

DIARY OF ERWIN D. CANHAM

Selected entries*

1975

- March 14: Mary Vance Trent called from the Dept. of the Interior to ask if EDC would be available to supervise a plebiscite in the North Mariana Islands concerning their future status. A Covenant for Commonwealth Status has been worked out by the President and special representative, Ambassador F. Haydn Williams (head of the Asia Foundation).
- We were immensely interested, but aware that a number of future commitments should be canceled or deferred. The most difficult were the Cudworth Association, and various speeches in Minnesota. We decided these could be canceled without serious harm.
- Called Mary Vance back to express serious interest.
- March 17: Today or soon thereafter, Mary Vance further cleared my appointment with Secretary of Interior Rogers Morton, the State Dept., and the White House. We began to make definite plans. The Cudworth people were particularly understanding, thru Watson Greenfield.
- Wrote Minnesota. Wrote the head of Stonehill College. They were very nice and offered a “rain check.” Canceled few other commitments—Boy Scout dinner speech, Cape Cod bookmobile, etc. Don McGannon and Sid Davis were very kind—(Sid warned of personal de-hydration on Guam!). These various cancellations took place over next few days and weeks.
- April 8: To New York for consultation with U.S. Mission to U.N. before Trusteeship Council. Ambassador Barbara White is U.S. rep., aided by Immerman. Discussed many thorny aspects of separate status for Marianas, which the Trusteeship Council has basically opposed. A delegation will come out to observe the plebiscite and I will host them. (Amb. White is cousin of Mrs. Paul Reardon.)
- I see many hurdles ahead for Commonwealth status, not the least of which would be an ultimate Security Council veto. The only powerful argument “for” is the “will of the people” which I am to test. But this is divided, and rest of Micronesia is opposed.
- April 15: Off at 9:30 on through flight to Honolulu via San Francisco. First class. Sumptuous food. About 6 hours to San Francisco, and little more to Hawaii. Three hours time difference on each flight. Another big meal SF-Hon. Movie about child adoptions. Plane packed. Got to Honolulu about 4 pm. Met by Robert Law, Dept. of Interior Trust Territories liaison. Driven through heavy traffic to Halukalini Hotel, an old favorite, 2-story or 1-story buildings in midst of high-rises. Had drinks on terrace as sun set and went to early bed in nice little front room looking out on Waikiki. Slept nicely, adjusting our time clocks, had splendid buffet breakfast. Went straight away to beach, got chairs, dipped into sea, went walking toward Hilton, baked in chairs, walked toward Diamond Head, lunched at beach-side, Sue napped, I baked, checked out at 6. Walked to Hilton, Sue bought dress, having bought me blue bathing things earlier. Dined peacefully at Halukalini.

* Erwin Canham diaries made available by Patience D. Canham. All entries with respect to the Marianas have been excerpted and reproduced here. Personal and other entries have not been reproduced.

- April 16—17: Taxied to airport, picked up luggage we had left there. Very efficient check-in by Pan Am. Waited in Clipper Club. Plane for Guam left at 11:15 in 747. Steward arranged stretch-out sleeping for all 1st class passengers in space just behind 1st class seating area. Slept well enough about 5 hours, sat up for coffee and rolls, arrived at Agana Airport, Guam, between 3 and 4 am Friday morning, having lost day on International Dateline.
- April 18: Met at 4AM by Commander Westlake and Tony Lopez. Westlake, a Ph.D. from Fletcher School, is the liaison in Guam for the Trust Territory. Took us to Guam Hilton, a splendid hotel, where we slept a few hours, then awakened fresh enough and went down to sturdy breakfast. Hotel looks out through nice grounds to bay. Big verandas, pool, etc. Teems with Japanese honeymooners brought here on package tours. They have shopped heavily.
- Lunched at Genji restaurant, Japanese food. Westlake came at 2:30—Admiral in command “tied up” across island. Joe Murphy, editor and columnist of Pacific Daily News (Gannett-owned paper) came for realistic chat about Saipan and plebiscite. Drove around Guam a bit—extensive hotel development—and then to airport for half-hour flight to Saipan, over Rota and Tinian. Met High Commissioner Edw. Johnston and wife in Guam airport.
- April 18: Met by imposing Saipanese delegation—Deputy High Commissioner Coleman, wife, Status Commission Chairman Edw. Pangelinan, wife, U.S. State Dept. representative Alfred Bergesen and wife; my executive director former Cong. Neiman Craley and wife, delegation of elder Saipanese ladies, girl reporter from Pacific Daily News. Suitably lei-decorated.
- Drove to Saipan Continental Hotel, later to top floor suite. Honeymoon decor. Small double bed. Few drawers. Poor reading lights. Superb view. Consider changing to double room. Don't much unpack, go down to seafood buffet dinner. Walk in warm tropical moonlight. Feel pretty good. Arrange meetings tomorrow.
- April 19: Neiman Craley comes at 10. Plan early guide-lines on use of radio-TV. Ok'd letters to organizations from which members of the Advisory Committee to come. Survey much needed early work. Inspect proposed office space—party room in restaurant complex run by Petty Officer Hamilton. Lunched with Craley's and Bergesen's at old CIA houses on Capital Hill. Good talk. Drove to Bonzai Cliff thru pastoral little uninhabited parts. Back to hotel for swim, peaceful dinner, early bed.
- April 20: Taken by Mr. and Mrs. Alf Bergesen (he is State Department liaison with the Trust Territory) for swim at south end of island—at Obyan Beach. Perfectly lovely coral-reefed spot where the snorkeling was superb. All sorts of brilliant little fish swimming in and out of the rocks. Relics of Japanese fortifications around. Picturesque as Dickens. Lunch at their house afterward. He closed U.S. Embassy at Phnom Penh 10 yrs ago. Served also in Portugal. Is liaison for one month. State Department and Mary Vance Trent List.
- Back to hotel for swim at own beach. Incredibly beautiful.
- April 21: Went on duty calls to Deputy High Commissioner Coleman (of Samoan extraction) and High Commissioner Johnston of Honolulu. Also, later to District Administrator Francisco Ada, his Public Affairs Officer David Maratita. And to President Vicente (Ben) Santos of Marianas District Legislature.
- First task is to issue guide-lines on use of radio and TV. Need to put top limits on time and rules which assure equality of access. Arbitrary rules drafted by George Callison, re-drafted by Craley, to be ok'd by me.

Most difficult job may be registration of voters, since many other Micronesians work here in government. Also there is little time to register absentees, such as students in USA. Will set up Registration Board.

Lunched with Craleys at Japanese place up on hill. Big meal. Mrs. Janet Craley is clerk of the Congress of Micronesia.

Swam, walked, loafed, dived under half-moon and soft stars. Much sleep.

April 22: Made sure Craley severs relationship with Trust Territory government. Tried to clarify my financial arrangements. (Later found I am on ambassadorial per diem, which seems to be about \$50 a day. However, was told from Washington I would have to itemize.)

April 23: Had important session with many members of the MPSC at the Plebiscite Commissioner's office at Hamilton's. They agreed to equal availability of radio and TV time to proponents and opponents of Covenant. We suggest 1 hour in morning and 1 hour in evening, divided in 30-min segments, for radio, and half as much for TV. Went into registration problem extensively. Problem of Saipanese permanently settled on Guam to gain U.S. citizenship. Believe them ineligible to vote if they have changed permanent residence.

April 25: Mary Vance Trent called at about 7 AM. She also expressed Washington's concern that we had not found a better place for the Plebiscite Commissioner's office than a former night club somewhat away from the civic center. Assured her that independence is important even from the District Administration's complex. Even so, no quarters are available at DISTAD's without displacing some useful present activity.

Outlined to Mary Vance Trent what we have done, including various courtesy calls, meeting with MPSC, plans for registration, rules for radio-TV, etc. She seemed satisfied.

Called on Speaker of District Legislature and Mayor of Saipan Municipality, chiefly to discuss registration procedures. They agreed to use of their local officials. Then went back to Dave Maratita, of Distad, to find him strongly emphasizing phrase in the Secretarial Order which says registration must be by 2-member panels of the 8-member Regis. Board. Decided to check with Washington, Emmett Rice, Director of Office of Territorial Affairs. Over phone—he being at home at night—he felt the Secretarial Order requires us to conduct an entirely new registration using the 8 members of the Registration Board as the actual registration officers in the 14 places where registration is to occur. He felt we could not start with the existing register from the last district municipal election as a base. (Obviously we would not use the more recent roll from the Micronesian Congress elections since it is too biased.) Rice asked us to telex our issues and he would reply. We did so, dictating a message to Mrs. Craley. Among the defects of the Washington procedure is the possibility of few legitimate voters registering, and that we cannot publish any list until after registration closes. Then the Registration Board would only be able to take up its appellate functions.

Await reply from Washington

April 26: Various details at Hamiltons.

Early today 56 Vietnam refugees arrived at Continental Hotel. They had hijacked a plane 10 days ago, flew to Singapore, had been held there and after 3 false starts put on a Pan Am plane for Guam and Saipan. Nobody will say why they alone get this luxury. They profess to be an ardent fundamentalist religious group. A "Mr. Stewart" in Singapore, representing International Committee for Vietnam Migration. All pretty mysterious. They are a very mixed group, not glamorous, no beautiful girls, one very old lady, many children, several youths of military age.

Dinner with Bergesens at Manauan Restaurant—tempura.

April 27: Sunday snorkeling with Bergesens and their magnificent Newfoundland dog Dion. Went to Wing Beach, NW side of island. The snorkeling over reefs is superb. Water filled with tiny brilliant fishes—blue, yellow, white, black.

April 29: Hamilton's, where Plebiscite Commissioner's offices are established, is a large room formerly used for night club functions. It has many louvered windows, is not air-conditioned, is halfway up the slopes from the low-lying coastal areas at Garapan Heights. At the back there is an extensive coconut grove—grass under trees—with sun-dappled shade which is perfectly lovely. Staff is Neiman Craley; secretary Mrs. Azalea Weaver; Jean Lily, radio and TV officer, a 400-lb man. Later will have George Callison, an experienced writer to handle public education program.

Most important event was meeting at 6 pm with United Carolinian Association in their palm-thatched house on the shores of the Philippine Sea. Perhaps 300 people were present, led by Felix Rabauliman. Several women were among the spokesmen. Their major question was whether better terms could be negotiated. They favored the Covenant, but objected to certain terms, including job preference, in-migration, land ownership and so on.

The sun set as we met and the brilliance of tropical skies reflected across the water and spread through the house. It was lovely and picturesque—an incredibly exotic scene. Dinner at Continental—as usual a terrace with soft star-lit or moon-lit evening about us, a raucous goose on the path, the sea just beyond!

April 30: Worked on registration problems, planning a crash 3-day registration program for all Saipan villages (12) and Tinian and Rota. In mid-forenoon I was visited by Alfonso Rasa, brother of Oscar Rasa, one of two most prominent opponents of the Covenant. First he protested that the Trust Territory government was interfering in the plebiscite by providing money (\$10,000-\$25,000) to the Saipan legislature to support the Covenant. It turns out that the money is an advance against future revenues since the Legislature is broke. Rasa also argued hotly against residency requirements in the plebiscite registration and voting. He also said the U.S. government should not be conducting the plebiscite and finally, (spotting my briefcase which had a “military-media” tag on it) asked my connection with the Defense Department!

Also conferred on radio and TV time, registration plan, etc. In evening to dinner at Bergesen's for Chuck Barry, Department of the Interior, Bergesen's assistant David Schiele, back from Guam where he helped handle evacuees. Paid tribute to great skill of Navy in fixing huge-scale living quarters, feeding and caring for some 30,000. Discussed problem of resettlement: in clusters or dispersed.

May 1: Worked out agreement with Olson of TV station on available political time: 7:15 pm—7:30 each day; 3 15-min. periods between 5 and 6:30. Are offering any registered organization or responsible individual up to 30-min. radio and 15-min. TV time daily. Effort is to ensure equal access to all viewpoints. It is up to them to use the time—or not as they choose. This system is provisional and we must see how it works.

Had 2 pm meeting of Advisory Committee, with 8 of 11 present, others off-island. Explained all that I have done. They had various suggestions about registration procedures including door-to-door. Will expand the stipulated members of group to include a representative of the Saipan Women's Association and an outstanding opponent. I needed their help in developing important and difficult questions for a Q. and A. pamphlet.

Went in evening to meeting with Saipan Women's Association, about 20 young women, mostly employed in government jobs. Made my usual statements about neutrality and explained what I expect to do. They asked the usual questions about re-negotiation of better commonwealth terms. Need more specifics on what they actually want.

Craleys and Sue came to meeting at picturesque Hafa Adai Hotel, where afterward we had Japanese dinner.

May 2: Seek to include more vigorous representation from Covenant opposition on the Advisory Committee. Hence invited Jose Mafnas, Representative in Micronesian Congress, and one of most vocal critics. Finally located him through services of Cepito Cabrero, my policeman driver. Mafnas came to Hamilton's. I offered him place on the Advisory Committee, he said he intends to resign his seat and leave politics, to return to law enforcement. He used to be police chief. Asked him to keep in touch informally.

Procedures for getting radio or TV time are underway through my radio officer Jean Lily. He is a 400-pounder married to a Saipanese woman and knows his way around. He registers any organization or individual who seeks radio/TV time and makes sure they get a period, up to 30 minutes radio or 15 TV our effort is to assure that each side has equal access and nobody dominates the time. The Carolinians put in the first request and got a period on May 5.

I did a TV interview on Monday May 5 with the proprietor of a very primitive local TV operation, Ole Olson. It was useful and reached a surprising number, chiefly about registration.

May 3: Went snorkeling this afternoon with the Bergesens to Cave Beach, on the North West coast. Japanese machine-gun redoubts built into the base of the cliff are still to be seen, together with many shallow caves. Lots of shells along the beach and Sue is making a fine collection. We enjoy the snorkeling greatly, for the reefs—very near in shore—are brilliantly colored and tiny vivid fish swim in and out under our eyes. There are vivid blue starfish some 6 inches or so across. The brightest corals are pink, mauve, purple in spectacular formations.

May 4: Again snorkeling, this time to a beach which had coral terraces, tide pools, and blow holes. There was also much unpleasant tar. But the terraces were absolutely spectacular and we scrambled over them, admiring the deep azure pools and the flashing reefs. Afterward we took the Bergesens to dinner at the Hafa Adai Hotel where there is a Japanese grill and a splendid dinner done by chefs before one's nose.

May 5: Meetings today of Advisory Committee and of Registration Board, followed by meeting of village officials who will carry out the actual registering. The District Public Affairs officer David Maratita (who left soon for a holiday but gave useful help before going and will return before the plebiscite) and his assistant Joaquin Torres, have set up a system of local registration officials. The Secretarial Order seems to say the registration must be carried out by the 8-member Registration Board plus one local official in each village. This was totally impractical so we are using the above-mentioned local officials after getting partial approval from Washington. Explained all this to the Advisory Committee and the Registration Board. The great issue will be authenticity of domicile. We are taking the individual's word that his domicile is here as stipulated in quotation on the ballot from the Secretarial Order, and which he swears to. This pleases opponents of the Covenant who propose to register people from the other islands working here for the Trust Territory government. However all such cases can be protested and brought to the Registration Board for decision and finally to a judge of the High Court.

- May 6: This is the day registration begins. We have organized a radio/TV blitz with announcements of times and places many times daily on radio/TV in English, Chamorro, Carolinian.
- In the evening, after having the Craleys to dinner here, Neiman, Sue and I made some rounds, driven by Cepito. Started at San Roque at the northernmost tip of the island. There an open-sided tin-roofed village hall was being swept out while the village commissioner registered people at a table out under the street lights. He was a handsome, intelligent-looking young man in a crisp white shirt. By 7:30 he had registered over a third of the total eligible potential. Like other registration places, the scene was extremely picturesque—the soft tropical night, the simple setting, the eager people crowding about the tables to register. Old men with grizzled white hair, hefty women in shapeless print dresses like muu-muu's, younger people of all sorts—the villages are neat, uncrowded. Electric lights burn before every front door, and well-being is evident.
- May 7: Another day of registration, less than the first day as expected but still pretty good. The supporters of the Covenant are disturbed by the intensity of the Carolinian opposition—who have had two 30-min radio programs to state their views—but the proponents have not yet mounted their own radio or TV programs.
- George Callison, an able public affairs veteran, has returned from Honolulu and is pitching in to produce elements of our political education program. Our first big step is to publish the full text of the Covenant in the three languages. This is to be finished by the middle of next week. We will also publish the text of the Proclamation and Secretarial Order setting up the terms of the Plebiscite. Other publications will follow.
- At 6 pm Sue and I went to the Royal Taga Hotel, the earliest of the hostelrys here, where we had dinner and I did a brief telecast updating the registration and urging people to get out and register. Then we went the rounds of the registration offices which we did not see last night. Again they were picturesque but fully effective. Two were in "Round Houses" like bandstands with table in the middle open to the air. Such a pleasure driving through the villages and seeing all the life—including the simple but sweet village churches—open to the air but beautiful in their plainness and signs of reverence.
- May 8: This is the last day of registration. We are compiling in the office a full set of the registration papers for all members of the Registration Board, which is a big Xeroxing job.
- At night Neiman Craley, Sue and I went to the Civic Center where the 11 registration offices were reporting the final results of the 8-day crash drive. We find we have registered over 4,000 which compares with 2714 in last year's municipal election, 4,986 in the last legislative election, and 5,312 in the last congressional election—which last figure was alleged to be inflated by some 500 people—TT employees—who had no right to register here. Our figure is remarkable for 3 days but must be supplemented by registration of persons who cannot leave their homes, by students and other Saipanese living on Guam, by absentee registrations, by students in high school, by other results from house-to-house registration, and a normal last-minute dribble. Already the figure is good but if we get up to 5,000 or 5,500 it will be 80-90% of all eligibles—a figure far ahead of anything in the U.S.
- May 9: The crash registration program was a great success. In 3 days we registered 4,392 people, which compares to 4,762 in the >72 district legislature election and 6,211 in the congressional election in 1974. The last figure is charged to be inflated by about 500 TT employees who are not permanently domiciled in the Marianas. For example in Rota which registered 573, Ben Manglona tells me at least 100 are permanent residents of Guam. We have registered in 3 days at least 2/3 of the total potential. Meantime further

registration continues: among students and others in Guam, in the high schools, among the physically handicapped, and next week in govt offices and from door-to-door. The maximum hope would be some 6,000 and if we register 5,500 it will be very good.

The Craleys gave lunch to the Advisory Committee at their house: a most pleasant affair with splendid food—pink rice, spare ribs, shrimp deep fried, salad, fruit salad, cake. The feeling at the Advisory Committee discussion was more relaxed than before. Much discussion of the registration drive, arrangements for absentees, the status of Saipanese in Guam, and so on. Sue takes notes and writes the minutes.

In the evening we went for a dinner party celebrating Alf Bergesen's 50th birthday. His Assistant David Schiele and secretary Lois Volk organized it. Drinks Chez Bergesen, dinner of tempura at the Marianas Restaurant, much talk of anticipated troubles and legal resistance to the plebiscite, which has not surfaced yet and doesn't have to.

May 10: Went to office this morning and there learned about Lino Olopai who leaves this weekend with his wife and youngest child (hence wanted absentee ballot) for the outer island Satawal where his great grandfather came to Saipan. We sent Sabino to find him and he came up to tell us of his plans. He will stay three years in Satawal to learn the lore of his ancestors—navigation, weaving, the chief and clan system, etc. in order to pass them on to other Carolinians here in Saipan. Every few years the men of that atoll sail an outrigger canoe to Saipan. It takes 6 nights. One of their chiefs is buried on the island of Managaha which we see from our windows. We got Lino's story and will write about it some day.

In afternoon, snorkeling on Mariana Beach and back to Obyan. The tide was low and the pools on Marianas were spectacular, right at the base of cliffs with cave—like penetrations under the cliffs. At Obyan the water and air were wonderfully clear and just incredibly lovely.

May 11: Today, Sunday, we went to the best snorkeling beach, Paupau. You can wade or snorkel out to the farther reef, where the fish are numerous and colorful and the coral is brilliant. Found huge crenellated clams, and snails with long horns (spider conch). Also, alas, crown of thorns which eats up the coral and is a serious menace. Very hot day but just gorgeous reefing.

May 14: Early morning phone call (7 AM) from Emmett Rice, at the Department of the Interior in Washington, who is head of the TT Division. Discussed plebiscite progress and need for legal counsel. He suggests a Guam lawyer from the Justice Department. Also discussed whether TT employees here from other districts, who receive various benefits because they are domiciled elsewhere, will lose those benefits when they take our registration oath that they are domiciled here. Conclusion is that they probably would and that they ought to know this fact. But the TT govt properly wishes to avoid the appearance of intimidation. Rice and I recognized this is a matter which needs attention. Meantime many accusations of phony registrations by opponents of Covenant are made. I was told 10 merchant seamen from the outer islands were registered this morning at the Civic Center. Also the Chamorros claim the others change their names at will, and have registered in multiple places. The addresses are very general anyway and there is extensive duplication of names. Again it is suggested we mark each voter's hand with indelible ink as he votes. I have opposed this as an affront to human dignity but there may be no other way to reduce multiple voting.

May 15: Our chartered tub went off to the three inhabited northern islands with a registering official aboard. Also 3 teen-age stowaways and the white, bearded, barefoot father of Joaquin Torres, our chief registration official! The captain drove a hard bargain with

us, but we are getting service much more cheaply than the Congress of Micronesia last election. The loading and sailing was at Charley Dock and was most picturesque. The regular government boat will go up to collect the ballot boxes on June 17. We went from the dock to the HiCom's office to discuss TT employees and penalties for their change of domicile. He seeks to avoid any decision and especially any action which might seem to be an effort to influence. I have decided to discuss the matter with the Voter Registration Board. I find them well aware of the problem and little disturbed. The opposition will also protect the Northern Marianas people resident on Guam whom we have registered and claim they may also suffer penalties. Eddie de la Cruz last night refused registration to a Palauan, contrary to past policies. I re-emphasize the policy. Guadalupe Borja, reporter for the Pacific Daily News, has taken 45 minutes on phone on 2 successive days asking rather elementary questions and while I've been having dinner another call came!

May 16: This was the final day of voter registration. The regular places were open until 9, some special places like shopping centers and the Carolinian Utt were also open, and the Civic Center until midnight. Had meetings of the Advisory Committee and Voter Registration Board. The pressure for some skin-marking on voters continues, in order to prevent multiple voting. We don't know where to get the markings for invisible ink and black light, while "indelible" ink seems to rub off. Must investigate techniques.

In the evening we drove around to several registration places. The Carolinians were doing a good business but elsewhere it was slow. However when the Friday totals came into the Civic Center we had added 245 today Friday for a grand total of 525. That's very good considering the short time and starting from scratch. We will add a few more from Tinian, Rota, Pagan, and absentees.

As usual, the village scenes were charming. Voting checks (2) at a table, sometimes in a bare school room or hall. Their lunches or drinks at hand. Pretty hut. The Utt was much the nicest place, palm-thatched, open-sided, beside the Sea of the Philippines. The cleavage between the Carolinians and Chamorros is deep and serious. Many of their contacts are perfectly friendly and intimate—a lot like Protestant and Roman Catholic in a society where some undercurrents of suspicion still persist. The Carolinians seem a trifle tougher. They show, perhaps, traits of seafarers. The Chamorros are a high-island not an atoll people.

May 17: Went to office and finished text of Q and A booklet. It may be very useful—more appealing to the pro rather than the anti-side. That's inevitable since my task is expository rather than critical. At 1 pm Eddie de la Cruz, chairman of the Voter Registration Board came to hotel with draft of letter demanding expulsion of Alfonso Rasa. Latter is brother of Oscar Rasa, leader of opposition. Charges are neglect of duty and abuse of privileges. Told Eddie to kick off Rasa would be just what he wanted, would martyrize him. Eddie believes he has a pro-majority in the Voter Registration Board and that's all that counts although procedures may be turbulent. I said the Voter Registration Board could proceed by secret ballot if majority agrees.

Then snorkeling with Bobbie Bergesen at Wing Beach.

May 18: More snorkeling today at Pau-Pau beach where we had such fun on the reef last Sunday. Sue and I didn't go out the whole way, which is quite a walk and swim, but the mid-way reefs are awfully nice, with fairy-lands of coral growth and small fishes of many hues and shapes. Black/white stripes are the most abundant but there are lots of little blues and canary yellows and almost color-less ones in large schools. Sue has collected many shells,

including puka-pukas for a necklace. Prime lunch on beach. Took Bobbie Bergesen for Japanese dinner at Hafa Adai. Weather continues superb, no sign of rainy season yet.

May 19: Drawing together the elements of the registration drive. We are well on our way to 5,500 which must be almost 90% of all possible eligible voters—a figure far surpassing anything attained in the U.S. This is before protests, which fall into two areas: the Marianas people who have gone to Guam and obtained alien registration cards and are—or are presumed to be—permanent residents of Guam. The other group is TT employees from other districts who live in the Northern Marianas. We have based the right to vote on domicile, which is held to be a matter of intent. In both categories there is much doubt. Some of the permanent residents of Guam insist they have every intention of returning to the Northern Marianas. Others may not. How to tell the difference? The people in Saipan from the other districts may include some who are truly domiciled here and intend to stay. The ones in Guam are thought likely to vote for the Covenant, the others to the contrary. I fear the decision of the Voter Registration Board will be on political lines. I appointed them with only minimal awareness of their presumed views.

The Advisory Committee met, discussed registration and political education. They still believe hand-markings necessary.

May 20: The Registration Board is beginning to fall into partisan lines.

They propose all votes must be by a 3/4 majority which with 9 or 11 members is difficult! They seemed to adopt this rule and then rescinded it, adopting a simple majority. Deliberations are in Chamorro, but when I sit with them we relapse to English. Ultimately the Board decided to accept all the Guam registrants. It was a political decision, reflecting a pro-Covenant and Chamorro majority.

In the evening Neiman and George and I went to the Carolinian Utt—the thatched meeting house by the Philippine Sea, to ask for their help in Carolinian. They were not forthcoming. Their leadership is opposed to the Covenant, they are all busy, the language is hard to translate. But we continue to press, since translation is urgent. The Carolinians are often pretty beefy, they are very nice, and they feel oppressed by the Chamorros.

Sue and I dined, under the stars as usual, and walked under the new moon. We get sleepy about 9:30, and sleep solidly in air-conditioned comfort.

May 22: The Voter Registration Board having divided sharply on pro/con Covenant lines, is simply plodding very conscientiously through hundreds of dubious registrations. In such cases, they seem to be doing exactly what they are supposed to do. Somebody seems to know something about every controversial case, and they argue it out.

Eddie Pangelinan on behalf of the MPSC has challenged 145 cases, which appear to be TT people. The board has not yet acted on them.

Interesting social facts: all men wear open-neck shirts, some very colorful, others plain. They wear trousers on working days, shorts on Saturday or Sunday. Most wear shoes, a few zoris. Haven't seen a coat for five weeks, or a necktie. Except the other night when Mt. Carmel High School had their class party at the Continental and some of the boys wore sleek black suits, although most didn't. The young ones, male and female, are very slender and graceful. The climate, though hot, is very even and there is usually a breeze. The rain showers are fairly frequent, sometimes very heavy, and the sun soon comes out again. The complexions don't have much variation—a chocolate brown, but the different Asian strains—Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Philippine, are apparent.

- May 23: First thing at the office, Alfonso Rasa handed me his resignation as a member of the Voter Registration Board. Said he “couldn’t take it any longer” and proposed Ben Fitial as his replacement, saying he could fit in better with the others. Rasa is a strong stormy petrel, brother of Oscar, chief opponent of the Covenant. He works in the Public Defender’s Office and is said to have spent some time at Lumumba University in Moscow. He said: It isn’t your fault, our two cultures clash (Chamorro and Carolinian) and I can’t take it. My ulcer keeps me awake at night. After talk, in which Eddie de la Cruz, Chairman of the Voter Registration Board, tried to dissuade Fons, I accepted his resignation and asked Ben Fitial to replace him. This episode could have been very stormy, even violent, but it was not.
- Meantime the Voter Registration Board is plugging its way through cases one by one. There are many imperfectly filled-out registration forms. We can overlook natural human mistakes. The issue of the TT employees has not yet been fully faced. The challengers have been asked to produce more evidence. All these cases, like the Guam ones, are hard to disentangle.
- This evening we dined with Deputy High Commissioner and Mrs. Coleman. He was born in American Samoa, she in Hawaii. Both are totally westernized Polynesians. They have 12 children, are simple but intelligent people of good will. Unfortunately they who are famous for oriental cookery made us an American meal. He told charming stories of childhood in Samoa, of sitting amidships in the canoe bailing with a coconut while the paddlers paddled fiercely and the men fished.
- May 24: Jack Craft, our attorney, turned up last night and came to the office this morning. He is a large brash Boy Scout from Kansas City, Mo. (which place often enters his conversation) but he seems competent enough on the law. He affirmed our inclusion of the domicile statement in the registration affidavit and felt the Voter Registration Board had no choice on the evidence presented to accept the Guam registrations.
- In the afternoon we went snorkeling, first to Pepper Beach and then to Wing where the reefs were nice but so was the shelling. Took Jack Craft and were a little annoyed by his rather loud and positive attitudes.
- May 25: Went to Bird Island with Bobbie Bergesen. Jack Craft had a swelling on his hand and it seemed to be running up his arm so he went to the hospital instead of going swimming. Turned out to be a bite, presumably by some sea creature, and it soon went down. Sue, Bobbie, and I (with the much-loved Labrador dog Obsidian) went down the nature trail to the Bird Island beach. It is a most spectacular spot, as hopefully our photographs will show, and Sue and Bobbie found vast quantities of their favorite shells—puka, cornice, etc. Later to Cave Beach for a real swim.
- May 26: It’s a holiday. Went to office for early meeting with Voter Registration Board, reassuring them as to the legality of their prior decisions re permanent residents of Guam and the simplicity of their remaining tasks.
- Then, at 12:15, with Bergesen and Craft went back to Bird Island which we found as exciting as the day before. Alf (just back from the US mainland) and I waded across the lagoon to the island itself. It is a solid volcanic rock heap probably 500 feet high with a few trees growing out of crevices and many caves and holes for birds, which are as large or larger than seagulls and dark. You can walk around a ledge at the base of the island, which is outside the reef on the waters of the Pacific itself. Deep pools abound, which take on the darkest azure color and look wonderful to swim in but very difficult to scramble out of. We snorkeled some, not bad but not as fishy as the west side beaches.

Yesterday as Sue and I were snorkeling in very shallow water over the reef we found ourselves being pulled swiftly into the channel where the water flows deeply in and out of the lagoon, and being pulled straight out through the lagoon to sea! She stood up first and then rescued me from watery unpleasantness. Back in mid-afternoon.

