

YOUR CHAMORRO ANCESTORS: A LETTER TO
MY GRANDCHILDREN, AND TO THOSE WHO
BEAR A SIMILAR RELATIONSHIP

Prepared by: Paul B. Souder
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YOUR CHAMORRO ANCESTORS

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah,

There flows in your blood, genes derived from the first Chamorro to arrive on Guam some 3500 years ago. Although that contribution has been substantially diluted by European and other Asiatic contributions, your Chamorro heritage contributes to making of you what you are today, and will be in the future.

The following scenario will endeavor to reconstruct Guam from its birth, land and peoplewise, the beliefs and lifestyle of your before-time ancestors, a picture of Guam from its origin through the discovery of the Marianas by Magellan in 1521 A.D.

UPHEAVAL

Geologically Guam originated within the last fifty to sixty million years of geologic time, in the era known as the Cenozoic or recent life era. When dinosaurs were facing extinction, prior to the ice age, movements began in the earth's surface that ultimately resulted in the erection of the Himalayan Mountains. These movements were so great that they caused disturbances thousands of miles from the Himalayas in the floor of the Pacific Ocean. Cracks opened in the ocean bottom when the bottom wrinkled from the terrible pressures that went through the earth's crust. These openings were at first only cracks and indicated planes of weakness in the ocean floor resulting from stresses and strains that made mountains and ocean deeps.

As the Mariana wrinkle developed on the ocean floor, as stresses and strains pushed and pulled, as adjustments of balance were made, a crisis occurred—a crack opened and molten lava poured forth on the ocean floor, thousands of feet below the ocean surface.

Hot rock stuff met cold ocean water. Steam was added to the gases of the molten rock. Explosions detonated undersea — deafened and muffled by the weight of the water above. The ocean was convulsed.

Innumerable strange lights—red, blue, green — appeared in the deep water. Marine life was killed. Strange fish, deep-sea varieties, floated to the surface, belly up and boiled. The usually calm ocean surface was ruffled by a violent commotion. Huge sea waves spread out far and wide, inundating low-lying coast lands, leaving devastation and ruin in their wake.

The rock stuff exploded into fragments. Some rose upwards to the surface with the impetus of each explosion. The heavier material rose a little, cooled and sank. The light pumice floated on the surface and spread outward in rings with each explosion. The fine materials made the ocean cloudy and muddy.

Explosion followed explosion. Then a period of quiet ensued, followed by another series of explosions; until the force of the eruption was spent. Eruption succeeded eruption with brief intervals of quiescence, long enough for the fine particles to settle to the bottom, carrying down with them the floating marine organisms killed by the heat and muddied water.

Then another explosive eruption hurled out large blocks of lava and limestone with seemingly renewed energy until these explosions likewise died away.

Finally the force of this and other volcanic action adjacent to what is now Guam was spent and quiet reigned over the area.

And on the ocean floor was a heap of volcanic debris — fragments of lava and limestone, some coarse some fine. As the commotion gradually quieted down with the final dying of eruptions only the finest particles remained in suspension. Then this finest material like wise settled down to the ocean floor, carrying with it more tiny dead organisms of the sea.

Quiet ensued.

One epoch was completed.

The deposits hardened into rock. The layers containing the large fragments several inches to several feet across are called agglomerates; the smaller fragments tufts.

Today these tufts and agglomerates lie at various angles because intense folding and faulting have modified them since eruption.

As the island continued to grow through successive outpouring of lava, the weight of the material in the vertical supply "pipes" increased until a balance was struck between it and the pressure from below. Then a long period of comparative rest ensued during which some of the Northern Marianas were in succession, and in the same way, brought forth.

"Were it possible to drain the seas around Guam, we would see a peak of volcanic debris, about 14,000 feet high, standing on the ocean floor, we would also notice a ridge about 9,000 feet high running off towards Rota.

With the subsiding of volcanic activity, other forces of nature went to work. The wind blew violently and it rained furiously. Enormous quantities of steam had been formed and the waters hereabouts, being heated, caused further atmospheric disturbances which lasted a long time during which storms not equaled since occurred.

The rains found the newly formed island an easy prey and bare peaks readily fell away before the eroding deluge. Streams formed, and soon they were raging torrents which carved out deep valleys. Water carried volcanic earth from the higher parts of the island to the lower, placing it there, layer on layer, quite rapidly at first and then as the rains gradually ceased, erosion proceeded more slowly, until the lowlands became stable, and vegetation found a footing. Soon grasses and life covered the lowlands, and climbing the gentle slopes spread a mantle of green over all the island. Thus erosion was still further retarded.

While all this was taking place above the water, below the surface the inevitable coral polyp was silently at work building extensive reef formations, which were later to be left high and dry when the ocean levels the world over were lowered hundreds of feet as huge ice-caps formed at the poles of the earth and, extending towards the temperate zones, soon held much of the world's ocean water in icy bondage.

Then one day there occurred here what was probably one of the great volcanic eruptions of that time. Forces had again been thrown out of balance. Perhaps the tremendous ice-caps at the poles had something to do with it, but a readjustment was necessary. Small mountains in that section roughly between Agat and Inarajan were thrown into the air, hot volcanic debris settled over all the island, and very little, if any, life remained after these outbursts. The great heat of the earth and incandescent rocks cast into the air affected some of the exposed coral limestone changing it to cascajo. Explosion followed explosion, volcanic cones were built up, hot furnes belched forth and the whole scene was changed.

Mount Tenjo was forced up carrying a strata of coral with it and compressing the hills to the north leaving them very much buckled. Red dust filled the air for days while in the south an extensive range of mountains developed on a line between what is now Agat and the southern tip of the island. Puntan Cresta near Merizo, Guam's most picturesque mountain peak, is a result of this action. Then followed a subsidence of activity, a balance of forces was established and another period of rest ensued during which the whole long process of vegetating the island was repeated.

Then finally, and well within the time of man's residence on the island, there occurred a volcanic sideshow along the coast between Umatac and Facpi Point. Here we find a "pipe" or supply-line such as was used to pour forth lava in the building of the island from the ocean floor but in this case the lava column solidified before reaching the surface and was pushed through the pipe and fifty feet into the air by the tremendous forces beneath.

On Guam there are three kinds of volcanic rock: the plain flow-lavas, the pillow-lavas, and the explosive volcanic rocks. All three may or may not have come from the same reservoir or at the same time.

As the molten rock stuff oozed out of the cracks and met the overlying sea water, sheets of lava partly disrupted into large ball-like masses. Each ball or pillow was quickly chilled by the water and a quick-cooled volcanic glass formed around each one as a skin or crust. While forming, the pillows lay against each other and some of the glass skins welded in cooling, so that the lava flow of pillows cooled into solid rock. In the still hot interior of the pillows, the gases moved outward from the center leaving bubbles which were halted by the glassy skin. A little of the molten lava became fragmented into glassy granules which packed in the open spaces between the pillows.

Perhaps the best place today to see these pillow lavas is in the high sea cliff south of Facpi Point southeast to Inarajan and extending inland for about two miles to just below the crest of the main ridge. They probably underlie a large part of Southern Guam.

Some of the lava issuing from the cracks did not have the same volume, fluidity, gas content, or rate of outpouring, and this lava solidified as ordinary flow lava - beds of rock filled with shrinkage cracks. Such normal flow-lava, without pillow structure, crops out in the hills inland from Umatac.

Some of the lava issuing from cracks on the sea bottom evidently had a higher gas content or different physical conditions affecting their extrusion for nearby, there occur explosive volcanics, the tuffs and glomerates of Guam. These explosive volcanics make up most of the Mount Tenjo area today.

Each individual flow of lava or eruption of explosive debris that made the base of Guam had its feeding crack. As each flow or eruption died away, the lava in the crack congealed and plugged it. Another later eruption broke out from another crack, usually near by. Then the lava in this crack cooled. The cooled lava of these filled cracks is dike rock. The filled cracks are the dikes.

The molten rock stuff in the cracks extended deep below the surface. It was held in by confining walls. It cooled slowly because it was not in contact with air or water. This slow-cooling

gave the rock a texture different from that of the same material which cooled quickly on the surface as flow-lava. It was denser, finer grained. Both surface flow and dike rocks came from the same reservoir of molten magma or pool of liquid rock-stuff deep below. One cooled slowly deep in the crack as a dike.

However, the sides of the molten rock in the crack, where it was in contact with cold confining walls, chilled so rapidly that crystals did not have time to form, and when lava cooled quickly it forms obsidian or black volcanic glass. This thin veneer of glass forms the selvage of the dike as seen in cross section of the face of the cliffs south of Facpi Point near Agat.

Today, after hundreds of feet of overlying rock have been stripped from Guam by erosion through the ages since volcanic eruptions ceased, we see the Facpi Point cliffs like the layers of a cake. We see bands of dike-rock cutting through the main rock. We are looking at the heart of Guam's original volcanic activity.

If we give further consideration to the cracking and folding of the ocean floor, we find a downfold usually accompanied an upfold. Thus, resulted the Marianas Trench and the Nero Deep, southeast of Guam. The Marianas Trench, some 36,960 feet deep, is a curving abyss over 300 miles long and up to 30 miles wide, with a

narrow steep inner gorge.

Finally, when most all the volcanic action stopped, Guam stayed quietly in place long enough for a ringing reef of coral to form around the islands. Actually, Guam was originally three islands. The largest was about 10 miles long and 7 miles wide and lay south of the Agat-Talofofo pass with Mount Lamlam as the highest point. The next largest was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles across with Mount Tenjo as its highest point. The third island was small and was about 150 feet high, the area we know as Mount Santa Rosa today. Santa Rosa island became the center of a large coral atoll. Mount Tenjo island was surrounded by a coral reef, but the largest island had no reef.

After a quiet time of great but unknown length, during which time coral had nearly filled the shallow waters between the three islands there occurred an upheaval that was so rapid that coral did not have a chance to develop

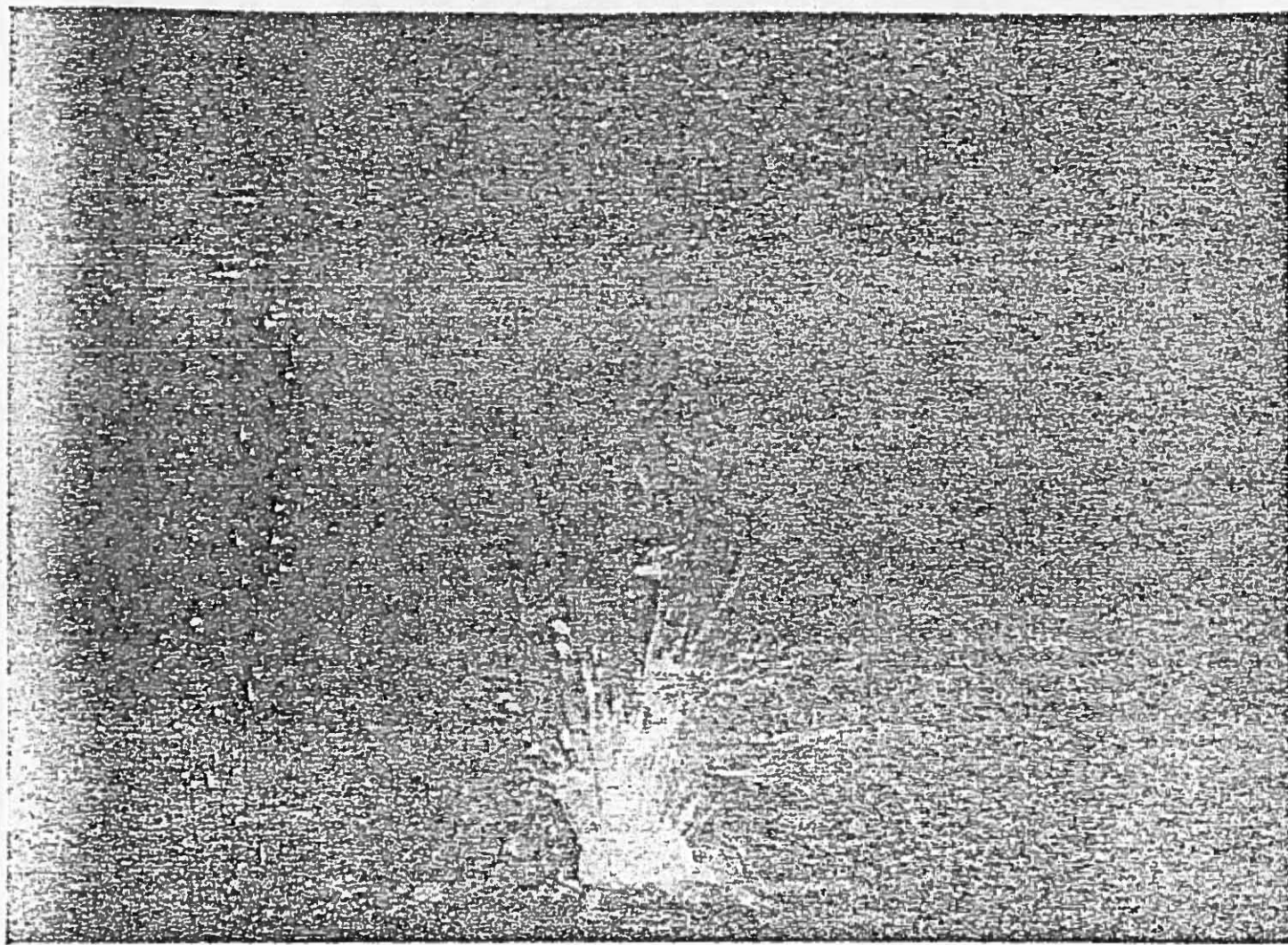
in gradual slopes at the outer underwater edges of the reef. Thus, left small but nearly vertical cliffs that had once been the outer underwater edge of the reef, with the base of the cliff forming a new shore line. Waves undercut the cliff while new shallow coral colonies began building a new reef. After a long period of quiescence a new ring of coral was built around the island. This building and lifting process occurred five times as is evidenced by the terraces still visible on the northeast end of the island.

The sinking of Guam to its present level occurred after these five uplifts. The first and longest period filled the shallow waters between the three original islands with a huge thickness of coral that before further uplift was a great shallow lagoon. After rising it became the great northern plateau, the northern half of Guam.

After the five separate uplift stages,

when the island sank again, there occurred a slipping of that portion of the island that lay between the two southern islands and the northern island. This portion, which was a great block, cracked up through the coral cap that covered the underlying ash and lava and the block dropped lower than the two sections on either side.

