for some time now, thousands of miles away, on the shores of the United States.

The Republic of Belau in Micronesia was the first nation to create a constitution that bans nuclear weapons and materials from crossing its borders. But the government of the United States could have other plans for Belau: (1) a 30,000-acre jungle warfare training base that would occupy one-third of the main island of Babeldoab; (2) expansion of two airfields for use by U.S. and other foreign military planes, including fast-speed, heavy transport jets; (3) exchange use of a large part of Malakal Harbor, possibly as a service stop for the Trident nuclear submarine; and (4) a 2,000-acre storage base for nuclear and conventional weapons at Ngaramasang Bay. The people of Belau ask: How would you like to have a training base or an ammo dump in **your** neighborhood?

For centuries, the people of Belau led quiet lives on these beautiful and remote islands. Scattered in loosely clustered villages, many along the shore, they had their own language, culture and ancient traditions. The weather was mild all year, and they sustained themselves by fishing and by cultivating small gardens. They were isolated from

the rest of the world, and their troubles were few. But today, these brown-skinned people have become virtual wards of the United States—and they have begun to worry. A gentle nation, they seek your help.

"We do not want to be involved in violence or war or to become part of the war machine of any country," says Ngirturong Otaor, village chief of Ngaramlengui. "We do not want to be given jobs or money. We want to live in peace and be allowed to develop our heritage and culture and live on our own resources."

Belau, always in demand among colonial powers, was captured from Germany by the Japanese in World War I. In 1944, the Japanese themselves were driven out by the U.S. The Japanese occupation had been oppressive, but Belau did develop a diversified economy, deriving revenues from mining, agriculture, fishing and small industries. Also, the streets of Koror, the capital of Belau, were paved.

After World War II, the UN assigned the Pacific Islands of Micronesia—including Belau—to the U.S. as a trust territory. But because of their strategic importance, there was little interest in helping the islands regain autonomy. In the words of Ataji Balos, a senator on Micronesia's Marshall Islands, "We have the trust; you have the territory."

As one of their first acts, U.S. military leaders ordered the roads and 95 percent of all substantial buildings destroyed, asserting that they were reminders of Japanese imperialism. Today, Belau has fewer paved roads than it did 45 years ago. The once-thriving economy has given way to a welfare state in which the No. 1 industry is government. Belau has 1,200 government employees whose salaries consume 80 percent of the national budget. If the U.S. had the same proportion of government bureaucrats, there would be 18 million people on the federal payroll instead of 3 million.

Financial assistance from the U.S. has provided cars, TVs, laundromats with video games, sugar-coated breakfast cereals, and 14 brands of deodorant. This dubious prosperity has been created artificially through salaries to government employees rather than by developing a self-sustaining economy. It is the result of a long-range program first outlined in the Solomon Report, a classified study presented to President Kennedy in 1961, which called for permanent control through fostered dependence.

With the trusteeship set to expire on Sept. 30, 1981, the U.S. began to negotiate a new arrangement called "free association," based on the Compact of Free Association. It provides for internal self-government, with the U.S. responsible for military defense. Supplementary documents discussed the military sites to be bought for nuclear and other types of weapons, access rights for such sites, and funds to offset the effects on the local populace. With the support of the pro-U.S. legislation in Belau, it seemed the compact would have no problem passing.

But in April 1979, delegates to a constitutional convention signed a constitution outlawing nuclear, chemical and biological weapons in the country. In July, the voters ratified it overwhelmingly.

Tosko Sebalt is typical of those who voted to ban the weapons. I met her in Melegeok, just north of Namai Bay, which the U.S. wants to use as a landing beach for jungle training exercises. Tosko's brother was killed in the fighting in World War II.

She received $500 compensation for his death. She said, "Please tell the American people that we don't want the military."

But the new constitution was unacceptable to the U.S. The Belau legislature invalidated the first election and held a second referendum in October 1979 to approve a U.S.-sanctioned constitution that deleted the prohibition of nuclear weapons. Up to $100,000 in U.S. taxpayers' money, as well as $150,000 in Belau's government funds, was spent on TV ads to support the new constitution and on a string of pro-constitution parties and barbecues. The people watched the ads, ate the food, and then rejected the pro-military constitution. In July 1980, they again voted overwhelmingly for the original constitution. Four months later, they kicked out of office the legislators who had sided with the U.S.