May 27: Today the Advisory Committee met and after general reports on the end of registering and the consideration of challenges, Carlos Shoda pressed me on why we had registered people without cross-examining and disqualifying them at the registration offices, and why we had not called together the village commissioners to identify strangers on the lists. Promised to do so. I was firm, however, that I could not have given full power to disqualify people to the registration clerks provided the registree was willing to take oath that his domicile is in the Marianas. Told them that on the question of double voting, Dr. Palacios said he would mix a liquid in which the voter could dip his finger and could not easily remove the stain. Some amusement.

We have 5,342 people registered. About 80 residents on Guam were challenged and the challenges rejected; 155 on Saipan were challenged, the Voter Registration Board accepted 12 of the challenges and rejected 143. They also threw out a few others: underage, etc. The total number of people from other districts who registered must be fairly small but still it could be significant.

The Craleys gave us, Craft, the Bergesens dinner at the Hafa Adai Japanese grill. Best and most expensive dinner in Saipan. Good talk at their home before dinner. Alf claiming problem re Vietnam that Dean Rusk heard about Munich and thought it was 1939 in U.S. public opinion whereas it was 1938.

May 28: With Neiman Craley. We went to Rota. Flew to Guam on Air Mike and back to Rota on a charter plane which then picked us up at 4:30 and brought us back to Saipan. Rota is near Guam. It is dominated by a high plateau savannah. Nearly all the people live in a small village at the south end. They fish a little, grow vegetables, and pasture beef cattle. About 1,600 live here (400 have registered to vote). But in the Japanese time 60,000 lived here including many Koreans, Taiwanese, Okinawans. They farmed it intensely then and mined phosphates high up in the mountains and sent it down to ships via an aerial tramway one of whose pillars still stands. On the south side, dominating the harbor, are two deep gun emplacements in one of which a huge artillery piece still stands. The other was stolen by scrap seekers from Guam. These cannons are said to be British, taken to Rota after the fall of Singapore. We also saw a large cave near the village where the people took shelter during the recent typhoon, and were saved. The island is dominated by a large plateau, a savannah, which is good farming or cattle land, but is little used. We drove up to a Japanese peace memorial before a curious upstanding cloven rock. It was cool and fresh on the savannah. We also saw many huge latte stones cut out in the volcanic rock but not lifted up for emplacement. They gave us lobster for lunch. Altogether a lovely island, perhaps as well off half-wild as if it were to be “developed.”

May 29: Work of preparing for legal appeals against (and for) the decisions of the Voter Registration Board goes on. John Charles Craft, an attorney from Kansas City, is here to assist me and has been helpful. We don't really know how the appellate process will go. Some of the rejections probably should be thrown off, but the cases have to be made to the Court and there is little time for fact-finding and few lawyers. The process is imperfect but I hope a kind of rough justice can emerge. One woman (who came to see Neiman Craley) is from Palau. Her husband—who works for the TT govt prominently did not register and intends to return to Palau—but she feels her home is on Saipan. She intends to stay here, and she will fight her case.

Sue had organized a splendid barbeque for the staff at lunch today in Hamilton's coconut grove behind our office. 18 or so came to eat spare-ribs, rice, salad, etc. in the local Saipan big-lunch manner. We asked spouses of the staff—Janet Craley, Mrs. Weaver's husband who is an agriculturist, Joy O'Brien's husband who is a lawyer in war claims, George Callison's wife, David Maratita's wife who works for Air Mike, and of course Sabino Cabrera, our faithful driver and security guard. Sue has been wonderfully friendly with all these and many others; she likes them and they obviously are delighted by her.

- May 30: Today I concentrated on pushing ahead with the plebiscite education program. I taped two 15-minute radio programs reading the "Explanation" of the Covenant. It is dull but basic. More useful is my QandA booklet and I taped two 10-12 min. programs reading the QandA's. Putting these 4 programs on tape all at one session was quite a job but it went well enough. They will go on the air next week and I will also do TV programs somewhat to the same effect. All the English versions of these materials, plus the Covenant in 3 languages, the Technical Agreement, the Proclamation and the Secretarial Order. We have Chamorro translations of all these, but the Carolinian is very hard to get. Since political education is an important emphasized part of my mandate, I am pushing these materials as best I can. There is a weakness in discussing (as the Secretarial Order provides) "alternative political choices." This really means what the "no" vote provides and there the language is faulty. It infers no separation, no negotiation of a "better Covenant" and does not go into other alternatives such as affiliation with Guam, free association, independence, statehood, or a united Micronesia. Maybe I should have gone into all of these although they would be highly speculative. I mention the choices offered in the Micronesian Congress referendum in July if Commonwealth is turned down.
- May 31: First week-day we didn't go to the office! At 10 the Bergesens picked us up, with Jack Craft, and took us to Lau-Lau Beach. This is a lovely stretch in the midst of Magiecenne Bay. The Bay is a half-moon or more and some places have been cleared into nice groves. The snorkeling was good but the shelling was even better. Sue now has a fabulous collection of puka and cowries. The diversity of beaches on the island is perfectly wonderful.
- June 1: This is the day we paid our respects to Guam, and the Christian Science community there. We took the 8 A.M. flight over, and returned on the 3:35. Were met by Mrs. Seymour, the dominant spirit of the Society, taken on a small sight-seeing tour, primarily to Lovers' Leap, a cliff with a spectacular view, and then to the Society. It meets in a Quonset hut with perhaps 20 present. They have plans to build. Afterward we met with the people. Sue and I responded to queries. Thereafter we lunched at the Okure hotel with the Seymours—he is a federal court reporter—and flew gratefully back to Saipan.
- We deliberately did not ask to see the Vietnam refugees but heard a nice story about a Christian Scientist who had been identified.
- June 2: Voter Registration Board held three meetings today and a "final" session at seven. They have done a hard and conscientious job with no great trouble since the departure of Alfonso Rasa. Challenges are being filed and will have appellate Court sessions later this week.
- Did a TV program of general reports tonight and then had the Bergesens for dinner at Hamilton's. Thus paid back some of our obligation to the Bergesens.

June 2:

Dear Classmates:

My life seems to be falling into a pattern. I miss our graduation because of a debating tour in Britain. I miss our 50th because President Ford appoints me his personal representative to conduct a plebiscite in the Northern Mariana Islands.

I am terribly sorry to have missed these events: fifty years apart. I would have declined the appointment here in Micronesia if the opportunity for public service had been any less or, frankly, had the task not been so novel, so fascinating, so unlikely to recur.

Anyway, here we are and have been since mid-April. On Tuesday, June 17, the people of these lovely islands will decide whether or not to become a Commonwealth in political union with the United States of America.

The situation is this: Micronesia is a small group of islands—the land area is about half the size of Rhode Island, or possibly Androscoggin County, Maine—spread over the ocean more broadly than from California to Maine and Mexico to Canada. They were a Spanish possession since the 16th Century; the U.S. bought Guam in 1898; the Germans held them from the 1890's to 1914; the Japanese took over and held them until we fought bitterly for them and gained them in 1944. Since 1947 we have held them as a mandate as Trust Territory from the United Nations Trusteeship Council.

This Trusteeship cannot go on forever—all the other U.N. Trusteeships held by other governments have already been terminated by becoming independent or otherwise. Micronesia is more difficult. There are six districts which are not only widely separated but very different ethnically, geographically, traditionally. The Northern Marianas are one district, just north of Guam. For some 20 years they have sought closer association with the U.S. Over the last two years a Covenant for Commonwealth status was carefully negotiated between Ambassador Williams of the U.S. and the Marianas Political Status Commission, a representative body. The plebiscite, set for June 17, is the way the people will express their desire.

My job is to administer the plebiscite, including the prior registration of voters (a complex task since there is considerable doubt as to who are entitled to vote), an impartial political education program, and finally the actual voting and counting of the votes. In the final days of the campaign, an inspection team from the U.N. will be looking over my shoulder. That's the job: perfectly fascinating and challenging.

Now to the more personal side: Saipan is a lovely island with a modest mountain on top, somewhat higher than Mount David. It is very green, little-cultivated, under-populated. Coral reefs surround the island, there are gleaming coral-sand beaches and rocky cliffs. Relics of the fierce battle for Saipan in June 1944 are still to be seen. The Japanese towns and fortifications were largely destroyed in the battle. There are many caves where the native civilians—Chamorros—took refuge, and where many of the Japanese soldiers also put up a fierce resistance. There are two other islands south of here, Tinian and Rota, also, lightly populated but beautiful. There are other volcanic islands to the north, still less populated, and then come islands the property of Japan.

It's completely tropical. Temperatures average around 85 degrees with nice trade winds, and the ocean water on the beach feels a trifle cooler than a tepid bath, very unlike Casco Bay or even Taylor Pond. The snorkeling over reefs just off the beaches is tremendously fun, full of exotic coral formations and teeming with spectacular little fish.

We live in a handsome new hotel and look out on the turquoise and green and blue waters of the Philippian Sea. The food is a combination of American, Japanese, Polynesian, and

what have you, but it is very good. They could raise many more fruits and vegetables but most people prefer white-collar jobs for the government. While the Japanese held the islands they developed them intensively raising sugar cane, coffee, pineapple, etc. Lots of coconut grows freely and copra is the basic crop. My office is in the midst of a nicely kept coconut grove. As I write I look out on the coconut palms, the green grass underneath, and enjoy the tropical charm. I haven't worn a necktie or a jacket or long sleeves for almost 2 months, and sandals are very comfortable foot-gear.

I only wish I were with you all at Bates and could tell you more about the experiment in self-determination that is under way. The people have a great aptitude for politics which they enjoy. They are lively but easy-going. Sometimes their tempers flare and there are fights or murders but little of this shows. They are racially a pleasing mix of Polynesian, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, etc. They know a lot of English but Chamorro is the basic tongue and Carolinian is the minority language on Saipan. The Carolinians are from other islands outside the Marianas and have different traditions which sometimes clash with the Chamorros. I have several times met with the Carolinian leaders in their "Utt" which is a palm-thatched open-sided building on the edge of the Philippine Sea. Often the sun was setting as we met and the brilliant tropical colors reflected across the Sea and up into the "Utt" as we talked. The Carolinians are hefty fellows and sometimes put on a dance, with floral or shell headbands and grass skirts under their huge bellies—just like in the movies!

From all I've said, you will see that Saipan is very attractive tourist-wise. It's along way from the USA but very close to Japan. So lots of Japanese come here to their nearest tropical spot—about like Boston to Miami. Many of these are honeymooners, a charming sight. A new airport is being built and air routes from Tokyo being allocated. Once the technicalities are settled, there should be quite a flood, but I don't really think the place will be ruined—as Honolulu has. There will be strict provisions containing land ownership to Marianas people.

I've written a lot more than I should. But I'm trying to see in my mind's eye all of you, and joining you in spirit. I know you're having a wonderful time! I am remembering so many of you, and recalling especially the heritage Bates gave us: of a liberal arts education, yes, but still more confirming the values of character and idealism and good common sense. We were privileged in the years from 1921 to 1925 and the benefits, I feel, have been with us all our lives. I wish I could greet every one of you, and I do, with the strong savor of friendship and shared experience.

Sincerely

Erwin D. Canham

- June 3: Much the usual business today, sending out notifications of registration challenges, etc.
- The Advisory Committee met this afternoon, re-capping the registration situation and discussing what we will do concerning voting place staff. There will be 2 poll members and 2 alternates, plus 2 judges and 2 alternates. I am asking the leading groups pro- and con to nominate 1 each of these poll officials so that both sides are fully represented at each polling place. At the meeting there was exhaustive talk about absentee voting from Rota or Tinian: people who might be on Saipan on June 17. When I announced the plan to appoint officials from the two factions, Carlos Shoda protested it should not be made a “partisan” matter. I said I could not justify the process to the UN if I did not have both sides represented at the polls. Later, Carlos twitted me on some other action by saying, “How would you justify that to the U.N.”
- In the evening, after my TV broadcast had been aborted by a faulty transmitter, Sue paid her election bet to Neiman at the Marianas Hotel. Some prospect of going to Pagan tomorrow but it fell through.
- June 4: Went to Tinian, the nearest inhabited island. It’s a 7-minute flight! Mainly Tinian is a rolling plateau, excellent potential farm land, which was a major US air base in 1944-45. Now it is proposed to use half or 2/3 of it for a U.S. base if defense needs and Congress agree. There are few people on the island but they love it and its conversion into a military base with a huge personnel seems very sad. Today it is sleepy, a tiny village, nice farm land, beautiful beaches. Sue shelled very fruitfully on one beach and we regretted we hadn’t brought bathing suits. Visited Taga Beach, a spectacular little curve of sand surrounded by cliffs and going off deeply. Just an idyllic spot. We lunched on chicken, rice, coconut crabs, banana fritters, and watermelon. Drove to some nice rich farm land where Sylvester Cruz, member of my Advisory Committee, grows water-melon, tapioca, yams. The soil is very gritty and hot but grows well. Also saw the big dairy set-up of Ken Jones, the US service man who has become very wealthy in the Marianas.
- Difficult TV broadcast on Q and A tonight—30 mins.
- June 5: The Special Appellate Plebiscite Court began its hearings today to hear appeals against decisions of the Voter Registration Board. There are several categories: one woman rejected by the Voter Registration Board insists Saipan is her home and appeals to have her registration restored; several cases rejected by the Voter Registration Board will also appeal and have been subpoenaed to court, some of them are appearing; others have signed affidavits inconsistent with their registration-form information and hence in effect are withdrawing their registration. Some charge they were pressured into these renunciations but the facts which disqualify them seem to be accurate.
- Chief Justice Burnett was severe in denouncing the circumstances of the appellate procedure and handled the proceedings pretty informally. Except once when Jack Craft had risen to make a statement, and then sat down, the C.J. waited a moment and said “Mr. Craft, you may sit down.”
- June 6: Busy day with many problems of absentee registration. and voting.
- Sue has hair done! Camera stuck and unstuck.
- In the evening, Deputy HiCom Peter and Mrs. Nora Coleman came to dinner. They brought gardenias, a pineapple, avocados, etc. We had a splendid sea-food buffet and very pleasant talk. Mrs. Coleman was much impressed by Sue’s shells and gave very good advice about removing the little creatures which may be inside. The Colemans have 12 children scattered far and wide: he is American Samoan, she Hawaiian.

He is expected to be the first governor of the Commonwealth of the Northern Marianas during the interim before Constitution is adopted and a native governor elected. Pete Coleman told us charmingly that the first Spanish Governor of the Marianas seems to have been appointed in 1676—perhaps 3 centuries before the first Marianas Governor next year!

- June 7: Flew in 5-passenger plane to Pagan, the only Northern Island where there is an air strip. There is an extinct volcano here, black sand beaches, innumerable flies, superb fine apples and mango, coconut crabs, fruit bats, fish, lobsters.
- June 8: First, drove in jeep almost to top of Mt. Topatchau. Lovely view. Would like to hike up some cool day! Then we went to new beach rumored to be source of great cowries. It was Profile Beach, long walk down to a spectacular spot. Sue found a lovely rich brown cowrie (as did Jack Craft) so the expedition was a success but no snorkeling. Superb Pagan lobster for lunch—just about same as Maine lobster.
- In the evening we went to a Mexican food party by Mrs. Effie Sparling, very able lawyer.
- June 9: Worked on plans for handling the voting and counting of ballots. Had planned to do it at Hamilton's but wiser counsels prevailed—poor security, bad parking, open bar, no air-conditioning. Decided to do it in the High Court Room, putting the vote tabulators behind the bar, the Security Council in the jury box, press and authorized public in the regular seats. It is a much easier place to keep order, there is plenty of parking, security is simple.
- Sue and I had our usual dip, walk on the beach, and romantic dinner almost alone on the Kili Terrace. As we walk around the hotel gardens we count the frogs who come out of the lagoon at night. The record is 30 frogs, sitting under the lamps or on the walk.
- June 10: This is the last day on which Judge Burnett, Chief Justice of the TT's High Court, may decide the challenges before him of certain registrants on Saipan alleged not to be domiciled here, and others who have "permanent resident permits" on Guam. The judge is not an impressive person. There were only hearings last Thursday on the Saipan cases and none on the Guam cases. The judge had asked Neiman Craley and me to his chambers last week but the meeting was vague and obviously did no good—as the results showed.
- June 11: Judge Burnett took off the voting rolls everybody he could.
- June 13: Session at headquarters—9 AM—with U.N. Mission. Provided them with full envelope of chronology of Plebiscite Commissioner's activities and supporting documents. Gave them general briefing and answered questions. Explained controversial issues such as registrations of other-district people on Saipan and Marianas people on Guam.
- Gave small lunch for Mission at Continental which Sue delightfully arranged. She soon took Ambassador Murray's measure and teased him neatly. Had only Pangelinan and Rabauliman as guests, with the full mission.
- In the evening the Mission raised the issue of my QandA on the "no" ballot language and on Sat. A.M. on the way to the airport Chairman Murray cleared with me an innocuous statement disclaiming any Trusteeship Council responsibility for the language.
- Took Chairman Murray to TV studio where he made a proper little speech.
- June 14: To the office early, then snorkeling with Alf Bergesen, daughter Susan, the Crafts. First to Ladder Beach which was spectacular but too rough for comfortable snorkeling and then

to Obyan Beach where we went out on the reef and snorkeled on the far side, which is infinitely more spectacular.

Lunch break in our apartment, rest, and at 6:30 to a big party at the Bergesens. Perhaps 200 people there of quite a wide range—expatriates and Marianans.

June 15: Pete and Nora Coleman took the Mission, the Bergesens, and us to a picnic and swim on Managaha Island, in Tanapag Harbor. Idyllic spot with sandy beaches, trees (monument to Carolinian King). We all swam, snorkeled, and ate well on Coleman food of which breadfruit was a nice part. It was in slices, has a nutty sweetish flavor, and seems rather uninteresting to an unused palate.

Crisis over desire of Mission to have visiting hours elsewhere than in Continental. Bobbie Bergesen invaded Craley house, outraged Janet who locked all doors including Neiman out. Much fuss and unhappiness next morning.

June 16: Visiting mission came to Plebiscite Commissioner headquarters for meetings with the Advisory Committee and Voter Registration Board. Explored matter of Guam voters, and 24 taken off lists in Saipan because of domicile elsewhere.

Lively interchanges between Carlos Shoda and Paz Younis over voter-markings, campaign financing, etc. She claimed funds used by MPSC should have included both sides. He said members of MPSC who oppose Covenant have been unwilling to take part in the political education process.

Also discussion about voter registration, with Abel Olopai proposing that others resident in Guam but not on list should be disqualified.

We gave lunch for the Mission and the two committees at the Continental. Murray made nice speech.

Telecast final program about voting and counting the votes, and appreciation for an orderly campaign—visited the two rallies—drove by—at Carolinian Utt and Round House and attempted correction of mis-attribution of Pangelinan telecast. Visited office where ballots and registration lists were being prepared for each precinct.

June 17: To headquarters at 6:30 where Murray was already installed, monacle screwed into his eye. I have kept a log of the day, which is attached. We visited all the polling places, found and corrected a few irregularities, but enjoyed ourselves greatly. There were a minimum of complaints.

When we got to the Court House for the counting we had to move some tables and get a black board. The results we announced simultaneously by radio and were all counted before ten o'clock. The counters and tabulators were very brisk and efficient. I unlocked the boxes personally.

Events of Election Day: Staff completing and giving out ballot boxes. Inner box locked. Outer box contains ballots, voting roll for that precinct, big rope to segregate voting place, and warden shield.

Chairman Murray (who visited headquarters last night) was here at about 6 AM observing the giving out of boxes and materials.

EDC arrived at 6:30. (Jack and K. Craft had been around since 4!) Carolinians, including Alfonso Rasa, had not shown up as poll judges. Neiman Craley went out at 7 to check on under-staffed polling places. Called at 7:30 to say that nobody was present to represent

anti-Cov. group at #7 San Jose and #5 Susupe. Neiman Craley arranged with Abel Olopaio have vacancies filled.

7:45—Man from Rota called. He was registered in District 11 but wanted to remain Rota resident. Since he was only registered in #11, we told him to vote there and it would not affect his permanent residence in Rota.

7:50—Voter from Alamagan wished to cast absentee ballot—like Rota and Tinian—and we authorized amendment to voting regulations to accommodate him.

8:00—Went to breakfast. Returned at 8:50.

Report of sign “vote yes” etc. on private house within few feet of #4. Decided we cannot repaint on private property. Has been there.

9:30—Lois Volk calls to say that regular radio news coverage is unadulterated political propaganda: quotes by Dino Jones from Washington, etc. quoting Sen. Kennedy as saying the Covenant can be re-negotiated, etc. I am disinclined to interfere with radio coverage, especially since releases are issued by individual members of the Congress of Micronesia.

9:35—Joaquin Torres calls to say that Aguigan votes are finished, should we release them? I say “no” because of possible effect on voting; Torres has prudently not let Aguigan give him the results over the radio-phone since these are monitored at T.T. offices.

9:55—David Maratita reports that some voters are unwilling to dip their fingers in the marking dye. Told him it is mandatory, as stated in the voting regulations.

10:15—Carl Zimmerman of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin came in and received a full briefing.

11:30—Went to #1, 2, 4, 10. Instructed them to be sure to use finger dye. Asked that political signs near Round House be covered. Met U.N. Mission and agreed to their views on covering signs.

12:30—To lunch.

2:15—Sue and I went to 7 other voting places. Totals by this time are around 70%. Ran into few protests.

Registration data and permitted to vote—2

Claimed registered but no registration or affidavit—4

Names on log sheet but no registration permitted to vote—2

6:00—To office.

6:30—To Court House.

7:00-10:00— Counting of ballots.

June 18: Only got to the absentee ballots by late afternoon, since we needed the Rota ballots. Figures are all recorded elsewhere. It was an immensely gratifying experience altogether.

In the evening the HiCom gave a reception, the first social intercourse we had had with them since our arrival.

Nice party, mainly Japanese food, but all the same people however congenial.

June 19: Wrote letters to President Ford and Secretary Hathaway, telling what happened and getting ready for completion of the job. Made on-going travel arrangements.

UN Mission have a delightful party. Among those present was Oscar Rasa, chief opponent to the Covenant.

Also present, as he had been at the Bergesen's party, was Judge Benavente, a much-respected elder statesman of the Marianas. He had worked at the cable station on Yap back in the days of the Germans. Like William Reyes (pronounced REGES) he is one of those with roots in 3 regimes.

On Friday evening Judge Benavente passed on, to the great sadness of many Chamorros especially including Sabino.

June 20: Much tidying up. Opened Rota and Tinian boxes and found 4 rejected ballots from Rota which I would have readily approved here. So we reinstalled them so the total count increased to 5,003.

There were also quite a lot of late or un-affidavited ballots. Since 5,379 registered, it seems that only 300 or less did not vote. Tremendous for a free election and voluntary voting.

Expected the Field Trip vessel to return the ballot boxes from the Northern Islands any day but it did not come until early Sunday morning. We opened them at the Craleys brunch. Found 2 absentee votes that had not been counted, increasing the total voting to 5,005 and those supporting the Covenant to 3,945. Then on Sunday mid-day I was able to certify the final results, with the Covenant receiving 78.8% of the votes.

June 21: Washington called this morning: Emmett Rice and Mary Vance Trent, saying nice things and asking what I thought the results would be if separate administration for the Marianas were not set up until after Congress approves the Covenant. Said the reasons for postponement would have to be very good.

Manny Sablan, who runs the radio station, met us in the lobby and asked if we would return to Saipan for 4 years. Said serious thought was being given to a resolution to that effect, for same job.

June 22: Saw the UN delegation off yesterday morning. Went snorkeling first to Obyan Beach, not so nice as previous week, then the Grotto, then cave on Wing Beach. Back by mid-afternoon. Last meal at Kili Terrace.

The Craleys had a big brunch nominally in our honor but really to get the divided factions together. It was a very nice party but few Carolinians came. Abel Olopai telephoned his regrets. In the evening the Bergesens gave a fairly big dinner—Chuck Schmitz, new deputy to Haydn Williams, whiz kid of State Dept there. All rather nice and sad.

June 23: At 6 pm last night went with the Colemans to a mass celebrating the plebiscite. Eddie Pangelinan and Dr. Palacios read Bible passages, the Bishop of Guam, a Chamorro, came over to celebrate the mass, and a large number of those with whom we had worked took Communion. Among those in the procession was William Reyes, wearing the heavy uniform of a Papal Knight. All very sweet and impressive.

Neiman turned up at breakfast. We bundled out of the hotel, Sabino gave us each a necklace, and off to the airport. Everybody was there. The Colemans and the HiCom also gave us shell necklaces. All very sad, especially Neiman, who has enjoyed his work so much. I have written warmly of him in several letters, including one to the Secretary of the Interior.

Quickly to Guam and then to Yap. Met by a D.I. officer of the Distad's office named Aloysius and driven over rough roads in jeep to Colonia, the civic center, and to the Rai View. All very simple and primitive compared to luxuries of Saipan.

In afternoon drove to many Yap villages. At 5 pm went to dock to see field trip vessel sail. Wonderfully animated scene with large numbers of topless women, some with attache cases and tightly rolled umbrellas. Most chew betel nut and carry long straw bag containing makings. Sue took pictures but with her usual lovely consideration.

June 24: Spent day seeing Yap. It is by far the most conservative and traditional district in Micronesia. Our guide Aloysius, a rather well-placed official, told us of the 9 rigid classes or castes in Yap society. He explained frankly that he came from one of the lowest classes. The villages are divided by classes. One high-caste village has authority over the outer islands and receives tribute from them annually. You do not see the villages from the main roads, which are unpaved. Turning off to a small road you soon come to villages. Before driving through, Al would always approach somebody to ask permission. Doing so he always broke off a sprig of bush and carried it in his hand to show respect and deference as he approached a house or person to ask permission to drive through. He always got it, but was most particular to ask. The villages are in thick coconut groves often with thatched-roof houses where the men meet, sit, confer, sleep. There is an unfortunate amount of corrugated roofing. Also many abandoned cars. But despite all, the villages are wonderful. And most have Yap stone money, great cartwheels, standing around or near stone-paved platforms in which the men sit up against stone backrests like old tomb-stones.

June 25: Also yesterday afternoon we drove to a beach, after very carefully getting clearance from the nearby village. Sue found an abundance of cowrie shells—even I could see them—all we had a mind to pick up.

Last night we dined at the Distad's very nice house, with Ian Mackenzie of Reuters who was at Saipan. The Distad is a Guamanian, his Deputy Hilary is from the outer islands. The Yapese say they would prefer a united Micronesia, but that it would not work.

On way to airport we drove through a very nice lower-caste village where Al said the people were very good people.

Met at Palau by DIO David. Drove over incredible roads and through yawning mud-holes to ferry from big island of Babelthup to Koror. Continental Hotel very nice but very isolated. They have no money to hire a boat for Rock Islands but invited us to a picnic that Sunday.

Drove to mariculture experimental station where they breed rabbit-fish, turtles, shrimp and other sea creatures. Nancy Chau, girl biologist, in charge.

Drove around a little, bought a wood carving of the traditional men's house.

No visit to or by Distad.

June 26: Peaceful day snorkeling by ourselves. Went walking in the rain to a Yap shrine, then it cleared and we went down a paved road to the water at the foot of hill under the hotel. Exceedingly beautiful from our windows with under-cut volcanic islands covered with high domes of thick greenery. Just incredibly lovely. The snorkeling is fine in the lagoon although not as clear as in the open ocean. We snorkeled morning and afternoon. Beautiful fish over the coral. Easy wading. Grew careless and got scratched. Sue has become a more adept snorkeler and spies all sort of lovelies on the bottom, especially including clams which get tightly wedged in the coral. Not very exciting shells to gather.

June 27: Made a deal with a boatman for a trip to an island and beach some way out from the foot of the hill under the hotel. Lovely sunny morning. Boating among the islands is just beautiful: great green clumps rising out of the turquoise sea. They are masses of volcanic rock undercut by the sea and the green growing on them is total and seems impenetrable.

Once the boatman sailed into a cove, quite big, completely hidden. We went to a sandy beach, jumped off over coral about 100 feet out and snorkeled. Sue became very adventurous and swam far out over the more spectacular reef where the fish were bigger and the coral brighter. Had 3 hours on this trip.

Then in the afternoon we snorkeled in our own lagoon beneath the hotel. There is a deep trench along the edges of which we snorkel. The fish are very abundant, from little teenies swimming in clouds to much longer ones, fat and brilliantly marked. Very nice. We are water-logged.

June 28: Walked toward Koror—maybe 2 miles—but were picked up in both directions after we had walked about halfway and got very hot. The town is nestled along the main road. Numerous little stores but no super-markets as in Saipan. Large trade schools and Catholic schools. District government buildings, very modest. The only other hotel, the Royal Palauan, is very crummy. Met Ian Mackenzie of Reuters suffering at the Royal Palauan and invited him to dinner. Turned out the Distad was giving a big dinner to which we all went: delicious food in the open air. Beautiful stars. Splendid soup made of taro, limes, and coconut.

June 29: This was the day of the great Rock Islands expedition. Left hotel at 9, drove to dock in Koror, waited one hour, then set forth in 30-40 min boat trip with powerful outboard through fantastic array of green domes undercut by the sea. Every vista lovely. Picnic at superb beach—little grove on a sandy point—wonderful snorkeling, totally clear water. Vast picnic of lobster, chicken, taro, breadfruit, Japanese rice dishes, salad vegetables, huge cooked fish, abundant drinks. Sort of office party for Housing Director. Gay girls and lots of kids. Back very fast in Distad's boat in stinging rain!

Palauan food buffet for dinner. Taro-leaf soup agin. Fish pie . Very good.

June 30: Left Continental Hotel at 8:30 to go to the Airport for an 11:30 flight! The roads are incredible and there is a ferry. A new bridge is being built, but won't be finished for a couple of years. Meantime a ferry carrying 11 cars is painfully pulled to and fro by a cable. Somehow we were disappointed by Palau. The rest of Micronesia pays great tribute to the Palauans as a very energetic, pushing, and rather violent people. We saw little of this. The place does not seem as well developed as even Yap. Anyway the hotel is spectacularly lovely and the Rock Islands sensational.

The flight to Guam via Yap was uneventful. We were met at Guam Airport by Tony Perez, the liaison office chief who put us in a car for the Guam Continental. He was also meeting Zeder, new Territories Chief, and Ambassador Williams. We had a nice swim and snorkel at the Continental beach and a peaceful night.

July 1: Up for a 9:30 car to the airport for the flight to Truk. Met Zeder for the first time at the airport and he said pleasant things.

Met at Truk Airport by a Distad person who decorated us with leis and put us in the hotel bus which made its decrepit way down the island to the Truk Continental. Again a lovely hotel with few guests. Among them, however, are John Kennedy and his Shriver cousins, who are having a scuba holiday. Nobody pays much attention to them and there is no secret service, but 2 or 3 adults shepherding the show.

