


T.T.P.I.
Linnest Per

Majuro Times



Vol I, No II June 18, 1952 Majuro, Marshall Islands

CLUB ELECTIONS

Monday evening, June 16, Majuro Americans gathered at their Coconut Rendezvous Club to practice the time-honored policy of electing new officers to the executive committee and to pass upon newly proposed legislations. At the presiding table sat Mr. Ray Ridle, Resident; Mrs. Henrietta Gilfillan, Secretary-Treasurer; and Mr. Lou Furtado, Member.

The amendment to divide the Secretary and Treasurer position between two officers of the committee was proposed by Mrs. Gilfillan and voted upon favorably. So was Mr. Furtado's proposition to select specific members to the executive staff and choose alternates for these positions. This would eliminate the hazards of finding insufficient officers to conduct business due to their possible absences from Majuro.

MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES. MOVIES

It's hard to believe, but it's true: we may be having movies before long. For around six months now, Majuro has been without movies and - ask anyone, Marshallese or American-- "We sure have missed them"

Not that we haven't tried either, but the problems of transportation, the finance, and the difficulty of securing first class releases were too great for a little district like Majuro to handle alone. We neede Hicom's assistance and after the DistAD's conference the help seemed forthcoming. In last week's mail Mr. McConnell wrote all districts about the plan and we at Majuro were so pleased that Mr. Gilfillan wired back our heartiest approval immediately.

The proposition would bring two shows per week for

The highlight of the evening's discussions centered about a commendable by-law conceived by Mr. Ridle and Mr. Furtado that some of the excess funds of the Club be dedicated to a scholarship program for quallified Marshallese. A committee composed of Messrs Ridle, Furtado, Tobin and Murphy was elected to draft the proposition effectively and to present it to a meeting within two weeks.

When the time came to elect new officers for the executive committee, Dr. Cecil Hughs, Educational Administrator, received an overwhelming majority for the Presidency, while Mrs. Gilfillan was re-elected as the new Secretary. The popular vote went to Mr. Bill Williams of ITC as the new Treasurer. In accordance with the newly passed legislation, Miss Hannah Rosenblum and Mrs. June Hawk were chosen to be the permanent members of the executive committee, while

Vol. 1 # 18 June 18, 1952

Pac
DU110-9
M3M3

STAFF

Editor-in Chief. Humphrey Leynse
 Special Features... H. Rosenblum
 Art Editor..... June Hawk
 Typists..... B. Tharp, A. Leynse
 & V. Tubb

THAT'S COURTESY FOR YOU!

The Captain and crew of the Elgie--remember the cute little ship with the good food --sent us the following message that proves they are a pretty fine bunch of fellows:

"We wish to thank you and your staff for the splendid hospitality shown us which made our visit to Majuro a very pleasant one. W. McCoy."

MEET THE DISTAD'S JUNIOR

Donald Gilfillan, Jr., arrived from Honolulu last week to join his parents for the summer vacation and was immediately impressed by the size of Majuro Atoll. "Why, I thought you could see the entire lagoon from any point. It's much bigger than I expected," he remarked.

His arrival was rejoiced by his parents and brother Doug who haven't seen him since last fall when he entered Punaohou School as a junior. Mr. Gilfillan, Sr., visited him during the Honolulu DistAds conference, but most of the time Don has been on his own. And has done a good job of it, too. Besides obtaining a good scholastic average in grades, he was on the rifle team. Other sports to his liking are surfriding and spearfishing, (the latter being a good sport out here if you don't mind the sharks).

Right now Don is helping out at Administration where
 (Continued p. 3.)

BRICKS from HEAVEN

With the profusion of coconut trees about us - each one of which may carry a dozen or two of bomb-shaped coconuts - it's indeed a mathematical miracle that someone isn't hurt from time to time. When these coconuts decide to let loose they travel at the rate of, I'd say thirty miles per hour and fall to earth with the crack of an explosion. They come crashing down everywhere - onto our roofs where the reverberation inside puts one's hair on end; on our jeeps where they leave a telltale dent; or just plain on the ground where they either bounce or settle into the underbrush with a swish and a thud. It's not that it rains coconuts, but that they drop at such unpredictable moments. It may be a milk toast day without a whisper of wind and yet the coconuts will come down like bricks from heaven.