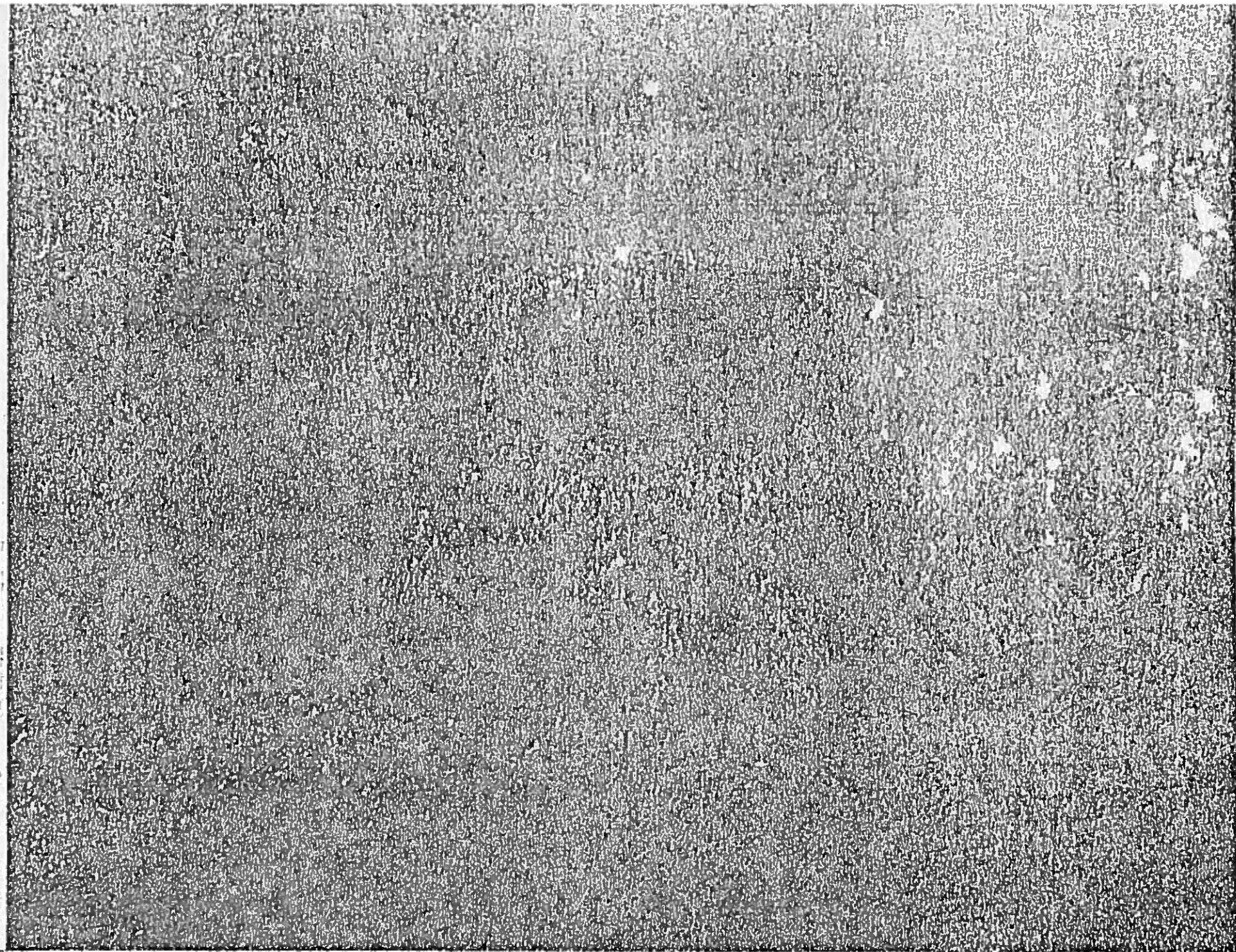
This became the area from Agana to Pago Bay. The cliffs between Sinajana and Agana are the result produced when underground channels found this great crack. Eruptive action produced our mountains, the section comprising approximately the southern half of Guam. Organic action produced our limestone formations, of which the northern half is largely composed. These two very different processes, combined with the various changes in the level of the world's oceans in times long past, brought forth Guam, and each left a definite record of its action.



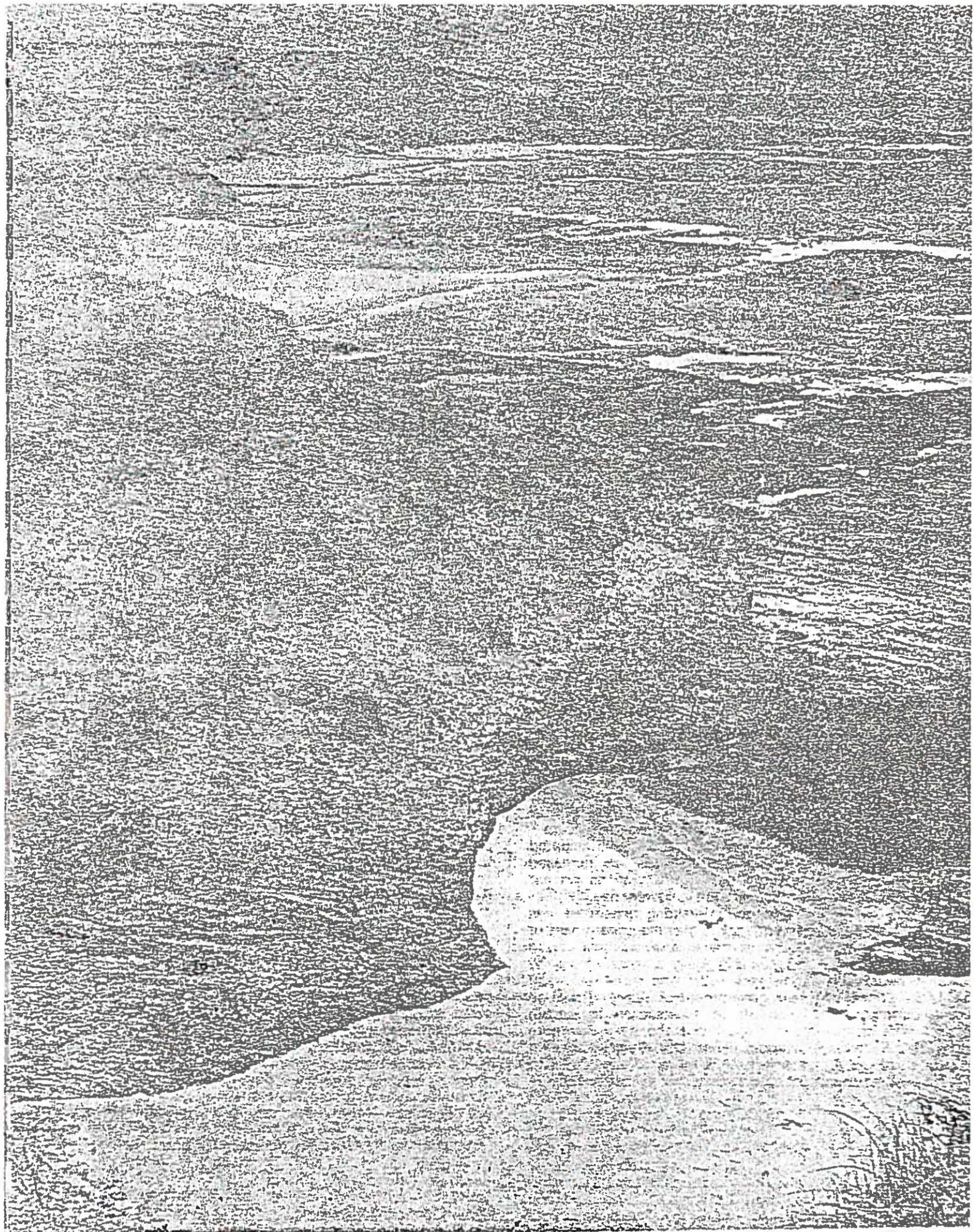
Upheaval — the first surfacing of volcanic debris, which would ultimately become Guam.



Before Guam surfaced.



The remnants of a volcanic cone before vegetation found a footing.



Grasses were established early on Guam after its eruption from the ocean depths.

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Second in a series

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah,

In my last letter, I described the birth of Guam. Today, I will give you an idea of where your Chamorro forbears lived prior to their arrival on Guam some 4000 years ago.

Who were the ancient Chamorro? When did they arrive? Knowledge of the beginning of the race of Chamorro is unknown, their appearance no longer to be discerned in the mixed blood of their descendants, and their racial traits and traditions stamped out by the invading and conquering Spaniard. A hint can, however, be secured from recent archeological investigations utilizing radiocarbon techniques, from a study of the role played by domestication of plants, from a study of historical relationships of Pacific languages, as well as from journals of early visitors to the Marianas.

Our elders formed romantic speculations about the origin of Pacific peoples. Accidental resemblance in a few words and details of customs prompted some to identify the islanders with the lost tribes of Israel. Misguided geology led others to assume a huge Pacific continent that gradually sank, leaving our island ancestors surviving on isolated peaks. However, it is now generally agreed that the people of the Pacific got here by boat over the sea. So far as is known, the details are quite as intriguing as any lost continent of Mu.

We do know that the early settlement of Australia, Tasmania, at least parts of New Guinea, and possibly the Bismarck archipelago, was the result of the first migration from Asia, generally regarded as the cradle of man, by a primitive Negrito race. These Stone Age people, who left no written records, moved across to Australia when the sea was much lower than it is now, about 20,000 years ago, at the height of the last great glacial period, when Australia and New Guinea were a single continent. These first settlers possessed only the simplest form of water transport and had no agriculture.

Nowhere in the world at this time were domesticated plants known, everywhere man lived as a primitive hunter, a fisherman, and a collector of wild vegetables and fruits for food. As of this time, the islands of the Pacific had never been seen by man.

A second chapter in Oceanic prehistory occurred at a much later date, about the time the Vikings were exploring the east coast of North America. This was the time of the settling of the islands of Micronesia and Polynesia, which have always been separated by great expanses of ocean.

These migrations in the Pacific came after man, in his long climb upward, had accomplished two things. The first was the domestication of plants (taro, yams, bananas, and breadfruit), for nowhere in the Pacific islands was it possible to live off the land. There just wasn't enough wild food. The time of domestication of the Indo-Pacific complex of food plants is still unknown but may well have taken place around 8,000 B.C.

The second condition was met with the invention of the single outrigger canoe and of the Polynesian double canoe.

By approximately 2000 to 1500 B.C., man took to the sea in gigantic craft, canoes, with freeboard built up by plank board along the edges and lashed together with coconut fiber. Some carried traditional outriggers against capsizing; the more spectacular were two-hulled, measuring up to a hundred feet, with deckhouses on the connecting spars amidships. They had sails of pandanus matting and paddles worked by crews of as many as seventy men. In skilled hands such craft were thoroughly seaworthy, sailing at fifteen knots and often making more than two hundred miles a day. Can't you see their leader dancing on deck and calling time, twenty paddles a side slashing the water with precision, the crew's throbbing song punctuated by the regular whack of recovered paddle blades on the gunwale. These navigators of the Pacific surpassed the Phoenicians and the Vikings and found a new world for themselves thousands of years before Columbus. They had neither compass nor sextant. They steered by the stars, which they knew uncannily well, by the steady trade winds, and the trend of the swells. Migrating birds gave them hints of faraway islands. Seamen could pick up the scent of land far out at sea; they watched for cloud masses forming over invisible high islands, and for the confused waters that developed to right and left as the swells check and bend against an undiscovered shore.

They were provisioned with coconuts for both drink and food, and where tabu permitted, with green stuff that would last a while, coconut-fed chickens, prepared breadfruit and taro. They could catch fish and seabirds enroute. Such resources, eked out by rain water on occasion, take determined men a long way.

The eastward migration "into the sun" through Micronesia and Polynesia spanned approximately 2,500 years. The Marianas were settled about 3,500 years ago, Samoa 3,000 years ago, and Hawaii by the first century of the Christian era.

The role that the domestication of plants played has been deduced by botanists. Breadfruit and bananas can be propagated only from slips. Taro and the sweet potato grow from tubers. Since none of these plants have seeds that could fly by air, float by sea, or be carried by birds, it is suggested that they were taken to far islands by men who knew how to make them grow. All these Pacific food plants are natives of Asia except one: the sweet potato, which came from South America. Adventuring Polynesians who, centuries earlier, had crossed the unknown sea from Tahiti to Hawaii in their great double canoes, could easily have sailed to the west coast of South America, provisioned their ships with such foodstuff as were available, the sweet potato and perhaps the gourd among them, and returned home. Too, American Indians may have brought the sweet potato to the Pacific on drift voyages like Heyerdahl's Kon-Tiki journey.

With favorable ocean currents and prevailing easterly winds, South American debris was washed ashore at Guam over the centuries. The presence of the sweet potato has suggested that the Chamorro may have originally come from Argentina, the latter being supported by the Kon-Tiki theory. However, radiocarbon studies, and the preponderance of evidence previously but briefly enumerated, prove beyond any reasonable doubt, that the migration of peoples across the vast Pacific was from Asia. They were light in color and in no way affiliated with Papuan negro type; more nearly were they allied to the Malays, and to much lesser extent, to some of the Polynesians.

Perhaps thousands of years in the past, pressure of population in islands to the south, intertribal warfare, or the urge of adventure sent a few valorous souls over the limitless waters searching for a new home. But the details of their primitive origin, their travels, and first settlements in the Marianas will probably remain unsolved. Did

they meet and displace a still more ancient race as indicated by the existence of the Mana'chang? Where did each come from? Which arrived first? Had the two races any previous relations? Let us consider the Chamorro first.

The physical appearance of the Chamorro, their language, social organization, legends, etc., all indicate a Malaysian origin with certain traces of Polynesian affiliations. Over the centuries, certain affinities with the Melanesians or Papuans appeared, such as the use of the "great house." The Chamorro, though unlike the Melanesians, were ignorant of the bow and arrow, and of the art of carving in wood. Unlike other Micronesians, the Chamorro could not weave with looms, but plaited mats like the true Polynesians. In their fire making and cooking they resembled the Polynesian. Their canoes, although exceptionally fast were similar to those of Polynesia. On the other hand, they did not possess the paper mulberry, which is so important in the economy of the inhabitants of the eastern Pacific islands as the source of bark cloth or tapa. Some features of the Chamorro language, considered to be a Malayo-Polynesian tongue, make a distinction between them and the Polynesians of the eastern Pacific, and ally them more closely with the Malay Archipelago, Philippine islands, and even Madagascar. This latter connection is reinforced by the use of the betel pepper and areca nut as narcotics instead of Kaya pepper, and their possession of rice in prehistoric times bearing the same name as in the Malay Archipelago and Madagascar. Hence, the Chamorro did not leave the cradle of the race, Asia, until after the adoption of betelchewing, which was introduced from India long after the settlers of eastern Polynesia had departed.

But what of the Mana'chang? Did they really exist? Archeologists have pointed out the lack of conclusive evidence on this point, and doubt the existence of such a non-Chamorro population prior to Magellan's arrival. Legend and early writers mention their existence, however, which would suggest their reality. It is doubtful if they are entirely a figment of the imagination.

The Mana'chang had no racial relations with the Chamorro. It is presumed that they were a race driven from India and Malaysia by the southward migration of hordes from Central Asia. These aborigines were of a low type, black of skin, of inferior mentality, and not at all fitted to cope with the superior race swarming upon them. The vast majority must have been

slaughtered, but many escaped in boats, some to meet a watery grave, but others to find refuge on islands located to the south and east. Today we find a few possible remnants among certain of the people of Ceylon, Borneo, New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and other places. Some may have found their way to the Marianas, perhaps after generations of wandering where they lived in a savage, half-bestial state.

Much later, between 2000 B.C. and 1500 B.C., the ancestors of the Polynesians (whose ancestors in turn had driven the aborigines from the Asiatic mainland), were dispossessed by another invasion from the north. Fleeing to the south and east throughout the centuries, they gradually populated the Pacific.

Around 1000 B.C., the Chams (believed by some to be your Chamorro ancestors) developed a culture in Cambodia with oceanic emphasis, producing the first open sea navigators and deep sea fishermen, who were also experts in boat building. Population pressures, warfare, or adventure may have sent a few brave seafarers over the vast uncharted Pacific in search of a new home.

They could catch fish and seabirds enroute. Water was carried in gourds and wooden vessels, but they relied mostly upon rain. They took with them plants needed to found a colony. On such expeditions, the fleet spread out into a great crescent with four or five mile intervals between the canoes, thus sweeping a wide expanse of sea. A sharp lookout was kept, and particular attention was paid to the flight of birds. Those which were known to sleep on land were sometimes caught, fed and released, the voyagers following the direction of their homeward flight. If the first land encountered by the fleet was undesirable, perhaps a barren atoll, they would rest for a time and replenish their food supplies and then put out to sea once more.

In such a fashion, they discovered what we now call Guam and the Marianas. Encountering remnants of their age-old antagonists, the Mana'chang, they enslaved them.