Truk is a vast ring of islands and atolls and inside is one of the world's great anchorages. It was Japan's Gibraltar.

We snorkeled near the hotel, not too well, and had a great lobster dinner with banana ice cream.

- July 2: This morning the Distad P.I. guy came with a boat, we took hotel lunches, and off we went over the lagoon. We skirted some of the many lovely islands, with miniature volcanic peaks on them, until we came to a sweet little cartoonist's island with 17 palms exactly on it. Unbelievable. We anchored there, snorkeled, shelled quite well. Sue saw a couple of big bat-winged fish out at the far edge of the reef which we fancy to be manta-rays. Anyway she swam hastily away from them.
- It was a delightful boat trip.
- Last night they showed a film made up of sequences from the great comic and thrill movies of the 1910-30 time. Perfectly fascinating reminder of what we have lost.
- July 3: Drove this morning before the plane to the opposite end of Moen Island, to the famous Xavier High School. It's on a hill with superb outlook over hills and islands and water, in pretty dilapidated but romantic old Spanish buildings. The drive, over horrible roads, was through most picturesque villages. At one place a dozen or more women, their skirts on, were standing out in the bay up to their hips casting their nets—as from time unknown. Truk impressed us though the too-smooth Distad did not impress Sue. The deputy Speaker was more genuine.
- Flew to Ponape, met by P.R. man from Distad and saw no more of any official. Stayed at Japanese hotel on hill overlooking harbor. Walked down to main street and through wonderful native village.
- July 4: This is the island of highest rainfall. So we were pleased at yesterday's sunshine and today's start. We rented a boat to go to Nan Modal which is a large and cryptic fortress or religious city reached only at high tide. (We roaded a considerable distance.) It has high walls and ramparts of cut stone, huge blocks, and was abandoned before the Spanish came in the 16th century.
- On the way back we went up an inlet to a really charming fishing village where life was going on busily in the open-fronted houses. It was raining and we were drenched on the boatride. Here there's a famous water-fall to which a small boy took us up a slippery trail. Suddenly he darted across the stream and returned with a huge pineapple which he gave to us, and then demanded a dollar. Gave him what silver I had—65 cents—and took the lovely pineapple back to the hotel. The small boy then kedged a cigarette from our boatman and smoked it proudly. Boatman picked up a lovely crippled long-tailed gull on the ride home.
- July 5: Ponape is famous for carvings. We bought three rather fine fish and a splendid outrigger canoe which Susie gave me. In Truk we had bought several of their lovely small mats. We did a forenoon look around and shopping, had a big lunch at the hotel, only to find lunch on the plane!
- Met by policy Distad, and others at Majuro. Dismayed to learn no hotel reservation, taken to rather mean vacant apartment, found room at hotel after all. But no food at hotel.
- July 6: Majuro is a coral atoll 30 miles long and a few hundred yards wide. The only "hotel" has 16 rooms. Up and down the nicely paved main road flow a stream of little taxis for 20 cents a person. The best place to eat is the Kitco Restaurant, a bare dark windowless room with indifferent food.
- Today they lent us a new Ford pick-up and we drove ourselves to the extreme western end of the atoll. There we snorkeled and shelled delightfully.

July 7: Saw Joe Murphy, co-editor of the *Micronesian Independent*, who is an ex-Peace Corps guy married to a Marshallese girl, and pretty critical of most U.S. policies including the Commonwealth. All the same, he is not very specific about alternatives or improvements.

At 9:30 were picked up and taken to the dock where a huge boat awaited our pleasure. Went to a gorgeous remote beach, swam, snorkeled, shelled. Then on to another similar island, covered with palms, where Sue and I had our first island coconut. The place is lovely, unique, and singularly without a really acceptable hotel or eating place.

Majuro is quite a cluster of Marshallese on a small crescent. Again quite unlike all the other districts.

DIARY OF ERWIN D. CANHAM

Selected entries*

1976

March 19: Sue was making cookies at about five in the afternoon when she answered the phone. It was Fred Zeder, head of the office of Territorial Affairs in the Dept. of the Interior. He asked if I would consider the job of Resident Commissioner in the North Marianas. I said I would be glad to think it over and would get back to him the first of next week. My conversation was so tame that Sue did not suspect what was up and was totally taken by surprise when I told her what the offer was. We were both hugely delighted at the prospect.

March 20: Talked with M.V. Trent, she very interested and pleased.

March 22: M.V. Trent called this evening to say she was speaking at the request of Haydn Williams who was very much opposed to me becoming Resident Commissioner. His professed reason was that the person who had administered the plebiscite should not receive a job which resulted from the plebiscite. The reason did not seem to make sense. Later we found out that Haydn had at one time proposed the Resident Commissioner job to Neiman Craley, who was just as deeply involved in the plebiscite as I was. The reason would seem to be my role as investigator of the Asia Foundation through the Canham Committee.

March 24: Flew to Washington mid-day. Went to the Department of the Interior at 2 pm for talks with Fred Zeder. Knew already that Haydn Williams was to see him this morning explaining his objections to me as Resident Commissioner. Zeder expressed great annoyance at Williams' attitude saying "He isn't going to handle my personnel problems." Then, however, he explored three jobs: 1) Resident Commissioner; 2) High Commissioner of the Trust Territory; 3) H. Williams' successor. We talked freely about all three, yet Zeder had also said the Hicom job might not be filled—that Peter Coleman could serve indefinitely as "acting"—at least until after the U.S. presidential election. And none of us knew when or whether the Williams' job would be vacant. I told Zeder if I took #3 we would want to live in Micronesia to which he readily agreed. At that time he leaned toward #3 and I came home to talk and think it over.

* Erwin Canham diaries made available by Patience D. Canham. All entries with respect to the Marianas have been excerpted and reproduced here. Personal and other entries have not been reproduced.

- To White House for signing by President Ford of Marianas Covenant. Talked with Under Secretary of State Bob Ingersoll about Haydn Williams' objections, which he pooh-poohed. Talked with Under Secretary (of Interior) Kent Frizzell who remembered my African column about Paul Theroux.
- March 25: To Salem for long-scheduled talk at Hamilton Hall. Before going, talked to M.V. Trent and she urged us to take the Hicom job. Returned from Salem, to office, telephoned Zeder who definitively withdrew any offer of the Hicom job. So I went over to the Monitor newsroom and told Sue the Hicom job was off—driving to Salem we had decided we would be receptive to it. Zeder did reiterate his preference for the Williams job. Told him would call back Monday.
- March 26: To New York for Canham Committee session at Chase-Manhattan with J. Clark who is about to go to the Middle-East for a month. He, Leland Barns, and Ed. Hutchinson felt firmly I should not take the Williams job in view of the Canham Committee. This agrees with our own preferences.
- March 29: Called Zeder and told him firmly I would prefer the Resident Commissioner job. He agreed readily. Would start wheels rolling.
- April 1: To Baltimore-Annapolis for Rand Foundation Board meeting. Told Board about Marianas job.
- April 15: Washington called (Charlotte Meldin in Zeder's office to ask if I could take the oath of office in Washington tomorrow). Agreed.
- April 16: Morning in office. Meager lunch at airport. Flew to Washington. Hurried to Interior Department while Sue took luggage to Marriott's Twin Bridges motel in Arlington. Met Jim Berg and Emmett Rice, went to Sol's office with Kent Frizzell, Mrs. Zeder and daughter Susan, few others, took oath with brief remarks by Frizzell and me. Mary Vance Trent and David Schiele came in late rather shaken. Learned White House plans had been withdrawn for tomorrow's 9 AM flight to Saipan! Mary Vance Trent worked miracles and finally got alternative commercial transport.
- April 17: To Dulles Airport and 11:30 takeoff to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fellow traveler on this leg Mary Vance Trent. Met H. and M. Williams and Adm. Steve and Clara Morrison at San Francisco. He was in charge last year for the Viet era cases on Guam and did much admired job. Flew Pan Am to Honolulu getting there at about 3 AM EST. Night in Ala Moana Hotel. Crowded with Easter visitors, some rain.
- April 18: To Christian Science church with Mary Vance Trent and her friend Mrs. Belknap. Met Harry Millers. To delightful brunch at Halekalanani Hotel where Honolulu [parents] take children for Easter. Brunched on terrace. Still much rain. Waikiki not very nice. Then took 11:30 pm plane for Guam. On plane also were Nancy Drake, Rep. Phillip Burton's wife, and Comdr. Dick Wittenbach, assistant to H. Williams. Also Barnes, NSC person from White House. Able to stretch out on plane and hence had good rest in 8 hours going to Guam where we arrive 3 AM. Met by Admiral Clifford, wife, other naval wallahs.
- April 19: Slept rather briefly at Guam Hilton (where Sue [Canham] had been photographed looking most happy). Sue went off to buy bargain dresses from Taiwan and I relaxed. Lunch at Nimitz House with Clifford, driven with motorcycle siren escort to lumbering old Navy transport plane, and flew to Saipan. Met by enormous ceremonial greetings with Amb. Williams taking the honors—Navy Band, crowds of Saipanese children and adults, many leis with kisses from lovely Saipanese girls, walked down honor guard with grinning Sabino. Shook hands with large numbers of old friends and new. Acting High

Commissioner Peter Coleman and Norah, all other politicians, people old and young. Sue spotted Neiman and Janet Craley standing in back—we broke ranks and embraced them.

Sabino proudly drove us to the Continental Hotel where the manager whisked us to our rooms on our old 7th floor. Unchanged but slot machines gone. Evening parties—we hosts with Frank Ada and his wife. Loads of people, many Saipanese. Afterward talked with Neiman Craley about his role—still a bit sticky, he uncertain.

April 20: All on previous page took place on Tuesday because of international date line. Point about Neiman Craley's job is that it had been planned that my executive officer had to be a Mariana person. There is also an Office of Transition Plans and he was a possibility as its Deputy Director. However I wanted Neiman to be a close trouble-shooter for me, not just to find a job for him. All this had to be negotiated. As we sat with Neiman in the Continental lobby, Eddie Pangelinan came along to clear the DTY. Directorship with us, and we were non-committal. I was handicapped by not having been briefed on many plans and felt annoyed at not knowing enough. Neiman shared this uncertainty and went back to Janet greatly frustrated. Sue also.

But it was terribly nice seeing all our old friends and enjoying the familiar scenes!

Everybody who greeted us seemed very happy about my appointment—a genuinely warm sense—and all who know Sue are hugely delighted at her warmth and zest!

April 21: Breakfast by Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce at Continental. Very nice. To Mass at 10 am, celebrated by Bishop Flores of Guam. Nice ceremony but we sat in hot sun for first hour. Then formal ceremonies—me with others under canopy, Sue out in sun. Haydn Williams presented the Covenant and flags. The one which flew over Capitol when the Covenant was ratified was raised at the ceremonies by the Marine Guard. Very moving ceremony, remembering that thousands of Marines were lost coming in over Susupe beaches where we were. I spoke briefly, emphasizing people's own role in their destiny. Sent Sue (with Sabino) back to the Continental Hotel after much sun. Lunch in Saipan Legislative building.

In afternoon, first meeting of Transition Commission where plans were ratified and agreement reached on chief jobs. Zeder agreed rather hastily I could have Neiman where I wanted him and that we could live in present High Commissioner residence. However this appointment left Frank Ada out and needed re-consideration. Told Neiman of plans and he accepted although some uncertainty of his title.

April 22: Flew to Rota and Tinian for ceremonies. They were just great. Band at airport. Heaps of school children lined up with home-colored American flags. America the Beautiful sung innumerable times. Drove to village center. Refreshments, then ceremonies in the church. Navy Band made enormous noise. Mayor Manglona presided, Alfred Apetang translated. Williams and I spoke. Tremendous feast with lobster, coconut crabs, fruit bats. Visited Rota caves.

(Zeder met me in Saipan Airport and said hasty deal concerning Frank Ada should be re-examined. Agreed)

Then to Tinian, bloated with food and heated with sun. To San Jose village where ceremonies were held in the village hall, large buffet of delicious Tinian fruits.

In the evening, the Bergesons had a party at which Haydn was host. All over the lawn groups were politicking—I with Jim Berg, Frank Ada, Neiman. The pieces fell together;

Ada to be Deputy and Acting Resident Commissioner until my return, Neiman to be my special assistant and personal representative. All agreed—but Juan Sablan wants the Deputy job permanently.

- April 23: Breakfast at Royal Taga given by Colemans with Claire Johnston taking credit as hostess. Up to her house—Norah Coleman there—tense discussion of arrangements. Claire does not know she must be out by May 15. She and Norah upstaging one another. Then to Frank Ada's office with Neiman where good arrangement—as on previous page—was confirmed. Sue had lunch with Bobbie Bergeson and other women, I with the Craleys. Then Neiman and I went to High Commissioner Pete Coleman to tell him of our plans, with which he agreed. Later Sue and I had our first and only swim of the week, packed, flew to Guam, had dinner with Jack Berg and talked very informally about the whole situation. He now works for Zeder. Has had a breach with Haydn, with whom he once had a father-son relationship. Learned that Zeder flies trial balloons; Frizzell strongly favored my appointment.
- May 26: In Washington for work with the Canham Committee on the Asia Foundation. Had three partial drafts of a pretty good report, worked until mid-afternoon. Committee is in general agreement, but a lot has to be done to put the report into shape. Expected to return to U.S. for testimony before the U.N. Trusteeship Council, hence projected a Committee session some time in late June for agreeing on a semi-final draft and then to let THF Trustees send State-AID people see it for comment before final submission.
- May 27: Day at Dept of Interior: Director of Territorial Affairs mainly and Office of Micronesian Status Negotiations partly. Zeder thinks I may not have to come back for UN Trusteeship Council [meeting] in late June. The UN Visiting Mission report on the plebiscite was so complete and good that my testimony seems hardly necessary and I am not really competent to testify on developments since separation of the Marianas since April 1. Emmett Rice gave me much background and many warnings about various Marianas people.
- A super-typhoon has struck Guam and Rota and I am eager to get out to the Marianas to help. An awkward problem of paying our fares out to the late celebration has arisen and I press Rice to take care of it. Haydn Williams is about to leave for Saipan to resume status negotiations with the rest of the Trust Territory. The prospects are not encouraging, particularly because the State Department will not yield autonomy to the Micronesians on the law of the seas.
- Back to Boston on the 4:40 and peaceful dinner at home.
- May 29: Off at 9:30 for San Francisco. Uneventful flight in the agreeable 2-seat non-smoking configuration. Then an hour and 3/4 in San Francisco airport and similar uneventful flight to Honolulu.
- Had to retrieve our 8 pieces of checked luggage and persuade Continental Airlines to keep them over-night and check them on the Saipan flight in the morning. They did. Then to the Holiday Inn on the airport for the night. Perfectly comfortable and good sleep.
- May 30: Up early, toast and coffee in the Holiday Inn at the Honolulu Airport, then on to the plane. It was full, with the usual load of freight in the forward part of the passenger space where 1st class usually is. Flew about 22 hours to Johnston Island, a very small spot with evidently very important military installation. Though passengers not allowed off the plane.

Between Johnston and the next stop, Majuro in the Marshalls, we crossed the international date line and it became Monday, only to jump back at Kwajalein, and back again thereafter.

May 31: At Majuro, a long thin circular atoll where we enjoyed ourselves last year, we were met by the Distad [District Administrator] and decked with leis. The airport is about halfway around the circle, which has a fine paved road 30 miles long. There are many outer islands and a strong feeling of separateness. Marshallese work for good wages at our next stop, Kwajalein. Here the military is in full control for it is a missile base, mainly the target area for ICBM's from the mainland.

Next stop is Ponape, a hilly group of very verdant and rainy islands, site of the massive ruins of Nan Madal. It's the site of the next Congress of Micronesia session and the probable future capital. Met by Distad, decorated with headbands, Sue—who had bought a kili bag at Kwajalein—was presented with another nicely woven and decorated straw bag with a dollar in it! Next hop is to Truk, another most beautiful group of islands with rugged hills on them around a very wide lagoon. One of the biggest and loveliest groups, had hit by Typhoon Pamela. Again met by Distad, and another floral headband. Many houses de-roofed, coconut palms down. Worst on outer islands where sometimes all topsoil has been washed away. People have no livelihood left but hate to leave their homes.

Next flight to Guam, hardest hit by Pamela, with little power and water slowly restored. Airport dismal. Hotels badly damaged by wind and water.

Finally Saipan and lovely welcome from old friends. Craleys, Adas—she on way to mainland—Bergesons and others. To Continental Hotel (leaving our bag at airport) for check into familiar suite and long talks afterward with Craleys.

June 1: After buying car, to office. Quite nice office at Civic Center where most of the Marianas government is located. Plan to go to Rota tomorrow to show people we care.

Neiman Craley has lined up a very nice Toyota at Dave Sablan's agency. Blue, 4 door, air-conditioned, automatic transmission. Very pleasant car and Sue likes it a lot. It frees her from being hotel-stuck. Licensed, insured, delivered, with a minimum of difficulty. Cost \$4,000. Back to office where I made the formal announcement of Francisco Ada's appointment as Executive Officer. The alternative, Juan Sablan, is the No 2 man at the Trust Territory Administration. I told him of my high regard but that I saw to reason to displace F. Ada.

To lunch at the new Saipan Beach Intercontinental Hotel—not so spacious and charming as the Continental but still very nice. Dave Sablan is involved, manager John O'Shea, British. Has big Duty-Free shop and Japanese restaurant.

June 5: To Rota to view typhoon damage. Met by Resident Commissioner Representative, drive around village to see destroyed or damaged houses of which there are many. They had 36 hours of continuous typhoon winds. Had typical island feast (with lobster) and then drove upon savannah and elsewhere to see crop damage. Fields of watermelon nearly ready to harvest, cabbage, tomatoes, etc. all ruined. Most serious is bread-fruit which takes a longer time to be restored.

In evening to 2 parties: one at Congress of Micronesia for Johnsons, later at beach by police for Miyamatos. We had to lead food line with Johnsons, and with Miyamatos. Much food and music at police party. Long day!

June 6: First snorkeling with Bergesons at Cave Beach (I think) at least one of beaches on North

West side of island. Nice fish but shore badly battered by typhoon. Seems true everywhere. Coral not so bright as last year. Lovely water, all the same.

June 7: Mayor and Municipal Council of Saipan were elected yesterday. The Territorial Party, which is largely the opposition party to the Commonwealth Covenant, appeared to elect a mayor and nearly all the members of the Municipal Council. However the Mayor did not get an absolute majority. He was opposed by two members of a group called the Friends of the Commonwealth. These people hoped to draw together more than their usual Popular Party, which has held office for a long time. However, they fielded two candidates, split the vote, and the Territorial Party man got more—but not the absolute majority which the law seems to require. There may have to be a run-off, and if so just possibly a majority might not result even then.

To dinner at the Saipan Beach Intercontinental as guest of Dave Sablan, one of its promoters. He had the Chief Justice and Mrs. Burnett, and Judge and Mrs. Salas. Very good French chef in the new hotel, food flown out by Pan Am for first month of operation. Dave Sablan is an up-and-coming businessman, one of the few big, successful entrepreneurs on the island. Burnett ruled wrongly on our vote-dispute cases last year. Salas was a strong, silent, huge very dark man with a smile that lights like a torch. Looked around the hotel bedrooms afterward—much smaller than Continental but very nicely designed and decorated.

June 8: Routine matters in the morning, of which there are plenty, and then visited at 1 pm by the President (Roberto) of Nauru and his suite. Nauru is the island, 600 miles below the Marshalls, which is almost wholly comprised of phosphates. It is being scooped out like a grapefruit, the people have an even higher per capita income than the Persian Gulf people, and big investments are being made, especially in Australia. It is, I believe, the least populous Republic in the world. The President has an airline—Air Nauru—and hopes to provide North-South service, which is much needed. He also has ships and port rights here. The President had his Minister of Finance, bodyguard (very fat), and military aide. He is building a new office building just behind the Civic Center, which will have a revolving restaurant on top—7 stories up.

At 4 pm several people who had taken the courses of the American Management Institute received their certificates. Sue gave them out. Pete Coleman, Acting High Commissioner was there, and we agreed on some domestic details. The stateside management trainer showed films of Vermont maple sugar producing and provided samples of syrup! A vast cultural and climatic gulf from Vermont to the Marianas!

June 9: Great excitement about our second air-freight shipment, which a letter from Vanpac says is very over weight. There has been some mistake on the U.S. end. I called Mr. Duval in San Francisco and he got on the job at once although no results as yet.

Working hard to get President Ford to declare Rota, Tinian, and Saipan a disaster area, and with good prospects for success.

June 10: A very busy day since this is the 15th day since the Marianas Legislature adjourned and hence the last day for me to sign or disapprove their last minute legislation.* The bill setting up the Constitutional Convention is the most important. It specifies 25 delegates from Saipan and requires that three persons “of Carolinian ancestry” should be seated even if they do not get as many votes as 25 others. I vetoed the measure, proposing

* Canham note: This was a mis-statement. There is a great deal of legislation still to be approved or disapproved. It will continue to cross my desk for the next two or three weeks.

instead some system of partial elections by municipal districts—the Carolinians are mostly self-segregated—and the remainder at large. I also vetoed a measure giving money to a parochial school, Mount Carmel, on ground of violation of separation of Church and State. And I rejected a request of election judges to hold a run-off for last Sunday's municipal election, since none of the 3 candidates got an absolute majority. The laws are ambiguous, calling for a run-off with 3 candidates and then a plurality, which in this case would merely duplicate the last election, or permit the defeated two to combine forces. It's a nice legal question.

At 4 pm, ground-break for a new Japanese-backed hotel, Grand Hotel, just beside Royal Taga. In evening, to new hotel cocktail party. (Got there too early!)

June 11: Early to office expecting Stevens, Disaster Relief Chief, but he came in the afternoon. Our second batch of air freight has not come, despite a rumor heard by Air Mike. Nor has Duval in San Francisco called back! String of visitors: 2 guys about a fishing boat; 2 Senators from Tinian—Cruz and Manglona—about an insult Les Weaver has allegedly inflicted on them. They want him reprimanded and replaced by Eddie de la Cruz. Also the officers of the Office of Transitional Studies and Planning—Pete Tenorio, Eddie Pangelinan, Manny Sablan—to discuss interfacing. They have a highly-paid set-up and more or less authority for the spending of \$1.5 million in transitional plans. It looks rather like a pay-off for the Covenant people, but it can do useful work.

Final visit from disaster relief people.

In evening another party for departing Attorney General Miyamoto. This time on Capital Hill: two roast pigs, much singing including old German lieder. Talked about war claims litigation, soon to be ended with adjudicated claimants getting from 1/3 to 2 of their judged dues.

June 12: High Commissioner and Mrs. Johnston left the islands for good. Big party at airport—7:45 AM—champagne, etc. Then we went to look at their house, which we inherit. It is in excellent condition but now is the time to have it repainted throughout and the roof tarred. Mrs. Johnston had the furniture painted white, which is delightful—also turquoise slipcovers in the living room. We are getting twin beds and will make the two smaller bedrooms into studies, with a couch apiece. There is a nice big lanai, beautiful grounds, an exquisite view to the harbor and the Philippine Sea. Altogether a gorgeous place.

After inspection, off to Lau Lau Beach with Bergesons. Dinner at Hafa Adai with Larry Guerrero, Joe Ten and Joe Screen present. Much talk.

June 13: To a new beach near Obyan, looking right over to Tinian. Very low tide, little surf, nice snorkeling on the outer reef. Lunch at Bergesons, quiet afternoon and evening at Continental. [Reverting to Sat. night party: Joeten is the island magnate. Screen a mainlander who has been here a long time, once in the Trust Territory government, a cynical wheeler-dealer. Joeten is quiet but impressive.]

June 15: To Guam. At about 7 AM had phone call from Emmett Rice in Washington saying that Fred Zeder and Kent Frizzell were on Guam and wanted to see Pete Coleman and me at once. I hustled to the office, found out that Coleman was at the airport seeing off Attorney General Miyamoto who is being made a judge in American Samoa. I hurried to the airport and Pete and I got on the plane to Guam, were met by the liaison officer Tommy Lopez, and taken to Admiral Carroll's office. There we found that Zeder and Frizzell had arrived only that morning at 3 AM, 24 hours overdue, and were at that moment on a helicopter tour of Guam. We awaited their return and made a date to see Zeder at 1:30. He had tried

to head us off, hoping himself to come to Saipan, and his day in Guam is full, but now he will go to Tokyo with Frizzell. Zeder ok's my approach to David Rogers, head of the War Claims Board, as a possible Attorney General and was otherwise cooperative. Pete and I lunched with Commander Burt, Micronesia liaison officer. Having spare time, I went on a furniture scouting trip (much to Sue's disgust when I got home!)

A visit of limited usefulness.

June 19: Moved to Capitol Hill. Painters have done the bedroom, bathroom, two studies. Working slowly in living room. Still we are glad to get in, although it will be dismal for Sue until the painting is finished. Gorgeous sunny day—the view takes your breath away. We gave lunch to Bobbie Bergeson, since Alf is in the Marshalls and Ponape.

June 21: Addressed Marianas Legislature.

I had prepared a long speech, mainly discussing President Ford's Declaration of a Disaster Area in the North Marianas, and arguing for voting by municipal districts in the election of delegates to the Con. Con. I had vetoed the previous bill as unworkable in its provision for the Carolinian minority. The dominant political group on Saipan much prefers voting at large here, while allowing separate voting with increased representation on Tinian and Rota. The controlling party can keep control—they hope—through voting at large. This freezes out the minority, mainly the Carolinians. I believe 11 seats elected from the municipal districts and 15 at large would be satisfactory in Saipan, but some other device may be needed to provide for the Carolinians, who reside mostly in two or three districts. Will have to make some compromise, perhaps appointing a few.

The session was dignified. I was asked to wear and tie and jacket—first time since the celebrations. My speech was generously received, despite the disagreement over voting. Punch and cookies.

At the Royal Taga, in the evening, reception by the legislature in our honor. Very nice—lots of hors-d'oeuvre type of food—intermittent rain. Political talk, maneuvers about pending legislation, etc.

June 22: The legislature is very annoyed at my speech. Neiman went over at their request to a committee session and met a very hostile reception. They are in the process of re-enacting the bill, even worse than before because it omits reference to the Carolinians. We will seek some form of compromise.

My office days are very full. A steady flow of legislative acts pours across my desk to be signed or vetoed. My signature is also needed on a multitude of other pieces of paper: travel orders, policy directives, you name it, we send it out.

One of my embarrassments is that many letters are prepared for my signature—many more than I could compose even if I had the data—and they are often typed up very ungrammatically. I hate to sign them, but there is often no alternative.

June 23: Session at legislature where prizes were given for a Chamorro writing contest. I spoke and pinned home-made ribbons on the winners as well as handed out checks. The preservation of Chamorro is a good thing, no doubt, but there is no Chamorro literature and very little has been translated into Chamorro beyond the Bible. Speaker Santos also spoke, in English and Chamorro. He is the strong man of the legislature, has very firm but narrow views, and is not nearly as friendly and attractive as many other Chamorros. In the afternoon the legislature again enacted the Con Con Bill in form which will deprive the Carolinians of representation. The ruling Popular Party is very determined to stick to elections at large, where their ranking majority can sweep the field. Their resentment

at even a modest compromise is pretty sharp. However, they are divided and if party pressures were not so severe there would be many in favor of district voting.

June 24: We have our staff meeting at 9 on Thursday and today had reports from the disaster relief people—mainly the Federal Disaster Assistant Administrator. They make extensive grants and loans available, while the Red Cross provides food and clothing. The general feeling is that there was a lot of chiseling on Guam and will be here. In Guam they gave out food stamps and purchase orders wholesale. There are certainly lots of poor people who need help, but a lot of better-off are helping themselves to the hand-outs. Also U.S.D.A. food packages have been widely distributed for years here—some 50% of the population, now to be increased to 100% in some areas. The typhoon damage is terrible to crops, and many farmers are subsistence and need help, but everybody gets into the act.

At the staff meeting there were complaints that people bought things and then got requisitions afterward, and committed other deviations from proper procedures.

June 25: Called Washington to clear up matters concerning my Attorney General. The Department of Territorial Affairs want to send a young Mormon lawyer named Jepperson. We investigated one local man and found him unavailable. Are looking at another, now in the Trust Territory Attorney General's office.

As usual a steady stream of papers crosses my desk. This was a very busy day.

June 26: Relaxed day. Bought small book-cases for our studies. Put larger cases in living room. After lunch (Sue abstaining) we drove to Marpi and up to outlook point over Bird Island. Heavy surf running on eastern side of island. Magnificent view down the cliffs. Then we drove to Pau Pau Beach, on the N.W. side, where there was lovely snorkeling after a long wade out over the reefs. First snorkeling beach by ourselves.

June 27: Alf Bergeson back from Marshalls and Ponape. Drove to Ladder Beach and then Obyan, both on the southern end of the island looking toward Tinian. Neither beach had very good swimming or snorkeling, but not too bad. Both are spectacularly lovely spots reached by driving around the new airport.

Nauru ship came into harbor bringing building materials for Nauru House. It is the tiny phosphate-rich island south of the Marshalls. It has the largest per capita income in the world. They are building a 7-8 story office building just behind the Civic Center where my office is. President Roberto of Nauru came to see me lately.

June 28: Today is beautiful, though the rainy season has begun. That means, so far, that the showers are more frequent. We haven't had a full day of rain thus far, but many showers or overcast for long periods. It is fascinating to watch the showers from our porch out over the harbor and lagoon. At breakfast today there was a delicious rainbow from some slight showers, stretching out across the lagoon beneath us—with the usual bands of blue and turquoise stretching out from the coast. We had our first early morning walk, setting forth at about 6:30 for a mile of brisk exercise. We make a circuit of the slopes and top of the hill and work up quite a sweat. Then a shower and breakfast on the lanai or patio.

In the afternoon our second shipment of air freight came, much belated. To cut down weight, some articles had been held back, we don't know just what, except that Sue's wooden card catalog is missing. It was very nice to greet many old friends and we hope our ocean freight will come in a few weeks more.

Our chief maid, Josie, is a jewel: a Philippine, quiet, hard-working, splendid cook. Her helper, Checko, is a Palauan and does the heavy work.

June 29: Up before six and on morning walk alone. For the first time I didn't arouse the boonie dogs who generally rush out barking. I walked quietly, no talking, and it was early. Drove to the airport to see the Eddie Pangelinans. He was a Senator and Chairman of the Mariana Status Commission. Thus he had a big stake in the plebiscite last year. He is a lawyer. Now he is to be Washington representative of the Transition Commission's Office of Transition Studies and Planning. The drive to the airport takes us 2/3 down the island, to its southern tip. There are two ways: down Capitol Hill to Beach Road on the west, along the edge of the Philippine Sea, or over the hills on the east. Both are totally lovely, with the eastern drive very up and down and curving through tangled green hills. The airport buildings are new, pagoda in design, very ambitious—better than Guam. The field can take 747's and we await eagerly a presidential decision on the Tokyo-Saipan route case between Continental and Pan Am. It will mean a lot to Saipan but the choice is difficult—Pan Am has the right to fly into Japan and the promotional set-up but Continental has done most valuable pioneering throughout Micronesia.