A coconut is a football-shaped fruit with a hard shell and an even harder core. It weighs between three and five pounds apiece and are, of course, the life and blood of the Marshallese existence. When a coconut comes toppling down it means to the Islander that it will soon be ready for copra production, which still is, despite the falling market, his greatest source of revenue.

But has anyone ever been hurt - that's the question that enters my mind when I watch those meteors fall. I brought the intriguing question to Mr. Kabua Kabua, president of the House of Iroij and Mr. Gilfillan's adviser. No, he didn't recall any mishaps except for one man who was killed by a direct hit. Then there must be an awful lot of near misses, I commented. To this Mr. Kabua agreed smilingly.

-H. W. L.

MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS
Part 11

Truk sent a more fitting delegation to greet us at the Airport. No brass band or any thing but quite a gang of real ly charming people considering the fact we'd be there only 20 minutes. Mr. Rekefus went all out and invited us to have dinner with him on the way home. He didn't realize at that time that we'd try to talk him out of a spring for the generator so Majuro could see after dark (Incidentally we do see.)

GUAM

Beautiful Guam! What a place. It should return to Paradise! The food at the "Talk of the Town" is strictly Beverly Hills, and Mr. & Mrs. Hal Smith of the Marianas Optical Co. are the best hosts in the Pacific. This fact made Guam fun while it lasted.

The very graphic demonstrations of Louis Mann and Don Rathel of the Purchasing Division of the difficulties under which the Guam office has had to work did much toward making us realize why we have failed to receive so many things that we hold our breaths for from day to day.

SAIPAN

Monday morning and Saipan. Five thousand trucks stacked up and we can't have them. After Records quit weeping about the trucks we got down to work.

(Continued, page 4.)

MEET DISTAD'S JR. CONT.
for the time being they're short of clerical help. He seems to like it, judging by the way he pitches in.

As for the future - next September he'll start his senior year at Punahou. Then maybe Princeton University where

HUGHES WINS - Continued
Mr. Murphy and Mr. Fay became the alternate choices to these positions.

In our opinion, this was one of the most effective Club meetings ever held, and we wish to commend Mr. Ridle for the exceptional way he conducted the meetings and extend our thanks to his staff of Mrs. Gilfillan and Mr. Furtado.

MOVIES - Continued

approximately twenty dollars per show. This is the same Motion picture service provided by Pan American World Airways for its employees and its distributors, Films Inc. of Oakland, California, promises an interesting array of selections. Here's a sample of some of the movies we would be seeing during 1952: All about Eve, Story of Louis Pasteur, Home Sweet Homicide, Destination Tokyo, Mudlark, Two Flags West, High Sierra, It Happened in Flat Bush, Late George Apley, and Bird of Paradise.

The only hitch to this almost too-good-to-be-true plan is that five out of the six districts must sign in order to make it possible. While DistAD Muller was here he assured us that Truk would sign. Mr. Leynse, Mr. Ridle, Mr. Blodgett and Felix Jetnil are the local boys who will make the plans for financing and so forth. They may ask the American Community to pledge monthly or seasonal tickets so that we can be assured of enough revenue. At any rate, it looks like movies are on the way - that is to say, in July or August - so here's a Hip-Hip-Hurray!

he will probably major in theology. While Mr. Leynse tours Japan, Don has generously consented to take over our Sunday evening vesper service.

MARCO POLO-Continued.

Mr. Pool, superintendent of Public Works and our own late lamented "Chief Fisher" welcomed us warmly and offered the services of their department in helping us locate any excess stocks that Saipan had. The Automative and Diesel Snappers went right to work in a detailed analysis of their part of the picture--they had a lot more than we have and could spare some, a fact to make us very happy! They didn't want to run themselves short for our benefit--very narrow viewpoint!