It was at this time that Moses Uludong came into office. It also marked a transition in the basic attitude of the people of Belau. They were now willing to unite against the wishes of the U.S. in areas where they felt that their way of life was threatened. David was taking a stand against a determined Goliath.

But despite their strong feelings, the inhabitants of the remote atoll were in a dilemma. On the one hand, they didn't want the U.S military presence polluting their air, unsettling their homes, disrupting their fishing and destroying the beauty of their land. On the other hand, the people of Belau had become dependent on American handouts.

United States officials insist that Belau's constitution can be modified by a three-fourth's majority vote of the people. So confident of this is the U.S. that, residents say, the military has already laid the groundwork for the militarization of Belau. Aichi Kamangai, the village magistrate of Ngardmau, told me how he was visited by military officials in 1980. His clan owns half the land that the Pentagon has designated for munitions storage. The officials explained their plan for fencing off the area they wanted. They also warned the villagers that they would have to stay at least three miles away whenever munitions were being loaded or unloaded. Kamangai told me that the people of Ngardmau objected immediately and that they remain opposed to the plan.

On Aug. 26 of this year, the compact was signed by U.S. Ambassador Fred M. Zeder, who was appointed by President Reagan, and by Lazarus E. Salii, ambassador of the Republic of Belau. In it, the U.S. agrees not to test nuclear weapons on Belau or store them there, except *in transit*. But the phrase *in transit* is not defined and, many feel, could lead to such weapons being held in Belau indefinitely.

Yet the compact still has to be approved by the people. Ambassador Zeder says he expects a referendum to take place within the next few months, and the U.S. Congress will vote on it too. At this time, however, few in Congress have seen a copy of the signed compact, nor do they acknowledge any controversy surrounging it.

The U.S. authorities have been campaigning to win Belau's approval of the compact. They have argued that military bases would protect Belau from invasion by the USSR. But older citizens of Belau remind the young that this same argument had been used by the Japanese to persuade Belau to allow them to build military bases against possible invasion by the United States. Instead of protecting Belau, they actually drew

the attention of the Americans, and Belau was shattered by warfare, highlighted by the bloody battle of Peleliu. The people of Belau fear that the presence of U.S. military bases similarly would make them a target of Soviet missiles. As Otaor, the village chief, said: "We have suffered through a war that was not of our making, and we do not want it to happen again."

United States officials deny charges that they intend to build a Trident submarine base in Belau. Zeder called the idea "the most ridiculous thing I've ever read," arguing that the range of the Trident makes such a base unnecessary and that it would be too expensive to build. But the Belaus are understandably wary. If the U.S. is not planning to build a Trident base, they ask, then why won't it add a clause to that effect to the Compact of Free Association?

Until the compact can be instituted, the U.S. will not terminate the trusteeship. According to the islanders, U.S. officials have threatened to cut back aid if Belau's voters will not agree to let the military have its way.

When I asked Joshua Koshiba, the chairman of the Belau Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, if he thought the U.S. military would ever leave Belau alone, he threw up his hands and replied, "In America, who cares about 14,000 people in a nation so small that it doesn't appear on most maps?"

Koshiba's pessimism brought home to me how drastically the image of the U.S. has changed—from the liberator of World War II to a giant less likely to support poor people than the dictators who oppress them.

But Moses Uludong and others say most of the islanders still believe that if the American people were aware of the situation, they would petition their leaders to support the Belaus. Speaking for his village, which is unanimously opposed to the military presence, Ngirturong Otaor sent this formal message from the other side of the world: "Please convey to the U.S. people and government that we do not want the U.S. military to come."

It's a long journey from Ngaramlengui to the U.S. mainland: a 20-minute walk to the pier, a 1-1/2-hour boat ride to Koror, a bus trip to the airfield, a two-hour flight to Guam with a stop in Yap, a seven-hour flight to Hawaii and a final five-hour flight to California. On the last leg of that journey, I thought about one more statement made by Otaor. I'd asked what he'd do if he woke up one morning and found that the U.S. military had begun to build the munitions base.

He looked me in the eyes and said, "You don't think the United States would act against the will of a local people, do you?"

Document 1986A

Micronesia: A Faltering Trust

Source: Article in Newsweek, 11 August 1986, by Paul Chin and Carl Robinson.