(The Pangelinans didn't show up. Are expected to fly on the 5:30 tonight.)

June 30: We are hopeful that the legislature will agree to some compromise on the Con Con bill. I have vetoed their second version, which was almost worse than the first, but sent a rather conciliatory message to the Speaker. Last night at the airport—seeing off the Pangelinans—we learned that Joe Cruz, Senator from Tinian, is going off island for a month. Today I learned that Sen. Olympia Borja is also away. They were two major opponents. Sentiment also builds up for a compromise version. In the Committee last time around it was 5-4 with 1 undecided.

Meantime daily problems are fascinating. We have many cases involving land ownership going back to the Japanese days. Some must go to Court, and the government may suffer heavy damages.

During the last week, the War Claims Tribunal has distributed checks representing some 30 cents on the dollar for millions in damages done by US and Japanese. Part of the indemnity is paid by the Japanese, but the US Congress has not been willing to pay the full amount due. However, scores of people are getting big checks—thousands of dollars apiece—and lots of them are spending freely. 30 or 40 new Ford Torinos have been sold by one dealer. The stores have been selling things at a frantic rate. The banks ran out of money—sometimes sending people to the supermarkets to buy things and proffer checks like \$6,000 in payment! One [person] walked off with over \$100,000 in cash from the bank.

July 1: As I write, about 1/3 of the broad window facing me is filled with the flame trees on Beach Drive. The color and luxuriance of these trees is tremendous. Flame is right. A tawny red, fading toward orange. They line Beach Drive for several miles, and are scattered all through the woods and hillsides of the island. They are as vivid as the most crimson maples in Vermont and stay a lot longer. My window is three bands: yellow-green lawn at the bottom, scarlet across the middle, vibrant blue of sky with some ironwood pines against it, and frequent mountain-masses of cloud. Often the clouds let down fierce tropical showers of rain but they don't last long. It is of course very humid but we welcome the freshening showers. We haven't yet had dismal rains but I suppose they will come.

The colors in the sea range from shades of turquoise in shore to deep blue beyond the reefs, with a fringe of frothy white marking the reef. The surf is running high now because of tropical storms between here and the Philippines. Hence the surf line is magnificent from our hilltop.

- July 2: Great excitement. Our ocean freight arrived at 8:30 AM, having come to Saipan on a Japanese or Nauru ship earlier this week. Then in the afternoon our furniture from Guam came. A very busy unpacking time. One salad bowl was broken—the only damage in the lot. However two boxes were located open and some articles missing. One was groceries, the other books. Just what was taken we do not know. We are most grateful for the speed (less than two months from Beacon St.) and the relative good condition.
- Had our first dinner party, for the Bergesons and the Loftuses. Sashemi, pancit, fruit. All very good. Our first in-house liquor service! The house is shaking down very nicely. Of course, the view is breath-taking and everything most comfortable. Our porch furniture is great but the flies are pecky just now. We're sleeping very soundly, partly due to the air-conditioner hum which cuts down all distractions, and the general atmosphere is very soothing.
- July 3: Much unpacking—Sue pushed me out to go snorkeling with the Bergesons and we all came back to lunch, when everything looked lovely.
- In the evening, two fiestas: one a christening down by the beach, child of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Milne, he being the agent here for the Republic of Nauru; the other a Carolinian wedding party where everybody was out in large numbers. We ate at the first. Beautiful roast pigs at the second and lots of other dishes. The food at the feasts is very good: little that we do not enjoy—yellow or pink rice, beef, fish, pork, fruit salad, other chopped-up dishes, lots to drink. No wonder we get fat.
- July 4: 200th Anniv.
- Day of the special celebration—not only the 200th, but the 30th of liberation of the Saipanese people from internment camps following WWII. Parade began at 9:30, mainly Boy and Girl Scouts, float with Liberation Queen. Stand set up at Civic Center, booths all around, small “airplane” ride. Various dignitaries spoke, myself included, with much interference from a woman advertising her stand over a very potent load speaker. Afterward, lunch at the Legislature building, a simplified fiesta but quite good.
- In the afternoon we swam at Pau Pau. Very high tide but still nice. Saw machine-gun nests and track along beach.
- July 5: Also a holiday. We did major re-arranging in kitchen and elsewhere and at 10:15 set off with Bergesons for Wing Beach. Only got as far as Pau Pau since there was hang gliding off Suicide Cliff in Marpi—we turned off just at the ticket-selling point. The water was superb—totally clear and not too deep to wade out to the coral heads where the fishes congregate. Simply idyllic swimming and all kinds of gorgeous little fishes. Some tiny blues in great clouds fluttering in the sunlight. Lots of black and white stripes, others sand colored, many velvety black—if we knew tropical fish we could identify all kinds. These coral rocks are about 200 yards offshore. Another 200 yards or so is the outer reef that encircles the shore and on which the surf breaks. The fish would be bigger out beyond the reef but getting through the bouncy surf is more than we can manage. Getting scratched on the jagged coral is no fun. After a few hours of swimming, snorkeling, strolling, shelling, we all came to our house for lunch and then had a quiet afternoon and evening. Very peaceful holiday—far from the enormous U.S. celebration, but one feels the earnest attachment of the people here to the U.S.
- July 6: Concerned that the Legislature may not soon come back into session to consider the Con-Con bill. That means a delay perhaps in the election of delegates and of the Con Con itself. Hope they can be stirred into action, but many members have dispersed. Situation

unpromising. The Transition Commission and the OTSP have hired various consultants and now there is doubt whether these types will be able to give much direct personal guidance to the delegates to the Con-Con since most of the advisers have commitments at their various universities. The papers they prepare on specific issues will be good anyway.

July 7: A delegation of three Okinawans came in representing a group of several hundred who are here to hold memorial services for their relatives who lived and worked here and died here during the Battle of Saipan. Some 22,000 civilians died, needlessly, and many of them were Okinawans. I was asked to speak at their memorial services at the foot of Suicide Cliff. The visitors sat under canopies at both sides of the monument, in front of which were tables covered with flowers, fruit, liquor. Various speeches in Okinawan Japanese were made, and mine in English. A Shinto Priest chanted long ceremonial services and finally put three pinches of incense on a flame, holding each pinch up to his brow before putting in on the flame. Then I was nudged to do the same and did so, bowing ceremoniously to the leaders and to the memorial table. It took an hour or more and was very hot.

They asked us to a reception at the Hafa Adai in the evening; we were the only westerners there, a fiesta was held, and some rather mournful Okinawan singing took place. Altogether it was an interesting and emotionally stirring day. The Okinawans were very humble: all related to those who died here.

July 8: Gave lunch for legislature. The Speaker and seven others came. They were very concerned about water conditions—especially Speaker Ben Santos—at San Vicente and other high points on the island, which have not had water for months. (Most people catch rain water or store water, so the pressures are not intolerable.) We decided to apply water rules at once—shut-offs during certain hours—so that sacrifices may be generalized. The Speaker was also very upset about Police Chief Mafnas and law enforcement in general. There's a lot of politics involved but we still badly need an Attorney General. Still working on interim plans.

July 11: Went to Community Church, Southern Baptist under Rev. Mack Williams, nice earnest fellow. People half mainlanders, half Marshallese or similar. Very sweet service and old-time-religion hymns including "Amazing Grace," the Jimmy Carter theme song. Preceded by church school classes.

July 12: (Holiday) Snorkeling in morning and first word of Tropical Storm Therese, South-East of Guam, brought by Alf Bergeson on dispatcher. Swam at Pau-Pau but tide too high to go out over the reefs. Then I had to go to luncheon meeting of the Saipan Chamber of Commerce and speak. I gave some general affirmations of support of the private sector, desire to minimize and speed-up whatever regulation is needed, and answered questions. First: did I believe the utilities should be privately owned and operated. I said that might be desirable, but we would have to be assured of technical capacity and capital. Second: where did I stand on casino gambling. I said I opposed gambling in principle for philosophical, practical, and religious grounds, was willing to have slots in rooms restricted to hotel guests, and opposed casino gambling on grounds it was usually controlled by vicious gangs which did great harm. I opposed all gambling which contains socially harmful elements. Asked about the water program, I gave precise figures, having been prepared by Frank Ada.

Very restful afternoon and evening at home—preparing for Typhoon Therese.

July 13: Declared Typhoon Condition Three at about 8 AM. Therese is moving more northerly than expected. It took an abrupt turn North when about 150 mi. Southeast of Guam. At end of afternoon, I declared Condition Two, which closes government offices and sends

people home to make preparations.

At mid-afternoon the public works men came and boarded up our windows. The appropriate shutters fit just inside the screens, which are on hinges and can be nailed or clamped shut. This makes the house very dismal inside but is a needed protection, although not everybody boards up. There was still lovely sunshine in late afternoon and the winds were not high. It got heavier as the evening wore on. We went to bed about midnight with heavy rain and wind. The lights went out in mid-evening and we used two fine big electric lamps Sue had bought, along with a big flashlight and a kerosene stove. Josie spent the night at our house—we drove up and got her in heavy storm. Last thing was to run a bath-tub full of water since there was no power.

July 14: I got up before dawn and as light appeared, it was actually the height of the typhoon although according to weather reports on radio we should expect worse. Branches of our iron-wood pines were blowing away, the car was rocking, water was seeping into the house, we had no running water in the pipes and no electricity. But we were not blowing away. We had breakfast. By about 8:30 or 9 it seemed to let up a bit and we learned Typhoon Therese had passed east and north of Saipan. It was very intense at the eye—up to 150 mph—but a little way out the velocity wasn't even 70, and that's what we got. Moreover it was moving very fast, about 14 mph, which got the worst swiftly out of the way. Mid-forenoon I had a call from Admiral Kent Carroll, anxiously inquiring for our welfare. I drove up to Trust Territory headquarters where radio-telephone to Guam was functioning, and told him we seemed to have got off lightly. Then down to Civic Center, confirming good news. Went from Condition One back to Two, which meant people could return from shelters to their homes (wooden). Went home, lunched, took off the shutters, gathered up debris in the yard. Thus ended our first typhoon.

July 15: Fred Zeder, head of Office of Territorial Affairs, wife, and daughter, arrived, having been at Palau, Yap, Guam, etc. He had no great burning questions to discuss, but I needed to take up the matter of my A-9, my own classification, the Northern Mariana Islands government's transitional financial needs. He was as usual most agreeable, but we didn't know how much he would remember and follow-up. His wife and daughter are very nice—wife has done a book on Egypt though it hasn't been published, and daughter Mindy is an anthropologist who has worked a lot in Iran. The Bergesons were giving a cocktail party for their replacement, one Jerry Bennett, and afterward we gave the Zeders dinner. It was very relaxed and family style. Mrs. Zeder was brought up in a Christian Scientist family but has long since departed from it. Fred Zeder is sensible, but impetuous, and seems to leave much of the operation of the Office of Territorial Affairs to Emmett Rice and Jim Berg. Fred seems to enjoy ranging over the Pacific and to-and-fro to Washington.

July 16: Various dignitaries are turning up for the Airport opening tomorrow, and the opening of the Saipan Beach Intercontinental Inn. Chief is the Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Creighton Holden, who runs the U.S. Travel Service. He is an amiable duffer from Michigan, a former hotel man. Had lunch with Zeder, very late for Saipan and not very useful. He produced a rather mild agenda. I cleared with him the matter of our Attorney General, hopefully heading off the man, Jepperson, who hasn't nearly the strength needed for the job.

Had two communication visitors, one from RCA with proposal to put up micro-wave towers between here and Guam to improve our wretched telephone system, and the other the Kentron people who want to take over and operate the telephone system on the island. There are conflicts and difficulties, but the competition ought to be good.

- In the evening the Airport Authority and Duty Free Shops had a party at the Continental.
- July 23: Fred Zeder on island.
- July 24: To Lau-Lau.
- July 25: To Obyan.
- July 26: Meeting of Transition Commission.
- July 27: Okinawa delegation and reception.
- July 28: Visit of Department of Agriculture and Coast Guard.
Party with Department of Agriculture George Bassell's.
- July 29: First typhoon relief check to old lady—Mrs. Conception.
- July 31: Beach picnic for Bergesons—great success at Paupau. Our first beach picnic and first we host-catered. I had to hurry from beach to change into suit and tie and take part in an Okinawan ceremony at the Last Command Post. As usual it was impressive—tables of goodies and flowers on a sort of altar. Speeches. Ceremonies by Buddhist priest and/or Shinto. I made brief speech and put incense on flower on altar. This is the 33rd anniversary—last time for specially honoring dead.

Rush to airport to say goodbye to Bergesons.
Back to Hafa Adai for feast with Okinawans.
- August 1: Quiet day, at home—brief visit to Wing Beach. Worked on reading.
- August 2: Speaker Santos called and asked for \$67,000 to pay legal and economic consultants of Marianas Political Status Commission. Agreed to give him these funds from the advance we had obtained from Trust Territory for scholarships.

After lunch I received a cablegram from President Ford extending the disaster relief from Typhoon Pamela to Typhoon Therese. This means some \$50,000 to the Marianas. Also my right to a 15% post supplement to my salary has been confirmed. I was also told that Sen. Joe Cruz is introducing a resolution demanding my recall for vetoing legislation. And a Japanese child has been drowned on Micro Beach: it seems incredible, the beach is so shallow. There's a large group of Japanese school-children here.

One Senator, Herman Palacios and another, Joe Cruz, have introduced a resolution calling on the Dept of Interior to recall me saying I have not got enough disaster relief, am too old for the job, etc. It is a political reprisal for the Con-Con bill. Actually there has been very substantial disaster relief.
- August 3: A tropical storm built up and struck us late in the evening. It was not quite as severe (not nearly) as Typhoon Therese but still made a lot of noise from about midnight on. Electricity went off at 10:30 and did not come on until next afternoon. There was little damage to buildings on the island but again the vine crops suffered severely. This is the third wipe-out for farmers trying to raise melons, cucumbers, tomatoes and the like. They have to re-plant.

Had dinner with the Loftus's at Saipan Beach. The hotels have all been full for some time, with charter flights of Okinawans and Japanese. It's the rainy season but there are some gorgeous days, like last Saturday. The coral soil absorbs water quite quickly but some pools remain.

- August 4: By morning the storm was abating and we believed it was moving away. Few people came to work, so at about ten o'clock I went home and Sue and I went shelling on Obyan Beach, a lovely place facing South to Tinian. We thought the storm might have washed up gorgeous shells. It hadn't. But we found some, and had a lovely blowing-out. The beach is wild and isolated—the favorite of the Bergesons.
- August 5: At about 1:30 AM the police came knocking on our door with a message from Fleet Weather Central (Navy) saying the tropical disturbance, now almost a typhoon, had turned around and was headed straight back at us, gaining strength.
- We declared Tropical Storm Condition Two and prepared to go into a Typhoon Condition if need be. But by late forenoon reconnoissance aircraft found the storm slowly moving away to the west. We were very grateful for we have had our share of typhoons for the summer and the season has not really begun! Meantime it keeps on raining heavily and wind blowing hard.
- The rain has agreeably restored the water supply. It runs off very fast and sinks into the coral soil, although there are lots of low-lying puddles. The island is beautifully green although many trees—pines, palms, flame trees—have lost many leaves and look like plucked chickens. The view from our terrace is also improved by the reduced leafiness.
- August 6: Last night, like the night before, the police came knocking at 2 am with weather dispatches. No need this time.
- A busy day on problems relating to the legislature, which is giving me a hard time because of my disapproval of two Con-Con bills. All this was to have been expected but isn't very pleasant.
- August 7: Post-storm, we drove to Obyan Beach to find the great new shells washed up by the typhoons. Sue got shells, but nothing special. We had a lovely walk and outing. Then a peaceful Saturday—no parties. In the afternoon we drove to Bird Island and walked down to the beach. Still no great treasures. But one of the most magnificent spots on the island. The great rock is superb. Didn't snorkel or bathe—tide too low. Nice sunny day.
- August 8: To the Community Church where the ambience of evangelical Baptist was pretty heavy. The hymns were very slow and heavy except for Amazing Grace which is the theme song of the Jimmy Carter campaign. The church atmosphere is sweet, with lots of Marshallese and children but not much theological interest.
- Afterward, to an unknown beach on the S.W. side, hiking through the tangan-tangan. It was an enormous beach but few shells. Also low tide. Again a nice walk and drive.
- Worked on Knapp papers.
- August 9: Leaders of the Legislature had asked for a conference on the Con-Con bill. Their very approach was friendly and constructive and I was glad to talk. They came at 1:30, including Joe Cruz, Chairman Daniel Muna, Ben Manglona, Herman Guerrero, Larry Guerrero, Olympio Borja, Oscar Rasa and others. Joe began by saying he had been thinking of the U.N. Security Council, and the Marianas, and felt we would never be relieved of the trusteeship if we weren't nice to the Carolinians now! They then proposed the Borja compromise, by which I would appoint some Carolinians (say 3) if they were not elected in the regular way. L. Guerrero asked why I had withdrawn the idea of part-district, part at-large, and I said simply because my concern is the matter of minority representation not the method of voting. There was much hashing over of the pro's and con's and they left evidently willing to adopt a compromise. Hope it works.

A wet lands survey group from the University of Guam is here especially interested in Lake Susupe. A grey-bearded botanist, Prof. Moore, and very able woman environmentalist, and 2 young men.

- August 10: Rather quiet day except for the arrival of our boonie puppy, a sweet little girl looking like a baby lion, whom we have named Leona, or Li-li. When I got home for lunch, Sue was on the lanai with the puppy in her arms. Puppy spots me and instantly perks up very ingratiatingly, to Sue's delight. Now the house-breaking starts. She is a dear little thing, and we'll see how she grows up. No difficulty about finding a home for her when we leave.
- August 11: Political sensations are cropping up. Up to now, I have had the support of the minority or Territorial Party. Its President, Dr. Palacios, called me to say the party endorses my method for electing delegates to the Con-Con. Now I learn that there has been a rift in the majority or Popular Party (stemming partly from a split over the candidates for the Saipan Mayoralty and Municipal Council). Several of its leading members have gone over to the Territorial Party, and some of them, having defected, have been denied the support of the Territorial Party! Among them the prominent Sen. Olympio Borja. Thus the Territorial are now sitting on top of the heap, anticipating the Nov. elections eagerly.
- August 12: The Legislature has passed the Con-Con bill giving me the power to appoint two additional delegates if I choose, with the understanding that I would appoint Carolinians if none has been elected in the regular way. Thus I have the means of protecting the minority, which is all I had wanted all the time.
- The Bergeson's handsome great Labrador dog Dion was left in kennels for us to put on a passenger liner of the Nauru Line to go to San Francisco. We put him on the ship today—he wildly excited at being let out of the kennels. The ship is very nice—no passengers on this voyage but room for 100 in very nice accommodations. Dion is topside near the bridge and will undoubtedly be very popular.
- Our little boonie puppy Leona has been discovered by her mother, who seeks day and night to get her back. It's a nuisance since we like to let Leona out on the grass and can't if her mother is there since she immediately leads Leona away.
- August 13: The usual fascinating variety of matters. The Con-Con bill has been passed in a manner with which I can live. They give me discretionary right to appoint two delegates, on the unwritten understanding that if no perceived Carolinians are elected in the regular way I will appoint two. The way things now look, I won't have to. People are still jumping from the Popular Party to the Territorial, and the Popular Party is badly split. It refuses to endorse various of its own leading legislators, including Speaker Santos and Vice Speaker Magofna. (On Sunday Aug. 15 the Territorial Party Convention met and endorsed a slate for the Con-Con including many Carolinians. It also endorsed a slate for the legislature with several Carolinians.)
- August 14: Picnic to Managaha Island. Lovely day, glass-bottom boat, not many people on island, 10-12 other people. Very hot. (My Daltry signet ring dropped in the water and simply could not be found. Many people snorkeled over the spot but to no avail. Maybe we'll find it the next we go out to the island.) Crisis over Josie's housing. The Colemans have engaged full-time a Filipino girl with whom Josie cannot live and so Josie has to move out of the trailer where she has been happily living for some time. We must find another place for her.
- August 15: What a day! First at 10 to the Community Church where the Southern Baptist spirit

flowed free. Then home to comfort Leona. To Charlie Dock where the Lindblad Explorer had docked. She carries passengers to very exotic places and has been to the Northern Mariana islands of Maug and Pagan. They were fascinated by Maug, the crater of an extinct volcano, where they identified 113 different reef fish, a lot of rare birds, etc. They made an excited report about Maug.

Afterward an Okinawan Buddhist and civil ceremony at their cenotaph, and a feast afterward at the Hafa Adai.

August 17: Two Japanese fishing executives came in and we talked about Manjiro. They knew about him and were delighted. Also the Parsons Company from Honolulu who did the Saipan Airport will do a survey of Rota for us.

Chief of Police Mafnas came in with a sensational story of drug-peddling which needs immediate investigation. Urged him to pursue the case rapidly.

August 18: Chief Justice Burnett (dinner at his house with the Colemans) hinted at a dark scandal which turned out to be the one about which I learned yesterday.

August 19: Chief Justice Brunett came to tell me his knowledge of the drug scandal and his telephone to the FBI in Guam. They offered help. I had Chief Masnas in and he and the Chief Justice matched their stories. They fitted. So an FBI man is coming over from Guam to help us in the investigation.

August 20: Big party for the Marianas Legislature tonight. The Saipan Beach Intercontinental catered, superbly. Perhaps less than half the Legislature members came but there was a very strong turnout by others—largely a Marianas party. A beautiful evening until a thunder storm came up at 8:30 and sent everybody home on time.

August 21: Beach breakfast organized by the Ashman's. They made a fire and cooked bacon and fried potatoes with egg mixed in. Very good. It went on until mid-afternoon.

August 22: Church again. We're getting to be very Southern Baptist. Quiet day otherwise—Pau Pau Beach. Leona has a wonderful time in and out of the water.

August 24: FBI man from Guam came over to assist in the drug case. Is sending another agent to try to buy drugs from the source.

August 25: Intended to fly with Naval Reconnaissance to Northern Islands today, but the flight was put off. Expect to go tomorrow.

(Last night our informer sought to make a drug deal with one of the suspected sources and was told \$5,000 would be the minimum amount. Both suspected sources verbally implicated. But we do not have evidence to prosecute as yet—are seeking it—expect a sensational denouement before long. It is terribly sad.)

Had David and Guadalupe Sablan to dinner. He is one of the two most active businessmen on the island, runs a motor agency, promoted the Intercontinental Hotel, etc. He has aspirations to be the first elected governor. We had a good evening of informative talk. His father was the most important Chamorro at the end of WWII, Elias Sablan, and two of Dave's brothers are in the Northern Mariana Islands government. They are all bald which is unusual.

August 26: Today I was picked up at 9 by a Navy P-3 and flown over the Northern Islands in a regular reconnaissance trip, and particularly to see whether there were any poaching vessels. We observed one very close to shore at Farallon de Pajaros which is the northern-most uninhabited island. We buzzed it many times. It looked like a private yacht. We took

many pictures and may be able to lodge a protest. All the Northern Islands are volcanic, two still smoke, some are perfect cones around which we flew several times. It was just delightful. The plane had about a 10-man crew, lots of equipment, fancy cameras and so on. It was also chilly. In flight, they turn off one of the four motors. Approaching Saipan, they could not get it started again so could not land to let me off. Thus we flew to Guam and they sent me back about one hour later in a helicopter. I enjoyed this greatly. Both doors were wide open and the sight-seeing over Guam, Rota, Tinian, and Saipan was gorgeous. I wore jumpsuit and helmet. It took about an hour.

Had required dinner by Chief Judge Burnett for federal appeals court judges from San Francisco. They are over the hill. Dinner tiresome.

August 27: Another 4-some dinner, this time the Pete Tenorios. He is Chairman of the Office of Transition Studies and Planning with whom I need to do a little bridge-repairing.

August 28: Built a nice yard for Leona—Les Weaver came and did it. Earlier, Miriam Kaipat, the office secretary, turned up with husband and three little boys with a beautiful red snapper fish and a fruit. Then we went snorkeling with a lovely picnic on Pau Pau Beach.

In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Irving Swerdlow dined with us. He is one of the economists hired by OTSP, she is also a developmental economist and teacher at NYU. We had a good evening of talk.

August 29: 22 hours of fruitful work on Knapp Ass'n papers. Then an hour of Southern Baptistry at the Community Church where a young couple brought their newly-born baby up to the altar to be "given" to God. A very sweet ceremony.

At 1 pm a beach picnic of OTSP people. Huge quantities of mostly Chamorro food with great Japanese influence: Teriyaki chicken, susami, sushi, rice, pickles. And American brownies and chocolate cake.

Then more work on Knapp papers and play with puppy.

August 31: To Guam, where I had to speak to the Guam Press Club. Adm. and Mrs. Carroll, Capt. and Mrs. Cross, Cmdr. and Mrs. Burt there.

September 4: Wrote on Knapp papers until late forenoon, took Leona and picnic lunch to Paupau Beach. It was nice there but we were invaded by three little Carolinian boys delighted with the puppy. They dug crabs out of the sand and tiny red sea-horses out of the coral. Quite charming, quite intrusive.

September 5: A tropical storm came up, rained furiously, blew hard, but did not develop into a typhoon until it had moved away to the north-west. (Later it hit Japan very hard.)

September 6: Finished Knapp Association papers—some 30-odd very long pages, totaling 12,000-15,000 words. Sorry not to get to the Ass'n but glad to do the papers.

Explored Marine and Tank beaches, on the eastern side of the island. Very beautiful. Also very high surf breaking on the reefs. One could wade 100 yards, stand on the reef, and watch the huge beautiful waves breaking 13 feet over one's head just a few yards outside. Lovely.

September 9: Farewell party for John O'Shea, Manager of the Saipan Beach Intercontinental, who is going to Manila.

September 11: To Tank Beach in the morning, drove down, got stuck turning, got unstuck with tangantangan branches. Very nice on the beach. Good shelling.

Then at 2 pm to a Japanese bones ceremony. The searchers, including mountain and cave people, have found remains of 1200 people. They cremate the bones, package the ashes, have memorial service, and return them to Japan. I made a little speech addressed to the Mission. Back home, we received cables telling the sad news of P.J.H.H.'s passing, and a comforting cable from the Barretts telling of Rose's well-being. After attending the Japanese Bones Mission and reception, we put a call through the official line and got Rose. It was 9 pm Sat. in Saipan, 7 am in Boston. Connection poor but most happy to be able to talk. Sue urges her to come out and she said she will.

September 12: To church, then to Paupau for a nice hike. I found a good spider conch, which is now ripening in a tree in our garden.

We have again escaped a typhoon. This one, named Georgia (!) threatened for 3 days and then moved westward south of us. It rains a lot but there's much sunshine in between.

September 13: Second occasion on which I had to perform a marriage ceremony in my office.

Party in evening for Barrie Duggan, Air Mike manager here, who is being transferred to Los Angeles. Sue made a surgical mask, labelling it SMOG MASK, and we gave it to him. Much merriment. Estelle Duggan has filled in as a secretary in my office. She it is who, last year, hotly protested the massages given with haircuts by Yoki, the Korean lady barber. I, too, have had these "massages" and there is nothing to protest. Only some thumping about the shoulders and pulling at knuckles.

September 14: Another tropical storm is brewing up but nothing to worry about. This night there was a lot of rain and some wind. Our puppy continues to be a great joy, although she is growing so fast that she is losing her puppy cuteness. The Saipan boonie dogs are black and tan, skinny, long-legged, not very handsome but highly functional as scroungers. With love and tender care, which Leona is surely getting, their natures sweeten, their fears diminish, and they become delightful dogs. Leona is well on her way.

September 15: Linsey Freeman, our former District Attorney whom I sent back to the Trust Territory Attorney General largely because of his attitude toward marijuana (and because of other matters not yet validated) came on a more or less good-bye visit and told me this: some time ago he convened a meeting of the toughest types on Saipan, the men most likely to commit crimes, in a big marijuana patch. He thought that would be a good place to win their confidence. He told them that he was not prosecuting on marijuana but if he ever caught one of them selling "a single pinch" of heroin or cocaine or any hard drug, he would send them up for ten years. This amazing tale for a DA was combined with deep set starring eyes and a rather haggard look. We are not at the end of the story.

To dinner with Loftuses and Trusks. Bob Trusk heads the UNDP group—a competent economist. She is a very nice anxious mother.

September 18: The 51 candidates for the Constitutional Convention drew lots in my office for their place on the ballot. It was a hilarious scene. We had 51 numbers in a box, and they drew lots in alphabetical order of first names. There was only one mishap: the 6 and 9 became confused and the two of them drew again, with the 9 properly identified. Everybody roared with laughter and clapped as each number was drawn. It is believed that low numbers give a great advantage on the ballot.

We went to Obyan Beach, on the South coast facing Tinian and had it to ourselves. Nice surf, modest snorkeling, great picnic.

September 19: The Community Church has an associate pastor, a Filipino named Ben Pocadilla, who

preaches with great ardor and much repetition. He comes from very humble background in Davao. His wife is a sweet singer. Also they have “choirs” from various islands—this day from the Marshalls—who sing in their own languages. Not very great choirs, but nice.

After lunch we drove a bit down the road to Profile Beach and walked the rest of the way, maybe two muddy miles and pretty steep as well as hot. At the beach it is most dramatic, with surf on terraces, the “Old Man” himself, rugged cliffs and huge free-standing rocks. A very hot climb back: good for us.