When the first day was over Red and I started to our quarters only to realize we had forgotten our wives in Guam and had to stay in B. O. Q. (These initials we learned meant "Battered Old Quonset".) Bachelors of Majuro, rejoice you don't live in Saipan--it's a block to the head through foot deep sand and when you get there the toilets don't work and there are the world's worst showers. On the way back to your room you pick up so much sand between your toes that on several occasions we actually found crabs (sand crabs I mean) living there. We understand that the privacy achieved in this B. O. Q. was conceived by a Worly War I Doughboy on leave in Paris, viewing the Eiffel Tower from a French Latrine. Chummy though!

After Sandy Records and I had struggled into our cleanest shirts we went to Frank Murray's house for dinner. Mr. Murray is the Finance and Supply Officer and he must have had his wife strictly confused about who was coming home to dinner with him. To put it modestly, this was GS-17 Chow. What we lacked in rating we made up for in enthusiasm, but Mrs. Murray forgave even the third helpings of steak and salad after we

gave her a thumbnail sketch of the weenies and sausage diet we'd been putting up with. (I'm still wondering if I didn't go a little too far in describing the weenies--trauma and that sort of thing you know.)

I think this is a good spot to throw in a little information concerning general activities on Saipan, to wit:

The Finance and Supply Office, ITC and the Trust Territory Auditor, Mr. Phillips, were in a tailspin concerning the turn over of the commissary etc. from ITC to DistAd hands. In two days first they were doing it, then they weren't doing it, then they were doing it again. Now everybody's doing it and I'll bet two to one that when Phillips gets to Majuro he's got gray hair.

The DistAd on Saipan, Mr. Hedges, is the hardest man we know to find. He's all over the place in a fog of cigar smoke. A good deal of his considerable energies are absorbed at the minute on developing agriculture and fishing. He was up till 2:30 in the morning supervising the repairing of reefers for the local fisherman.

Here a work to all the housewives on Majuro whose feminine curiosity eggs them on to asking me about "Chief Fisher's" wife--she is a perfect hostess, quiet, charming, friendly and beautiful.

Wimer, Old Boy, do you think that if you had eleven (count them eleven) 75 Kw's as standbys your headaches would stop? Remember Lad, Justice is a blind old bag who never smiles. Too bad she won't get off that pedestal in Washington and take a Pacific cruise.

Days later we returned to
(Continued, page 5.)

WHO'S WHO IN MAJURO

Ray Ridle, our popular Finance and Supply Officer, was picked for this issue's "Who's Who" for he is one of the most interesting personalities around here.

Born in 1912 at Shelby, Montana, "The fastest growing community in Toule County," he has since been engaged in a half-dozen different enterprises which have carried him miles away from home. While at Drake University (where he graduated in 1933) he became interested in theatrical work, directing a Campus Radio program. From there it was an easy jump to "show business" in Hollywood. But this is not his only accomplishment, for between acts he was in the grocery business, managed a Shoe store on Hollywood Blvd. worked for five years with Douglas Aircraft, later the Brown Pacific Maxon Construction Co. at Guam, and still later, was an Industrial Consultant in Los Angeles. Then he was in Mexico where "I loafed - best job I ever had."

In 1936 - still with an eye to "show business" - he married Jo who, in her own right, can boast an imposing career, having had a nationwide radio show at the age of 20. Before coming here she was with the Los Angeles Mirror. They have two children, Eve and Sally, who knew little else than Spanish when they first came to Majuro, but now ramble more easily in Marshallese.

Ray first heard of Trust Territory when meeting Oscar Chapman during one of his West Coast tours. This brought on an interview with Fred Weber and a job at Majuro. Since his arrival 'way back in July,

(MARCO POLO - Continued)

Guam. For a thumbnail sketch of this Island consult your Encyclopedia Britannica and then try to imagine something entirely different! Guam is Ocean Park in the Pacific with side trips to Fort Sam Houston, The San Diego Naval Base and The Omaha Airport all done for peanuts on a quonset hut basis and hammered down to fit the Island.

There are steaks on Guam, I repeat, STEAKS! You'll love the place if you just know a few nice people like Laycock, Cap Wilson, the Bill Kings, the Rathels, the Hal Smiths, the Manns, etc. and stick close to them and then get off the rock before you start getting in each other's hair.

Guam is a beautiful sight from an outbound plane.