[Attached]



PHOTOS BY JIM LEHAVER

The sun shines brightly, but serious economic development remains only a mirage in one of the world's archetypal backwaters: *Kwajalein Atoll*

Micronesia: A Faltering Trust

The Marshall Islands battle a sad legacy of dependence and neglect

If endless miles of almost empty ocean were money, Micronesia would be one of the richest places on earth. But nearly 40 years after the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands was established at the close of World War II, its more than 130,000 people, who are scattered across 2,000 islands and atolls, are heading toward limited independence from the United States in the political and economic equivalent of a rust-stained tramp steamer. Strategically crucial (box), the four principal island groups remain as dependent as ever on American largesse. For a firsthand look, NEWSWEEK's *Carl Robinson visited the Marshall Islands and filed this report:*

It's unlikely that anyone will ever write a sequel to the Broadway musical "South Pacific" extolling the tropical life on Ebeye, a tiny islet a half-hour's run by motor launch from the U.S. missile-range base at Kwajalein. A horror movie would be more like it. Packed onto its several football-fields' worth of coral are an estimated 10,000 citizens of the Republic of the Marshall Islands, living in plywood shacks only a slum dweller from Calcutta or Lagos might envy. Raw sewage runs more freely than drinking water. Syphilis and infectious diarrhea are rampant. Only 650 people commute to the coveted jobs—most of them menial—on Kwajalein that attracted all but a handful of native Ebeyans to the island in the first place. For everyone else, Kwajalein's shops, tidy suburban streets and miles of empty beach are usually off-limits. "Look at how we live," says local activist Julien Riklon. "We have no trees, no coconuts, nothing."

Nothing is in fact what many Micronesians have a lot of these days, despite living cheek by jowl with some of the most glittering outposts of U.S. high technology. Under the Trust Territory's 1947 United Nations mandate, Washington is pledged to "promote the development of the inhabitants toward self-government" by fostering "economic advancement and self-sufficiency." But the reality, critics say, has been a "handout mentality" of welfare payments, pork-barrel jobs and honky-tonk urbanization. "It's been a longstanding policy to get us so dependent on the United States that we won't want another country to come in," says Carl Heine, an opposition member of the Marshall Islands Parliament. The situation may spring *more* from neglect than from design. But even the current moves toward replacing U.S. trusteeship with semi-independence for the four Micronesian states—either through commonwealth status or so-called Compacts of Free Association—may *only* perpetuate dependency with $2.7 billion of American largesse, to be ladled out during the first 15 years of the new arrangement.

Plenty of nothing: *The 'beach' at Ebeye*



Frontier boomtown: With 30,000 people spread out across half-a-million square miles of ocean, the Marshalls are usually considered to be the most advanced of the four island groups. (The others are the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, the Republic of Palau and the Federated States of Micronesia—Yap, Truk, Ponape and Kusaie.) Over the past two years the Marshalls' ramshackle capital, Majuro, has taken on the look of a frontier boomtown, in large part because of new construction—a power plant, a hospital and a milk factory—paid for by borrowing against the $800 million scheduled for the Marshalls under the proposed compact. There is even a homegrown—and deficit-ridden—Airlines of the Marshall Islands, with both domestic and international flights. But the price has been a foreign debt that already totals $75 million—a staggering amount on a per-capita basis.

Even with the expected influx of Wash-

Note 1992A

U.S. compensates Marshall Islands over atomic fallout

Source:Press article by Reuter.

Majuro, Marshall Islands (Reuter).—The United States is paying almost $11 million to Marshall Islanders suffering from thyroid tumors, radiation exposure and cancers caused by U.S. atomic bomb tests, a report today said.

"Marshallese citizens are now receiving the benefit of a compensation program under which awards are as large as, and in some cases larger than what U.S. citizens would receive for the same medical conditions," the Nuclear Claims Tribunal said.