The newcomers had a substantive culture, and were as capable of erecting monuments as their relatives in Cambodia. They were the Latte builders. The early Chamorro residents, who must have known the use of bronze and iron from their stay in Cambodia despite the lack of such metal on Guam, were highly skilled as stoneworkers and masons. This is amply demonstrated by the skill with which they made stone implements, such as axes, chisels, knives, flint scrapers and spearheads, hammers, mortars, pestles and slingstones.

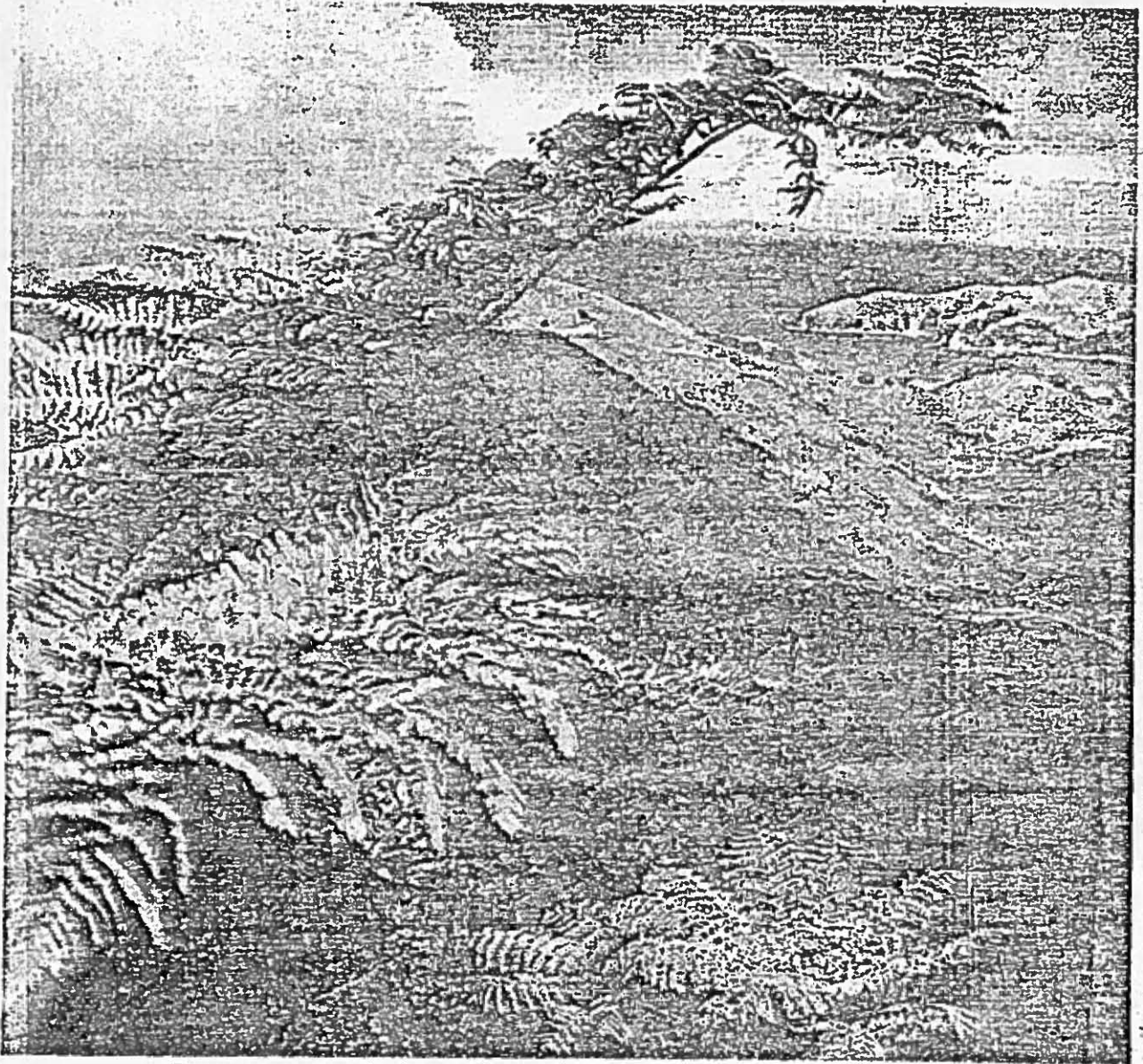
They left little evidence of their activities on arrival, but they did leave ar-

tifacts and pictographs in the caves at Inarajan and Talofofo, ruins of stone wall fortifications, stone and shell implements, objects of baked clay, pottery, and spear points of stone. Most evident, are the stone pillars of numerous latte sites, still found in various parts of the Marianas. Such pillars, called halege, were often uprights of carefully cut slabs of coral limestone. They were set securely in the ground and capped by rough cuplike heads of coral, called tasa. Such pillars were sometimes mass-

produced at a distance from the sites where they were to be used, such as those found in Rota in a quarry at As Nieves where uprights and caps had been partially cut out of solid limestone, and where nine uprights and caps, completely finished and ready to be moved, remain.

Latte sites are scattered over the best garden lands along the shore and stream beds. Each site consists of two straight parallel rows of stone uprights set according to a uniform rectangular pattern—eleven to twelve feet between

the two rows and the same distance between the stones in each row. Formerly, the uprights were surmounted by a coral cap, most of which have been displaced by earthquakes and are lying on ground nearby. The height of the capped uprights, constant throughout each site, ranges from three to sixteen feet in the various sites in the Marianas. Buried between the two rows, and frequently also between the sites and the shore, human skeletal remains and artifacts have been found.



Guam was a tropical paradise at the time of arrival of your ancestors.



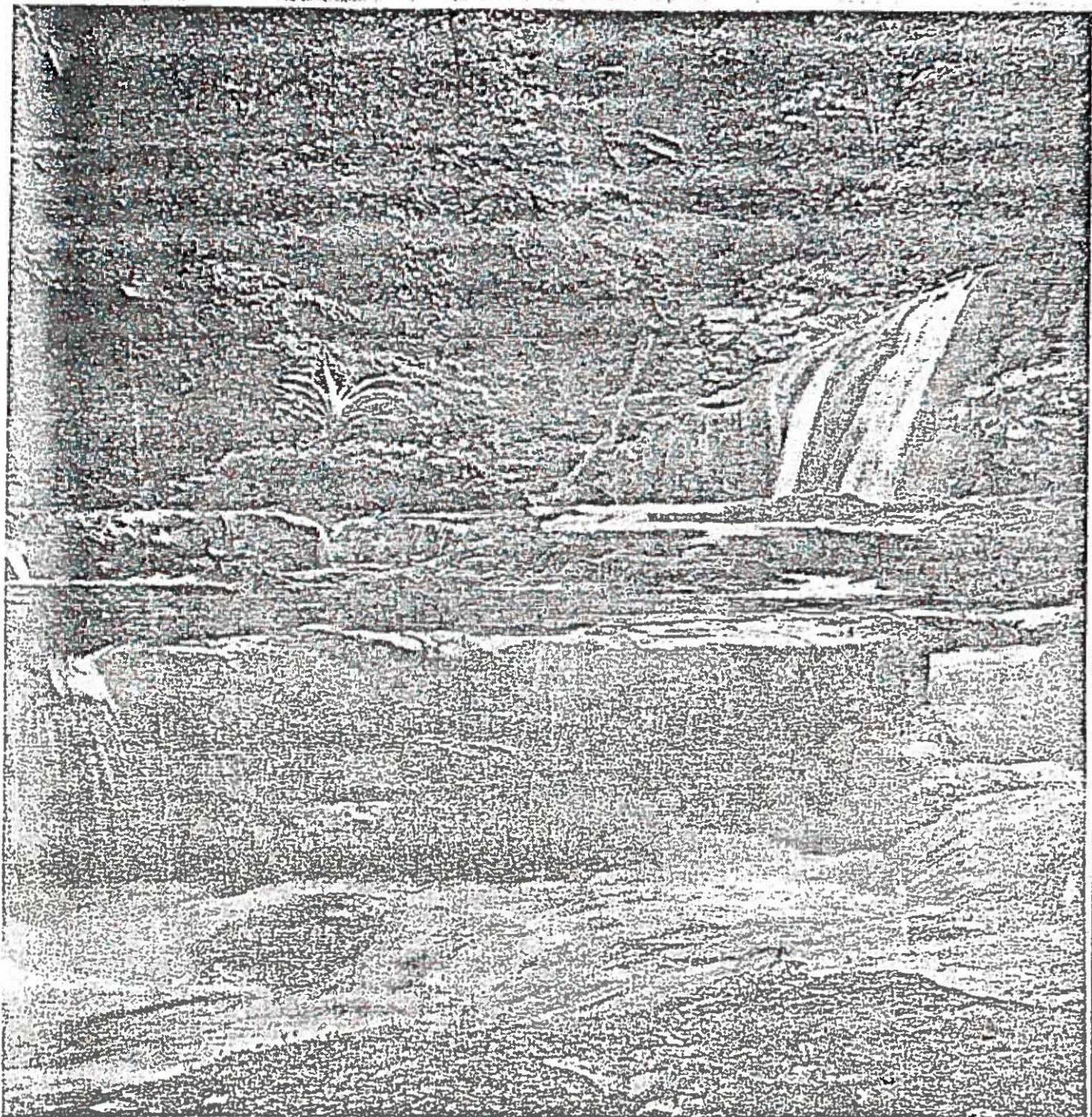
The Latte house stood for centuries.



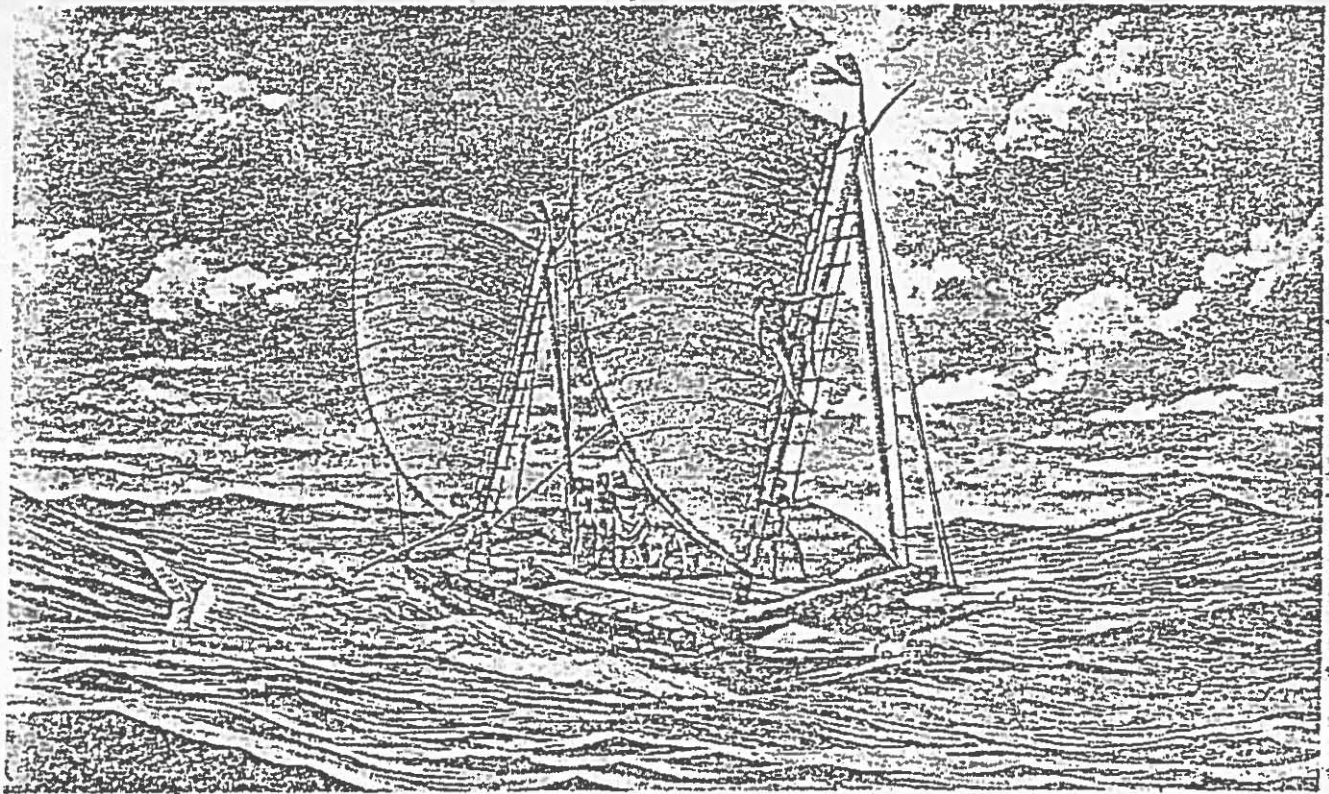
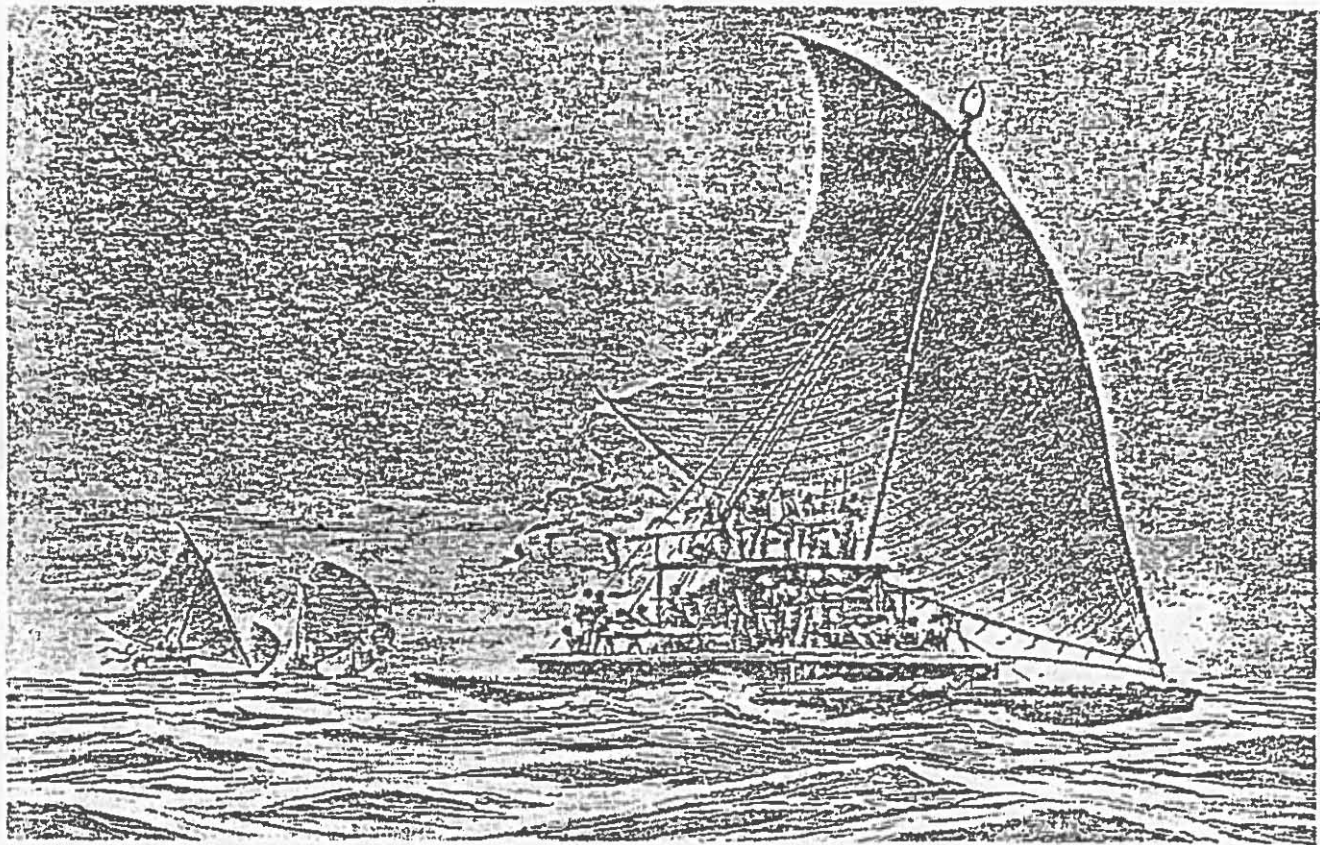
Pictographs are found in Inarajan, remnants of your before time



Water streams in Guam's jungles greeted your Chamorro ancestors on their arrival.