- September 21: Long conference with OTSP people about important details in the reparation agreements. Pete Tenorio and Manny Sablan were deeply involved in earlier negotiations and they have a big stake in the terms of the future government. They are also miffed at the \$42,000 raid I made on their Treasury. Our inter-action is important and ill-defined—not defined at all. My people are also zealous, so there is a kind of underlying conflict which I can bridge.
- September 22: To the movies tonight! “The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner” which is about a British Borstal boy who happens to be a good athlete, but who finally refuses to run a race because he has been groomed and pushed and favored by the Governor of the Borstal institution. We thought it very good.
- September 24: Thorny issues relating to the telephone lease. We have established that we have no legal right to grant a “franchise” which appears to be exclusive. We may have to get legislative authority to complete the deal.
- September 25: Very nice morning and picnic lunch at Cave Beach, next to Paupau. Then in the evening we had dinner—in honor of the Duggans—at the Ashman’s house up the road. Mike Ashman’s family was of Germans who lived in Russia, so he fixed a Russian meal beginning with Bortsch and including chicken kiev. Afterward we sang songs around the organ—very homey and pleasant. Mrs. Doris Ashman it is who rescued Leona from drowning with her mother Tigger and other puppies during Typhoon Therese.
- September 26: Continue to find the Community Church very pleasant. Rev. Mack Williams is a sweet, sincere Southern Baptist. The church, open on all four sides and with the beautiful ocean fully in view, is charming. Often “choirs” from other island groups sing. The place swarms with little children, colorfully clad, scarcely disciplined but not noisy. The sermons and songs are of varying merit. About 75-150 attend.
- Took our lunch to Marine Beach. Tide low, smelly from mud washed down by the rains. Soon returned to peaceful afternoon and evening at home.
- September 28: We had a large farewell party for the Duggans (see Sept 30) and it was very nice. Torches lit, bartender on the patio, sashimi, splendid food, people divided into groups and enjoyed themselves. We are very fond of the Duggans and sorry to see them go.
- September 30: Great arguments over finger-dipping at the upcoming Con-Con elections. The Popular Party leadership is very disturbed that some individuals will vote twice and have urged me to install finger-dipping procedures such as were used in the plebiscite elections last year. I have been reluctant to do so since the chances of fraud seem so slight, but because we have been unable to give the parties a final print-out of the registration rolls, I agreed tentatively to the finger-dipping.
- At 8:30 a.m. the Barrie Duggans left the island with a very jolly ceremony at the Airport. He has been Air Mike representative. She substituted as my secretary. And they are awfully nice people. There was champagne at the airport, a group of Carolinian singers, and leis in abundance. Lena, the Duggan Philippine maid, burst into tears and Sue comforted her.

Altogether a typical and charming island scene.

- October 1: The finger-dipping was approved but we couldn't get any red dye. Hence used a kind of purple ink in small jars. (It seemed to work right on Sunday.)
Had Boyd and Thelma McKenzie to dinner. They are about the most experienced TT staff people, he having been Distad in almost all the districts. They have adopted a large number of Micronesian children and brought them up with their own: a very nice scene.
- October 2: Very nice beach picnic at Cave Beach—all to ourselves. Evening at Swerdlow's, with Doctors Chong and Ashe. Learned that Chief Justice Burnett was evacuated to the Naval Hospital in Guam after a suspected heart attack. At dinner we had lively discussions led by Dr. Ashe and Sue about his preference for non-intellectual patients and unwillingness to discuss matters at length with patients.
- October 3: Election Day for the Con Con. Went to the office fairly early and was there from time to time during the day. Various small matters had to be decided and major disputes or disruptions might have arisen but didn't. Vote counting began at about 7:30 in the High Court chamber. The 51 names on the ballot, without party designation, made counting extremely difficult. We set up 5 separate tabulating operations—there are 11 voting districts. It took about four hours to complete one counting. Thus the work went on all night. We left at about eleven, since any disputed ballots could easily be handled by Frank Ada who stayed all night.
- October 4: Continued counting votes until about five pm.
- October 17: Fiesta at Tanapag Village. Opened by softball game. Mayor Benavente pitched the first ball, the President of the Municipal Council caught, Speaker Santos umpired, I was the first batter. After two strikes and three balls I managed to hit the ball squarely but was an easy infield out. It was very hot. The village is the last north village on the west coast, quite picturesque, with many Carolinians. We returned for the procession, which bore the image of the Holy Mother into the church, having borne it throughout the village. Loud singing of Chamorro hymns.
Afterward, the feast which we ate with three or four jolly priests, very native food, quite nice. Loud bands singing "Play that funky music." Palauan dancing in banana-leaf skirts. We were given floral headbands. The last village fiesta on Saipan.
- October 18: Opening of the Con-Con at Saipan Beach Hotel. Quite a fine occasion. Larry Guerrero, highest vote getter, was elected President. The Territorial Party soon showed its power in a roll-call on a procedural motion. I opened the session, made a speech, called the roll, and swore-in the delegates.
They must work with considerable discipline because they have only 50 days. There are many troublesome issues, such as proposals by Rota and Tinian to have a Lieutenant Governor each, a kind of delegated executive on each island. It is also proposed to abolish the statute of limitations on land cases, which would open up most of the land settlements which have been painfully adjudicated over the last 30 years. A pernicious idea.
Very nice reception for delegates and guests at the Saipan Beach. All in the open air, around the swimming pool, with the evening star glowing.
- October 19: Difficulties of communication with Washington are hampering our regulations for the telephone lease. For MTC-Kentron to function viably they need a good agreement on the interconnection with Guam end on. RCA now controls this inter-connect and is very tough. MTC-Kentron asks me to designate them as—in effect—the exclusive common

carrier for all telecommunications. They can negotiate with RCA for a fair agreement. In the long run they expect to install an earth station and inter-connect with the rest of the world by satellite. But there is a question whether I—the executive—can award a franchise. So we are negotiating with Washington for a secretarial order giving me this authority. If by chance that should not be forthcoming, the legislature could grant a franchise.

- October 22: Long session with the OTSP people about the guidelines for reparation. They feel that the Trust Territory claims are very excessive. There is basic division over taxation, especially of TT employees on Saipan. The Director of the Office of Territorial Affairs also arbitrarily awarded 50% of customs revenues to the TT. This seems very unfair, either as a reflection of the customs' duties paid by TT employees or as compensation for the economic benefits the TT capital brings to the Marianas. This amount is very difficult to calculate. So the OTSP people and the Marianas Legislature's Committee claims will help draw together our case.
- October 23: Very nice half-day at Cave Beach, almost all to ourselves.
- October 24: Impressive ground-breaking ceremony for Garapan Church. I made a short speech emphasizing the role of religion in the Marianas.
- October 25: Lovely forenoon at Tank (Marine) Beach where exploring along the beach leads to exciting tide-swept rock terraces to the North and little hidden sandy coves to the South. Sat in the shadow of a great rock to read, after extensive walking up and down and snorkeling/swimming. Peaceful afternoon at home, among other things writing and editing a Christmas letter. The days are getting shorter and cooler. The sun sets about an hour earlier than in mid-summer, and perhaps 30 degrees to the South. This takes it off the mid-center point of our westerly view from the lawn, but the sunsets—behind the trees—are still spectacular. The temperature must be averaging 5 degrees less which makes it very comfortable in the shade most of the time.
- October 26: Discussions with OTSP about the reparation agreements, which are very complicated, and which I must negotiate with Peter Coleman as soon as possible. Pete Tenorio and Manny Sablan agree to go over them with Sen. J.V. Guerrero, Chairman of the Marianas Legislature's Committee on this matter, the better to prepare me for discussion with P. Coleman.
- In the evening I spoke on the American political outlook at the Rotary Club, and made a pitch for children's books for Sue's library project. I used an Evans-Novak newsletter which projects a possible Carter landslide but guards the position carefully with many ifs. It all seems very unreal at this distance.
- October 27: Major problems relating to Vosmik case and student scholarship funds. The Trust Territory government eliminated budget item for the Land Commission without telling us anything about it. Also, the Trust Territory has not been financing student funds because no reparation agreement has been reached.
- October 28: Fred Zeder called to inquire whether I could be available for a WBC meeting in Florida on Jan. 23-25. Told him to wait until after the presidential election to decide. The date is right after the inauguration of the U.S. President. I rather hope not to have the need to go to Washington just then.
- He also wanted me to take up a delicate matter with Harry Brown, which adds to other complications.
- October 29: Members of the Senate Interior Committee staff arrived this evening together with

Charlotte Maudlin, Fred Zeder's secretary. They have spent a few days each in the Marshalls and Ponape and will be here until Wednesday. Charlotte is staying here about a month and has infuriated some ladies because an Ed. Pangelinan letter announcing her coming said she would like to stay in somebody's home, like the Canhams, Craleys, or Loftuses. You can imagine how this went with the wives! Anyway she is to stay with the Colemans and you can imagine the frost over her welcome. (None of this came out at the airport, where they arrived laden with crafts from Majuro and Ponape.)

My new car was turned over to us: a Ford LTD which has stood out in Joeten's yard for a year. It is a lovely car but we have to learn its intricacies. (It got hit coming up the hill and Tony, my substitute driver, is very timid about it.)

October 30: Very nice day at Pau Pau Beach. Almost alone. Sue is taking swimming lessons and did a lot of practicing. Before we went to Joeten's to try and pick out a record-player hi-fi. Haven't yet decided. We do have a ping-pong table, a nice new one set up on our patio and enjoy it very much.

In the evening we had an excellent Japanese meal at a new small place in Chalan Kanoa, with Loftuses. Much lively talk about various matters, including NMIG. Sue proved herself right in discussing a Jim Berg presence last June.

October 31: Nice church service with one tiny baby brought up to be consecrated to the Lord. Not only the parents but the extended family and friends come up to the altar for the ceremony. The nurses sang: a sweet group of young girls in bright dresses. Children play through the services. While the girls sang, a tiny chunky boy of about 2 stood in the aisle, jumping up and down and clapping his hands above his head. Then he put on his high boots and clomped up and down. The kids don't interfere with the service, amazingly, and some sit very quietly.

Afterward we shopped for a hi-fi, went to Obyan Beach gathered nice driftwood for shells, and handed out candy to trick-or-treat kids for hours.

November 1: All Saints Day, which means that almost the entire Chamorro population goes to the cemeteries and churches to pay tribute to their related dead. Thousands gather at large public places for memorial services and the priests are kept busy all day.

Neiman gave a splendid lunch for the visiting Senate Interior Committee staff and a number of representative people from our staff and the Legislature. In the afternoon we had a session with them in my office, not very meaningful but useful.

At 4 pm we opened the bids in my office for the proposed golf course development at Marpi. There was a protest by one Ray Guerrero who presented brochures distributed by Kan Pacific which quoted Frank Ada as favoring the project. We took the whole matter under advisement, with the Acting Attorney General keeping the controversial materials.

In the evening, a party for the visitors given by the Colemans and ourselves, at the Saipan Beach. It was really very nice, 75 to 100 people.

November 2: Had the Senate Committee staff to lunch. They were a bit heavy. Charlotte was impressively knowledgeable and sharp.

November 3: Pondering the narrow election of Jimmy Carter. Will mean new High Commissioner and Assistant High Commissioner, new Director of the Office of Territories, new SOI. Probably no direct effect on my job or on the Marianas except for the new direction in DOTA. F. Zeder will go; E. Rice and J. Berg will remain.

November 7: Election Day for the Marianas Legislature. Went to office almost all day, but in mid-

afternoon made the rounds of the polling places, where there seemed to be no trouble. Counted votes up to midnight and found the Popular Party had made an unexpected victory. Much the same majority as in the last legislature, though with various new faces.

- November 9: Counted the absentee ballots tonight and held out 23 of them as the result of protests from Benjamin Manglona of Rota. He has been the dominant political leader of Rota, produced enormous majorities for the Covenant and the Territorial Party. But now the opposition, calling itself Commonwealth-1776 Party, has fielded candidates and by aid of the absentee ballots has elected one of them. But this group set about getting absentee ballots for Rota residents on Guam, who have cards as "permanent residents." Their cases are always in doubt. Some return to Rota often, maintain their voting status, and evidently intend to return to Rota to live. Others are pretty permanently settled in Guam. The cases have to be examined on an individual basis. We held out the 23 protested cases for such an examination.
- November 10: Protests on the Rota votes continue. I have received one petition asserting none of them have the right to vote and also a string of affidavits from each of the individuals asserting each is genuinely domiciled in Rota. There is a flat conflict of interest. So I have decided to send an independent investigator to Guam to go into cases. We had similar trouble concerning the Plebiscite voting last year and Judge Burnett threw them all out. We would much welcome a new judicial determination but none seems really possible under present election regulations.
- November 29: Sorry about blanks for the last few weeks. Our dog Leona has had a mange crisis and survived, is steadily getting better. Janet Craley had to return to Washington where her daughter Pat had a crisis. Neiman will join them in early December.
- Some 10 days ago a serious problem developed in our power barge Impedance. The impeller, a piece of machinery related to the turbine, had become damaged although the whole barge had been inspected only a few days earlier. No shop drawings for the impeller exist short of Lynn, Mass. We tried to get the impeller out of the barge's twin in Guam but it wouldn't fit. They said at first (Navy) that to remove it would endanger their auxiliary power supply, then offered us the entire barge but it isn't in repair.
- November 30: First session with P. Coleman about the reparation agreements. He had his materials coordinated by Dan High, the TT Attorney General and I was advised by Manny Sablan, the Deputy Director of the OTSP. We were able to go a long way toward reaching agreements. Some re-drafting is necessary following our discussions but we did not run into any impasse. It was a very agreeable surprise. In the evening we had Harry and Abby Brown to dinner. He works for the Congress of Micronesia and generally pushes a rather extreme position, but had been rather contained by our previous work and Dan High's moderation. Abby is a friend of Sue's, a reporter for the Marianas weekly paper.
- There are evidently quite serious plans to move elements of the Trust Territory government to Ponape in the fairly near future. This will cost quite a lot of money and it's uncertain whether the U.S. Congress will appropriate much for the purpose.
- December 1: Second session on reparation agreements today in my office was equally productive. Unfortunately P. Coleman is going to Ponape tomorrow and will not be back until Tuesday. This is odd since my impression is that he was ordered to stay in town until the reparation agreements are finished. Much of the delay of the past several months has been caused by Pete's many absences.
- December 2: The Con-Con plunged into crisis today. On the most intense issue: number of members

of the lower house from Rota and Tinian, the majority decided one apiece. It had already been decided there should be three upper house members from Saipan, Rota, and Tinian. Ben Manglona led a push for 2 Rota members and, when he was defeated, departed from the Convention in anger. Three other Rota members went out with him. So did Joe Cruz from Tinian. They are obviously boiling mad at the Saipan majorities, but because of the Covenant concession in the upper house, with legal representation, they already have a great chunk of power. Their walk-out, and intention to campaign against the Constitution, makes a very bad impression. They are most unlikely to defeat it and the reasons for their objections are likely to be unpopular in Washington.

December 3: Had a session with the OTSP concerning the political education program necessary for the referendum on the Constitution. My role, as in the plebiscite, is to see that opponents as well as proponents, have a fair chance to campaign and vote. I do not expect there will be much opposition on valid grounds but you never can tell.

The Highs to dinner and had expected Abel and Paz Younis, of the Marianas Variety, but they did not show up. Had a very nice evening with the Highs, in which Dan's talents and attitudes were much clarified, especially to Sue who had little previous exposure to them.

December 4: Spent the first two hours happily wrapping Christmas presents and packing Janet Craley's suitcase with them. Neiman is taking them to Fairfax, Va. where Carol or Shale will pick them up, mail Betsy's and the Yates' kids. a great relief to get this pre-Xmas work done—and our cards are all sent!

Mid-day at Wing Beach, most delightfully.

December 16: The impeller for the power barge arrived from Guam and was installed! It apparently went in much more smoothly than might have been expected although we do not yet know how long it will be before the barge is again operational.

December 18: Took Rose to her first beach—Wing. Very nice, with picnic lunch.

At 4 pm I had to marry a haole couple on Micro Beach (much to Sue's annoyance for breaking into our Saturday, with Sunday already pre-empted). In the evening to the Police Dept. Christmas Party at the fire station. Long wait for food, but rather nice after all. Nearly all Mariana people.

December 19: Rep. Robert Duncan of Portland, Oregon came for a one-day visit—met at 7:30, breakfast with various official people at Continental Hotel, tour of High St. and Hospital, then of San Roque and Tanapag. The Carolinians at Tanapag had organized a lovely fiesta—just before lunch at our house—with coconuts, native dishes, straw hats and muar-muars. We were very sorry not to stay. Lunch at our house was very nice indeed. Then helicopter to Tinian, visit to village, Ken Jones' dairy and slaughter house, to atomic bomb pits, then back to Saipan.

Evening party for new manager of Saipan Beach.

December 21: Power Barge began feeding the island at 11:40 tonight. A very unfortunate crisis was resolved, through cooperative efforts of Public Works here, Navy in Guam, General Electric in Lynn, Mass. (They had a nice picnic for all concerned which I briefly attended this night.)

December 22: Off to Hong Kong tonight.

Flew to Guam in late afternoon, met by Tommy Perez and Joe Taitano, went to Hilton, first getting vouchers from Pan Am for dinner, breakfast, and overnight! Didn't dream this was possible until we learned that the Trusks had done it. Very nice barbecue on the

terrace and short night of sleep. Off to airport in the hotel bus.

December 23: Early (6 AM) flight to Manila, taking over 3 hours, rather full plane. About an hour on the ground in Manila—pretty empty to Hong Kong (1 1/3 hours) because of restrictions on Pan Am. Got through H-K customs quickly and were whisked by Peninsula Hotel Rolls-Royce to that establishment! Two fine rooms in the new wing.

Soon found our way down the road to the Ocean Terminal and to the PRC building. All more teeming than ever.

DIARY OF ERWIN D. CANHAM

Selected entries*

1977

October 7: The Mariana Islands Housing Authority had a ribbon-cutting and a feast celebrating the opening of a new sub-division. The houses seem to be well-constructed, they are very nice, and hardly designed for low income people.

Just as things began, out in the open, the heavens burst and the winds blew. We took cover under an awning but it wasn't much good. Sue had to cut the "ribbon" of gaily colored paper and the ink in the paper and on the decorated scissors began to run, so she got her hands completely colored. The feast—at 4:30 pm—included a great looking roast pig, but we had to leave. The rain continued all evening.

October 20: One of the most interesting of Japanese memorial missions was headed by a Bishop, with several priests, and 50 or so Japanese Catholics. They were to have had services at Bonsai Cliff but due to rain the San Roque church was used instead. The Bishop was rotund, tonsured by nature, and wore the scarlet skull cap. He concluded services and celebrated the Mass with practical skill. I had to speak, and paid the usual tribute to the Japanese accomplishments here, as well as to the tragic heroism of the mass suicides. The Mt. Carmel school choir sang. It was a delightful service, one more reminder of the many Japanese interests here.

October 21: Visit from Admiral Adrian Perry, head of Kentron, parent of Marianas Telecom Co. There has been a long controversy about their relations with R.C.A.—now apparently settled. They want to build an earth station and handle our international communications largely by satellite. But the domestic U.S. satellite corporation—Comsat—takes a big bite of middle-man revenue which they seek to avoid.

Suddenly a rumor spread that Bill Nabors, an American black lawyer who now works for the legislature, had been killed in San Francisco by Sen. Jesus Mafnas. We called the coroner in San Francisco and the Pacific Daily News telegraph desk and found no confirmation. The rumor continued to spread in strange circles—Trust Territory law enforcement, etc.

October 22: A tropical storm developed North of Saipan and produced heavy rains and high winds here for two days. A lot of water came into houses, crops were damaged, limbs fell over power lines, and we lost electricity for nearly 24 hours. The storm did not move away very

* Erwin Canham diaries made available by Patience D. Canham. All entries with respect to the Marianas have been excerpted and reproduced here. Personal and other entries have not been reproduced.

rapidly, and we cooked by oil stove and lit by battery lamps. The winds howled and Leona slept on our bed.

October 23: Still heavy rain. Telephone out. Went down to office by which time it was evident the storm was moving off. Had windy walks on various beaches: Aguigan, Marine, Pau Pau, Wing. Some shells but no glass balls. Power came back in mid-afternoon.

October 24: Nice beach-combing day but only moderate finds. Sue has a vast tonnage of shells which she intends to take back to mainland and turn into decorations. Meantime she mounts some on driftwood and makes lovely friezes. We have also bought one spectacular shell board.

October 25: Resuming this diary after a very long delay and hope to keep it up until the end of the job. A great deal has happened since the last entries. Now we have two murders over the weekend. One—two seamen, Ponapean and Kusraian—got into a fight with knives and one died in hospital. Two: an employee of M.P.U. who also ran the Ocean Bar, was kidnaped and shot. He was a suspected drug dealer. Police anticipate an arrest soon.

There is great uncertainty about the future activities of the Mafnas brothers—Jesus and Joe—both now in the legislature. Joe has been absent in Manila more than he has been present in Saipan during the last several months. Jesus attacked me on the floor of the legislature, in my presence, which greatly embarrassed the others, and is now attacking Jack Layne. There is more than meets the eye but we do not know what is going on.

October 28: We had proposed a hymn-sing evening to the Community Church and they had it tonight, combined with a church supper. We brought huge quantities of food and so everybody else seemed to do, but it all disappeared pretty quickly and we settled down to singing hymns. All very nice.

I haven't written before that the previous pastor, Mack Williams, left in early summer and was succeeded by Stanley Jones, a very able to out-going young clergyman from down-state Missouri who had been connected with a kind of seminary in Mindanao. He has an alert-broad-minded attitude and has been a real addition. His predecessor, too, had made a very good impression because of his sweet, loving character. Stan Jones loves to sing. His wife Judy's mother died not long ago and they asked us in to hear the tapes of her funeral. It was touching and unaffected—a kind of memorial service.

October 31: Halloween and hundreds of local kids are transported to the Capital and Navy Hill residential areas for "trick or treat". We had laid in lots of candy but it ran out. Probably over a hundred kids, partly costumed, mostly very polite and well-behaved but with huge sacks for their loot. We have to shut Leona in the back bedroom or she would have barked her head off in her indignation at the local kids. But she is getting better at it.

November 1: A big delegation from Washington, San Francisco, Honolulu, and Guam to conduct a feasibility study of food stamps for the Marianas. They seem very competent. There is some hunger here and, under past rules in the US, a big proportion of the population could qualify. But what effect would this have on their self-reliance, their institutions, their traditions? Would agricultural production be weakened or strengthened? And could we safeguard against the use of food stamps as currency? It's one of the sharpest examples of the impact of the welfare state on the Marianas. Neiman Craley, who as a Democratic Congressman supported most social legislation, begins to ask whether things haven't gone too far. Certainly the impact of federal programs here will be a mixture of some very good and some debilitating.

November 6: After church and lunch we went to Profile Beach. This is a wild little rocky cove on the

rugged eastern coast. It requires a downhill walk of about half a mile, very pleasant. Sue has found a nice cowrie or two there, but today we found two Japanese glass balls—small ones—at the same time. We had only found two altogether before, and have fun searching for glass balls every weekend. Great delight!

November 7: Warnings of a possible typhoon came in and we begin preparations.

Had the visit of four USDA quarantine officials seeking to strengthen our examination procedures. They want to cut off possible pests and diseases at the source. Quite useful but one more example of the steady flow of federal officials getting interested in us as Constitutional government approaches.

For dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. Robert Root of the FEBC and Mr. and Mrs. Galen Mack, he a health planner and she an environmental chemist. Bob Root has been a police official, military and civilian, all his life. Mr. Mack has uncovered three areas of toxic substances which we should clean up. One, almost unbelievable, is 800 barrels of a chloride powder, leaking, which could start a bad fire or explosion, with lethal fumes. Another is a lethal chemical in an abandoned transformer. We need Navy aid to dispose of it. All part of the unexpected myriad problems of a small island.

November 8: Typhoon may hit us late tonight. Heavy intermittent rains now. As I write, my office windows are being boarded up. We will let employees off to go home and put up boards.

Admiral Cruden (ComNavMar) has just called me to say it will be directly over Guam at 11 pm tonight with winds of 70-80 knots. We will not be under the center but it extends out pretty far. We are taking more careful precautions than last year having developed a preparedness plan meantime.

We took all precautions but the storm barely reached typhoon proportions here and did little damage. We had windows boarded, an all-night watch, buses ready for evacuation, but none was needed. The power did not go off, partly because Public Works has been cleaning around power lines and trees did not fall on the lines.

November 10: Dinner for Laynes and Stevens, he being the FBI man we have brought on to investigate and perhaps help train the Police Dept. He has just returned as an FBI executive in west Texas. She is of Italian descent.

November 11: Well, well, well, Sue has taken up golf and loves it. We should have begun a year and a half ago, but better late than never. Maybe we can take a few lessons from the pro here. There's a good place to practice in our back yard. Sue thinks we would have a lot of fun doing it together, and quite probably she's right. We'll see what can be done.

November 12: First to Aguingas Point beach, long walk, some shells, no glass balls. Leona got frightened of the rollers on Pau Pau Beach a week or more ago and is still very timid. So after Aguingan we went to Pau Pau and she had a lovely time because the waves were not fierce.

In late afternoon, being bored, we drove part way up Mt. Topechau and on the turn-around got a flat tire. Sue and Leona started to walk down while I changed it and came after them, only to find the spare went flat.

November 13: Left car in Congress of Micronesia parking, got ride home with Security Police. Later they came to take me back to car to put their spare on our car. Said it was risky leaving it at Congress of Micronesia. So on Sunday morning got both tires repaired by little Filipino at the foot of the hill. It's a wonder we haven't had more tire trouble because we bounce over fierce roads going to beaches.

- November 15: Meeting with the Maug promoters, augmented by an oilman and a lawyer from Calif, plus an ex-judge from Guam. Again I told them I could not violate the Constitution, which names Maug as an untouchable. However, this was based on strong reports from the Lindblad Explorer people. So when the promoters urged an environmental study by Prof. Eldredge and others from the U. of Guam, I had no objection. This environmental look would only be tentative, it would have to be followed by a full-fledged environmental impact study. There would also have to be a feasibility study, taking months, costing some \$100,000. The promoters are not very prepossessing but I suppose you never know! They had not improved their case when Mr. Halston, the chief promoter, wrote us to ask permission to slaughter goats on our uninhabited islands! We refused, since the goats are much enjoyed by the Marianas people.
- November 16: A big problem about the pay-system law. It expires on Nov. 30 by deliberate action of the Legislature. It has to be extended. But if a special session of the Legislature is called, all kinds of mischief is sure to surface. The Democratic Party has lost its majority in the Legislature due to resignation and defections, hence hope to avoid a special session. Thus Speaker Guerrero will not call a session. I have the authority to do so and am weighing whether I should uncork the bottle. I could extend the pay system by executive action but this would be undesirable. I'll decide in a day or two—am now leaning toward calling the session, however undesirable, and then coping with the results.
- November 17: Dinner for the Stan Jones' with much theological discussion. Found many terms of agreement, and very refreshing "liberation" in the Joneses though they come from a rural and very orthodox church background. They do a very fine job at the Community Church pastorate.
- November 18: Visit from Admiral David Cruden (ComNavMar) and staff of eight. Met them at airport, took to our conference room (air-conditioned for the purpose) and had a busy morning. The main part of the agenda was the report of OICC—the Navy construction corp—on the many jobs they are doing for the Trust Territory. Then they all come for lunch at the Royal Taga, hosted by the Northern Mariana Islands government, and I took Adm. Cruden to the airport afterward.
- In the afternoon, a visit from the guys just back from Pagan where they conducted a geothermal survey, showing possible generation of 200-400 megawatts of electrical power, to be consumed locally (!) at a cost of some \$200m. Some day, perhaps.
- At night, dinner at HiCom's for Miss King, the British HiCom at Nauru. Problems of that rich island—4000 people, highest per capita GNP in the world—are too much to eat, too little initiative, too much money. They have recently ousted President Hammer de Robert and put in an able young man. But he is not yet fully in control and much inept administration exists.
- November 19: Nice morning at Tank Beach. Then quiet afternoon and dinner given by Ernest Milne, Consul General for Nauru here. Miss King, an Australian FSO, seems most competent. She is doing a report on the Marianas. I recalled my Oriel classmate, Roland Wilson, who has become very eminent—I think even a peer and a Governor-General as well as an economist.
- November 20: Church, then to Profile Beach. This is a lovely walk down an old road in thick shade, about half a mile in heavy jungle. Birds all around, small stream. And at the end a spectacular little beach with huge rocks, caves, cliffs, surf. Here Sue found a beautiful cowrie in 1975, and two glass balls a fortnight ago. Then home for a quiet afternoon and evening.

- November 21: The problem of violence in the election campaigning is very acute. Last Friday night at San Antonio many rocks were thrown, car windows smashed, people hit. The culprits were the police officers now charged with other criminal offenses. San Antonio is a Territorial Party stronghold and the home of the Mafnas family.
- I called the party leaders in and urged them to curb their followers. There was evidence the San Antonio ruckus was planned and known in advance. There was discussion of extensive police protection. Some candidates fear for their lives. There are too many fire-arms at large, especially in San Antonio. We also plan to avoid rallies near one another, or going on after mid-night. Some urged avoiding naming names but that is impossible. There seems awareness of the gravity of the situation but the Territorial Party leans heavily on the Mafnas family and their group.
- November 22: No violence last night, no violence tonight. And the Canhams quietly at home, practicing golf and reading.
- A major problem is the extension of the pay system, which by legislative act expires on Nov. 30. The Democratic Party has lost its majority in the Legislature through the resignation of two Senators, and if there is a special session could be voted out of the Speakership. There are lots of matters the Territorial members would like to bring up. The pay bill extension would likely result in a vote for a cross-the-board raise, very untimely and harmful. Also a legislative session in the midst of the campaign brawling might result in violence on the floor.
- November 23: I issued a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. Received a telegram from Washington recalling this is the 200th anniversary of a declaration of Thanksgiving Day by the Continental Congress, in 1777. And that the Thanksgiving Day Foundation was assembling the proclamations of the 50 states to be deposited and read at ceremonies at Valley Forge in mid-December. It was specially fitting for the Marianas to express thanks so I was delighted to write a proclamation.
- November 24: A full day of Thanksgiving. First, at our breakfast table, we read the Thanksgiving lesson by ourselves. Then at 9 am there was a Thanksgiving Mass at the Mt. Carmel church. The scene is quite lovely—church open to the sun and wind, many statues, handsome altar, eloquent and resonant Monsignor Camacho. I made a brief statement and read my Proclamation. There followed a “sermon” by a gaunt, dark Irish priest who proclaimed the glories of Ulster and of Irish whiskey and beer, as well as dances around bon-fires and sun and moon goddess worship. Also anti-British! Then local politician brought shopping-bags of groceries up to the altar for the poor and communion was given.
- Then hurried across the street to the Community Church where—at Sue’s urging—Rev. Jones had organized a very nice service. Seats around a square with communion table in the middle. We sang nice songs, prayed, and even gave brief testimonies. Quite a number came and seemed to enjoy it.
- And in later afternoon to Thanksgiving Dinner at the Vosmiks. He is Chief Land Commissioner and an ex-marine officer. Chief Justice and Mrs. Burnett and the Texas-Chinese wife of the Bank America manager also there. Very proper turkey dinner and delightful evening at which the Vosmiks had worked hard.
- November 25: We have bought two Adrian Knylt paintings. One of fisher women on Truk and the other of the rocky East Coast of Saipan—might be Talifofo or Profile Beach. They are expressive and quite typical—also nicely framed. Adrian is also an ardent and very successful fisherman.