The Tribunal, a three-person panel that handles compensation for Marshallese injured by U.S. nuclear tests, said 237 of the 381 claims by islanders involved thyroid tumors from radiation fallout.

ington cash, the Marshall Islands' prospects seem a poor guarantee of such investment. Talk of developing tourism runs head on against the tawdriness that characterizes most of the area's major atolls. There are also proposals to mine manganese nodules from neighboring seabeds, to encourage the growth of offshore banking, even to establish a medical school to catch overflow from the saturated U.S. market. But the fundamental problem is to create the preconditions for economic vitality in what is, after all, one of the world's archetypal backwaters. "What we need is more private investment and initiative," says Amata Kabua, the Republic of the Marshall Islands' veteran president. "Most people simply don't want to work." After four decades on Washington's umbilical cord there is a widespread skepticism that the islands will ever be cut loose. "As long as the Americans are interested in this area," says Majuro businessman Ramsey Reimers, "there will be American money coming in."

Excessive radiation: A different legacy suffuses Bikini and Eniwetok atolls, where 66 U.S. nuclear weapons—including the most powerful hydrogen bomb ever exploded—were tested between 1946 and 1958. Despite costly rehabilitation efforts—including the excavation and burial of thousands of tons of contaminated sand—both islands remain for the most part uninhabitable due to excessive radiation. Many of their former residents remain atomic-age nomads, stranded on desolate coral outcroppings hundreds of miles away. Under the Compact guidelines $150 million has been set aside to compensate victims of cancer or other illnesses traceable to the tests. In exchange for that, however, Marshall Islanders will be required to drop multibillion-dollar lawsuits against the U.S. government—claims that have never been formally recognized by Washington. "We're not trying to set blame for what's happened," says Minister of Health Tony de Brum, whose statistics show the Marshall Islands have the highest cancer rates in the Pacific. "We're just asking for help."

The apparent American inclination to look the other way has occasionally prompted protest—most notably last September when 200 local demonstrators briefly halted missile tests at Kwajalein. Much of the reaction to the Compact proposal is cynical. "Now we're going to be the only 'sovereign' country in the world with its own U.S. postal code," says Heine. But that may be the unfortunate lot for far-flung countries with so few resources and populations no bigger than a typical American county seat. The problem will be to square expansive hopes with the hard realities of being a small fish in a very big pond.

Of Politics and the Pacific

Despite its geographic isolation, Micronesia has long been a pawn of global politics. During World War II, its Marshall Islands were the first target of U.S. forces in their westward push to reconquer the Pacific islands and Southeast Asia from the Japanese. The plane that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima left from the island of Tinian in the Marianas. For more than a decade after the war, the Marshalls—most notoriously, Bikini Atoll—became the site for U.S. nuclear weapons tests. And the Northern Marianas were one of the "fallback positions" in President Nixon's strategy to withdraw U.S. troops from Vietnam while building up naval bases in the Pacific.

It is because of Micronesia's strategic importance that the United States has held onto it, administering it as a United Nations Trust Territory since 1947. Now, as Washington prepares to grant Micronesia semi-independence, the region's significance continues to grow. Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands is the site of U.S. intercontinental ballistic missile tests and will play a key role in the U.S. Star Wars program; the Marianas and Palau could serve as locations for U.S. military installations should Washington lose Clark Air Base and Subic Naval Base in the Philippines. After 17 years of negotiations, the United States has formally agreed to grant the Northern Marianas commonwealth status while entering into compacts of free association with the rest of Micronesia; under both arrangements, the United States will continue to have exclusive military access in exchange for financial support.

Soviet inroads: Washington is determined to maintain its influence in Micronesia in order to counter the growing Soviet presence in the South Pacific. Moscow recently established diplomatic relations with Vanuatu. Last year, Moscow signed a fishing agreement with Kiribati and has approached Fiji on fishing, sugar and timber deals. Though Soviet inroads have been largely commercial, Washington is convinced that Moscow has more ambitious goals. "Now they want access," says a State Department official, "and later, [military] bases." Washington's worries have been compounded by the threat of growing political instability in Micronesia. Though many of its leaders have long taken a pro-American stance, there is widespread dissatisfaction with the compacts and a more militant younger generation is emerging that could demand more independence from the United States.

Washington's immediate problem is to formally terminate its trusteeship. Because of Micronesia's status as a "strategic trust," the termination plan must be approved by the United Nations Security Council. The Soviet Union, in an apparent effort to thwart the plan and fuel Micronesians' impatience with Washington, voted against it in the UN's Trusteeship Council last May. A legal dispute in Palau has temporarily blocked formal approval of its free-association pact—and delayed a vote on the plan in the Security Council. Though a new vote could come as early as this fall, it remains unclear what Washington will do if Moscow vetoes the plan. Political jockeying between the superpowers over Micronesia will undoubtedly stoke the region's demands for greater independence—and tensions throughout the Pacific.