Fresh water streams in Guam's jungles greeted your Chamorro ancestors on their arrival.



Your Chamorro Ancestors arrived from Inde China in double hulled proa.



The subservient Mana'chang acknowledged in their cringing manners, the superiority of the Chamorro.

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Third in a series

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah,

Since I wasn't present in Guam six centuries ago to observe the lifestyle of the island residents, I would like to acknowledge your Chamorro great grandparents, your grandmother, and those early chroniclers of Guam's history, as well as their more recent counterparts, who made Guam's history come alive for me, as I hope these letters will bring alive for you, a picture of those who were here before.

In the past few weeks, I've described the birth of Guam, and the arrival of the Chamorros on Guam. Today, I'll elaborate on their beliefs and philosophy, that something which made them tick, to enjoy life.

The people of before time had a religious philosophy far different than that which we believe in today. They believed in an omnipotent being named Puntan, who lived with his sister in the limitless space of the universe, before the creation of the earth and sky. The two ancients knew no sadness for they wanted nothing, yet they had no happiness, for they had no desires that might be satisfied. As eons of time went by Puntan felt himself about to die, so he called his sister Fuuna, who, like himself, had been born without the help of either father or mother, and gave her explicit directions as to the disposal of his body, and conferred upon her all his miraculous powers. He decreed that upon his death his eyes should become the sun and the moon; his breast, the sky; his back, the earth; his eyebrows, the rainbow; and the rest of his anatomical parts, the lesser things of the world and the nether regions.

By the magic of life, everything that was Puntan became the world. But Puntan's sister cried that happiness had not yet come to the world. With all the voices of his transformed body, Puntan comforted his sister and told her that she must go to the rock Fua near Umatac on the island of Guam, and must speak over it the magic of life.

That she did. The rock Fua split open and from its depths came the first man, Lahimashi. His skin was only a little less white than that of the Creatrix.

For long they lived together like husband and wife. But because they could have no children, for Puntan's sister was not like human women, Lahimashi became sad. Puntan's sister saw the thoughts in the man's mind and knew that happiness had not yet come to the world. She taught Lahimashi the life-making magic, took him to Fua, and told him to bring out another man like himself.

But Lahimashi wanted many brothers and women who could bear children. The rock opened to his word. People came out, so many they quarreled and fought for space to stand. The Creatrix closed Lahimashi's mind to the magic of life and shut up Fua so no more people might come out of it. She kept on Guam only those who most nearly resembled the perfection represented in Lahimashi. The others she scattered over the world.

The Creatrix chose one woman to become Lahimashi's wife. That favored woman was taken to the Pool of Love and taught the secrets of marriage. Because Lahimashi had been called to life by an Ancient the children of his wife became the ancestors of the highest caste, the Matua. And because all the others had been called to life by a human they became the ancestors of the second caste, the Atcha'ot.

To the Matua was given the right to sit in council, to become chieftains and the makahnas, to lead in warfare, to become overlords of all. To the Atcha'ot were given the rights of craftsmanship, to make things used by all the tribe in common.

The early Chamorro had no real, eminent diety, but did have legendary gods and a form of ancestor worship. They believed in immortality inherited from the "people of before time" and the Taotaomona. In determining the future destiny of the soul, good or evil behavior during life apparently had no part. Nobles who died in quiet repose were the favorites of fortune and their ghostly self dwelt in a subterranean abode planted with coconuts, sugar cane, and fruits of the most delicious flavor. The souls of those who died a violent death were supposed to go to Sasalaguan, the dwelling place of Chaifi who heats them in a forge and beats them incessantly.

Chaifi, the god of the winds, the waves and fire, was the god of the underworld. In his Hades he had a smithy where he manufactured souls for use as servants. One day while in haste to make more souls he built too strong a fire, the result being a terrible explosion, the smithy disgorging ashes and stones and rivers of liquid fire unto

the earth. During the turmoil one of the souls escaped and fell on the earth at Fua, where it turned into stone. But the sun shone on this rock, the rain softened it, the waves kissed its feet, and it became a man. The newly made man looked about him and saw how beautiful the earth was, but wanted company for his solitude. He took some red earth which he found about him, mixed it with water and formed it into the image of himself. For these images he invoked the heat of the sun, as he had learned from Chaifi, and thus created souls to give life. Many such human beings or children of the earth he made. But Chaifi was much disturbed over the loss of one of his created souls and went to search for it, intending to kill it for the crime of escaping. One day he saw a child of the earth sitting on the beach and thought it was his lost soul. So he sent a huge wave ashore, but could not kill the child as the soul came from the sun which Chaifi did not govern. The man turned into a fish, making Chaifi so angry that he chased it into a lagoon and built a huge fire underneath until it was all dried up. But the fish turned into an iguana and disappeared into the woods. Then Chaifi burned but did not kill the iguana for it became a bird and flew away. By this time Chaifi was tiring of the chase so he called upon his stock of wind, made a big typhoon which threw the bird on a cliff breaking its wing, whereupon it again turned into a man. Now this man, with the soul from the sun, said to Chaifi, "There, you see that you cannot kill me, for my soul comes from the sun." Chaifi replied, "Your soul comes from Sasalaguan and I myself made it." But the man answered, "The soul which escaped you is at Fua on Guam, where he is making souls from the heat of the sun. And this is the truth, he made me a soul from the sun, and the wisest of you cannot compete with me." When Chaifi heard this he went into a terrible passion and caught hold of the man. Immediately a typhoon began to blow, the sea poured over the land, and the mountains vomited fire. At Fua immense waves came in and the children of the earth fled into the hills for their lives. When the sea subsided they saw that their father was still there but had turned into stone. And there he is to this day, keeping an eternal vigil over his children's children and over the land where he first saw the light of day.

Early residents had a happy philosophy with few, if any, obligations. It was based upon natural phenomena and interpreted whimsically. Good and bad were human characteristics. Each individual was supposed to "be good". If he was not, he was punished. Goodness was a

social necessity. However, he did not demand the same virtues of his divine beings that he did of himself. He had a keen sense of humor and laughed at their waywardness.

Early legends were characterized by a wholesome pride of race, by a carefreeness that bears the flavor of wind and sea, liberty loving and unrepressed. Almost all legends are based on feats of physical strength, for, in those early times, the Chamorros were indeed "giants on the earth." Guam was a paradise; the people were clean, extraordinarily strong, with a will of their own.

Every man was like a bronzed Adam, stark naked except for a hat or an eyeshade of woven leaves, with jet black hair without twist or curl which fell below the shoulders. The men were tall, well-built and firm-muscled. The women were of a much lighter complexion. Although, like their men, they wore only a little apron of some papery substance, they seemed sufficiently clothed by the long black hair which covered them almost to their ankles.

They were radiantly healthy and such excellent swimmers that they could catch fish with their bare hands. Their strength and agility were revealed by the skill with which they handled their swift sailing canoes and by the manner in which they hurled their slingstones, which were thrown with such force that they were frequently buried in the trunks of trees.

Their temperament was a mixture of playful friendliness and stubborn persistence. Although they could be serious when the occasion demanded, they were a happy, fun-loving people, fond of festivities, dancing, singing, storytelling, and contests of strength and skill. They also took great delight in jokes, playing tricks, mockery and ridicule.

While there were no priests as such, there was an important class of medicine men or wizards known as "Makahna." A Makahna was supposed to have the power of communication with the spirits of the dead, to cause sickness or bring health, to produce rain, bring good luck in fishing, insure a fortunate voyage, cause the harvest to be abundant, and perform other magical feats. He was a soothsayer, a reader of omens, and a final resort in questions of custom and etiquette. He never married, and never as a warrior participated in a tribal fray. To aid them in their mystic art, the Makahnas kept skulls of their deceased brethren in baskets. Generally speak-

ing the Makahnas were nobles. They exercised their functions for good and laudable purposes, were respected and held in high honor. Occasionally a Makahna arose among the Mana'changs, but he was a worker of evil and was killed if detected. The Makahna could promise health, good fishing, and similar benefits to prominent deceased members of the tribe, whose skulls were preserved in a basket in the home of their descendant. The Makahna may have practiced black magic by using an enemy's "dirt," such as his spittle, a bit of his hair, nails, refuse of his food, or other objects closely connected with him. Because of their superstitious fear of the Makahna, individuals took care to spit when no one was looking.

They were also concerned with the ghosts of the dead, the "Aniti." The aniti were not really genuine ghosts, but a not too long dead Chamorro, changed in appearance and temperament, but really alive, not merely a spirit. The aniti had odd and rigid ideas of conduct and walked the earth more or less regulating the affairs of their descendants.

The aniti, particularly those of ancestors, were sometimes regarded as natural protectors and held in veneration, but more often they were thought to be evil, especially if they were not respected. In times of distress they were called upon to keep away evil and to bring good luck to those for whom prayers were offered. The living held the aniti in dread and sometimes paid them a pseudo homage for self protection. They believed the devil, in order to retain this respect and servile fear, would appear to them in the form of their fathers and mothers, terrify them, and maltreat them.

The aniti were rather variable in appearance. The males were tall, seven feet or more, and in color changed themselves at will from white thru yellow and brown to the deepest black. Usually they had bushy hair standing out on both sides, large round eyes, and sharp, fang-like teeth. Women aniti were invariably white, fat, handsome, and with long, flowing, yellow hair.

If the aniti were of an unkindly disposition, sometimes benighted travelers going thru the jungles were seized by the throat or scratched with sharp claws; sometimes stones were hurled by unseen hands; and sometimes in solitary places by the shore a headless figure was seen sitting motionless fishing in the sea. The aniti were supposed to lurk among the many trunks of the nunu or banyan tree, and haunt the ancient latte sites.

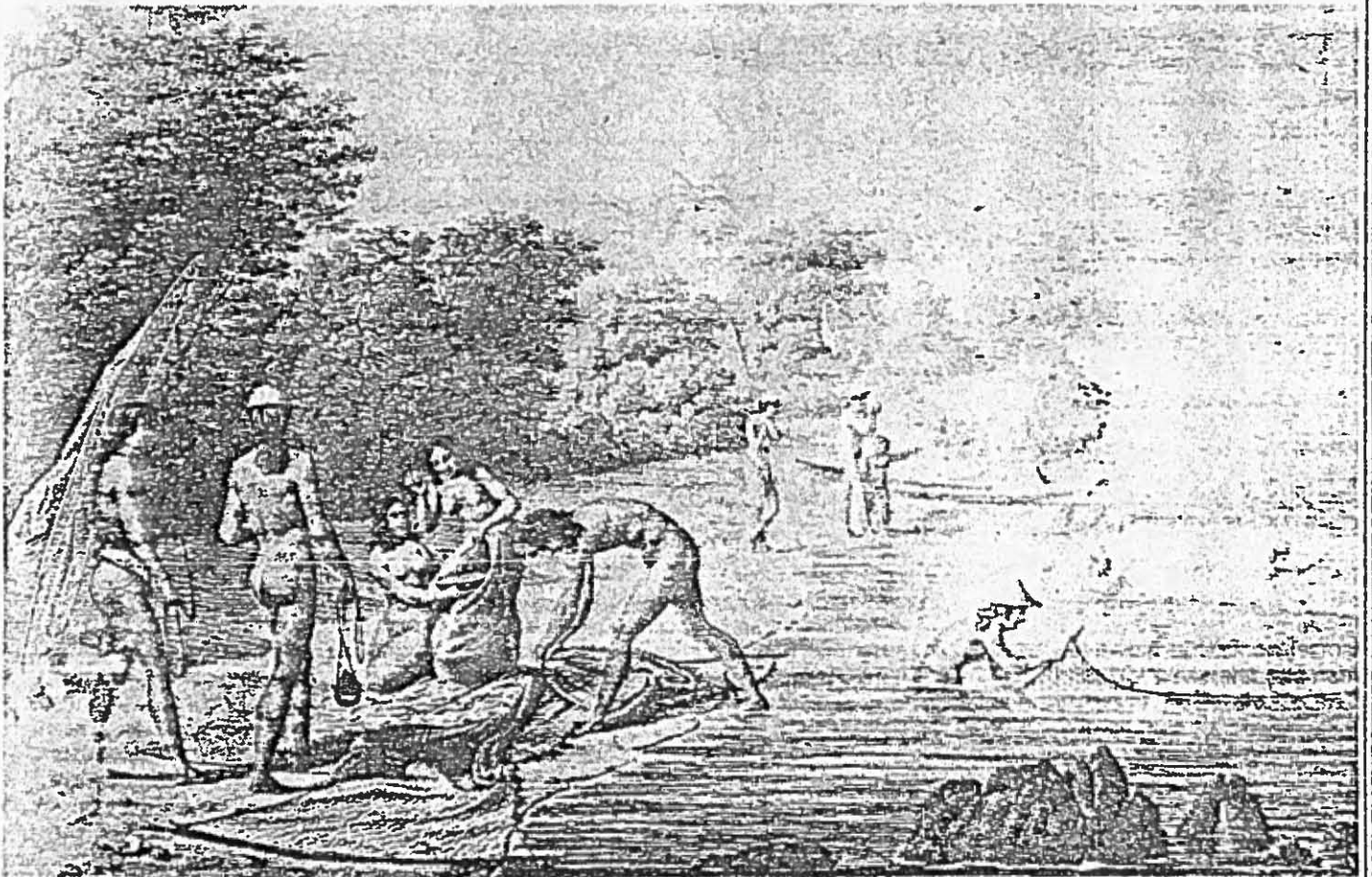
The Chamorros feared and respected the aniti. In connection with fishing they would preserve silence and practice great abstinence for fear or for flattery of the aniti, lest the latter punish them by driving away the fish or visit them in dreams and frighten them.

It was customary upon the death of a person to place a plaited basket at the head of the corpse in order to capture and house the aniti, the departing spirit. By doing this the spirit would accept the waiting basket as its earthly home and either return to inhabit it at a later time or remain with it in symbol. Kept in a prominent place in the household, the basket could be visited by the departed spirit at will, and the spirit, for this thoughtful devotion, would be inclined to favor the family with its more benign powers, since departed souls were regarded more with awe and dread than affectionate veneration.

As for the soul itself, it was believed to exist forever. Those dying violent deaths went to Sasalaguan. Souls of persons dying natural and tranquil deaths descended to an underworld paradise filled with the conventional enticements: sugarcane, bananas, coconuts, exotic foods and rare flowers.