Anyhow we went back to Truk, a very superior joint!

- Ray Ridle

Ray has managed the Finance and Supply Department with the skill and equanimity of a veteran performer. During Mr. Gilfillan's absence to Honolulu, he was the Acting Administrator and received a handsome commendation for his work right now, besides budgetary problems and mammoth job of taking over the commissary and galley looming ahead, he was elected president of our Coconut Rendezvous Club.

And if that doesn't make him an interesting person, catch this: among his varied occupations he was at one time Priorities Director of the Gilfillan Corporation of Los Angeles.

Asked for a comment on life at Majuro, he replied: "No place to cure ulcers - unless of course we get a better budget."

B I R T H D A Y S

I N S A N D O U T S

This month is chuck full of birthdays. Wouldn't it be fun to have a party for each and every one? At least it would give us an excuse to dress up.

Starting the month our first birthday is Dick Wimer, June 1st. Dick's birthday fell on Sunday. He had dinner with the Tubbs. Dick does his own cooking so he is always glad for an invitation out to dinner.

Next is June Hawk with June 2nd. Abbie Leynse baked and presented her a delicious chocolate cake and honest, the frosting was two inches thick.

Happy Birthday to Marion Furtado (10th) in Hawaii.

Jack Tobin, our Anthropologist, celebrated his birthday the 15th. Jack tells us he had a very quiet and uneventful birthday.

Humphrey W. Leynse will have the biggest treat of them all on his birthday June 22nd. He and Abbie leave the 19th for a two week's vacation. They will go TAL to Saipan, take the Chicot there and go on to Tokyo, Japan. They plan to return by plane via Kwajalein. Those lucky people!

Capt. Shepherd of the Roque will be here for his birthday June 24th. He has been gone so long it looks like. The 24th is too far ahead for us to account for, but it's for sure "Shep" will have a Happy Birthday just being home again.

Little Edgar Tudor is the last one on the list to have a birthday this month, June 28th. The little fellow is too small to tell us what he plans to do, however he is a mischievous lad with plenty of bounce to the ounce and we are quite sure his mother has a party planned with a nice birthday cake holding two candles.

It started out as a nice, quiet, peaceful day - that of Sunday, June 1st - but it didn't last long. Soon there was a convoy afoot and a Jeep headed for the pier. The Chicot had arrived, piloted by Captain Pete Bolton. A couple of hours later the scene was repeated. The Elgie - long dismissed as a rumor - was pulling up to the pier! There was much discussion of what was on it in the way of food, and a welcome was extended to the genial captain, Gene McCoy... The Chicot brought to our shores two passengers. One was the Bishop Feeney, who paid Majuro a long-awaited visit. A reception was held that afternoon at the Club for the Bishop so that the whole community could meet and talk to him. The other passenger was Mr. Arthur Derosier, Safety Administrator for TT, who has been impressing on us that "an ounce of prevention"... The Frella and Milleeta have been transferred to TT from ITC and Bill King, agent for PML, accompanied by Mrs. King, has been at Majuro getting the 2 ships in top condition. The
(Continued, page 7.)



INS & OUTS-Continued

ships will be towed by the Torry to Guam for TT use..... Amid parental tears and friend's well-wishes Marian Furtado boarded the TAL flight on June 6th headed for Ebeye and from there to home in Honolulu. We hear she will go back to her old job as a dental assistant, and our wishes of good luck go with her....Jack Tobin and Ken Mosher took a "quick" business trip to Ebeye aboard the Chicot; and back by plane. Ken picked up his gear and headed back to Ebeye. Ben Kesler paid Majuro a one-night visit before donning his khakis again.... The club was the scene of a reception on June 11 for Truk DistAd Will Muller, Mrs. Muller and daughter Carol. Mr. Muller conferred with our own DistAd Mr. Gilfillan, while their families renewed acquaintances... ..Jim and Janet Manford returned from a 2--weeks stay in Guam where Janet underwent medical treatment. She says she's feeling much better and we hope her good health continues.Off for a vacation in Koror and Yap went the Anttilas, Earl and Elizabeth. They expect to be back around the 1st of July when summer school starts....Although he couldn't spend much time with us we were happy to say "Yokwe" to the Political Affairs Officer, Don Heron. He got in a quick conference with Mr. Gilfillan before leaving for Ponape..... That tall, nice-looking "new face" around the base is Don Gilfillan Jr., who is spending the summer here with his family. Don will also help out around Administration, where his services are much needed and deeply appreciated....If the Leynses have that "far-away-places" look in their eye there's a reason. They depart on the TAL flight on the 19th for Guam, then to Saipan, and