PAULA CHIN *with* CARL ROBINSON *in Micronesia*

A Strategic Frontier



Documents 1993A

Rodrigue Lévesque "making history"

A1. Making history

Source: Article in the Pacific Sunday News, Guam, April 18, 1993.

[Attached]

A2. 300-year-old letters tell Marianas story

Source: Article is Mariana Variety, Tuesday, May 11, 1993.

[Attached]

A3. Historian traces names of old Saipan villages

Source: Article in Mariana Variety, Tuedsay, May 11, 1993.

[Attached]

Making history

Archivist amasses mammoth series on Micronesian history

By FLOYD WHALEY
Pacific Sunday News

The Mariana Islands were mapped by Europeans a century earlier than previously thought, and the population of the indigenous people was half the size earlier believed.

Those are some of the historically significant conclusions that Canadian researcher Rodrigue Levesque has come to while researching his mammoth series of volumes on Micronesian history.

"These little things and so many more are how I will make my mark," said Levesque, a meticulously thorough amateur historian.

Levesque can be seen as more of an archivist than a historian. He has traveled throughout Europe copying and translating original documents produced during the first period of contact in Micronesia with the outside world.

"He's kind of a translation machine and his project really is incredible," said Don Rubinstein, with Micronesian Area Research Center. "It's the most complete compilation of source materials that has ever been put together. It's a phenomenal project."

Dirk Ballendorf, who teaches the history of the Marianas at the University of Guam, also praised Levesque's work. He noted that the researcher has made accessible and understandable documents that were previously buried in

❑ See HISTORY, page 4



Ed Cooley/Pacific Sunday News

Amateur historian Rodrigue Levesque has used his own money to travel to archives throughout Europe to copy and translate original documents produced during the first period of contact in Micronesia with the outside world for use in his compilation of Micronesian history.

History: Levesque searches for historical documents

Continued from page 1

archives around the world.

"All historians writing about the Marianas from this point on have to look at his book," said Ballendorf. "Not to look at this book and consider the facts that he has brought to light in there would be remiss."

Levesque's obsession with documenting Micronesian history began in 1981, when he traveled through the region as a tourist. He had already published his own book about discoverer Ferdinand Magellan and when his wife was offered a job in Saipan, he took the opportunity to study the region.

The 55-year-old Quebec resident formerly worked for the United Nations, but now spends his time translating ancient documents from half a dozen different languages into English.

He has used his own money to travel to archives and libraries throughout Europe to track down the documents. Additionally, he publishes the materials himself.

"Because this job was considered impossible, I was unable to get grants," Levesque said. "The span of it, the scope of it was just too big. It was judged that it would take 20 men 20 years to complete it."

Levesque plans to find and translate every first- and second-hand historical document produced about Micronesia since 1521.

Those documents are letters, logs, ship reports, and other materials sent to or from Micronesia by the early explorers, administrators and missionaries. Levesque's first two volumes are 700 pages each and he plans to publish two more a year for the next nine years.

His research has turned up many previously undocumented facts, including information that the first missionaries in the Marianas inflated population estimates in order to obtain increased funding and favor from the church.

Letters from Belgian priests on Guam, discovered in Brussels by Levesque after 300 years, indicated the Marianas population was 20,000 or less indigenous people. Historians using secondary reports have said it was twice that.

He also found that one of five of Magellan's ships in 1521, which first landed on Guam, returned to the Marianas after suffering damage at sea. The crew of the ship, called Trinidad, mapped with Chamorro names all the islands of the Marianas.

It was previously thought that the Marianas were first mapped more than a century later in 1668, said Levesque.

Levesque, who is not modest about his achievements, said his volumes will change the face of Micronesian history.

"From now on, once these are digested, history will be rewritten with religious dedication to facts," he said.

DAILY Marianas Variety News & Views

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1993 Marianas Variety

300-year-old letters tell Marianas story

MORE than 50 letters, including 30 from the Northern Marianas and Guam, have been found in the Jesuit archives in Belgium after being lost for about three centuries. They are expected to enrich the recorded history of the Marianas.

"I would like the people (of the Northern Marianas and Guam) to know that I discovered part of their history which has not been available for 300 years," said Rodrigue Levesque, a Canadian historian who lived in Saipan in the early eighties.