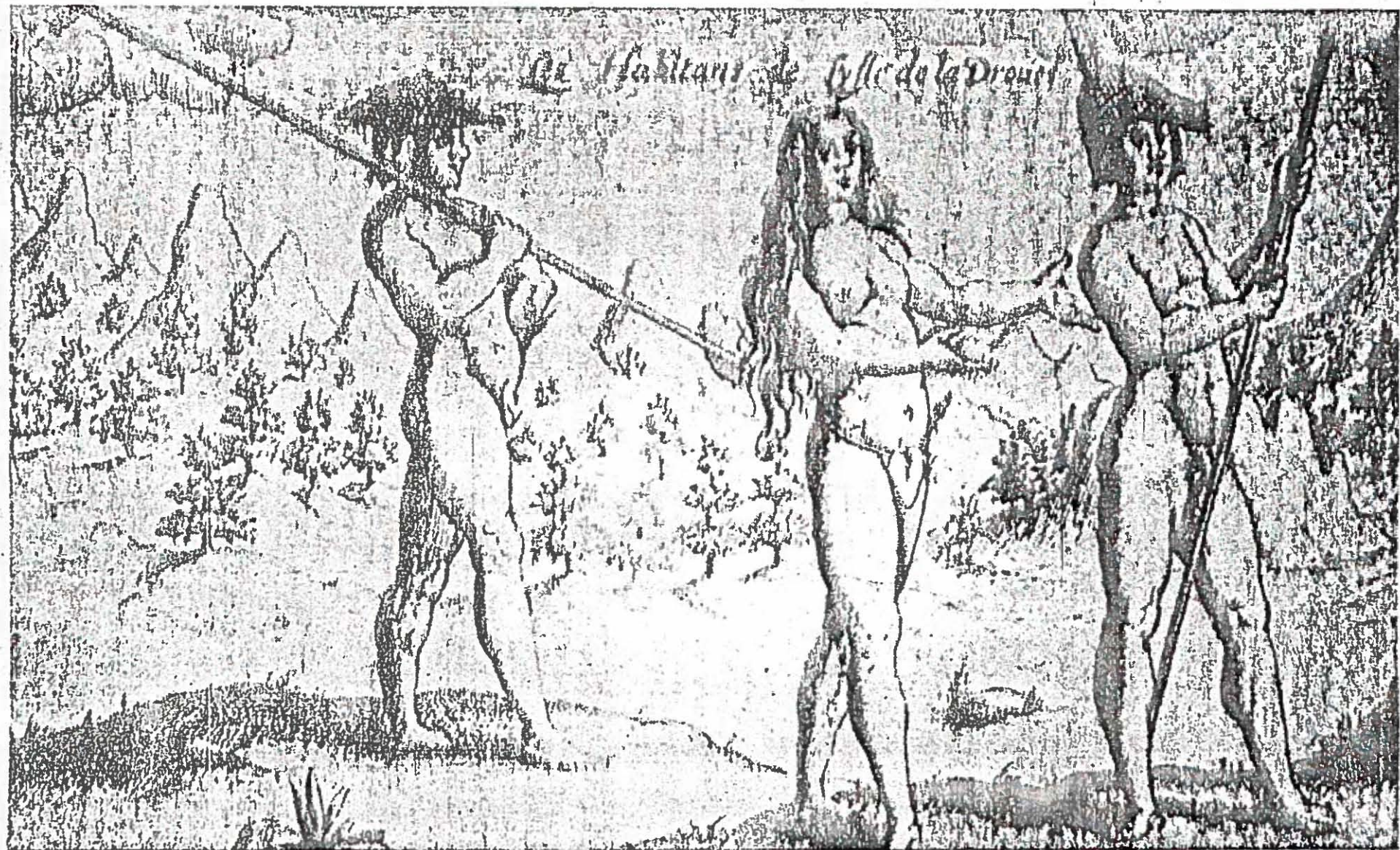


Fua — the birthplace of mankind?

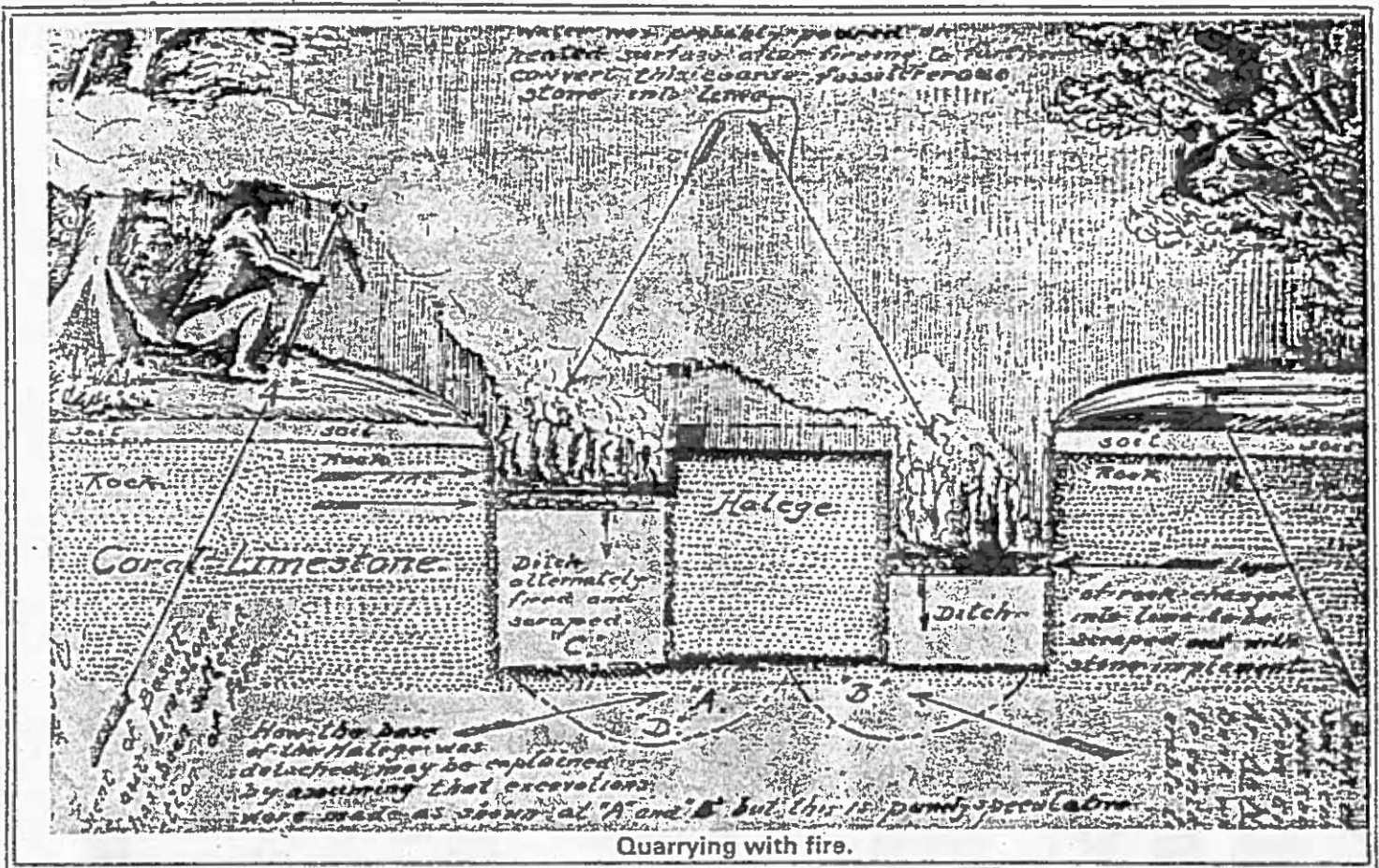


Your ancestors were adent fishermen

Os Habitantes da Ilha de la Dronci



Early historical accounts say that, at times, Chamorro men wore hats and sandals, but nothing else.



YOUR CHAMORRO ANCESTORS

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Fourth in a series

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah,

My last letter described the appearance, beliefs, and philosophy of your ancestors. Today, I will relate what is known about their caste system, who really ran the family, and how they spent their time.

Rank and class consciousness were important factors in the lives of your forebears. The highest ranking nobles or chiefs were called Chamorri, and the highest class Matua. They had the most privileges, and controlled most of the island's wealth. Occupations having the highest prestige were reserved for them exclusively. They were not lazy aristocrats; but skilled artisans and craftsmen, carpenters, mariners, warriors, fishermen, canoe builders, and traders, and were familiar with the arts of weaving, pottery, and weapon making.

They acted as foremen in these undertakings, assisted by the commoners, who however knowledgeable, were barred by taboo from ever obtaining the exalted position of the Chamorri. It was taboo for a Chamorri to marry a girl of a lower caste, although she may have been not only the most desirable woman in the village but also the richest. It was customary, when persuasion failed to separate lovers of differing castes, to kill the nobleman who stepped out of line.

The island was divided into districts composed of one or more neighboring villages. In each district the nobles, both men and women, formed a council, with the oldest noble as the leader. He was called the Maga'-Lahe, and his wife the Maga'-Haga. The people in a district were loyal to their leader and to their district, but were jealous and suspicious of individuals from other districts.

The middle class were called Atcha'ot, who were usually members of the family or near relatives of the Matua. Their social privileges were similar to the Matua, and they assisted

them in their occupations of honor. The Mana'chang, or members of the lowest class, lived as slaves apart from the rest of the community, and their lives were governed by restrictions and taboos. They were not allowed to become sailors or canoe builders, and their fishing was restricted to the rivers, where they could only catch eels with wooden-tipped spears. Regardless of their skills or ability, they could never rise out of their class. When a Manachang passed a Matua, he had to crouch with head lowered and eyes averted. He could never eat or drink in the house of a Matua or come close to them. If a Manachang needed anything, he asked them from a respectable distance.

The Chamorros were organized into matrilineal clans localized in villages and organized into districts under local chiefs. The power of the chief was based on inherited wealth in the form of land and special rights, such as making shell money and constructing sailing canoes. The women were influential in all matters relating to family life, property, and inheritance. The children belonged to the mother and took her name, rather than that of the father. Each clan was made up of several families consisting of the married couple, their children, and near relatives. The families making up the clan were bound together by strong social, economic, and ceremonial ties and obligations. If a woman needed a piece of land, part of the harvest, or anything else belonging to a man in her family, she gave him a piece of shell money, with a request for the property, and her petition was immediately granted without additional payment.

Estates of coconut and banana groves were not inherited by a man's sons at his death, but by his surviving brother or his nephew — who changed his name to that of the most illustrious ancestor. Men inherited property belonging to their mothers' brothers. As a boy grew up, he neither feared nor respected his father.

There lived at Apugan beach the largest and strongest man on Guam. He was very proud of his body and feats of strength. He had a son whose powerful body promised to excel even that of his father. At first the father was proud of his son, but as the boy developed he became very jealous.

When the child was three years old, as he was hunting coconut crabs one night, he uprooted a young coconut tree. This feat so infuriated his father that he chased his son through the jungle. Arriving at a point on the north end of the island, the frantic lad gathered all his strength for one leap which carried him to Rota. He left his footprint pressed deeply in the stone and since then the headland has been called Child's Point.

In sports, as in war, your ancestors made games of their daily tasks. Any outing in their flying proas would include the whole family, including their wives. Children delighted in going along and swimming with the canoes like dolphins at the prow. Contests for the men included everything from wrestling to spear throwing, and often a contest was halted midway for some exceptional story-teller to present his latest satire on a leading citizen or athlete.

The women, not unlike today, had their own special festivities. They would dress in their brightest shells and cover themselves with exotic flowers. Arranging themselves in a circle, they would give melodic treatment to musical stories and legends, the beat furnished with shell castanets and dried gourd rattles.

Trade between the various islands of the Marianas and the Carolines was a frequent activity. To make the exchange of goods and services, several types of tortoise shell money were used. Tortoise shell disks were strung together and worn around the neck. They were of several types — The Guini, a string of thin, regular, and perforated disks, in width slightly less than the little finger, and in length it hung down to the navel, after having passed twice around the neck; the Lukao-Hugua, a string of thin, regular, perforated disks about the width of a thumb and the length such that, when hung around the neck, it reached the hip; and the Guineha fumaguon, the highest valued shell object used as a chest ornament by men. The latter was pierced in the middle with a large hole and sometimes on the broad thin edge with several smaller holes. Whoever killed a turtle, a very hazardous adventure, brought the shell to the chief, who according to the circumstances of the deed and the assistance received in performing it, bored holes in it; the fewer the holes, the greater the value. Such trophies gave the owner the right to exchange them for other property.

The Chamorros were skilled artisans. They braided mats, sails, hats, baskets, and other articles from Pandanus leaves, and were familiar with both the technique of diagonal plaiting and that of right angled plaiting. They wove beautiful baskets, and were expert pottery makers, their ware varied in color, surface finish, shape, and design. They manufactured bamboo and wooden vessels useful in their daily life utilizing instruments of stone made from volcanic rock and limestone.

They made fishhooks from Mother of Pearl shell, sometimes from tortoise shell, which they carved by hand. Fish were caught by trawling from canoes or by net casting along the shore. Spear fishing from the reef at low tide was a popular activity, as was night fishing on the reef, by torch at low tide.

They lived during four months of the year on coconuts, bananas, sugarcane, and fish. The remainder of the year, they supplemented the lack of fruits with certain roots. Rice, yams, and taro were cultivated.

The women did not work in the fields, but stayed in their houses weaving mats, taking care of their children, gathering food in the jungle and on the reef, making coconut oil, and preparing native medicines.

The men did most of the gardening and fishing, house and canoe building, stone and woodwork, navigating and trading. In addition, warfare, ceremonies, and games consumed much of their energy.

The Chamorros were a carefree, laughing people, fond of dancing and singing, or story telling and legend-spinning, of contests of strength and skill. They were fond of all forms of personal amusement from mockery to ridicule, delighted in playing jokes on their friends and neighbors. They were easily pleased, well mannered, hospitable and tractable when treated with consideration. They were boisterous and gay and delighted in jokes and buffoonery; and loved to outdo a rival by wit or trickery. They were so powerful in the water that they could swim long distances even with their arms bound behind their back.

They sang their myths, the best singers gambling on who would repeat the most verses. The Chamorrita or folk song survives today.

Their diet was simple, consisting primarily of island fruits, yams, taro root, and various salt water fish. Coconut was prepared in different ways; sugarcane provided a ready natural sweet by chewing sections of the fresh stalk; bananas were eaten raw or cooked over roasting fires. Breadfruit was always available, either to be eaten hot from the stone ovens

for part of the year, or baked and stored dry. Yams were a favorite delicacy, and were baked in earthen ovens covered with hot stones. Primitive relishes were made from certain dried seaweed. Terminalia nuts and the kernels from Pandanus fruit were popular food items. Fresh water fish had little appeal, except for freshwater shrimp and shore bound spiny lobster.