- November 26: Went by car to Kagman to look down on Forbidden Island. Drove as far up the road as we felt prudent, hiked rest of the way to the Boy Scouts Memorial (where Boy Scouts were lost in waves at Forbidden Island.) On the drive down the hill Sue drove around a big coral rock and the front wheel went into a deep hole. I jacked up the wheel from the front bumper, which fortunately lifted the wheel, and we filled the hole under the wheel with coral, let down the jack, and drove right out. Triumph!
- November 27: Picnic after church for the Ashmans. We brought fruit salad. Wonderful picnic with splendid mahi-mahi fillets, steak, knock-wurst, etc. Played darts into rings on the sand—a fine game. Picnic at Pau-Pau where an excellent cooking fire is possible. Snorkeled. All very lively and congenial.
- November 28: The high spot today was the visit of Mrs. Ichiharas a sturdy Chamorro woman who came in to demand that I make Manny Muna stop using her name in political speeches. She says she has three sons (one in the Army) and they will do Manny Muna a harm if he doesn't stop. She says if I am against campaign violence I will make him desist. I told her I had no power to censor campaign speeches but we would do what we could to cool things.
- November 29: In Guam—Pacific Daily News and otherwise.
 Picked up at 9. Sue went shopping (later) went to PDN office—completely cold type, composing room small, wall-to-wall carpets, clean. Reporters set their own copy at electronic compress, which they say are relatively easy to use and to make corrections. Then a session at Hilton Hotel at 10 with about 40 staff people. I emphasized the importance of news, but seen as situation-oriented rather than event-oriented. They asked many questions, they are a young group, few Guamanians which they regret. Lunched with group. Managing Editor is John Teace, publisher Bob Udick, Editor Joe Murphy who writes a column of items and a long editorial six days a week.
 Shopped for cars in Guam showrooms: liked the Plymouth Volare (identified with the Dodge Aspen) station wagon and the Ford Fairmont. Went to Navy PX where a man handles the ordering of cars to be delivered on the Mainland. Bought an Aspen wagon just to our specifications to be delivered in Reno, Nevada, in late January. Sounds like a good deal and a reasonable price.
- November 30: Aftermath of special session.
- December 1: Another wide ranging day: First news was the burning of the Carolinian Ut on Beach Road, a disgraceful event. The Ut was a typical thatch-roof structure, very picturesque, where the United Carolinian Association people gathered. I had several meetings there in 1975. Who burned it isn't known, the Carolinians are mainly Territorial Party although two half-Carolinians are active in the Democratic Party—the Speaker and his brother Pecho. Pete came in to discuss the burning.
 Session on the Kan Pacific proposal for a recreation center at Marpi. We are uncertain of their financial backing and reliability and have decided to send Jack Layne and Ponciano Rasa to Tokyo to investigate.
 Session on the Far East Broadcasting land. Tried to fit them into Lona Base—Tanapag area but decided to heavy a commitment of land destined for industrial park. Investigating land on eastern side of highway, which is rocky and unsuitable for other uses.
 Reception for Ambassador Peter Rosenblatt, the new status negotiator, who provided interesting information about Washington's aloofness to the Marianas.

- December 2: Lunch for and conference with Ambassador Rosenblatt, Judge Burnett, Col. Krump, etc. Rosenblatt said he did not believe we would have much high-level attention for the inaugural, and the reason we did not have much presidential focus on the Constitution was that the Administration somehow linked the Marianas with the Panama Canal Treaty and were fearful of seeming to annex territory in the Pacific while giving it up in the Canal Zone. Seems highly far-fetched but maybe it's what "they" think.
- Good-bye party for Mike and Doris Ashman—he the TT travel promoter, she the one who rescued Leona as a puppy—both very nice. Had various of their friends, like the Knyff's, Garretts, Craleys, Weavers, etc. Played word games and everyone was quite merry. Ashmans stayed afterward to talk, including references to Christian Science and healing.
- December 3: Quiet day—snorkel, stroll, and read on Pau-Pau beach. Then Sue slept from 1 to 5 and I watched football and snoozed. Practiced a little golf and plan to go out for the course soon. It's odd that we should have taken up golf so soon before our departure. We may enjoy it a lot.
- December 4: Church, which is thriving under the able ministrations of Stan Jones. Then to the Les Weaver's where we bought her fine set of golf clubs for Sue. Azalea Weaver simply can't take the sun, and maybe doesn't enjoy golf very much, while Les is devoted to it.
- Evening party for the visiting HEW team at Dr. Cabrera's house near Sugar Dock. Typical Chamorro fiesta, with excellent food. Mainly hospital people. Ed Pangelinan talked of necessity of us staying on to advise and inform the new Governor.
- December 5: Learned that Under Secretary Joseph, Mrs. Van Cleve and George Milner will represent the Executive Branch at the inauguration. Just what Congressional and other people will be present remains to be seen. President Carter will be traveling at that time and so will Secretary Andrus. The relatively low-level status of the group simplifies things somewhat. Also the visit will be very brief except for Milner.
- The very nice cool time of year is here—not very rainy, constant trade winds, temperature about 78-80 degrees. Good for golf!
- I take morning walks regularly with Leona—get up at 6, go to bath-room, listen to 6 AM VOA news if KJQR can bring it in, set forth either on circuit around by Trust Territory headquarters, about 1.10 mi taking 20 mins, or longer walk around the Guenex compound, etc. This time of year, the sun rises at about 6:30 and sets at about 5:45. Thus midwinter daylight is much longer than in northern climes but in midsummer it is only about 2 hours longer. Dawns and dusks are very brief.
- December 6: Rather strange visit from a Texan named Louis M. Morton Jr. who runs something called the American Educational Complex. It is in a small Texan community but has secondary, collegiate, and university sections and provides technical educational services all over the world. Sent to me by Gov. Bordallo of Guam. Perhaps these services will be useful here in the future.
- December 8: Rather moving ceremony this morning at the Japanese War Memorial at the foot of awesome Suicide Cliff. Elderly soberly clad Japanese sit in neat rows. A broad table (altar) in front of the Memorial was heaped with delicacies for the dead. In front of that was a bare table (altar) and behind against the monument was a big Rising Sun flag. An m.c. introduced two speakers, a man and a woman, and then I was asked to speak. As usual I welcomed them, paid respects to their mission, tribute to what Japan had accomplished here, and expressed hopes for peace. Then the four of us laid small bunches of fresh

flowers on the “altar” and soon it was covered with blossoms. All rather inspiring in the shadow of much tragedy and heroism.

December 10: Election Day! At 2 pm Sue and I set out on our usual rounds to all the voting places, beginning with San Antonio at the southern end of the island and working north to all 10 spots. At each place there was a central voting spot, and then two party headquarters about 100 yards away. We visited all three locations in each area, being offered soft drinks and cookies or cake everywhere. At only one place did we meet unfriendliness: Jesus Mafnas at San Antonio. Sue tried to kid him a little and failed. But everywhere else we were met by broad smiles and greetings from friends. It was a lovely day, no rain and temperature about 75 degrees. At all the voting places they were using the finger-dipping dye which left a lot of spatters but prevented fraud. Only in Garapan, by far the largest district, was there much of a line wanting to vote. The round house in Chalan Kanoa, where the U.N. made us take down the sign in 1975, was one of the most picturesque but the village hall—open the Philippine Seat at Tanapag, was the most lovely. At Garapan, Dr. Camacho and Frank Ada were keeping a sharp eye on the registration tables, making sure everybody voted. And, as a matter of fact, perhaps 93% of the eligible were registered and some 93% of them actually voted.

At 9 pm we went to the Board of Elections to observe the counting. They were still emptying and stapling together the votes. Counting began about ten and around eleven we went home, seeing that no result would be available for hours.

December 11: Around 9 AM it was announced that the Democratic Party ticket of Camacho and Ada had won a squeaker—a margin of 120 votes out of over 5,000. Eddie Pangelinan was elected Washington Representative by a heavy majority. However, the Territorial Party carried both houses of the Legislature.

December 12: The Democratic Party candidates for Gov. and Lt. Gov.—Carlos Camacho and Frank Ada—have won by tiny margin—2889 to 2770—without perhaps 300 absentee ballots being counted. The deadline for absentee votes is Thursday Dec. 15 so the results can't be certified until after that time but it is most unlikely that the result will be overturned. The Territorial Party got majorities in the Legislature: 6 to 4 in the Senate and 8 to 6 in the House. This is the result of the division of 9 Senate seats equally to the three islands and the division of Saipan into six electoral districts. From these Saipan districts, five Carolinians were elected. This is important. Many of the Carolinians opposed the Covenant in 1975 because they felt they would get a raw deal at the hands of the Chamorro majority. Then in 1976 I twice vetoed the Con-Con bill because it gave dubious chance for Carolinians to be represented. Only when I had an agreement to permit the appointment of Carolinians by me if none were elected would I sign the bill. Several were elected. Then, in the Constitution, electoral districts were provided, as I had proposed. So in the elections on Dec. 10, the districting produced five Carolinians, including a very able young lady, Felicidad Ogumoro. The total of 5 out of 14 is almost exactly the proportion of Carolinians in the total population. I feel vindicated by the democratic process.

December 13: Gov-elect Camacho, Frank Ada, Eddie Pangelinan, and Mitch Pangelinan, party chairman, came in for a preliminary conference. We told them of the big pending decisions, the unresolved questions. They asked me to stay on as long as I can for consultative purposes and we now plan to leave on the Enna G. about Feb. 10. On the whole, the Camacho group made a good impression. Especially Frank Ada's knowledge of the background of my administration will be very helpful.

We are in the midst of elaborate plans for the Inauguration.

December 14: Special session of Legislature—an agenda of 10 items but many other things will come up. Expectedly, Jesus Mafnas made a long speech criticizing Speaker Guerrero for ending the abortive special session on Nov. 29. Legislature also confirmed S. Sablan and J. Villagomez, and endorsed Roger St. Pierre as a federal judge. The Board of Elections announced intention to count the absentee ballots but didn't. Will do it early Friday.

It appears probable that Josie, our maid, will work for the Dan High's. They are nice people with two children; she will live in.

Party for the departing Attorney General Layne's at the fire station, and then the last night of the rosary for M. and G. Sablan's mother, who died a year ago. Usual Chamorro fiesta fare, with a roast pig for the Layne's.

December 15: Long session with Legislature Leadership concerning the Kan Pacific lease for a large area of land for a recreational center: golf course, baseball stadium, tennis courts, swimming pool, cottages. Because of the Ada connection, the Territorial Party is now opposed to Kan Pacific but Sen. Oscar Rasa, likely to be Speaker of the new lower house, came in (on Friday) to tell me to sign the lease no matter what. Made no apparent impression on Larry Guerrero in the discussion.

At 8 pm the opening and counting of 149 absentee ballots. The results show the Camacho-Ada ticket ahead by 2955 to 2860 for Tenorio-Borja. They opened the outer envelopes and validated the votes, then the inner envelope and counted the votes. Two people read off the vote, two others tabulated them, both parties being represented. The system seems good and the people skillful. About 95% of those registered actually voted.

December 16: Early morning reports on serious tax disputes with Trust Territory.

December 20: Rep. Philip Burton arrived. He is the patron saint of the Trust Territory and especially of Saipan, since he ardently and effectively supported the Covenant in Congress. He also intervened decisively in my relations with the Office of Territorial Affairs (Department of the Interior) last June. The Winkels had lunch for him at the Continental Hotel, with Won Pat, Guam's Representative In Congress. At lunch Burton was most outspoken, saying he thought DOTA was most ineffective these days "a bunch of Junior Leaguers" a position with which most of us agreed, but discreetly. He also insisted we should be receiving of \$14.5 million Covenant money in a lump sum, putting it on interest. I am confident OMB would not agree but we could try. After lunch, Phil wanted to go on the beach, so he got into his swim trunks, we got the Social Security people, and had a conference on the sands. Adrian Winkel rolled up his trousers and paddled. I got Phil Burton some sun tan oil.

The Winkels had a buffet dinner for Burton. He is obviously a thorn in DOTA's side, but a most useful one.

December 21: Phil Burton was entirely occupied with TT during the day, but in the evening the Legislature threw a huge beach picnic for him at the Legislature's buildings. We had long been committed to a 89th birthday party for Mrs. Garrett (of Boston) mother of Chuck Garrett, a TT official. I went to the Legislature's party and Sue to the Garretts. I went especially to arrange about tomorrow with Burton and Winkel but I failed.

DIARY OF ERWIN D. CANHAM

Selected entries*

1978

- January 1: A large choir from the Marshalls is here and sang very nicely at church this morning. They gave a concert in the evening—most delightful although a leading soprano, as usual, sings with a strident harsh edge. Even so, the music is lovely. They also danced with fans and with mats and finally marched around leaving gifts for the church—mats, necklaces, fans, and finally money. We had all brought desserts, and everybody feasted. The Marshallese are very warm-hearted folk, were converted by Protestant missionaries from Boston, and are very religious. A very happy New Year's party.
- January 2: With all the work ahead in the next few days it seems irresponsible to take a holiday today. But we did.
- January 5: George Milner, deputy director of the Office of Territorial Affairs, has arrived and is very welcome. There are pending issues which need clarifying, both with Washington and with the TT. He is an old hand, very sensible and understanding.
- Session with A. Winkel for Gov. Camacho—largely a courtesy call, although we had hoped to negotiate out several matters. However A.W. strongly prefers staff negotiation with only final approval at his level.
- January 6: Cleaning up many urgent last details of government. Two or three issues hanging fire with TT Government. One is the collection of taxes, which is in dispute since the Congress of Micronesia has enacted new graduated rates and the Marianas remain at 3%. Through the aid of Neiman Craley and George Milner we have got the agreement of the TT to collect the taxes for 90 days while the Northern Marianas Legislature can press a new tax law.
- Another dispute concerned the desire of MTC to lease a TT owned circuit to Guam, to open up circuits to Japan. The TT had been unreasonably objecting. Again through the Craley-Milner intervention we got an agreement. There are other pending matters with the TT, such as a ship or equivalent funds, an airport money surplus, and so on.
- But in the main, the large issues with the TT have been settled, for which I am grateful.
- January 7: Last day of intensive preparations for inaugural. Secret Service concerned with many details, such as saluting guns pointed in the right direction and all the details of the Carter route.
- At sunset, lovely party on the taff-rail of the U.S.S. Stawes, captained by Comdr. Dick Wyttenbach, who played an active part in the status negotiations. We all had a gorgeous time, ending with lowering the colors and taps at sunset.
- January 8: Out to airport to meet the Carters at 5:05. Plane late—came at 6:45. Sue went home to change for dinner in meantime. Arrival fine, with honor guard, leis, few greeters, and into cars with slight delay. Joseph, Van Cleve, and Al Stern of W. House Domestic Council. To hotel not long after 7, and Carters came down very quickly. A sit-down dinner for about 70, boycotted by most Territorial Party legislators and Gov. C.! However—a pleasant affair in which NMIG & Leg. hosted.

* Erwin Canham diaries made available by Patience D. Canham. All entries with respect to the Marianas have been excerpted and reproduced here. Personal and other entries have not been reproduced.

- January 9: My last day in office—and inaugural ceremonies. Everything went off well. The Philippine community had built a splendid platform. Pres. Carter spoke by satellite and it worked.
- At 8 pm there was a Red Mass at the Mt. Carmel Church, a long and impressive service. We sat in the first row. Very fine singing and ceremony. Then a parade to the Civic Center, we bringing the Carters in our car, with a Secret Service driver and the Chief Agent sitting in the front seat with me. We had the Navy Band and Ricky Bordallo had his youth band.
- Gov. Camacho made a fine speech, and I was pleased with my own. Then a picnic lunch at the Coast Guard beach, after which I had to preside over the swearing-in of the Legislature at a joint session, and then over the Senate as they organized.
- After the lunch, Sue took the Carters for a sight-seeing tour to the north end of the island, and thereafter to the airport. We went home, had baths and nap, and to the airport for the Governor's Ball. Home early and to bed, another milestone in our lives having been successfully passed.
- January 10: To Rota for swearing in of Mayor Prudencio Manglona, who had been my Rescom Rep. Had the Navy C-130, with band and Admiral and Mrs. David and Ann Cruden. They are extremely nice people, jolly and modest.
- The Governor and Lt. Gov. decided not to go to Rota, I suppose because they had been badly treated by the Territorial Party leadership when they went to Rota during the campaign. Anyway their absence caused some comment.
- A fine array of cars had been organized, and we drove to Song-Song Village in state. A Mass was held in the church, followed by the inauguration ceremonies. Bishop Flores made a strong speech calling for unity or perish. I spoke, H. Williams spoke, Mayor Manglona spoke. Then a great Rota feast, with coconut crabs and fruit bats. We drove to the new hotel, in a most spectacular location, and to the site of the Singapore cannon.
- Back to Saipan, we rested and then went to a picnic given by Admiral Moreau of the Coast Guard. Nice day—end of festivities.
- January 11: First day in the office under new arrangements in which I am a consultant, have no fee, but have an office adjacent to the Governor, the continuing use of our house and maid, and give whatever advice is useful. The Governor asked me in on several matters, and various people dropped in to chat.
- At noon we had Haydn Williams to lunch. He said he had never seen the beaches on the eastern side of the island, so Sue took him for a drive to Talafofo Beach which excited him greatly. Meantime I went to OTSP where Tony Tenorio and Pete Tenorio are gathered, worrying about the power plant construction contract. Charges of a sweetheart deal with Mitsubishi are disturbing them. Larry is off to Honolulu for a pre-bid conference.
- At 5 pm we went to see the puppies from which we expect to choose a sister for Leona. They are partly Doberman, partly German shepherd, partly boonie. The mother is a very fine dog.
- In the evening, a party at M. Sablans for Haydn Williams of the MPSC veterans. A very jolly evening, marked by Joe Cruz who is very funny in English and must be excruciating in Chamorro.
- January 12: It's arranged that I see the Governor the first thing in the morning to discuss whatever he has in mind, and also whatever I may have to bring up. Today he needed help in organizing investigations of MIHA, the Land Management Office, and the Police. I told him of on-

going work relating to the Police, and suggested a way he could get an investigation of the two others.

Had a visit from a veteran of the Battle of Saipan, introduced by Sen. Percy's office. He had many interesting photographs of the first days of the invasion and occupation.

At noon Herman Q. Guerrero gave a lunch for Haydn Williams. It was another "reunion" of the old status negotiation team. A charming scene with lots of solid Saipanese ladies sitting around and a big fiesta table ready with red rice, chicken, kuliguan, etc. etc. Haydn is having delightful reunion with his old pals, and is remembered very fondly.

January 13: Gov. Camacho held his first Cabinet meeting and among other things my own status as an unofficial unpaid adviser was explained. The Governor is proceeding cautiously through a Transition Committee headed by his campaign manager, a very able and agreeable person named Joaquin (Mitch) Pangelinan who is ethnically 100% Japanese. Manny and Ignacio Sablan are also influential on the committee. No new Cabinet appointments have been announced. F. Ada presided over the Cabinet meeting. Many problems are coming up but they are not really hang-overs. Simple matters that came up, like the hotel bills of the Tinian delegation to the inauguration! I have the tentative feeling that thing will shake down and be pretty well run. There is bad need of strong legal service and a good finance management man. Also the Executive Officer will be important.

January 14: To Tinian for inauguration of Mayor Felipe Mendiola. Mass in church, which Bishop Flores celebrated, then swearing in, speech by Mayor and then a fiesta lunch in the village hall. With Judge and Mrs. Smith we again saw the sights of Tinian—Toga Beach, House of Tage, Enola Gay site, and finally robbed a watermelon patch of five fine melons to take back to Saipan. Small planes flew shuttle.

Saipanese party for the Farmers, he on his return from extensive hospitality action in Guam, she for birthday. Haole-type party.

January 15: Church with preaching by Brother Ben Pocadillo, the Philippine co-pastor, who is rather loud and not as good as Pastor Star.

After lunch we drove and hiked down to Profile Beach, on the eastern side, one of our favorite walks. After a steep pitch, which only a jeep could negotiate, there is a long stretch of almost level trail which is very beautiful. Then a rugged little beach with a huge rock "old Man of the Sea" which is a realistic profile. Nice wall, spectacular surf, no shells.

4 pm party at Hessings for Lena, their maid. Mixed haole-Philippine party.

January 16: The transition committee is working very hard to survey the entire government and work out reorganization. I am being consulted on various matters, and seem to be useful as a symbol. It is quite remarkable that the new Governor wants me to stay on—and it remains to be seen whether my usefulness will last very long.

It has been pretty dry for a while but today and tonight quite a bit of rain has come. It has filled our barrels and laid the dust.

It is a lovely time of year—pleasantly cool, I suppose around 75 degrees and maybe a bit less. Nice for exercising outdoors. Leona and I greatly enjoy our morning walks at about sunrise time. We get into back roads and woodsy paths. She likes the smell. Her ritual is precise—once we get out doors she nips at my shoes until we get up the drive, and if we meet other dogs she nips at my shoes possessively. She never nips much if I wear zories.

January 17: The OSHA people turned up today—they handle Occupational Safety and Health. We are quite uncertain as to how stringent their regulations will be. They want a signed

agreement dividing responsibility for protecting private employees between the federal and the NMIG. This should be protective, and help in better maintenance of mechanical equipment, which is a great need here.

In the evening we went for a second time to a Bible Study class at the home of the Seventh-Day Adventist dentist, a very nice fellow. A sort of discussion leader is Dan High, the very sharp TT Attorney-General. They use a discussion pamphlet obviously designed for young people and the “lesson” was on purity—emphasis on sex. The Biblical references were explicit but often obscure. The group is pretty fundamentalist. We don’t get much out of it but it is interesting to see how these young people think.

January 18: I spent much of today re-reading Tom Wicker’s book “On Press” and writing a Monitor review of it. It’s a most sensible account of the news operation at this time, full of anecdote and narrative. One of the best newspaper books.

Wrote two memos for Governor on citizenship and relics for museum.

Neiman came to dinner, Janet being in Ponape. He was in an amiably despondent mood, having failed to get committee chairmen of the Congress of Micronesia to act sensibly. He wonders if his 10-11 years in the TT have done any good. He is also handling the TTG reorganization plan and Sue pushed him hard on the need for lower-level participation in any effective re-organization. One general conclusion relates to the difficult interfacing of U.S. and Micronesian styles and temperaments.

January 19: A serious problem exists between the Governor and Rota. During the campaign, Camacho and Ada went to Rota and got the cold shoulder from B. Manglona,

P. Manglona (ResComRep) and other Territorials. Nevertheless the cut in Rota Territorial vote elected Camacho-Ada. But on Jan. 10 they boycotted the Rota mayoral election. They also seek ways to prevent the Rota Mayor (P. Manglona) from becoming a kind of autonomous sub-governor. Thus Camacho has appointed a personal representative in Rota and this has aroused the fury of B. Manglona. He sounded off against the appointment fiercely in the Senate on Wednesday. Also the Rota delegation had a session with the Governor earlier this week, protesting.

It seems to me the Gov. is asking for trouble in antagonizing Rota but a case may be made that if he does not stand up to them they will ride all over him. It is a basic struggle, for Rota’s break-away tendencies are very real.

Camacho proposes we go to Nauru for their independence celebration, especially if the ride is free. We shall see.

Ping-pong & golf at our house.

Sue’s first bridge party at home. She won \$3.60.

January 20: Discussion with Governor about special problems of Rota. Also desire of legislature to build up a huge and costly staff. The chief political danger here is the excessive spending and venality of the legislature. I hope some budgetary curbs can be placed on it—otherwise a lot of money will be wasted and a lot of political hacks and extremists will be hired. The Governor wants an investigation of Lang Mgt. and the homesteading program where much favoritism has certainly prevailed. I have suggested that he try Joe Vosnik who is independent and certainly knows the situation.

January 21: My first day on the golf course! At 4 pm we joined the Garretts and played some five holes of the “Whispering Palms”. I did no worse than I had feared: indeed, got in in 6 or 7 in

certain holes. We enjoyed it very much and plan to return—Sue will play some week days and I may also be able to do so at 4:30. New dimension in our lives!

January 22: Episode before breakfast: little boy across the street appeared with his skate board and Leona barked furiously and refused to make peace with him—she even lunged and snapped at him. She has always been averse to children and we are working on it.

After church we went to Obyan Beach, the first one we visited with the Bergesens and had nice walking, shelling, reading, and snorkeling.

Sue beat me three games at ping-pong!

January 23: The Democratic Party had a picnic celebration on Rota on Saturday and there were reports of a counter-demonstration by the victorious Territorials, stung by Gov. Camacho's boycotting of the Mayor's Inauguration. There was no violence (8 Saipan policemen went over to protect Lt. Gov. Ada and the others, not including the Gov, who went over on Saturday). There were signs "Camacho Go Home" and "Emperor Camacho" and other rude remarks. Rota has always had separatist tendencies, obtained major concessions in the status negotiations, and with the provision of a Mayor in the Constitution expected him to be a powerful semi-autonomous executive. This effort the Governor has challenged directly. Now we will see how turbulent things will get. There is also proposed legislation giving the Mayors large powers.

Lester and Azalea Weaver came to a good-by dinner. As a U.S. civil servant, he could no longer work for the NMIG, he was bumped to Kosrae but got a better civil service job on an Indian Reservation in Eastern Washington. It's quite a change from their many years in the tropics, but very near a son's home. It is Les who put up the fence over which Leona escaped.

January 24: The problem of relations between the Governor and the legislature becomes more acute. As of now there is a wide gulf between them. Sooner or later there will have to be an accommodation. Many nominations must go to the Senate for advice and consent. This will be tricky. The Rota delegation of three members may be expected to be hostile to many; Tinian favorable; Saipan split 2-1 if party lines hold. It is assumed that measures could be passed over the Governor's veto only with difficulty. There will also be much fighting over legislative jobs, including staffs for minority as well as majority members. Some very unappealing appointments are discussed: Jesus Mafnas, Felipe Atalig, Joe Cruz.

Sue played golf with other woman this morning and did very well, holing her ball on one hole with a chip shot from off the green. It's clear we will have great pleasure from golf.

January 25: Phone call at breakfast from Pete Tenorio, director of OTSP, asking to see me—he is completely uncertain about his future. Just before the inauguration we had a meeting of the Joint Commission on Transition and agreed to "fold" OTSP into NMIG for the few remaining months of its life. Nothing was said about personnel or the status of Director Tenorio. During the political campaign, Camacho invited P. Tenorio to be his running mate and he accepted. But a few days later he declined, and F. Ada was chosen. Then Pete campaigned—it is said vigorously—on behalf of the Territorial ticket. This angered Camacho and he is now determined that Pete must go. However Pete has a 2-year contract. Meantime the Governor has appointed M. Sablan to be Director of Planning and Budget, the place into which OTSP is to be folded. So the situation is now thoroughly confused.

Sue is back at Mt. Carmel and delighted. She will teach 3 mornings a week.

- Also this afternoon she played bridge with the “big girls” and emerged with \$3.40 through good play no doubt but also extremely good cards.
- January 26: Gov. Camacho goes this afternoon to Honolulu to a conference on Pacific fisheries and the 200-mile limit. He is emphasizing the great interest of the Marianas in maritime issues and the desire of the NMIG to participate in Pacific organizations. His departure, according to Eve Lowe, came as something of a mystery to the legislature. There is no reason why it should. But relations with the Legislature seem to be very bad. There seems a deliberate aloofness on the executive side. Soon, however, the Governor will depend on the Legislature for a wide range of authorizations, a good many approvals of appointments, and we will see how things go then.
- No improvement in relations with P. Tenorio, which is the major personnel problem so far.
- We find that perhaps Josie can get on the immigration quota to come to the United States and we are trying to work it out. There may be quite a time delay, and many complications, but we are working on it.
- January 27: Glad to learn that the Far East Broadcasting Co. seems to be getting through the various difficulties in the way of setting up its medium-wave and short-wave facilities and will be on the local air in a month or two. They will have a temporary antenna at the Com. Ch. where their studios have been built, and a tower later at Lower Base—Tanapag. Their short-wave towers will be on the Sablan-Milne land near the old Japanese Communications Building on the northern end of Capitol Hill. They had built a building and cleared land near Bonsai Cliff at Marpi when community and political protests halted it. It was good it wasn't kept at Marpi and a mistake to put it there in the first place, but one which none of us foresaw. The unscrambling was difficult.
- The Governor is in Honolulu so I took the afternoon off and upset everybody by staying at home. I intended going boonie-stomping but the car was not available.
- Dinner at Joe and Eviad Rotholz—Israelis—he gave us a lift at Palau in 1975. Eads, Sanders, Stewarts—lively Micronesian political talk—example of limitation.
- January 28: Hike down the trail to Dan-dan Beach and a wade around the rocks to right and left of a most rugged and beautiful spot. Leona gets agitated at the surf but survives—she gets carried by Sue around the worst places. I put my shirt down on a rocky ledge before we explored and retrieved it as we started up the hill when a yard away on the ledge Sue spotted a small glass ball—one of the much-desired treasures of the deep. It is our fifth.
- Golf at 4 pm at the Country Club. We may be improving a little—anyway we are getting experience.
- January 29: Nice church—sermon on spiritual organization or structure as against lone-wolf religion. Afterward we hiked down to Marine Beach and fruitlessly along the shore. No balls, few shells. Super Bowl telecast in afternoon.
- At night we went to the first Induction Ceremonies of the newly re-organized Filipino Association. Huge party at the Continental Hotel, very long food line, speeches, dances and singing. Nicely organized party. The Filipinos here have more skill and drive than the Micronesians, but are resented and rather badly treated. The Marianans understandably fear being overwhelmed, they are so few, hence they try to keep the Filipinos down.
- January 30: The future relations of the Executive and the Legislative branches are still very uncertain. The Governor acts in a very provocative manner, and this may or may not work. In a

way he has gone on the offensive, which is contrary to the usual relationship between the two branches. Usually the legislature is the aggressor. Pretty soon the confirmation of appointments will arise and may be frustrating. We shall soon see. Also the big problem of legislation to create and implement the new structure of government has to be drafted and enacted—a big job. The Adm. is bringing Willens, Leonard, and Mantel out to help. That's a good idea but a costly one. And time is pressing.

Dinner at Hessings for Bob Six, President of Continental Air, and his wife Audrey Meadows, who was a comedy star with Jackie Gleason in an early TV comedy series. He was loud, dwelling in the past, she was socially agreeable. Hard to see how he had created a great air line. Cuisine Chinese, cooked by Judy Hessing, Gene's Hawaiian-Chinese wife. We got little chance to talk with the Sixes and didn't mind very much.

January 31: Chief Judge Cambers of the 9th Circuit—Federal—in San Francisco turned up to assist in setting up a Federal Court here. He is one of the slowest-spoken human beings I have ever met, and sounds as if he had had a stroke. Sue sat beside him last year at a dinner given by Chief Justice Hal Burnett and it was a painful experience. The situation here is that we now have two court rooms, one used by the local (police etc) court and the other by the High Court. Under the Constitution, the Commonwealth Court has three divisions and theoretically requires three court rooms. The High Court under Judge Hefner is trying to clean up its docket with at least a year's work—that suggests five court rooms, and the Federal Court comes on top of that. So we inspected the old Municipal Council room on the 2nd floor of the "City Hall" and the new Nauru Building where splendid space is available at high rates. 5-6- even 7 court rooms in a community of 15,000 is quite a lot!