Levesque, whose wife, Virginia Dacanay Levesque was director of the school of nursing of Community College of Micronesia, was in Saipan last week.

He has published two out of a projected 30-volume collection of historical documents, including many eyewitness accounts, under the general title History of Micronesia. "I have been searching all over the world for these for the past 10 years, and will continue to do so," he said.

In an interview, Levesque said the letters he found in the Archives Generales du Royaume, Archives Jesuitiques in the province of Flandro-Belgique in Belgium were written mostly by Jesuit priests Gerard Bouwens and Peter Coomans in 1670 to 1697.

The two were about to go to Holland to help in the campaign against the protestant movement when they heard about Diego Luis Sanvictores who was looking for priests. Thus, Bouwens and Coomans came to the Marianas and started recording, through letters to their colleagues or superiors in other places, events in the Northern Marianas.

One letter, written by Bouwens, described the typhoon which hit the Marianas on Nov. 20, 1693.

Levesque also found a letter from a Fr. Wibault to another Jesuit (unidentified) in Manila on Dec. 20, 1721 about another letter from a Fr. Cruydolf in Saipan in 1720 which narrated the suicide of the last macana (witch doctor) on the island after a lengthy discussion with

continued on page 7



Rodrigue Levesque

300. . .

continued from page 1

Craydolf.

Levesque said the letters would be included in volumes 4 and 5 of his series, which are expected to come out during the winter of 1994.

Levesque said many of the documents written by the Jesuit priests were lost when they were banned from most of the European countries (except Italy) in the 18th century because of their radical ideas. Many of their properties were seized in 1769 by governments and were not recovered even after the restoration of the order in the 19th century.

In the province of Flandro-Belgique, the Jesuit priests were either Flemish or French. The Flemish priests would not speak French, and so did the other side. So they all spoke in Latin. Thus, the letters found by Levesque were all written in the ancient language, sometimy hand-writing that could only be read with the use of a magnifying glass.

Levesque used a special copying system because archive officials would not allow the volumes of letters to be opened more than 45 degrees, preventing the use of ordinary copiers. A special copier manufactured by Minolta, utilizing mirrors, enabled Levesque to make copies of the letters without spreading the volumes flat.

He is planning to apply for a grant from the Council of Humanities to cover travel expenses when he goes back to Belgium to arrange for translations of the letters into English.

Levesque's books are not for mass circulation. Each volume has only 500 copies and prospective buyers are informed that the series would reach 30 volumes. At $50 a volume, Levesque tries to discourage buyers who are interested only in "the book" instead of "books."

The books, however, should be a standard part of the collections of libraries in Micronesia. Levesque's research makes previously unknown and inaccessible documents about Micronesia's history available to students, researchers and historians.

The first volume, "European Discovery," which came out last year, has 704 pages in large format, bound in green buckram and stamped in gold on all sides. It covers prehistory and early documented history of Micronesia and the North Pacific from 1521 to 1560.

The second volume, "Prelude to Conquest," also consists of 704 pages, and covers the period 1561-1595, during which all the Spanish voyages and expeditions in the Pacific were made.

Volume 3 will cover the period 1595 to 1637 while volume 4 will start with the shipwreck of Concepcion (1686) and may begin to discuss the early part of the colonization of the Marianas.

Levesque says his objective in researching and publishing Micronesia's history is both personal and philanthropic. "Personal in the sense that I found an area of knowledge in which new material can be found; philanthropic because, publishing that information will benefit Micronesians." (NL)

Historian traces names of old Saipan villages

By Rodrigue Levesque

LETTERS written by Peter Coomans, a Belgian Jesuit during the late 1600s, provided information regarding the names of Chamorro villages in Saipan.