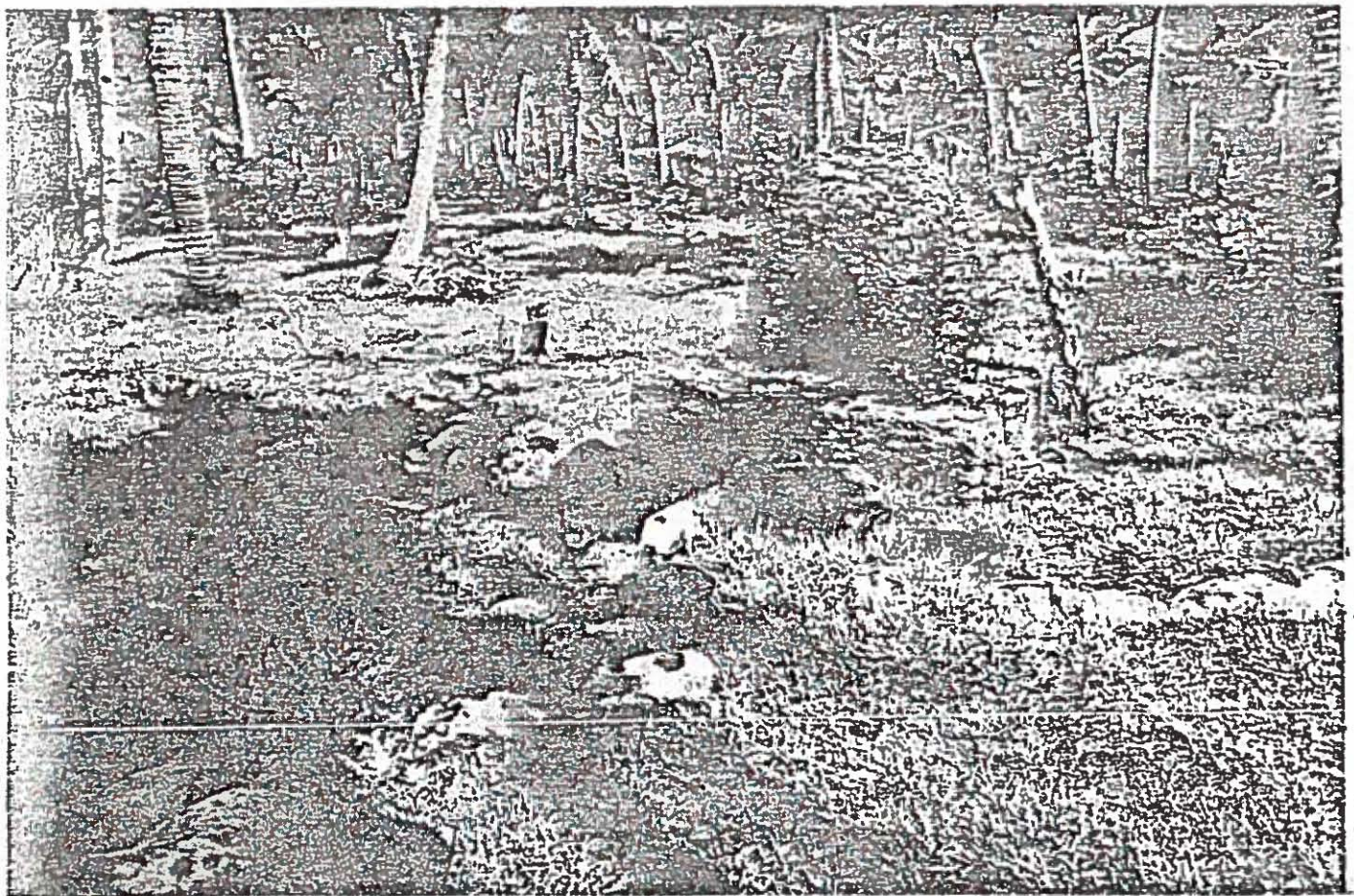
They cooked their food covered, alternating leaves between layers of stones in shallow pits. Few items were consumed raw. Fish and Manahak were dried in abundance, and stored for future use. Breadfruit was cut into thin slices and dried.

They knew nothing of aggie and tuba. Beside the milk of young coconuts, the only beverage was water. They did not use the aromatic leaves of the island plants as a source of tea. Temperance in diet was their watch word, and they attributed their tall splendid bodies, radiant health, and great strength to their particular feeding, working, and leisure habits.

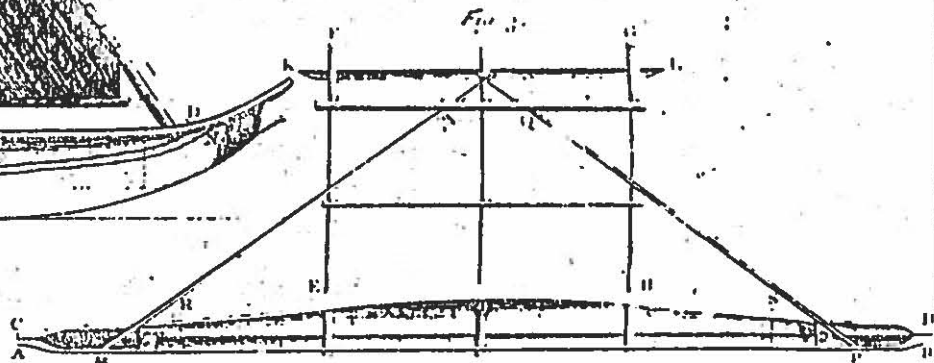
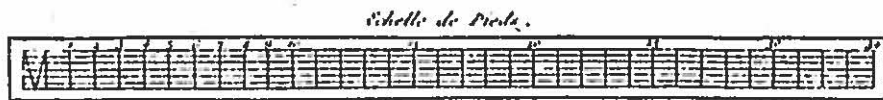
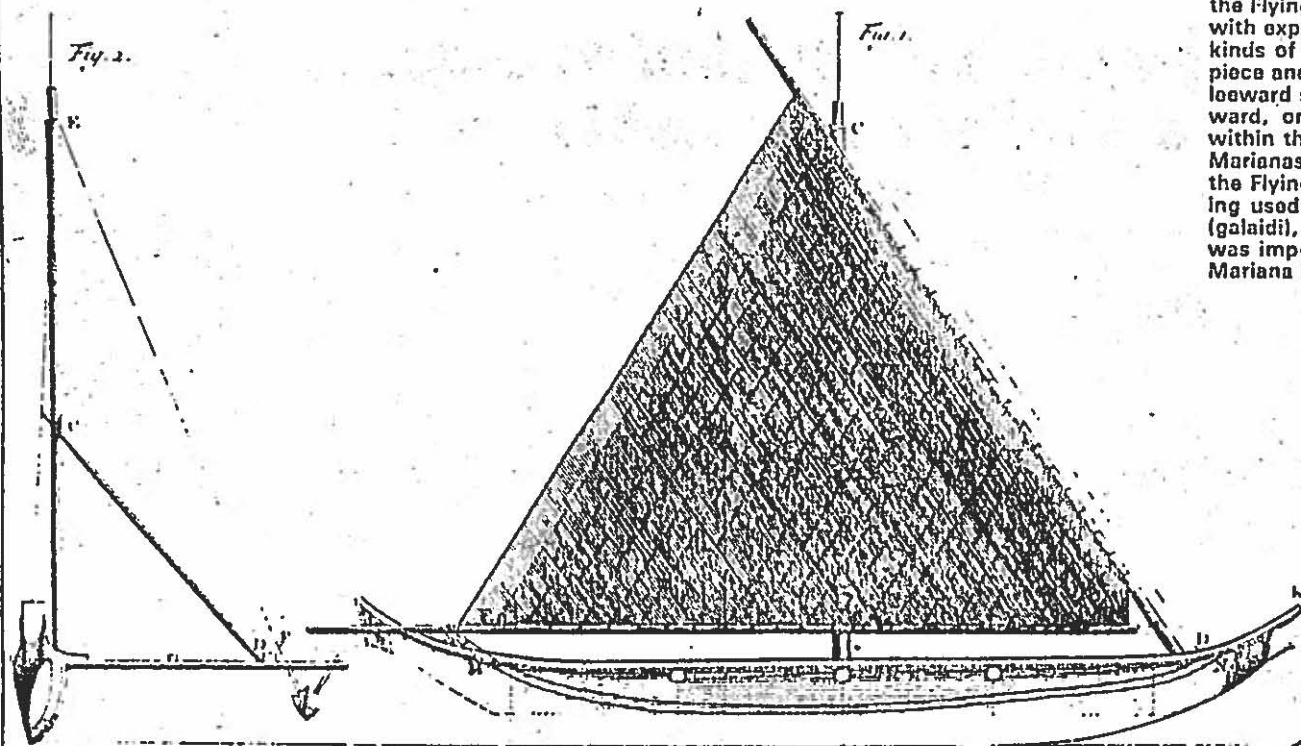
Except for occasional devastating typhoons and the threat of infrequent though severe earthquakes, Guam possessed everything needed to make civilization simple, comfortable, and thoroughly pleasurable. The nobility, whose lot was naturally the best by virtue of their craft skills, managed to maintain the standards of communal living at an orderly and productive peak.

The men wore practically no clothing, not even a g-string. They donned hats of pandanus as a protection against the sun and occasionally protected their feet with palm-leaf sandals. The women wore a fringe of leaves or a scant apron except on ceremonial occasions when they adorned themselves with fibrous skirts, flower wreaths and ornaments of shell. Both sexes wore their hair hanging loose, anointed with coconut oil, and some men tied it in a knot or two at the crown or shaved their heads with the exception of a high crest. They let their fingernails grow long, pierced and elongated their ears and wore ear ornaments. Married men carried walking sticks which they called tunas, curiously carved and colored with the root of a plant called mangu, at the head of which they affixed three streamers half a yard in length made from the soft bark of trees, with heavy threads as trimming.

Warfare with rival villages tested their strength against one another. An imagined insult was sufficient cause to do battle. They relied on strategy and hit and run tactics. To gain an advantage, they sometimes resorted to fire, burning the grass and trees around the positions of their enemies and throwing burning lances upon the thatched roofs of their buildings. They used hidden obstacles, and, if necessary, even dug trenches. Although their battles were usually brief engagements, the methods of fighting demonstrated considerable ingenuity. The warriors would celebrate a victory with songs in which they lauded their own feats and made fun of the vanquished. War was a sort of game in which rival villages would test their strength against each other. There was a great show of bravado, but as soon as one side had lost two or three men, it would send a turtle shell to the enemy as a sign of submission. The conch shell was blown as a symbol of peace. They were particularly adept at hurling slingstones with such force that they could crush a skull. Spears were tipped with barbed human or fishbone, and were hurled with deadly precision and force.

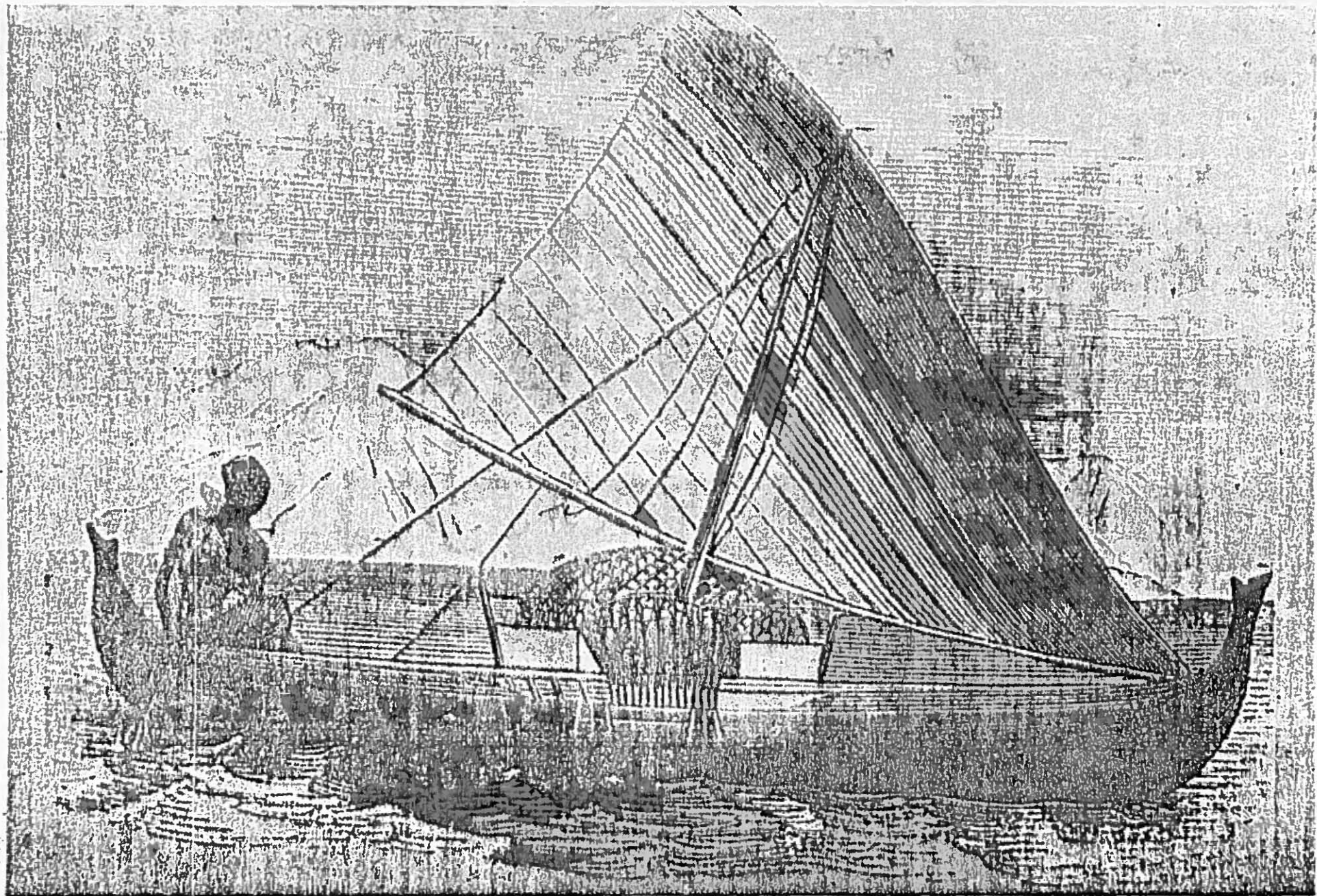


Ancient Chamorro oven.

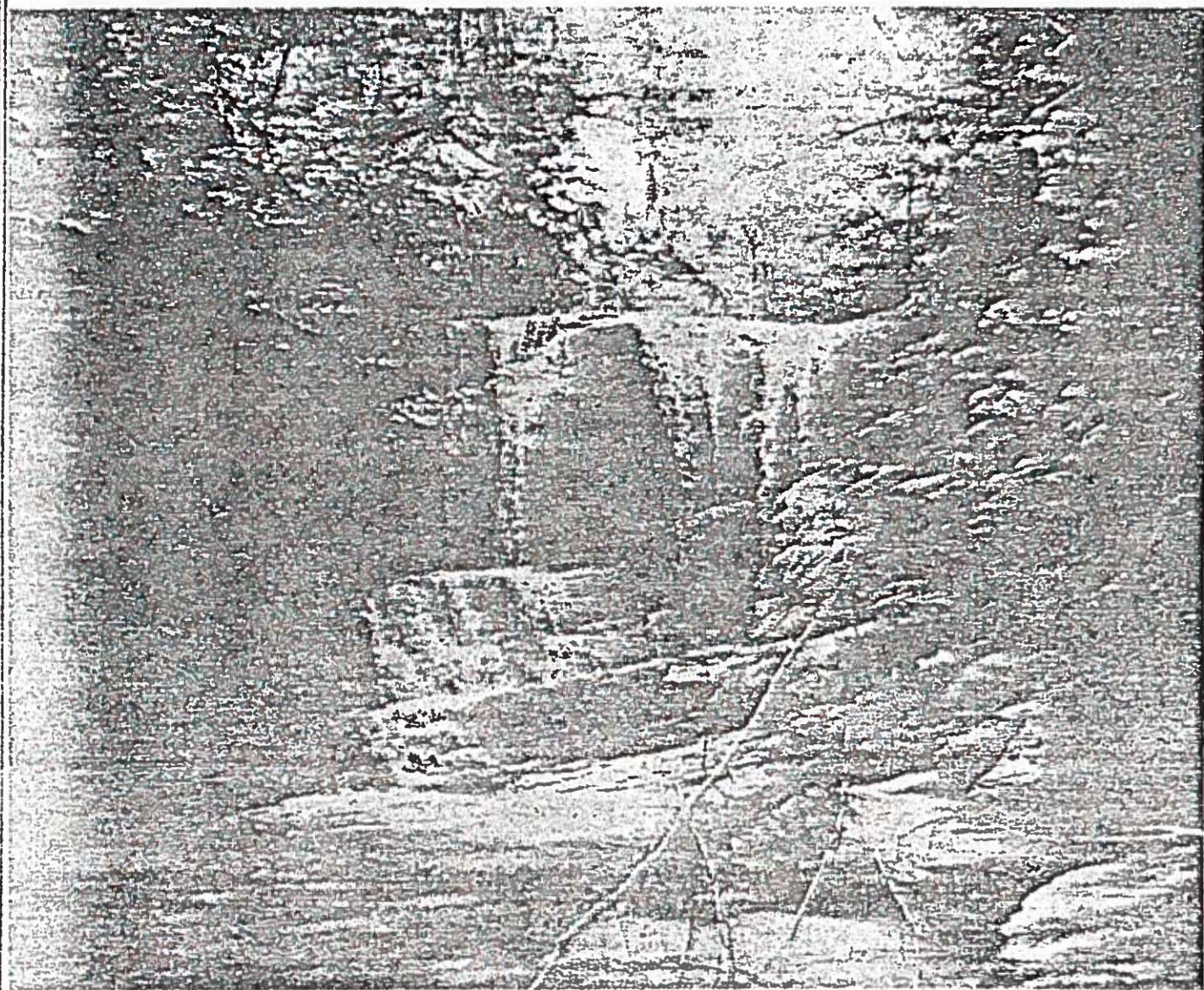


George Anson's detailed sketch of a Flying Proa made as a result of his visit to Tinian in 1742. The word proa is from a Malayan word prau, a two-ended boat with a lateen, or triangular sail. The sides of the Flying Proas, sometimes from three to five feet high, were made with expertly crafted planks that were sewed together with various kinds of fiber cords. The under part of the hull was usually in one piece and consisted of a log finally carved to form a keel. The proa's leeward side was almost perpendicular, like a wall, while the windward, or outrigger side, was curved. A pole mast was stepped within the hull upon the windward side. By 1819 the natives of the Marianas had lost the knowledge and skills necessary for building the Flying Proas. By that time the fast-sailing canoes that were being used came from the Caroline Islands. Meanwhile, the galaide (galaidi), a paddling outrigger dugout canoe never used with a sail, was imported (probably from the Philippines) and was used in the Mariana Islands.