February 1: Visit today from the higher command of the Guam Oil Refinery Co—GORCO— which is head-quartered in Dallas. It was to GORCO that we turned in 1976 when Mobil failed to provide us oil and we have saved almost \$10,000 a week ever since. They have given us a good service. We have recently restored another storage tank, so we can increase the size of the tanker shipments and reduce the unit cost. GORCO gave a lunch at the Siserend Room which was very lavish and we all ate too much.

The federal courts have decided to go into the Nauru Building, but several more court rooms will be needed. The Commonwealth Trial Court will have three divisions, the TT High Court will be trying cases for at least a year, and there must be a federal court room.

February 2: The problem of folding OTSP into the NMIG remains sticky. The Governor wants to fire Pete Tenorio, who campaigned against him, but Steve Loftus has written the Federal Comptroller asking if the transfer of funds appropriated by Congress for OTSP to NMIG is legal. They raise serious doubts although the Joint Commission approved the transfer. It's part of the Tenorio situation.

Sue is extremely busy. Take today: Three groups of children at Mount Carmel all morning; lunch with me at home; bridge from one to five with copious winnings; dinner party for six at home at 6:30. We had the Sandlers—he is the man sent by IRS to organize the income tax applications here—and the Chuck Sicards. He is TT Economic Development officer, she is a charming Trukese. We had a pleasant evening with everybody making much of Leona.

We received a very proper thank-you letter from Annette Carter, Jimmy having also sent a nice letter.

- February 3: Took afternoon off—went for a ramble with Leona up the valley of the Talafofo. This is the biggest stream on Saipan but it isn't much of a river at that. It rises in the hills on the eastern side of the island and runs into the Pacific about half-way up the island. Its entire water-shed is uninhabited so the water is unpolluted. The trail up the stream from the ocean is delightful. At one point the Japanese installed three big pen-stocks (5' diameter) evidently to generate water power. I don't understand what they expected for there is no storage area, no "head" and no particular water-fall. So how they could have generated power doesn't appear. Elsewhere up the stream there are nice water-falls and gorges, though not very big. Leona and I had a nice hike.
- February 4: Off to Profile and Talafofo beaches—nice walks, no glass balls, few shells. Then a peaceful mid-day and afternoon. In the evening to Sam and Agnes McPhetres—he is a political education officer for TTG and she, formerly in TT education, is now in OTSP. Sam has made a slide show, with sound recordings, of the entire Covenant process, right up to the inauguration. Pretty good. Sam is Alaskan Scotch, Agnes is Chamorro and bright and pretty. We always enjoy them. N. Craley was also there, Janet being in Ponape.
- February 5: After church we went to Agrigan Beach, which is long and shelly, and after that played nine holes of golf with the Garretts. I was encouraged, Sue not. It's likely to be the reverse the next time. Pretty vigorous day!
- February 6: Governor back from Honolulu and Nauru—he has a splendid new Cadillac, and new office furniture begins to arrive. He has closed in my old office and keep the blinds on the west tightly shut, contrary to my custom.
- It remains to be seen whether his belligerence with the Legislature, the Rotanese, and people who supported the Territorial ticket will pay off. Just possibly it will, though it is neither my style nor my preference. I would have been friendly and conciliatory, forgetting about the campaign. So far, the belligerence seems to have aroused resentment. It's too early to tell. Meantime the Legislature is hiring people right and left, at large salaries, and boosting their own salaries by the device of a huge unaccounted expense account. I believe the Governor should veto these things but whether he can prevent an over-ride is dubious.
- [The most gruesome news of fierce blizzards on the U.S. mainland. We feel very nice and pretty guilty here. It has been cool for some weeks—maybe 75 degrees! To us it often feels chilly. Except on one or two ceremonial occasions I have worn nothing around my neck or on my lower arms since we came.]
- February 7: We invited Eddie Pangelinan to dinner but the OTSP staff planned a Chamorro party for him tonight and we went. It was at the McPhetres, where we dined on Saturday. It was a splendid feast, all worked up at the last minute, with everybody helping. Red rice, yams (like big potatoes, grown by the McPhetres), salad bowl, spare ribs, steak (like London broil) coconut crab, sashimi, mahi-mahi (a big fish) and little broiled fishes, and desserts—a custard cake trifle-like confection, and cup cakes. Altogether very nice, spread out on a long table outdoors, paper plates and plastic forks, plenty of drinks but no excesses. Sam McPhetres is a multi-media type who takes pictures, writes, records, broadcasts, and has worked in strange places like Somali. His wife Agnes (referred to in Sat. diary) is most intelligent. They have some very nice craft art, storyboards and the like, and Sam has a splendid collection from Africa.
- The OTSP crowd had a merry time despite their political troubles.

February 8: Several pending matters have come up: The bid proposals for development of Manageha Island have come in. This is the lovely little island in the midst of the lagoon, just off Tanapag Harbor. It is a great tourist attraction but is pretty messy from picnic trash, a broken-down dock, etc. Moreover a Carolinian chief is buried on the islet and the shrubs around his grave have for them great medicinal properties. The United Carolinian Ass'n and the leading tour company have put in bids. The company—Pacific Development Inc—has rather the better bid but the Carolinians take it very seriously. I recommend the Governor consult his special assistant for Carolinian Affairs when he is appointed.

Ruth Van Cleve has written mentioning the question of a Federal Presence in the Marianas—they want somebody to keep an eye on fiscal and accounting matters, but not of so high a status as to seem to be surveilling the Governor. We are formulating views on the question.

February 9: The legislative budget was sent over for approval. Instead of being itemized, as in the past to cover all details, it was lumped into four items, doubled over last year, which was doubled over the previous, and for 9 mos will use nearly all the expected local revenue. The Legislature has hired a lot of people, defeated candidates and others—perhaps 16 new people including the Mafnas's, Joe Cruz, etc. They evidently expect the Governor to veto the budget but what will then emerge is anybody's guess.

February 10: Staff meeting this morning—the Governor announced that Department heads will have direct contact with their departmental representatives in Tinian, rather than going through the former ResComRep. or GovRep. Nor do they go through the Mayor. This is a tightening of controls, a tendency toward centralization, rather than the autonomy which Rota especially is seeking. Telephone service to Tinian is soon to start so their control will be somewhat easier than with Rota. Also it is smaller and nearer. The Rota problem remains and there is trouble in the Police Department.

The Governor tells me that Joe Cruz, now in the employment of the Legislature, has been going to Tinian and Rota stirring up trouble regarding their Administration and alleged neglect.

We had Judge and Mrs. Robert Hefner and State Dep't Don and Heeja Paarltery at dinner. Don is a blunt, intelligent, determined young man and he got into serious disagreement with Bob Hefner over the intention of the Micronesians in the status talks. Bob said Don was naive and Don said Bob was patronizing. Bob thinks Don is a State Department ninny and Don thinks Bob has stayed out here too long.

February 11: Beautiful day-long walk on Lau-Lau Beach, the first time we have been there for many months. The drive down the hillside to Lau-Lau is most beautiful but somehow we have never been very much drawn to the beach.

At 5 pm we played nine holes of golf and on one hole I made my first par. We enjoy golf greatly but have gained no confidence and need a lot more lessons before we will feel at home.

February 12: After church we picked up Sara, our new puppy, just five weeks old. Her father is Canoe, a German Shepherd owned by Tom Brennan, TT security, and her mother is Soupy, perhaps half Doberman-Pinscher and half Boonie. We thought Leona needed a sister to relieve the heavy indulgence she receives and give her a companion and playmate. Sara is chocolate-brown, with a black muzzle, and obviously will become quite a big dog. Now she is a tub and watching the two dogs settle-in was great fun.

Josie gave me a big rope-basketed glass ball for my birthday. Now we have five here.

- February 13: Birthday! Josie had already presented me with a fine rope-bound glass ball and appeared this morning walking down from her apartment with a splendid decorated birthday cake. She also sent me a card through the mail. Sue has deluged me with after-shave. I am now fully supplied for the remote future with varied scents.
- Meantime Puppy Sara's first night was not all that bad. She and Leona shared Leona's room and howled for rather brief periods. They are beginning to play together most delightfully. Leona is being very good.
- Jim Leonard of Nathan Associates and Howard Mantel of the Inst. of Public Admin. arrived separately today, called by the Governor to help in drafting essential legislation to implement the Constitution. The Legislature had cabled them not to come! Saying they would not authorize the expense.
- The Rota situation remains acute, with the Legislature threatening legal action against the Governor's appointment of a special rep. in Rota and failure to invest Mayor Prudencio Manglona with full authority. The situation is messy since while there is merit in the Governor's unwillingness to support Rotanese autonomy, the Manglona forces have great power. But it makes worse all relations with the legislature.
- February 14: Even Democratic Party legislators support the demand of a \$8,000 representation allowance, saying it is very expensive to be in politics. In effect they are seeking to donate their salaries, plus other perks. No spending has escalated so much over the last several years as the Legislature's spending—FY72 was \$105,587; by FY76 it was \$246,823, FY77 to \$530,200; FY78 \$700,000 and now in the present calendar year they are asking \$1,700,000 for 9 months. This rate of increase is absurd. There is now the excuse that the Legislature has become bicameral, and that would legitimately require more money, but not the amounts proposed.
- February 15: Rock concert and Junior College!
- The Univ. of Western Michigan has proposed an educational center here—a sort of Junior College—chiefly for Japanese who want to go on to higher education in the U.S. or who want to do business there. They would get English-language training, American cultural scene, and the usual general education of the first two years of college. They would welcome local students. They propose a student body of 1,000—to open in the fall of 1978. The idea is great but the practical difficulty of dormitories, class-rooms, admin. space, recreational—athletic, housing for faculty are all immense. It would be splendid for Capitol Hill when the TT goes. I hope the idea is explored.
- A Japanese promoter proposes a series of rock concerts on Saipan next December—10 days or two weeks—by the Rolling Stones. He says 100,000 Japanese would come. Tent City. Guaranteed sanitation and clean up. Food? Even if spread evenly over 10 days that would be 10,000 a day or 25 747 jet planes per day! What a scene, at the height of the Christmas vacation season for Japan. Also one musician—Mick Jagger—cannot enter the US or Guam. Can he here? Also what image? Woodstock-on-Saipan! What a market for pot.
- (Sue won again at bridge.)
- February 16: I am concerned that I have been of no real value in easing the frictions between the executive and legislative branches. Essentially it is a political and personal problem. The Governor is not yielding to Territorial Party people—is putting them out of office whenever possible. He is provocative with the Legislature, although I gather that Manny

Sablan and Ben Santos as well as others who testify before legislative committees are doing a good job.

February 17: Went to the formal opening of the Head Start Building on Beach Road—for whose ground-breaking I turned the first sod. Disaster Relief money paid for the new building, which is a very nice free-school set-up. The Governor cut the ribbons and children from Head Start groups all over the islands put on charming little songs and dances. Larry Guerrero, Pres. of the Senate, was there and he and the Governor conversed—I hope they are working out political compromises but it is hard to tell—no real sign of yielding on either side.

Had dinner with Jim Leonard of Robert Nathan Associates, who has been involved with the Marianas as long as anybody. He is very high on Manny. Thinks things are coming along pretty well, is very bitter against Pete Tenorio saying “he got what was coming to him.” He also thinks the OTSP revenue estimates will hold up. He is a strong advocate of Howard Willens as general counsel in Washington for the CNMI.

February 18: Life is coming to rotate more and more around the puppy. Took her to her first beach today: Pau Pau and she loved it. Dug in the sand just like her big sister, went walking along looking for shells, and soon will go for a swim. Then in the afternoon we took her for the walk along the northern ridge and she kept up very well, running and sniffing and tripping over logs, enjoying it enormously.

February 19: After church we took the dogs to Talafofo Beach and up Talafofo stream. No treasures on the beach and the road up the stream had been cut back so that it isn't nearly so nice a walk as before. Then we went to play golf—9 holes—Sue got her first par and I got another par. The Garretts are very patient with us although we hold up their game.

February 20: Took the dogs first to Marine Beach, where Sara hiked down and up like an old trooper, keeping up with Leona although her legs are about 1/4 as long. The beach was empty of treasure so we came up and drove around to Tank Beach, very similar but with a longer trail down and a bigger beach. Again Sara was a good hiker although she got very hot on the way up and as soon as she got home she and Leona keeled over and slept most of the afternoon. We also spent an indolent afternoon, practicing a little golf against a screen at five o'clock and going to a party for Anderson, Deputy to Amb. Rosenblatt, in the evening. They are under great pressure from Washington to get on with the status negotiations and are meeting the great capacity of the Micronesians to stall. The pressure now by the Micronesians to insist on waiting for the results of the July referendum on the Constitution, which is in considerable conflict with the direction of recent negotiations. The outlook is very uncertain since even if Palau and the Marshalls turn down the Constitution, the margins are not likely to be big. Maybe the air will then be clearer but July is some time off and talks thereafter would be very different.

February 21: Back after holiday. Consultants from U.S. hard at work on legislation. They are stressing the Constitutional commitment to a unified budget, which means the legislative and executive expenditures must be considered together. The Governor is sending a letter to the Legislature giving a schedule of bills to be presented and proposing a joint task force to work on legislation as well as a weekly “summit” conference between the Governor and the legislative leadership. The Governor's posture is being improved by the advice of his consultants.

We had the Loftuses to a good-by dinner, alone. They leave with the OTSP in disarray because of Pete Tenorio's position in the Territorial Party and the Governor's determination to get rid of him. Steve Loftus has not been of much use to OTSP for some time and is

glad to have the remaining weeks of his contract bought up. His appointment was rather anomalous anyway. I am glad to OTSP did so much good work, considering the danger that it might have fallen into partisan dispute long ago, or turned to inept or corrupt consultants. As it turned out, it has made a most valuable contribution which should pay off in the coming months and years.

February 22: Battle with the Legislature concerning their budget approaches a climax. The Governor is soon to veto the bill they have already passed, raising their own expenditures to \$1.3 million for 9 months as against some \$700,000 last year. But the Constitution gives the Governor the duty of preparing a combined budget. However the constitutional language is a little vague and ambiguous—there will be a real battle and the Governor's veto could well be over-ridden. I have advised considerably in the preparation of the veto message.

Sue saw Sara's daddy today—a superb German Shepherd owned by Tom Brennan, a TT security officer recently convicted (mildly) on marijuana charges. The dog Canoe is also in trouble, having attacked Judge Robert Hefner and an old lady. But he is a most handsome fellow. Sara's mother is a beautiful brown creature, said to be half Doberman-Pinscher and half Boonie. Sara herself has big paws indicating she will be a big dog—a very loving but spunky disposition, a rich brown coat, a soft brown muzzle, and a stubby tail. She was born on Jan 8 but is already pretty amenable to training. She and Leona play furiously but Leona does not hurt her. The time will come when the roles are physically reversed. We will have our hands full!

February 23: Dinner with the Warfels and as their other guests Dr. and Mrs. Peck. He is a public health physician who has worked in Africa and Micronesia, writes color-legend stories for the Pacific Daily News, and wants to build a house and retire to Saipan. He was met in Malawi by Paul Theroux, the now famous author, whom I semi-discovered for the Monitor years ago. Dr. Peck came to Micronesia in connection with medical observations of atom-bomb atolls, wrote a book which was so badly censored by the Public Health Service that he refused to let it be published. Now he thinks it may be too late.

The Warfels are very sweet and able teachers who have come from Claremont, Col. to work here—they go to church and they boonie-stomp. We had them at dinner some time ago.

The Pecks have leased some land on Navy Hill and are planning to build a house and retire to it. It sounds delightful—Sue would love to do something like it. But there are problems.

February 24: Saw the Loftuses off at the airport this afternoon. The OTSP is virtually finished with its work and the Loftuses contract has been bought off. They have had a mixed time here and a mixed life-career anyway. Sue saw a lot of Chris Loftus early on and less as her friendship with Chris Garrett grew. The Loftuses are embarking on a long and leisurely trip—Singapore, Sri Lanka, Nairobi, Italy, Ireland, England. What job Steve will ultimately hold is very uncertain.

Went from airport to Sam McPhetres office and saw there the slides he has taken over a period of years, selecting some to make copies for us. Then we can put together a still better slide show than the one we already have on the Plebiscite.

In the evening the Community Church had a supper for the Ben Porcadillo's—he the Philippine co-pastor—returning to Minanao on home leave. The custom is to ask haoles to bring food for themselves and five others and it all gets eaten. A rather simplistic movie

was shown about Johnny Lingo and his wife. Not an unpleasant evening but we were rather tired.

February 25: Sue laid low with migraine (after a very strenuous week) and I held the fort. Took the dogs on the ridge walk. Sara still pants a lot and sits down to rest but on the whole enjoys the walk a lot.

In the evening the Hefners had a birthday party for Adrian Knyff. I went reluctantly. I chatted with a federal judge and his wife from Southern California—they are sent out in relays to man the new Fed. Court. She told me of a 98 yr old Christian Scientist aunt of hers in Santa Monica.

February 26: Sue again dormant! But somewhat better and struggling valiantly. We didn't go to church, but I took the dogs for a walk to Talafofo Beach and up Talafofo stream. Sara is getting to be a good little walker and of course Leona adores it. Sue had arranged by phone for me to play golf with the Garretts which I did rather pleasantly. I have not yet got to the point where I always hit the ball! But I usually do and perhaps half of the time it doesn't go badly. Very much a duffer but enjoying it.

February 27: We are having a amusing correspondence with Carol about the second dog. She wrote us a sternly opposed letter, declaring Sara's lineage a "loaded pistol" and saying two dogs were dogs, not people. We talked it over very seriously and decided to go ahead. Sue wrote Carol explaining our desire to relieve Leona's spoiled-ness and to provide her a playmate. Then, today, Carol wrote back in very suitable apology for seeming to interfere.

A tragic accident today—a mother and three children, bearing an unborn child, driving in a VW toward the airport, were hit by a US Coast Guard fellow from Japan, allegedly drunk, and the VW passengers were all killed. The family is well known in Saipan so everybody was hard hit. I hope the U-drive practices can be stiffened.

February 28: Howard Willens, DC lawyer who helped in the status negotiations and in drafting the Constitution, arrived to aid in the legislative process. I am setting up sessions on taxation and on citizenship, both urgent and complex. On taxes, we have to reach agreement with the TT about their withholding the Marianas 3% for the rest of 1978. They are collecting 5% from their employees above \$5,000 salary, and keeping the 2%. We believe they have no right to do so. There is also the problem of taxes next year when the US federal income tax becomes the Marianas Territorial income tax, and there may be a TT tax as well which would be larger than the CMIG tax and as a "foreign" tax would be a deduction against the CMIG income tax and would swallow up all revenues from TT employees here.

H. Willens and his assistant David Johnson came to dinner—he does not have the dim view of P. Tenorio that we heard from J. Leonard. He thinks there may be a third challenge to the Covenant, regarding the requirement that both the US and the CNM must agree on any changes. This means one US Congress binds another—which they object to.

March 1: The lower house of the legislature today over-rode the Governor's veto of their budget which was a grossly inflated proposal. Two Democratic Party congressmen went off the reservation: Jack Villanueva a former police officer, and Jesus Guerrero. Villanueva wants the return of Joe Mafnas as police chief and is himself under attack for not paying his Filipino help. The reasons for Guerrero's defection I do not know. There is hope that the veto may be sustained in the Senate, although the Democratic Senators have been threatened that bills presented by them will get short shrift.

We picked up some papayas from Sam McPhetres this afternoon. He and his wife Agnes have a delightful house in San Vicente where Sam works happily on a diversified garden,

with vegetables, fruits, fowl, flowers. Their only problem is water—the storage tank isn't big enough. Agnes is a very bright and pretty Chamorro girl, cousin of Ben Manglona of Rota. She has held a good job in TT Education and now in the OTSP.

March 2: Taxes and citizenship. Two fascinating sessions today with H. Willens on taxation and citizenship. The TTG has come around to our view that they must withhold and turn over to the CNMG a 3 % income tax. But on April 1 they may take another 5% from their employees including Marianas citizens and we claim they have no right to do so. They argue taxation may relate to the source of income and we challenge the position. If they prevail and the CNM tax rates go up next year as proposed, and if this is a “foreign” tax deductible against the Marianas Territorial tax (formerly US income tax) then all the substantial revenues expected from TT employees would be lost to the CNMI.

The citizenship position is very complex. What does “interim citizenship” as specified in the Constitution, really mean? What benefits flow from the Certificates of Identity? Can Marianas students get jobs in the USA without work permits? Can they enlist in US Armed Forces without becoming resident aliens? Also if a Marianas citizen needs a passport who issues it? Is there any naturalization? Few of these questions have been answered.

March 3: Conferences on taxes and citizenship—both complex and inconclusive. Meantime the Senate refused to override the Governor's veto of the Legislative budget. The three Tinian Senators held firm to their Democratic Party support, as did Herman R. Guerrero, and that upheld the veto. There was intense emotion, pressure from both sides, great bitterness among the legislative leadership and the newly-hired staff. The leaders now propose to recess and not meet again until May. That means very urgent legislation will be put off. And there will be a problem regarding legislative funding. There ought to be conferences to reach compromise but the legislature's resentment runs high. There was even weeping by legislative staff when they found they would not be paid. One part of the problem is that the politician's life is expensive. People are constantly cadging money—the pol has to pay up, so they propose to increase living and office allowances, doubling their salaries. The high cost of being a pol is a stark fact! Also they like trips!

Walking on Profile Beach I found my first glass ball—a nice blue one. Very satisfying up.

March 4: Walk on Talafofo Beach—no glass balls—then around the northern end of the island to Wing Beach. Sara grows fast and is a good little walker. She gets hotter than Leona, due to thicker coat, and stops to rest in the shade. She is entrancingly like a teddy bear, but her legs are lengthening and her tubby fat dropping off. She and Leona play fiercely but do themselves little harm—few yips.

Nine holes of golf—not any better but fun.

March 5: Nice walk to Tank Beach after church and lunch. No treasures. In the evening, a poolside party at the Intercontinental Hotel fr the head of Atkins-Kroll-Microl, Dave Sablan's company. Learned that the Intercontinental broke even last year and expects a good profit this year. Recommended to the Governor that he look into the matter of the sewer payments.

March 6: A very busy week (I am writing on Thursday). There is no sign of yielding to compromise on the part of the Legislature. They will punish the Governor's budget and his various other proposals. Perhaps some day a real Chamorro solution will emerge. Here must be some sort of budget for the Governor to take to Washington for hearings on April 12.

Meantime the Legislature has a lot of unpaid lame ducks on its hands, and the Governor has no cooperation from the majority.

March 7: A while ago at an office party, Ignacio Sablan said plaintively in Sue's presence that he had never had a cake to cut. So Sue promised he would have one at our house some day. Tonight Ignacio, who is the CNMI budget officer, his wife Maria who is a Ponapean of chiefly blood, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Crosson (TT budget officer) came to dinner and Ignacio cut his cake. He is a very competent budget man who wields a lot of real power very unostentatiously. He is brother to Dave and Rudy Sablan, also good friends of ours, and they are all as bald as can be. Rudy it was who said in July '75 that I was being talked of as Resident Commissioner. Their father was an early Mayor of Saipan.

We very much like having Saipanese to the house, particularly at a small party where we can talk. Ignacio was obviously a bright little boy and was sent by the Japanese all over Japan in 1939! And then survived the war, the battle, and all.

March 8: N. Craley to dinner since Janet is still in Ponape. We discussed the prospects and the timing for the other districts. Referendum on the Constitution with Federated States of Micronesia. In July, Palau and the Marshalls expected to vote NO but not by resounding majority. Then firm status negotiations with them on terms of free association with the United States. Then too, negotiations with the other four districts on the form and terms of their own governments. The latter group may be in no hurry. And all may be expected to demand stiff financial terms from the US. Meantime, after July, strong US pressure to get things settled. A rather baffling outlook, one I am glad not to be charged with.

A. Winkel, Neiman, et al are trying to systematize and economize the TT structure. They announce plans to reduce by 100 jobs, but half of these are not now filled.

Altogether a complex picture.

March 9: Governor met with legislative leaders—they offered a reduced budget—but reduced by eliminating minority party staff and allowances. They are asking for just over \$1 million and are still seeking to employ some 60 staff and to increase their own pay by \$12,000 apiece. They are also refusing to submit a detailed budget. Some movement toward compromise seems under-way but not much. The Governor proposes staff consultations by task forces representing the executive and legislative branches. And this seems agreed. There is great delay in getting approval of the revised FY78 budget, not to mention the FY79 budget which must be in Washington for hearings by mid-April.

It would be most unfortunate if the CNMI Legislature should follow the example of the Congress of Micronesia and present a rival budget to the Congressional committees.

Sue played bridge again today and again won. The dogs are getting very boisterous in their play and we are growing uncertain about the travel-ability of the two of them. Maybe they will quiet down.

The weather is idyllic. About 80 degrees it feels deliciously cool, especially in the shade.

March 10: Mrs. Mitch Pangelinan, wife of Chief Adm. Officer, had a caesarian section a week ago, baby ok, but yesterday she began bleeding and may be med-evaced to Guam. Seems the operation may have been botched. (Monday: back in Saipan OK)

The Governor announced appointment of Pete Guerrero as his assistant for Carolinian affairs in a ceremony in his office. The United Carolinian Ass'n had urged Felix Rabauliman, who is a "front man" figure and the Legislature resolved in his favor. But another faction favored Pete. There are Carolinian clans, deeply divided. Pete is only half

Carolinian, his ancestor was the “chief” or “king” buried on Manageha. His middle name is Rogolifo. Many of his supporting clan came to the ceremonies.

I hurried from the ceremonies to memorial exercises at the Japanese memorial beneath Suicide Cliff. These are very formal affairs, Japanese in dark suits, speeches made addressing the dead. Gifts of food and drink and flowers on the “altar” sometimes incense burned. In the evening they asked us to dinner at Grand Hotel—an excellent tempura. Possibly our last Japanese affair, although another bones mission is due.

March 11: Early morning drive and walk with the dogs to my favorite spot overlooking Tanapag. Then we went to Aguigan Beach, a nice long walk but rather rough, no snorkeling. Leona timid at waves.

At 3 we played golf with Garretts and at 5 had a lesson from Joe Sasimoto. Like most beginning golfers we have an occasional good shot and get discouraged at the rest.

March 12: Church with lovely singing from a big Trukese choir. Lunch guests of Charles Colemans with Warfels along. Then a great boonie hike up the very tropical valley of one of the many Talafofo branches. The dogs and we enjoyed it a lot. The whole eastern side of the island is rugged and uninhabited. There are six or eight beaches, some very sandy, and many acres of huge cliffs and boulders.

March 13: Budget battles unresolved. Very gloomy conference with the Governor, Manny, Ben Santos, F. Ada. The Governor had been told Ben Manglona had filed suit against the Rota appointment. Also that the Legislature had already re-enacted its budget almost in same levels as before, with the probability that a veto would be over-ridden. It turned out that Manny S. is in continuing negotiation with Ben Fitial and that the legislature budget probably will be reduced somewhat. Also, at day’s end, it was learned that the Rota suit has not been filed. Perhaps we are slowly moving toward compromise, although both sides seem somewhat unyielding and constructive legislation is stalemated.

Dr. Peck, a long experienced physician, poet, and author, wants me to do “the definitive book” on the Trust Territory. It should involve massive research and I do not know where basic materials are located. It would take several years of research and probably Foundation funding. Frankly I do not feel greatly drawn toward the task but I’m ready to keep thinking about it.

March 14: Legislative-Executive situation still in stalemate. It will be very difficult to keep the legislators from trying to run the entire government. Perhaps Governor Camacho is right in being firm and aggressive from the start under the circumstances of political party division between the two. Hitherto, with the executive a Washington-appointed and supported official, there were distinct limits to what the legislature could do. They could only over-ride a veto with DOTA support. Now a locally elected Governor has less power and hence must fight to establish and maintain his position. Even if they were of the same party, the Executive would have to fight hard for his authority. The issue remains open.

Dinner for the Trusks (UNDP) and the Vosniks (Land Com.). The Trusks are leaving soon. Bob T. says this is the most difficult place he has ever worked because the incentive for development is undermined by federal subsidies. He feels he has had no support from HiCom or Washington.

March 15: Much discussion of the future of KJQR, the gov’t radio station. Since Jan. 9 FCC rules are supposed to apply here. KJQR seems to be in substantial violation of these rules. They are required to have a registered engineer, to keep a log, and to do various other things they have never done. They have also been forbidden to use Armed Forces Radio Network

materials, both news and music. This means all their music and all news from noon to nine p.m. I believe the station could be discontinued, at least when PEBC goes on the air but that may not be for some months. An awkward situation, especially with 8 people on the payroll.

The Governor wants to use radio and TV in a broad educational program toward self-sufficiency and the restoration of standards. He is drawn toward a gov't radio station but may find this hard to implement.

March 16: Admiral Perry, Chairman of the Board of Kentron, parent company of Marianas Telecommunication Co., is here en route to Bangkok. He is uncomfortable with the new management of L.T.V.—the parent company of all—and there has been talk that Fred Zeder would acquire either Kentron or MTC. Instead he has bought a steamship line owned by Kentron and plans to live in Honolulu. I am relieved he did not buy MTC because that would have made our leasing of the telephone system here to MTC seem like a sweetheart deal. But Perry would like to buy MTC himself, or raise capital by going public, and establish external communication by building an earth station. This would mean a heavy investment but probably would pay off in the long run. George Richards, head of MTC, gave a dinner for the Perrys. Adm. Perry, a friend of George Chaplin of the Honolulu Advertiser, would like to get me invited as a faculty person at the East-West Center in Honolulu. Nothing may come of it but the idea is interesting.

March 17: The Governor is approaching show-down on the legislative budget. He will have to accept in order to get any of his legislation through. I do not see how executive power can be made very effective in the absence of party discipline even among the Democratic Party members in the Legislature. We have yet faced the problem of confirmation of appointments, especially if they are high-paid haole jobs. It is going to be impossible to get anything through the legislature against their will. Of course, the Executive has the Covenant money but its distribution must be ok'd by the Legislature. The Legislature will only be in session for a few months of the year, but even so its power seems to be very great.

Wrote a major piece for the PDN and mailed it but there may be some changes needed. The Legislature will not like the references to their budget.

Had a golf lesson—learned something—must practice more.

March 18: Early morning walk to Tanapag Overlook—much enjoyed by dogs and me. They love the woods and smells and sometimes run berserk. Then we all went by East Side Road to another of the trails leading up toward the central ridge. Very nice jungle growth, small stream, finally trail peters out. Golf in afternoon with Garretts. Need more practice! Big discussion afterward with happy outcome.

March 19: Pre-breakfast walk by tennis court—church—Palm Sunday—Marshallese singers. Inspected FEBC studios, very fine equipment, will be good asset if used properly. After lunch, went to Wing Beach where dogs loved it and I had first snorkel for a long time.