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On May 29th a sizeable group of Americans and Marshallese gathered at the old Japanese hanger (which had been beautifully transformed into a palm-studded auditorium) to attend the graduation exercises of the Marshall Islands Intermediate School. The graduating class, conspicuous in their well-pressed suits and dresses were addressed by such notables as Mr. Gilfillan, District Administrator; Dr. Hughes, Educational Administrator; Rev. Ned; Mr. Anttila, Principal of the Intermediate School; Mr. Kabua Kabua, President of the House of Iroij; and Mr. Dwight Heine, Superintendent of Elementary Education.

Mr. Ray Ridle, president of the American Rendezvous Club, presented on behalf of its members prizes to the three honor students who had been selected for their exemplary efforts in both studies and citizenship. Other highlights were the well-blended voices of the school chorus who gave two renditions, and a significant speech made by Honor Student Oscar Milne.

INS & OUTS-Continued.

from there aboard the Chicot to Japan! We all say Bon Voyage to the Leynses....Dwight Heine, too, is pretty much excited about taking the trip to Japan.

He is going in his capacity as president of the Marshallese Import-Export Co., and he hopes to buy new items for the store as well as make many new business contacts. To Dwight we bid a pleasant and successful trip.

-Hannah Rosenblum

Jenks slinked up to Abbie's P. O. window. "For some time now I've been pestered with boring letters, and I want something done about it!" Regaining her equilibrium, the Postmaster offered, "I'm sure we can help. That's a federal offense. Have you any idea who is sending you these letters?" "Indeed I have - they're all from those pesky income-tax people."

*
Louie, consoling his wife at daughter's departure: "Don't think of it as losing a daughter; think of it as gaining a bathroom."

*
April to parents urging her to eat: "I don't want to grow up big and strong. I want to be pale and interesting!"

*
Hannah asked Scotty if he knew what a person in charge of a library is called. His prompt reply: "Sure, a bookie."

*
Rose: "But, Dick, it isn't automatic. You have to turn a switch."

The names and places in the above column are purely intentional, and so forth.

FOREST PRIME EVEL

O, great, majestic green
pinwheel,
a-swaying with the breeze:
Your hardy yield of coconuts
Saves men in lonely seas.
On atolls low and islands high,
Thirst-quencher king of
trees:
Yes, Grace you are as I walk
below;
But just don't hit me,
please!

- A. L.

* * * *

It was a sad day when MARIAN FURTADO left in Honolulu. She had been with us ever since the Interior Dept. took over and as one person remarked at the Air Field that day we said Aloha, "To have stuck it out this long and still maintained her humor is really an accomplishment." We think this was due to her giving as well as receiving, for she contributed to the community with a youthful enthusiasm and a heart of gold.

Our sincere congratulations go out to JIMMIE L. HAWK, the new Chief Communicator for Majuro. His promotion was recently received by dispatch and we are all mighty happy for he certainly deserves the raise. Alone with his new responsibilities he will continue to supervise all maintenance work at the Radio Shack. A mammoth task, to say the least - but before long he will be assisted by Mr. Robert C. Brooks, scheduled to come from Yap any day now.

KENNETH MOSHER was assigned to survey the sanitary conditions at Ebeye for a day or so - but the way things look now he will probably be there another five weeks, while Distad Rep. BEN KESLER is attending to Reserve duties with the Navy. We'll miss Ken's managing the club and the many other ways he's helped the community - but "have a chocolate soda on us and enjoy yourself at the movies."

OVERHEARD

Overheard: (Girl to pesky fellow) "Go away - when I want you, I'll rattle your cage."

Dancing with her is like trying to get on a merry-go-round after it has started.