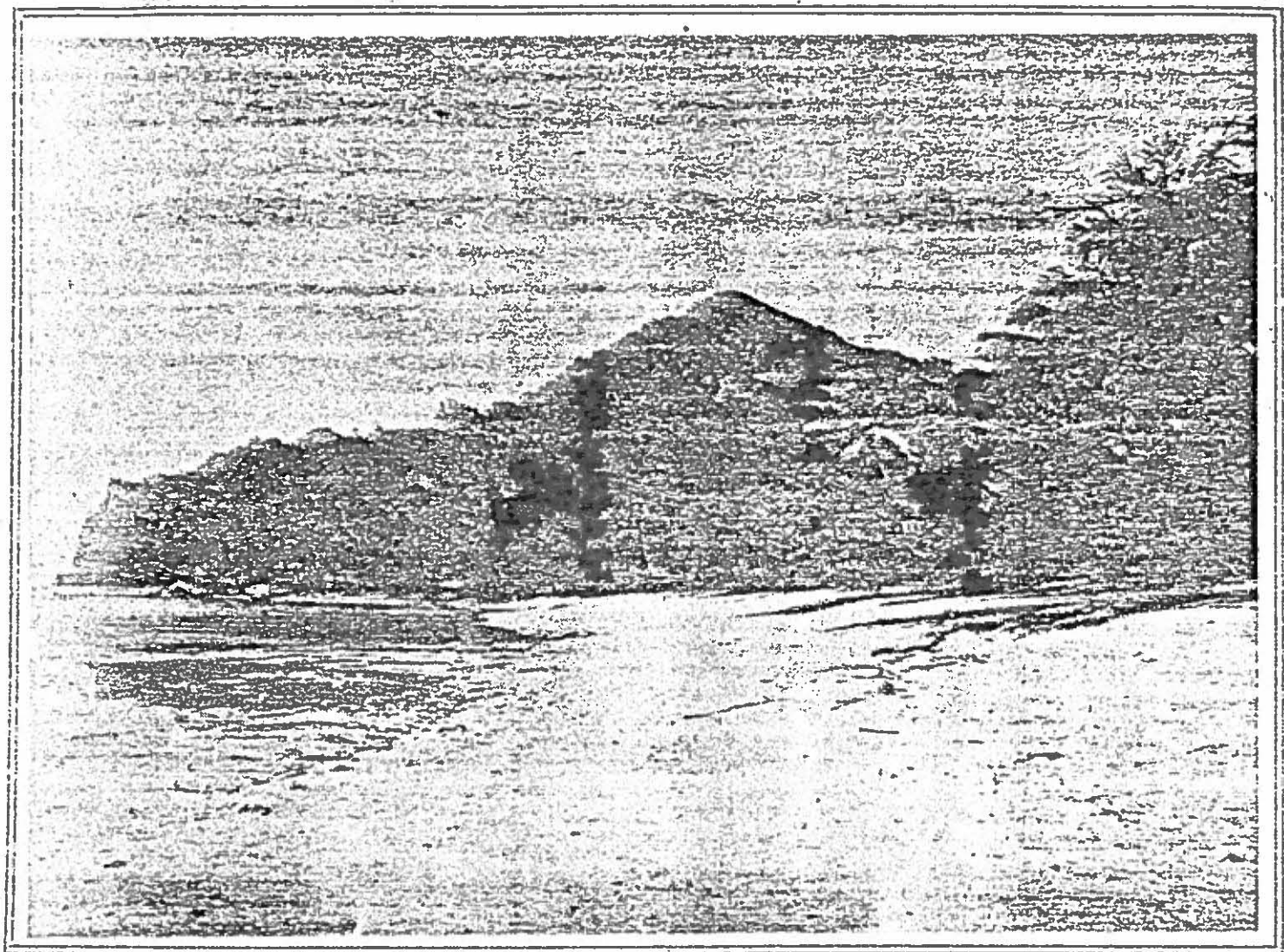




Flying Proa.



Upper Talofoto Falls.



By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah,

My most recent letter described what is known about the caste system of your Chamorro forebears, who really ran the family, and how they spent their time. Today I'll talk about highlights in the lives of your ancestors—the long house, the marriage ritual, a typhoon and the reconstruction of a village.

Young male adults lived in a "great house" or "long house," a communal structure frequented by the Urritaos or young bachelors. Wherein life was open and free and continually gay. The communal houses were provided to the young urritaos for purposes of companionship, either with their male friends or with young women whom they had purchased from their parents or had hired on a time-arrangement basis. This did not seem to affect the girl's later chances for marriage or the man's, and both were usually married in time to suitable individuals. There was apparently no undue promiscuity to the long-house arrangements, and the relationships were as scrupulously guarded and respected as in the most proper marriage. Sexual relations between kin were considered obscene, they did not occur in the long-house relationships and would not have been tolerated.

Marriage amounted almost to purchase. A young suitor would be forced to offer his service to the parents and a fee for his bride. The fee might be collected either from him or from his relatives. In frequent cases the groom himself might have enough property of his own to make a present to the father of the bride.

The marriage ritual was more rigorous than it is today. The bridal prospect was shut away from the prospective groom and from everyone else in a tiny hut outside the village. The hut, standing on stilts nearly fifteen feet high, was only large enough to hold her. Its thatched walls and roof had no opening for light and women guarded it day and night so no man dared come near. She would remain in that hut without food through the period of purification. Her mother would make daily offerings to the skulls of the family ancestors so they would tell her in a dream what day was most proper for the marriage. She was hidden from the aniti so that none of them, jealous of her coming happiness, might steal her soul. She was sheltered

from the sun so her skin would become white like the first ancestors of her caste, and closely guarded so no evilly disposed person might tempt her with food, or take the droppings of her body with which to evoke magic against her.

The prospective groom also had his problems. Visitors came wandering in day after day, and as each delegation arrived he was obliged to repeat the rituals for the giving and taking of gifts. He had to let the leader of each group seize his hand and rub it across his breasts, and return the greeting by taking the other's hand and placing it on his own breast. To each he had to give an offering of mamao, the ritual gift of welcome made up of a fragment of betelnut and a pinch of lime wrapped in a fresh leaf of the betel pepper. He had to make flowery speeches of gratitude for gifts which he was permitted only to touch. The giggling women and the joking men followed him everywhere, invading the privacy of his home, plucking at his clothing, almost pushing their fingers into his mouth while he ate, so close did they crowd upon him. He felt like an animal on display.

The village threw itself into a frenzy of preparation when word spread that the prospective groom had received permission to go on with the marriage. Cooking fires smoked. The young men traveled to and fro to bring the sanctified red rice which was specially saved for such occasions. Warriors made ready their ceremonial dress while women practiced their dances. Singers and poets prepared verses of adulation, vying for the most extravagant phrases. Throngs crowded about the prospective groom and reddened his cheeks with serenades of ribald songs.

Men of his caste in the village hurried to dress up the bride-purchase. Produce from the land and ocean was piled on litters, with it the gifts brought by the visitors, and paraded around the village so that every family might see. It was stacked in front of the bride's parents' house, to appear even greater than it was, with lattice framework set up to hold the huge piles of taro, breadfruit, coconut, fish, and rice, and the finest of the gifts placed where they were most visible. All the village came to admire and exclaim at the stupendous size of the bride price. How generous was her bridegroom!

The bride-price accepted, the party prepared to go for the bride, the men wearing hoods of plaited pandanus leaves that covered them from head to waist in obedience to the taboo that forbade them to look upon mothers and sisters. When they arrived before the hut where the bride had been enclosed for the past month, the men sat on their haunches, facing the women seated before the hut as its

YOUR CHAMORRO ANCESTORS

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

ritual protectors. For a little while, there was only the rustle of the palm fronds overhead which gradually grew louder as the men began beating time softly with hands on knees, and the women opened the chant of bride giving. After the bride's mother questioned her daughter on her willingness to proceed with the marriage, and after the bride's confirmation, the mother chanted "it is good." She turned and faced the men. "Make ready bridegroom--your bride comes after her bath of purification," the final step in the marriage ritual.

Disaster did occasionally hit precontact Guam as it does today when a typhoon decides it was time to strike. No sun would herald the dawn. Where it should have been, was only an irregular blotch in an eerie yellow fog. There was no swooping daybreak flights of seafowl, none of the usual songs of the jungle birds. The water in the bay was higher than it had been for a long time.

Through the morning the storm increased in intensity. Winds slowly backed around to the east. The skies were darkened by heavy, rolling clouds that raced before the gale. And the brute strength of the rushing air pushed the waves crowding them into the confined boundaries of the bay where they hit the rocky shore, bounding and rebounding, slashing and chopping at each other until the entire surface of the sea was an ugly smoke-green color mottled with patches of dirty white. Water surged over the top of the marsh, and washed over land that had not known the touch of salt since the most terrible storms remembered by the oldest man.

The roaring gale ripped the crests off the waves and hurled them in sheets of spray over the village. The loose debris in the plaza was torn aloft and whirled inland. There was a clatter of pottery smashed against house-posts, snatched by the fingers of the storm, which zoomed into the jungle.

In the dusky light, a dull gray sky preceded torrential rainfall as it swiftly raced landward in the grip of the typhoon until the storm joined the windswept spray in a battering deluge. Black as ink were the drops. So hard did they strike that they appeared to pit the earth.

As suddenly as that first fierce squall had burst, it suddenly ceased. It was as though the typhoon could not continue so violent an assault without a pause for breath. But the attack was quickly resumed with increased ferocity.

The houses shook under the blast of air and water. Pillars groaned as the tumbling waters raced around them. Next door the roof of a house flapped in frenzied protest, then soared away to burst against the trees. The palms along the shore bowed and twisted under the rush of wind, their crowns snatched off the swaying trunks and shot off into the murky distance. Bunches of coconuts were flung earthward, their fall unheard.

The people were dazed by the sledge-hammer blows, many rushing from their collapsing homes only to dash blindly back and forth across the rain-swept plaza.

Now the great waves encroached on the plaza itself and the dwellings nearest the bay stood in swirling, muddy water.

Over the meadow between the village and the bay, children were knocked over by the gale and rolled along until they crashed against the trees or houseposts. There was the crash of an uprooted palm; another was broken off halfway up its trunk. The roaring river, ripped at its banks under the pressure of the flood it was carrying from inland.

People moved slowly. The jungle was so dark that many feared the evil presence of aniti. Mothers waited for lost children. The heavy rains pounded through the cover of trees, bringing down showers of leaves. Now and again the terrific blasts of wind would rip off a huge branch and fling it down upon the marchers.

As the tribe arrived at the inland rice fields there came a great burst of torrential rainfall, followed by a long lull in the typhoon. All the houses used by the Mana'changs had been wrecked and the rice was destroyed, slashed down as by a machete. Devastation was everywhere. The black dwarfs who stayed in their houses were killed. Those who remained in the fields were still alive, though paralyzed by freight.

Men collected the broken branches and smashed trees flung into the fields by the storm, and with them built rough shelters. The women gathered what little food might be found along the edge of the jungle. The Mana'changs searched for what rice might be left.

For two hours the strange calm lasted before the typhoon broke again. The wind shifted around to the northeast. The air was thick with flying dirt and small stones. In the jungle could be heard the crash of falling trees. But though the wind whistled over the open fields, though the heavy rains turned them into a swamp within

a few seconds, there was no danger to life. The people shivered under their dismal shelters. They could make no fires. They had nothing to drink or eat except a little raw rice.

The winds slowly died away. The heavy rains continued for an hour or two. Then they dwindled and finally ceased.

Only a few houses in the village survived the typhoon, and they leaned sickly on broken props. Only the stone pillars of one of the houses remained. The canoe sheds and communal storehouses left no fragments to show where they had been. Every tree in the coconut grove was either broken by the winds or uprooted by the water. On the few trunks that still stood in place could be seen the muddy mark of the flood's crest, nearly ten feet above the usual level of the bay. Great blocks of coral had been torn out of the sea and swept inland. A wall of mud and rubbish had been washed up against the jungle.

In the aftermath of the typhoon, the village had to be completely rebuilt. Men planted sturdy tree trunks to make the four posts of their homes. About five feet above the ground cross-pieces of heavy timber were lashed to the posts to form a rough square. Split bamboo was laid for flooring and the walls, also of bamboo, were tied to the corner posts.

While the men vied with one another in the speed of construction, the women wove mats from the split leaves of the pandanus. These mats were interlaced diagonally. By the time the ridge-poles of the homes had been raised, each twenty feet above the floor, and the roof-rafters had been laid, sloping steeply from the ridge-poles to the walls, the women were putting the mats in place. Three large mats were hung from the rafters to divide each building into four rooms. There were common floor mats, diagonally braided, and softer sleeping mats, some of them extremely fine in texture being made from the leaves of the pandanus. Water vessels were fashioned from lengths of large hollow bamboo stalks, five or six feet long and open at one end, filled, and supported against the side of a wall for storage.

Coarsely woven pandanus held everything from dried breadfruit to rice. Everyone carried a small finely woven sack of some type of native material to hold his individual supply of betelnut and pepper leaves and the

necessary pinch of lime. Coarse baskets were created from the soft fresh coconut leaves as the need arose. These were utilized until they were stiff and dry and then discarded, probably into a kitchen fire to swell the blaze. Bamboo baskets were the most pliable of all types and the most durable.

Where, only a few days before, had been only a bare windswept meadow with a few forlorn stone pillars standing above the earth, was now a bustling village of dwellings set in a double row around a central plaza.

But the town was not complete. Three buildings, greater than any family house, were rising swiftly under the communal efforts of all. Two of these were hardly more than covered sheds along the waterfront, divided into upper and lower sections by a platform. Below the platform were stored the large canoes, the praos, owned in common by the entire tribe and used for long voyages or warfare; above were the supplies of food which the community had brought, and which would soon be increased by the first harvest.