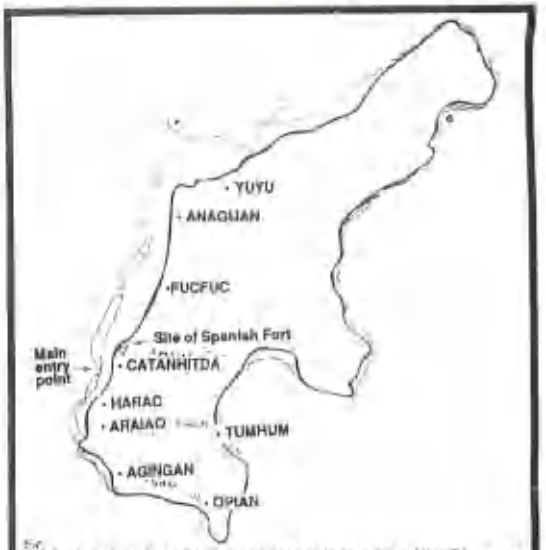
Coomans, at that time, was following Captain Quiroga and his band of Pampango soldiers during the 1684 military campaign in the Northern Marianas.

The Spanish ship was followed by a fleet of 40 canoes filled with Chamorro allies from Guam and Rotá.

The letters of Coomans are part of a stash of over 50 letters, all written in Latin, by him and his companion and countryman, Gerard Bouwens, which I discovered recently in the archives of Belgium. It is hoped that these letters can be transcribed and translated from Latin into English and become part of a series of books entitled History of Micronesia – A Collection of Source Documents.

Of the nine village names mentioned in the letters, only two remain today: Agingan and Opian (now Obyan). Six of the other villages were along today's Beach Road: Yuyu, Anaguan, Fucfuc, Catanhida, Harac and Araiao. The last one was in Laulau, and was called Tumhum.

Further study may reveal that the place names on the map are in the wrong places. What is known with some degree of certainty is that the triangular stockade built by the Spanish was located on a point of land from which the soldiers could catch fish with nets and was near a fresh water pond with abundant supplies of taro and rice. This points out Susupe Point and Lake Susupe as the probable site in question.



MAP OF Saipan in 1684 showing probable location of the Chamorro villages that were visited by Captain Quiroga and his armed band of Filipino soldiers.

Araiao was the residence of the paramount chief of Saipan; his title in Chamorro was Radahao, which literally meant Big Father. The second chief in terms of importance was Punni, who lived at Tumhum; his title meant governor in Chamorro.

The letters discovered in Belgium also provide information regarding the early history of the Marianas and will shed some light on the people of Tinian and Saipan before they were forcibly removed to Rota and Guam in 1695. When some people returned 15 to 20 years later some of the old place names had already been forgotten.

Documents 1998A

Lévesque's 1998-99 visit to Micronesia

A1. Historian speaks & Levesque's research writings worth reading

Source: Photo and article in the Guam Daily News, 19 & 20 December 1998.

[Attached]

A2. In search of a sunken Spanish galleon

Source: Article in the Pacific Daily News, Tuesday, Janaury 5, 1999.

[Attached]



Historian speaks: On Dec. 22, Rodrigue Levesque, author of the History of Micronesia Volumes 1-10, addressed professor Dirk Ballendorf's Guam History class and the public. The lecture was part of the University of Guam's Richard Flores Taitano Micronesian Area Research Center and the National Resource Center for Micronesian Studies' Distinguished Speakers Forum. Levesque left, presented new findings about the ancient Chamorros. He is shown with Ballendorf.

1-19-94 PDN

Levesque's research, writings worth reading

Joe Murphy's column last week about historian Rod Levesque's work was undoubtedly very much appreciated by everyone on Guam and around the region who have supported and benefited from Levesque's work.

I would guess that more people on Guam than Mr. Murphy realizes have plunked down the $50 per volume and purchased the entire set of the 10 700-page volumes. I'm one of them.

The books have become indispensable tools for archaeologists, historians and cultural scholars interested in Guam and the rest of Micronesia.

And with the University of Hawaii Press marketing and distributing Levesque's books internationally, they have circulated more widely than readers might realize.

Levesque already has another 10 or more volumes in preparation.

Whether or not he locates the missing galleon, his books contain a treasure of historical material on Guam. The Micronesian Studies Program at the University of Guam recently purchased the entire set for the University's RFK Library.

Anyone with an interest in Guam history should go over to the library and browse Levesque's books.

DON RUBINSTEIN
UOG Micronesian Studies Program

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OPINION

In search of a sunken Spanish galleon

I can't imagine a more thrilling— or profitable —adventure in life than finding a sunken Spanish galleon, filled with gold and silver.

It just so happens that I know the right man, Rodrigue Levesque, who knows more about galleons than possibly any other person in the world. He's been taking scuba lessons on Guam for the past few weeks, perhaps in anticipation of doing some diving for just such a galleon.