It seems absurd to comment on the weather, which is gorgeous most of the time. Still a bit on the cool side—about 78 degrees most of the time. Our view is always idyllic and I greatly enjoy sitting out.

March 20: Big day: at 5 pm Sue and I had our first golf twosome and played five holes. We are pretty even—both have a lot to improve but we enjoy it greatly. It is amazing that we have got ahead so well in golf. We will certainly keep it up when we get back to the mainland. The 9-hole course here is surrounded by Carolinian people's houses and the small boys who

carry are charming little Carolinian rascals. They also find and sell lots of golf balls—25 cents apiece is the going price. The grass on the course is short and hard packed, so you get a good roll, and the hazards are not very severe. We only regret we didn't start sooner.

There seems little progress in the deadlock with the legislature over budgeting but sooner or later I expect the Governor will have to accept the legislative budget.

March 21: Latest unexpected development: not only has work on the new Rota airport runway turned up numerous explosive ammunitions, but a crack revealing a cave underneath of unknown dimensions. Probably they can cope, but the C.A.B. which is financing the construction must look at it and decide what has to be done.

The Governor asked me if any plans had been developed for a bicycle path along Beach Road. This would be very desirable, both for tourists and for local people. There is practically no local adult bike riding, and very little walking. It is the most motorized society I have ever seen although I suppose some US suburbs and small towns may be much the same. But it is in striking contrast to any other developing society (remember Lagos) where the roads are often full of walking people or bicycling people. There is also no public transport except for a few taxis.

(Romantic dinner together at Marianas Restaurant. Very nice.)

March 22: Glenn McClure, who was involved in the bombing operations mounted on Saipan in 1944-45 and wrote the book "Saipan—Then and Now" is here, and we had him, his wife, Joe and Erwina Rockholz, Jack and Linda Layne at dinner. Jack is involved in many enterprises—one of the most interesting is a proposed housing development on a plateau on the slopes of Tapotchau. He plans to build 12-15 houses in what he regards as a superb site. He says building costs are roughly \$60 a square foot in Japan, \$40 in Guam, and \$20 here. This suggests there will be tremendous developments here in the next few years. He, Jack, expects to be in on the ground floor.

Mr. McClure wanted to locate places in the Obyan area where his bombers had extensive developments. We got him into the area (on Thursday) but the tangan-tangan made it hard to identify sites. J. Rockholz told a good story: Moses said to God "we've got to get these Israelites out of Egypt." God said "I'll think about it." Later: "Here's the good news and the bad news. I can part the Red Sea and give them a chance to go over on dry land, but first they will have to get an environmental impact study and that will take years."

March 23: Beach "picnic" at the D. Sablans. Ambassador from Finland to Japan was there. Not a big party—very nice food—and after eating and drinking guitars were produced and Dave, Tony de Brum from the Marshalls, fernim Weilbacher from Ponape, and others joined in singing all kinds of songs. They began with the dripping melodies of Hawaii, moved down the Polynesian islands to Samoa, and then ranged all over the world. The moon came up. The Finnish Ambassador's son even did a very nice lively song in Finnish.

Microl says our Toyota is worth from \$2700 to \$3000, which is a markdown in two years of only a little over \$1,000.

March 24: All of us went on the ridge walk so Sue could take pictures of Tanapag village with the morning light. The dogs were enraptured that we both went. It's such a nice woodsy walk. Then at 11, I went to another Japanese memorial service at the Marpi monument, at the foot of the appalling Suicide Cliff. The Japanese visitors, including representatives of the Health and Welfare Ministry, all wore dark suits—the women black. The usual procedure is for 2 or 3 men and 1 woman to advance to the marble slab—facing the monument (which flies the rising sun flag) at the foot of the cliff, produce a scroll-manuscript, read

it facing the monument, bowing to us and to the “dead”. The monument has flowers and often cakes, fruit, drink. I also made a brief speech. Not so spectacular as the cremation exercises, but solemn.

At 3 o'clock a sort of Quaker Meeting took place at the Community Church which was very nice. S & J Jones sang a duet, hymns were suggested and sung; Stan read the various last words of Jesus.

Then golf—but Sue did not play, due to stiff neck.

March 25: Total eclipse of moon last night—we got up and observed several stages. Took the dogs for a long walk upon east-side valley—the one that leads to a “Shangri-La” kind of hidden valley where there must have been a lovely plantation—rows of coconut palms, other trees, grass, etc. But was very hot for Sara. Finally she went on strike and had to be hauled out from some nice dark roots.

Golf at 3:30 with the Garretts.

March 26: Sunrise service at COM terrace on top of Capitol Hill. Very lovely spot—sun came up at just the right time. Then coffee and cakes in abundance. Afterward Sue came along as we took the dogs around the Guerrero-Rabauliman walk. Then the 10 AM service. After lunch a delightful walk up the valley beside the Talafofo stream, to a little waterfall and pools of fresh water where the dogs had a wild time and I had a dip in just the sort of pool where a nymph should be found. There was. Her name is P.M.C.

March 27: The idea of leaving Saipan for good seems increasingly regrettable to us, so we have re-activated the “Canham plan”—namely to spend part of the year on the U.S. mainland and part of the year in Saipan. The requisite is for me to have some useful occupation here—Sue can easily and beneficially teach. I broached the idea to the Governor and he at once asked if I would like to be a consultant. I said “yes” if it were a totally straight-forward deal with no whiff of special privilege. We are also exploring the private sector—perhaps as a public relations consultants. We also learned that Jack Layne is leasing a tract of land on the slopes of Mt. Tapotchau and will build houses there. All very interesting. If it works out, we will leave most of our things here including the car. The dogs? Uncertain. Josie? The Highs until her immigration visa comes through. The idea of our second home being here is not only attractive but perhaps even economical. We will have the condo money to invest which should provide housing here and a margin for travel. We would also save Mass. Income Tax.

All delightful planning!

March 28: Further discussion of our plans. The problem of the dogs is difficult: to take them will mean a traumatic trip—both ways—for them, long days in the car, three weeks in kennels in Mass., three months in kennels on return here. Against this, 6½ months in kennels here, or some time with a family here, plus separation from us for all that time. It is a hard choice, especially in the maturing of Sara, plus traffic hazards, plus the chance—however remote—that we might not come back to Saipan and the dogs would have to be shipped by themselves. There are big question marks either way.

Among the jobs I might do here would be the writing of a couple of books. A popular paper-back on “This is Saipan” might find a large market among Japanese. The history of the Trust Territory is another possibility. Another would be “The Making of the Commonwealth.” All quite conceivable. This kind of constructive research appeals to me a good deal.

March 29: Long and frank talk with Governor about his situation with the Legislature. He must soon

decide about the legislative budget and on the assumption that he could not item veto it, my preference was that he should let it become law without signature but with a strongly critical statement. However later in the day he was advised that he could item veto (from the attached work sheets) and his advisers seemed to agree that an item veto procedure would be best. I do not know how this is possible since the bill itself makes no reference to the work sheets.

We had asked the new Federal Judge Christianson to dinner tonight (he had called to ask us) but Judge and Mrs. Christianson came in to say a case against the Governor had just been filed and they did not think they should dine just now with a close adviser of the Governor. I accepted with good humor but the declination is pretty far-fetched. The Judge comes from Salt Lake City and we have some mutual acquaintances.

March 30: The first formal session of a Federal Court was held here today. Judge Christianson presided with great dignity, delivered a homily to the newly admitted lawyers, and was joined by Judges Burnett and Hefner on the “bench”—a table at the Saipan Beach Hotel.

The Governor sent his “item veto” message to the Legislature and tumult resulted. The Legislature and its counsel declared it was not an item veto response, but “amendments” which he has no right to effect. After exceedingly lively sessions, the legislature budget was unanimously enacted over the Governor’s veto. His tactics seem to have been totally ineffective, and I have been of no help to him. Perhaps I should have spoken up more vigorously in behalf of a compromise but I felt reluctant to interfere in what is essentially a political and partisan row between Marianas leaders. The road ahead looks very rough for executive authority.

March 31: The events recorded at the bottom of the previous page actually took place today and this evening. This is the Governor’s last day at the office before going to Washington. The battle with the Legislature has set back the program of action terribly. Gov’t reorganization has not been legislated, appointments have not been made, and progress is stale-mated. Finance needs strengthening, a School Board must be set up and a new Director found, there needs to be a strong Attorney-General, a head of Public Works, a Public Utilities Commission, the new power plant contract decided, health planning implemented. It is a grim outlook.

In the evening, a surprise birthday party for Judy Hessing, wife of Air Mike head, and for Dave Miho, also Air Mike. A nice fiesta set-up near Hamiltons. No food until about 8:30 or 9 but nice to be asked since we and Hessing neighbors were the only non-Air Mike people there.

April 1: An early exploration of Tank Beach, where Tom Crossan found 8 or 10 Japanese glass balls not long ago. We were too late. Tom was already there and had found a nice one. Tank is the beach with high tidal terraces on the northern end.

At 3, played 9 holes of golf, not much better or worse than usually.

We’re looking at every available beauty-spot on the island for a house-lot. There are many attractive possibilities. Today we tramped over the FEBC land on the north end of Capitol Hill.

April 2: Usual early morning walk with the dogs, which we all greatly enjoy. Again tramped around the FEBC land, which includes the old Japanese Communications building, a rather spectacular building.

Then church, which was rather nice this morning, lunch, and a couple of hours on Wing Beach. There the Ada family was in picnic assembled—kids in the water, family around a table. They urged us to join, which we didn't, but as we left they pressed a watermelon upon us, very nice.

April 3: The Governor left today for Guam and the Mainland, with M. & I. Sablan, Sabino Cabrera, and a young man from the Bank of Hawaii. This leaves the Executive office very quiet, since the Lt. Gov. is no activist. I had long talks with such people as Eve Lome, Jack Layne, etc. Jack drove me up the mountainside to the land he proposes to lease and develop. It is a magnificent site, a hillside cum plateau, covered with huge trees, the site of an old tennis court, a church or shrine. If Jack gets the lease, he plans 20-30 houses, swimming pool, tennis, but water and power must be provided and the road ought to be greatly improved. All this will cost money but if shared among enough people it might not be prohibitive. Lots of if's, but attractive.

Sue had 2 tables of bridge. She loves the game but I am uncertain that I could become good enough.

The dogs get nicer every day and we are looking for a home at which to board them from May to October.

April 4: Various aspects of our departure and return are falling into shape. Instead of putting the dogs into the Vet's kennel, not the nicest of places, we have negotiated with Mr. and Mrs. Don Smith to board them until our return in October. They own Soupy, Sara's mother. She was recently run into by a car (she chases them) and a leg was broken in many places. We will finance the fencing for a dog yard at the Smiths. They have a nice doghouse and a second dog. Leona will be the only "strange" dog since Sara would be with her mother and half-sister. All this will free us from bringing the dogs by air to San Francisco, and by car all across the country. We shall miss them a lot, especially Sara's growing up, and they will miss us and the cosseted home they have known. But no other arrangement seems possible.

April 5: Big developments: went to F.E.B.C. to look again at their maps. They asked if I would be interested in doing some news/commentary for them on their radio station, and suggested they might be able to build a house for us on their top-of-the-hill land. Both arrangements seem to be ideal. They will require approval by FEBC's Whittier, Calif headquarters and their land lease with the Milne-Sablans will have to go through. I would be very glad to do a regular commentary, along with book research. The house sites are superb. One, under some pine trees, has a view of water on both sides of the island, plus Tapotchau. Another side is on the edge of a ravine to the NE and has superb views of the eastern shoreline. They plan other staff houses and several buildings—a warehouse, transmitter buildings, generator, etc.

We have also approached Bill Nabors, the lawyer and entrepreneur, who is building some new houses partway up Capitol Hill. Perhaps we could rent from him while a FEBC house was being built, which would take as much as a year.

All most exciting.

April 6: Went at 9 AM to the Nabors houses to see the location of new ones and to discuss possibilities with Mrs. Nabors. She said they would be willing to rent us a house for as brief a time as one year, would start building in June and have it finished by October, would include the second bath-room as required. The location is not at all bad but not as nice as we would ultimately prefer. Nor is the house design ideal, but not bad. If in the

meantime we could also start building on either the FEBC or the Layne sites, things might work out well.

I wrote today a memo on food stamps, which certainly presents the CNMIG with one of the most difficult decisions it ever has had to face. Under federal law, 11,000 out of 15,000 people would be eligible to receive stamps with \$5 million. A vast relief program, replacing the 9,000 recipients of free foods now. It would perpetuate and extend dependence—but it would benefit the stores, stimulate other purchasing power, and boost the standard of living. A very difficult policy problem.

April 7: The federal income tax, effective here in '79, does not repeal the present 3% income tax. So we believe. If it continues, all citizens will be paying something for their government. Under the IRC few Marianas citizens would be paying anything and some would get a "refund" through the earned income credit. Thus the NMIG might suffer a loss unless the 3% tax continues. I advised the Revenue Dept to go right on planning for continued collection of the present tax, with withholding of the 3% as well as the formerly federal—now territorial—income tax. The Marianas tax would be a deduction against the territorial.

Took afternoon off—helped transport Sara to the vet for her final distemper shot. Then we went to Pau Pau Beach, deserted, where we had a wonderful long swim and snorkel with Leona alone. No big waves were rolling in, so Leona was not disturbed and swam long distances out in the lagoon with us.

Also I went up to the FEBC land to ponder over the view.

April 8: Arose before sunrise, beetled over the Tank Beach in search of glass balls—none. Back home for breakfast. Then we took the extremely eager dogs down to Profile Beach. Nobody there either, nor any treasure. Saw the Craleys at their house and they were glad to keep our silver while we are away. Then gold—nine holes—I had 51 which is the best I have done (and I doubt its accuracy). A busy day!

April 9: Sue's 50th birthday. She seems at least 15 years younger. The usual breakfast with cards. (I took the time between breakfast, lesson, and church to write to Carol telling of our revised plans, and to G. Brown. Church was nice. Sue had provided a lovely bouquet of marigolds and chose the hymns.) The Nurses School had a good sale, we bought sandwiches, had Josie's lovely birthday cake for dessert, and went to Talafoto Beach and waterfall—a delightful shady walk to nymph-like wading pools.

In the evening a highly romantic dinner at Kili Terrace—late sunset—just like the days of '75.

April 10: Our housing outlook complicates in that Pete Guerrero would like to build a house for us on his land on Capitol Hill. It has a fine view, but is rather close to lots of other present and prospective Guerrero houses. Also probably it would be built in our absence and we know nothing of the prospective quality.

Had dinner with the Pecks. Dr. Peck, a public health physician, has worked in Africa and in the Marshalls and Carolines. They have wonderful folk art and crafts. But he has collected many Micronesian songs and chants and freely translated them into very impressive verse. He has also written some very nice prose, including the story of a typhoon, and letters about their life on Dublon, in Truk. The material is very nice and we hope to help him find an agent. They have four big brown dogs, three of them at odds with the fourth and likely to erupt into a fight at any moment. Also fed us interesting foods, such as boiled peanuts.

April 11: I gave Norman Blake of FEBC a letter outlining my willingness to do some radio commentaries for them, and our interest in a house on their hilltop land. We then discussed the planning and building of a house. One of their staff, Arthur Austin, is a skilled draftsman and architect. He would help in designing the house just to our desires but said it would be folly to design or build while we are not here. So it would seem best to defer the house project until we return in October, or Sue returns earlier. Meantime, we would rent from October but have a chance to use a friend's house until November.

A Japanese parliamentary minister is here heading a bones mission and they gave a fine party this evening. They continue to uncover hundreds of bones, cremate them, have memorial services, and take the ashes back to Japan. This sort of thing, as far as I know, isn't happening anywhere else although the US has tried to give decent burial and cemetery respect to its war dead. The Japanese bones missions have been doing this for several years.

April 12: I am in a curious position: I go to the office every day, I read the flow of material that comes to the Governor, I have no authority, no duties, no pay. Various people drop in to see me to chat. Among them are officials who are marking time until the Governor or the Legislature make decisions. Joe Vosnik, the Senior Land Com is awaiting formation of a Public Land Commission and a Land Court, of which he hopes to be judge. They, too, are attracted by the idea of staying here indefinitely.

Rudy Baktian came to dinner—the CS from Indonesia who works at the Saipan Beach. He is a Chinese-Indonesian which means he has been subject to great persecution and threats of death. He also has a fiancée, a Moslem girl who is the executive secretary to the manager of the Borobudur Hotel in Jakarta. Her family refuses to permit the marriage although she is 30. So she plans to run away, joining Rudy to be married and work here. She is coming in May. Rudy is charming, evidently very hard working and intelligent—typically Chinese and subject to the pressure from less diligent majority peoples.

April 13: Very nice letter from Sen. Teddy Kennedy responding to my endorsement of Bob Hefner for the first federal judgeship here. It was a most responsive letter but unfortunately Sen. Inouye of Hawaii evidently has the inside track in patronage appointments and the name of Mr. Laureta, a Filipino-Hawaiian has just gone to the Judiciary Committee. He was blocked in Guam by Won Pat and strong anti-Filipino sentiment. There will be protests here but they probably will not work. Hence a Filipino-American on the Federal Bench here will be very interesting. It might impede the harassments inflicted on the Filipinos here—or it might provoke more if the Saipanese can inflict them. Very interesting.

Heard from George Ridge in Tucson of very attractive arrangements for the Latin-Am. Seminar. We will be at the Arizona Inn. Our plans for departure here and for the summer seem to be shaping up well. The Enna G—on which we had hoped to return, is in part today and we watch her without a pang. Too long a trip, too costly, too much food, not appealing fellow-travelers.

April 14: Busy re-writing my speech for the Tucson seminar of Pan-American journalists. Also doing an article for "Glimpses of Guam"—a rather nice magazine.

Staff meeting at 9—tried to dissuade them from having a going-away party for the Canhams but without success. They are assessing \$25 for dept heads, down to \$5 for foot soldiers. This sort of thing is how it's done, but its uncomfortable especially since we are coming back!

Took the afternoon off, and after a spate of packing and sorting, I took the dogs for a

walk down to Profile Beach. It's a lovely walk through the deep jungle on a nice trail. The trail is impassible even for jeeps because of one deep washout and some leaning trees. The "Profile" is a big "Old Man of the Sea" rock. It is a dramatic place, with heavy surf, surrounding enormous rock walls, sandy beach but not much for bathing or snorkeling. No treasures on the beach, although this is a pretty good place for things to wash in.

April 15: Before breakfast I took the dogs down to Profile Beach—yesterday afternoon's entry is in error. Yesterday I took the dogs—very hot—out on the ridge to the east of the ruined Japanese Communications Building. There were gorgeous views down the valley to the sea.

After breakfast we went again to Tank Beach, on the east side, and Sue found two glass balls—a small one and a large one almost as big as those in nets. It was on one of the tidal terraces to the northern end. Four holes of golf, not too bad—wedding fiesta for Escolastica Cabrera's son and the girl who works for his father at the Farmers' Market. A very nice party—lots of Chamorro friends.

April 16: Before breakfast took the dogs to the FEBC land and the lovely outlook to the west. If we live up there I shall cut some wonderful trails in various directions. Then after church we walked down the Talafofo to Jeffries beach and—a nice place easy to get to, physically like Profile, but without flotsam. We then drove along the east side road to the next beach, a most spectacular little affair with wonderful surf breaking over big rocks and terraces. At 3, I went to exercises which the survivors of their howitzer battery held. They have discovered and restored a howitzer and have built a memorial at the site. I ok'd the project last year.

April 17: This is Josie's birthday so we took her out to dinner at the Continental Hotel. We also asked the Hessings (Gene & Judy) to join us and at the last minute their Filipino maid Lena returned from the mainland and came along. Unfortunately Josie had had a falling out with Lena and somewhat with the Hessings, so Jo was very disappointed that they came along. Judy had made a cake for Jo and brought a fine floral arrangement from Guam. Despite all this, Jo was not mollified and sat like a dark thunder cloud all evening. She would not have drinks before or after, took only a very modest salad, took a long time before she blew out the candles on her cake, and otherwise behaved rather badly. The evening was not a disaster but we were all very sorry Jo was so unhappy. Sue gave her a nice camera for a present and until she learned of the unexpected guests she was quite happy. But she is a person of feuds and loyalties.

April 18: An interesting development: learned that the Carpenter house, adjacent to the FEBC property on Capitol Hill, is about to be up for lease. The present tenant is leaving, another has spoken for the house but the deal seems to be falling through. So we went to look at the house, which we have often walked past. It has many merits and some lacks. Four bedrooms—the master bedroom has a splendid dressing room and sort of roman bath as well as shower. There is a dining room and an eating bar, and a working fireplace! There is nice breezy ventilation. There would be a nice room and bath for Josie. I did not see any very nice place to eat or sleep outdoors. We don't need a place until Sept. or Oct. Also, frankly, I would only want this house until FEBC could build us just what we would prefer. Likewise if it took FEBC the better part of a year to build, we would just be leaving for England in May, 1979, and South Africa in the late summer of '79. So we might not want our tailored house until Sept-Oct '79.

April 19: Finished and sent off Tucson speech. Had visit with two Americans—McKibbens—who lived for several years on Tinian and tried to strengthen farming ties. They have just spent several days there and are appalled at the present low state of farming which they attribute

to free U.S.D.A. food. This has so reduced initiative that very few farmers are working the excellent land. This may foreshadow even worse consequences under food stamps.

We have worked out excellent arrangements for Josie—her contract is being transferred to us and we will “lend” her to the High’s. Meantime our housing situation is bubbling but not yet final. Don’t know yet about the Carpenter house.

April 20: Today the Marianas High School had their annual Micronesian Day in which students from other districts display some of their folk accomplishments—singing, dancing, crafts. A central feature, last year as well as this, is the sakau ceremony from Ponape. Here young men beat certain roots with round stones on a flat piece of iron, then twist them with hibiscus fronts, and squeeze the result in coconut cups. The resultant liquid is potent—it makes the lips tingle like novocaine. Last year I impersonated the high chief, the Nan Marki, sitting cross-legged during the ceremony and taking the first cup. Maidens also anoint one’s top with sweet smelling coconut oil, rubbing it in. The participants wear Ponapean costume—grass skirts, mur-murs, and—anachronistically—tops. All very exotic.

At 4 pm we played a golf six-some with the Vosnik’s and Garrett’s. Chris G. and I were partners and came in last but it was good fun—and we had dinner afterward at the Vosniks.

April 21: More MHS festivities today, chiefly award of prizes in the bi-lingual writing contest. I gave out the prizes and made a little speech in honor of written language—Informed by Susan Irons that the Carpenter house is being let to George Bessell after agreement with the TT. That means the house is not available to us. In a way this is a disappointment, but we might have had to rent and pay for it for 4-5 months when we did not use it.

In the afternoon we went to Marine Beach and explored the tide terraces on the northern end. Most spectacular, but no glass balls. On the open beach, however, I found a nice little ball.

To dinner with the Sicards. He is an ex-Peace Corps man working for the TT. She is a lovely Trukese. They have four very well-behaved and beautiful children. We watched television, played tongue-twisters, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. They gave us steak and mashed potatoes—the first we have had, I believe, in Micronesia. Chuck Sicard also showed some perfectly marvelous slides, the best from the western islands like the Mortlocks. They will be the basis for the next calendar.

April 22: Up at dawn and off to Tank Beach where many had preceded us, the beach yielded no glass balls, but a man we met said he had found three balls yesterday on Tank! After breakfast we took the dogs down Profile and found one small ball. Chris Garrett is greatly troubled by an allergy and has been taken to Guam. Chuck’s 89-year old mother we took to the Continental Hotel for the night. Then we had dinner with the Craleys at Chief Hamilton’s where we had the plebiscite headquarters. Nice old times evening!

April 23: Early morning round the tennis court with the dogs—little over a mile. Breakfast and packing work at odds and ends. Church sermon on the theological aspects of environmental issues—very good. Took Banbin Garrett home, she being very uneasy in the hotel. After lunch, off again to Tank Beach, again fruitless but perfectly beautiful on the terraces at both ends of the beach. The church was having a beach picnic so we dropped in and had a cheerful visit—although we played a little hand ball and did damage to our hands. Garretts back from Guam so we no longer have to look after Banbin.

Sue sorted slides!

- April 24: We are busy packing and arranging our affairs. We expect to rent one of the Nabors houses—still to be built—and then to have one built for us on the FEBC land. We have a fine place for the dogs until our return with Don and Connie Smith, the hosts of Sara's mother Soupy. We have had an extended dog run built so they will be protected from the hazards of motorists. Two of the Smiths' dogs have been run over by cars.
- April 25: Trying to tidy up all arrangements—we need to make a firm agreement on a house with Bill Nabors and the last detail about Josie's months with the Highs. Mantell and Calvert arrived from NY—the Saipan pilgrims are due back tomorrow.
- April 26: Packers came to our house and began their much-admired system of boxing our stuff. They have a lot of experience but two of our friends here lost jewelry lately. We have taken care of our few more-valuable things ourselves so we expect no problems.
- Howard Mantel and Steve Calvert, consultants on government organization, have returned here to help in legislative drafting. The outlook is not good for the Governor: they are likely to pass bills giving substantial power to the Mayors. They are tinkering with the overall government organization bill and among other things putting the Governor's staff—Mitch Pangelinan and Manny Sablan—under advice and consent. This raises the danger that both will fail to be confirmed. The Governor has virtually no support in the legislature and that means we have virtually a parliamentary government with no prime minister. A melancholy outlook.
- April 28: Last day in the office but not very full since at 10:30 the ceremonies began for the opening of Nauru House. The former President of the Republic of Nauru and present Head Chief presided. The Royal Fiji Band came in red jackets, helmets, and scalloped skirts. Also a clergyman. We sat out in the sun—very hot—but were soon asked into the shade. Carlo made a speech, as did Robert and afterward many of us went up to the revolving restaurant on the 7th floor where a beautiful Chinese meal was ultimately served. In the afternoon we did numerous chores and in the evening had dinner at Nauru House. Afterward there was “entertainment”—Micronesian and Hawaiian dancing by Saipan kids including the Hessing child. A group of Nauru children sang “Flora's Holiday” in English. And an adult choir including the High Chief sang very badly. Nauru House is open, there is only one tenant—Jack Layne—and the Nauruans continue to waste their phosphate millions.
- April 29: Took the dogs, pre-breakfast, to Profile Beach—we had a fine run but no glass balls. After breakfast we all went to Tank Beach—lovely walk and explore along the tidal shelves but again no balls.
- At 10 AM I went to the dedication of the US Army tank restored by the Coast Guard. At 1 pm Camacho came to look at our furniture, said he did not want it. He will have it stored and we can use it as long as we stay around.
- In the evening the government personnel gave us a farewell party at Micro Beach. The Governor and Lt. Governor came and some hundreds of others—very nice—huge cakes with farewell greetings which Sue cut.
- April 30: Pre-breakfast walk with dogs—church—lunch at home swim and walk at Wing Beach. Last minute packing. The Garretts gave us supper. All very peaceful and pleasant but would have been torment if we had not planned to come back.
- Everybody—that is, especially the Saipanese people, are so very warm and delighted about our plan to return. Their faces light up when we tell them. All this makes the present departure bearable.

May-August: AWAY FROM MARIANAS

August 30: This day was lost on the international dateline between Honolulu and Guam. Left Honolulu a little after midnight in a much more amply configured 747. We got to Guam at about 4:30 a.m., went through a rigorous customs (not much for us since we were transiting to Saipan) and not riggily around until 8:30.

August 31: Met at Saipan airport by Jesus and Maria Pangelinan, and Elizabeth Coleman with our car. Loaded up and went to the Garretts on the assumption our house would not be ready. This was very time—we thought it would take some weeks to finish. So we returned to Garretts for a jet-lag sleep. Later—big moment—we went to the Smiths to see our dogs and fish up Leona. We cannot accommodate Sara until we have dog-run. The dogs were enraptured to see us and after much excited exchange of affection we went home with Leona. She assumed full charge of the household and when bedtime came slept happily on our bed for awhile. Then she wanted to move to the sofa or an easy chair in the living room, and did so.

Sara saw us go with excited regret but warm assurances of a speedy return.

September 1: To my old office at the Civic Center for reunion with Governor Camacho and many others. I showed him the four fruits by Paul Jaconlet and he choose the Saipanese mango.

We had a serious talk with Bill Nabors about finishing the house and he swears we can move in next Wednesday. That will be a miracle and at best there will be a lot still to do.

In the afternoon, I went to talk to the FEBC people and we will have a serious discussion next Tuesday. They want me to do commentaries. I also talked to people at the Community School which seems to be in a considerable mess.

September 2: Again inspected the house and did many odd errands. Went for a long walk along Oguigan beach—just the same as ever. Then in the supermarket we met Mrs. Frank Castro and were invited to their daughter's wedding this afternoon at Mount Carmel. We went but could not stay for the reception at the house of the groom's father, Manuel Villagomez. Very nice renewal of Chamorro friendships. N. Craley at dinner.

September 3: To the Community Church where Brother Ben preached. Although, a priest at PahWak Beach for the Red Cross and FDAA team working on flood disaster. Also very nice. Then we took Lima to Micro Beach and saw our old sailing friends. There seems to be more boating activity.

September 4: A big day because we went to Smith's at about 9 and picked up Sara for a day at the beach. She is a simply lovely dog—solid chocolate color, almost as big as a German Shepherd (her father) with a deep coat and muzzle and a very sweet loving nature. She leaped into the back seat of the Toyota with immense happiness and we rode to Pau Pau Beach. The road down is very bad, but at the beach Leona and Sara went wild with joy, chasing one another frisky. Sara is a water dog, running very strongly. She and Leona, are very devoted to each other, Sara especially solicitous to Leona, and Leona running the show with her intelligence and agility. While we left our picnic box for a very few minutes somebody finished our sandwiches and fruit—the first time this has ever happened. Kids were nearby, they did not take my watch or any other things except for \$2 in a shirt pocket.

September 5: We are making time until we can get into our new house. Bill Nabors has aimed at a Wednesday night deadline but we won't move in until the inside is really finished.

September 6: Still waiting.

Had a Chinese dinner with the Vosniks, who are returning to the mainland but may possibly come back. He is the Senior Land Commissioner and there are great complications about the land management and land adjudication problems. The Constitution provides for a Land Board but it has not fully been set up, and there is supposed to be a Land Court, not yet active. Joe Vosnik should be the operative arm of the Land Court.

November 10: Holiday in place of Armistice Day.

Robert Trumbull of the N.Y. Times, who wrote the first book about the Trust Territory and the most recent book "Tin Roofs and Palm Trees" is here, having been reassigned to the Pacific Islands by the Times. He had a hard time seeing people since it is a holiday but we took him to dinner at Hamilton's and were joined by N. Craley. Trumbull is the correspondent with by far the most experience in this area but on the present assignment is pretty quiet. We shall see what he writes. Perhaps he has been put out to pasture by the Times. Anyway we told him what we could.