Joe Murphy

Investment in such a scheme? Perhaps at a later date. I offered to put up some cash, but Levesque said to cool it for a while. Actually Levesque isn't really a treasure hunter by vocation. He is a scholar, author, historian and publisher. He has been on Guam for the past few weeks, and over on Saipan, gathering still more material for what is a fascinating series of books. He has published 10 volumes on the history of Micronesia and the Marianas, and is working on Volumes 11 and 12.

I ran into Levesque at a local coffee shop first, and was introduced to him by Dr. Bob Rogers, one of Guam's premier historians. Later I had a chance to interview the prolific writer at Rogers' library in Tumon, just before the fireworks began. Levesque is French Canadian from Gatineau, Quebec.

He is a graduate of McGill University, a top Canadian school. How did he get interested in Micronesia and the Spanish galleons? It is quite a story in itself. His wife is a Filipina, and in 1981 the Levesques decided to take Continental Micronesia's island-hopper through this part of the Pacific. He read the in-flight magazine, and the thought suddenly occurred to him that nobody had done a comprehensive history of this part of the world.

The Levesques found a job, and lived in Saipan from 1982 to 1984, and his search for information about the Pacific islands began. He had the right background and a keen sense of history. He has also served as an consultant to the United Nations in Africa.

He speaks, and writes a large number of languages.

He is, in fact, "a one-man institute," filled with knowledge and facts about the Pacific. He spends a great deal of time digging into archives in Spain, Quebec, the Micronesian Area Research Center, Manila, and other areas.

First, and foremost, Levesque is a bilingual world traveler with a great curiosity. He certainly isn't rich or even wealthy, and his History of Micronesia books, which sell for $50 each, aren't going to make him rich.

The secret of Levesque's collection is that each volume in the series is full of "primary records," which means that he has really done his research. It includes eyewitness reports, sailor's logs, letters, and is complete with lists of galleons and other ship movements across the Pacific, tracking them from 1565 and the Legaspi journey to the present. He estimates that he has tracked as many as 4,000 ships, and all of the Spanish galleons.

Only two of these galleons have disappeared, lost at sea, without a trace. He believes one of them went down on the Oregon Coast, and another one he thinks is off Baja California.

Levesque has a mission: "To uncover the historic truth focusing on what happened in Micronesia."

One thing Levesque has discovered: "You can't rely on oral history," because over generations, and hundreds of years, the truth gets twisted and distorted in the retelling. How many places and people have his complete 10-volume history on Guam? Not very many, I'm sure. Dr. Rogers has a set. MARC has several. The Guam Community College has a set.

You really have to be a linguist to be in this historical document business. Levesque has found and translated material in Spanish, Latin, English, French, German, Italian and Portuguese. He translates rapidly from original document onto a laptop computer.

The first volume is European Discovery, the second volume is Prelude to Conquest. The third volume is First Real Contact, followed by Religious Conquest, with Vol. 5 being Focus on the Mariana Mission, 1670-1673; Vol. 6 is about the Revolts in the Marianas. Vol. 7 is More Turmoil in the Marianas. Vol. 8 is about The Last Chamorro Revolt, 1683-1687. Vol. 9 is the Conquest of the Gani Islands, and Vol. 10 is Exploration of the Carolines.

Levesque publishes his own books, through Levesque Publications, 189 Dulfresne, Gatineau, Quebec, Canada, J8R 3E1. His plans are a little vague. He will be leaving Guam this week, but can be reached at the above address.

His efforts have certainly contributed to the history of the region, and I have little doubt he has a chance to find his lost Spanish galleon.

Joe Murphy is a former editor for the Daily News and writes his Pipe Dreams Column daily.

Message from the Publisher

For years I had been working in professions other than history, always being on the lookout for a unique project that man had left undone. When travelling through Micronesia in 1981, I realized that its history had not been properly told. I also realized that I had found my mission in life: that of collecting and making available to the public a mass of historical documents on many subjects and thus to create a great Encyclopedia on Micronesia. I have done this entirely on my own, from A to Z. Thus I have accomplished my long-cherished desire after decades of unsung labor.

One last quote from a book

"I leave to others, rather to time—this sovereign and impartial judge—the care of deciding if my efforts have been crowned with success."

Lafond de Lurcy.

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