The third large building was erected some distance from the village, near the edge of the jungle. No women or married men were permitted to help in its erection. No women were permitted to step across a tabooed circle placed around it. Nothing touched by a woman might go into the house. The urritao, the bachelors, who were to occupy this house even refused to accept the customary feminine labors of mat-making and wove the mats themselves, using them only to divide the great barracks into cells.

When the roofs were thatched, the cooking pits dug alongside the entrance of each home, and the skulls of ancestors hung from the ridge-poles, the great feast began. The tribe chanted its songs. It boasted of its renown among all the tribes of Guam, its prowess in battle, the speed of its canoes, the cleverness of its children, the beauty of its women, and the total superiority of the clan over every other race on earth. The men danced. The women danced. The young boys contested in strength and marksmanship. And always food was served. Even the ancestral skulls felt the steam of cooked food smoking through their cavernous noses.

The village was semicircular. The At-

cha'ot lived in the southern half while the Matua lived in the northern half; the position of the houses indicated the rank of the occupants. The house of a Matua was usually composed of four rooms. The first room was his resting room during the day, a sort of parlor where visitors were to be greeted and where food was to be eaten. The next room was the place for sleep, distinguished by the raised bunk fixed on the wall. In the rear were the fruit storeroom and the workroom.

The houses were fully equipped. The corner posts were painted in brilliant designs of black and red. Bamboo water containers were set in the storeroom. Earthen dishes were in the workshop. Stone scrapers, mortars and pestles, kneading troughs, all the impedimenta of a household were in place. Mats were on the floors, and on the bunks. The cooking pit waited for a fire. Heaps of taro, yams, breadfruit, rice, sugarcane, coconuts and bananas waited to be cooked.

Touring the village, one could see how the community maintained themselves. The men were competent farmers. They cultivated breadfruit trees by cuttings from the old plants. They raised three kinds of yams, and propagated bananas. They set out and cared for large fields of aggak, from whose leaves they wove their mats; baskets, hats, sails, and textiles.

Their fishing was of many varieties, including a curious kind of chumming. Coconut meat was chewed to a fine pulp, replaced in the shell, which was then lowered into the water about fifty feet. The line was shaken up and down causing the pulp to come out of the shell. Every day, in mid-morning and for nearly two weeks, the men continued to feed the fish with the pulp.

No attempt was made to catch the fish until they had adequate time to arrive from their breeding grounds in the ocean. Then they were seined up, the seining continuing, until November, when the fish would again leave the island for a period of six months.

Life was not all drudgery, and when people celebrated they let go in dancing. Young warriors would swarm into the plaza, howling a chant of glory. Their tanned legs pushed alternately through their festive attire; knee-length skirts of red, green, and yellow banana leaves hanging from the waist. To the notes of reed flutes the warriors enacted in song and dance the legends

of tribal glories. Now and again one of the dancers would leap from the circle and dash to the chief's house where he would scream an account of that day's victory. Praises climbed to unbelievable heights as each tried to surpass the others.

The men at last retired to give place to the women. Each of them wore a cagelike dress of tree roots adorned with pendants of seedling coconuts. Around the midnight black of their oiled hair were clusters of small red shells.

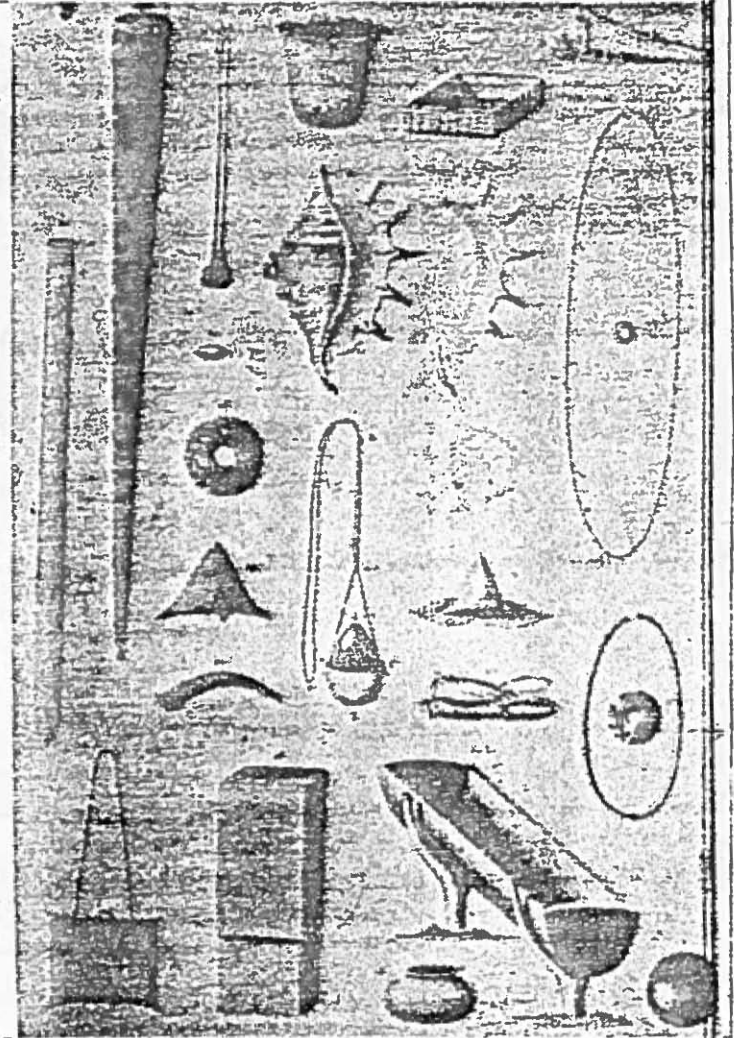
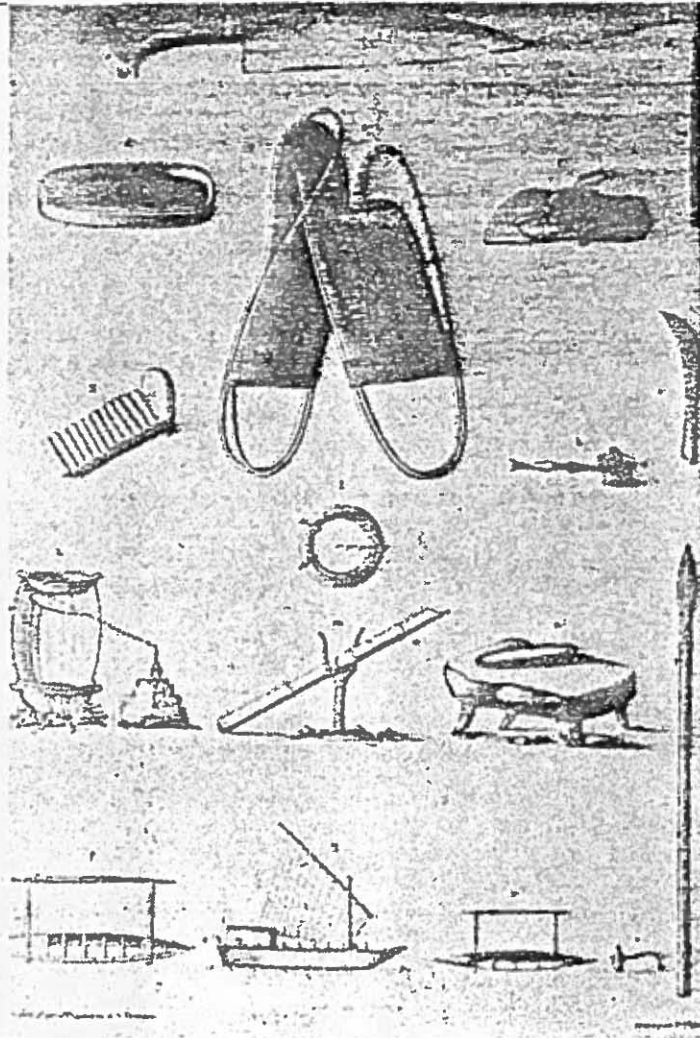
While the interlocked rows swayed back and forth, singing a curious chant, they began a fast-foot dance, swaying, tossing and twisting only the arms and upper bodies. Faster and faster they moved, shaking rattles until the seedling coconuts of their dresses tossed and leaped, their breasts quivered and the long strands of their black hair floated like seaweed in the wind.

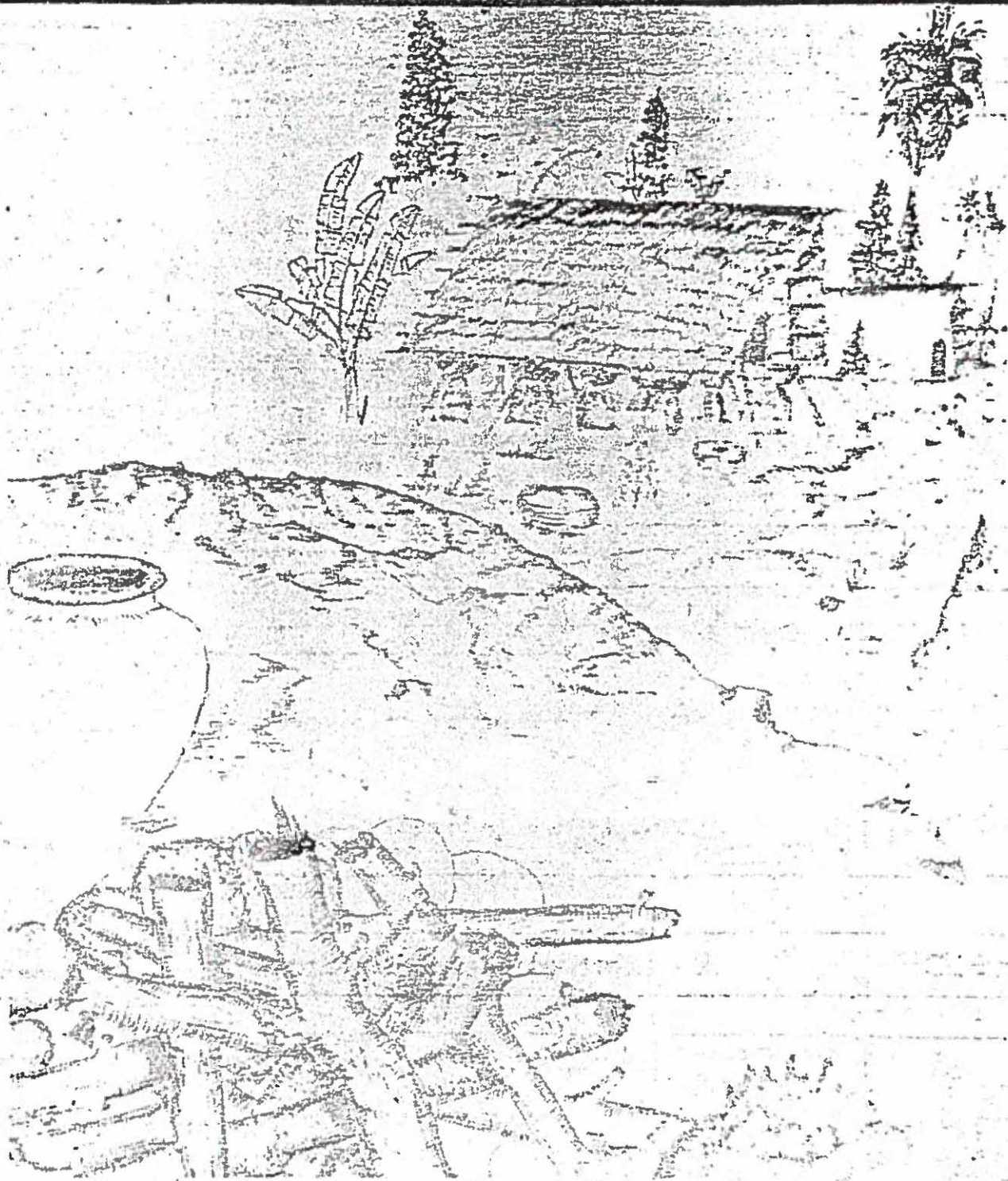
All was not necessarily peaceful in early Guam. There were villages who hungered for more food though they had enough, seeking more lands though every family had its portion, making themselves unhappy in their jealousy of other tribes. So they decided to make war on one of the neighboring villages. To avoid news of their intentions if they sailed around the island, they marched overland, carrying a great war canoe. Mapappa, the Ancient who flew with the wings of a gull called on Gamshon, the hundred-armed, to turn the invaders from their foolishness and together they pulled up the land in the west until it became high hills. But the attacker did not heed the warning of that miracle and, when they were forced to halt for the night at Fena, boasted on how they had overcome obstacles and how they would destroy their victims in the morning.

The two Ancients were offended. All through the night Mapappa flew back and forth, carrying the warriors of the victim village to Fena. And when the sun rose in the morning, Mapappa's great wings blew up great clouds of dust. The invaders awoke in dismay only to see their best fighters snatched up by Gamshon and dashed to death against the newly-raised mountains.

When the battle was ended Mapappa turned the invaders' war canoe to stone for all Guam to see and remember how the Ancients dealt with those who loved war.

Chamorro Artifacts





Ancient Chamorro village.



The ancient Chamorros used as a means of communication, the Triton, or trumpetshell.

Photo courtesy of M.

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Sixth in a series
By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy, and Hannah:

My latest letter covered some of the important aspects in the lives of your ancestors in ancient Guam. Today, I will touch on that event which forever changed Guam and its people — the discovery of the Marianas by a Spaniard.

In 1521 A.D., Magellan sighted the Marianas. A chronicler of his voyage (as visualized by Charles Ford in his *Death Sails with Magellan*, published in 1937) described portions of the event as follows:

Off to the West, what seemed a bank of clouds lying low against the waters, coalesced, gathered form, grew more solid. Here and there, a thin almost imperceptible streak of rose curved along the sky.

When the Conception rolled down to starboard the land leaped up. When it rolled back again to port the land sank below the line of the gunwale. It was a scene of awe, or reverent wonder as the fleet steered closer. It was not the land that slowly emerged from the seas, it was the endless waste of waters slowly receding, slowly falling back into the fountains of the deep from which they had spouted. As the land emerged, the green became more vivid and the shoreline became more definite. One could distinguish two islands, each rimmed with restless fringes of white and separated by a channel of blue water. The nearer of the two was now abreast of the fleet, rising from a girdle of bright green vegetation to soaring heights of jagged stone that were washed in a film of opalescent hue. Shifting lines of light and shadow bewildered the eye into an unwilling belief that this might yet be only a mirage of cloud formation.

Now the three caravels came so close to the nearer island that one could hear the crash of breakers hammering the shore. It was one great mountain, rising from the buttressed cliffs along the coast in a jumble of steep inclines and towering heights. The flanks of the mountains, and in the crevices of its chasms, bushes and trees veneered the gray and black rock with emerald and olive. From around the southern point, appeared some tiny black specs. They looked like canoes. But they disappeared so quickly that they were more likely resting gulls. There was no indication

of human life along that portion of the two islands visible from the fleet. Here was not a single bird, but whole flocks cutting through the air, screaming imprecations at the strange visitors!

The Trinity led the way slowly along the coast, vainly seeking an opening in the reef that barred the shore. At the end of the second island, an effort was made to move about the point to find a haven, but the men were too feeble to manage the maneuver. All their efforts seemed hopeless. Here was land, but unapproachable. Then one mariner saw a third island off to the southwest, and the fleet reluctantly steered there.

Never had hours seemed so long as those during which the fleet made the crossing. Coming close enough, it was seen that this island was greater than those left behind. At first it seemed flat, with only a few isolated hills breaking out of the levels of the shore. Then, as the fleet moved along the east coast, the land climbed steadily higher until the soaring cliffs towered nearly six hundred feet above the waves. A series of terraces, each covered with heavy growth of brilliant green shrubbery, ran along the chalk-gray ramparts, contrasting sharply with the bold, bare walls between each level. And on the summit were the outer limits of a dense forest.

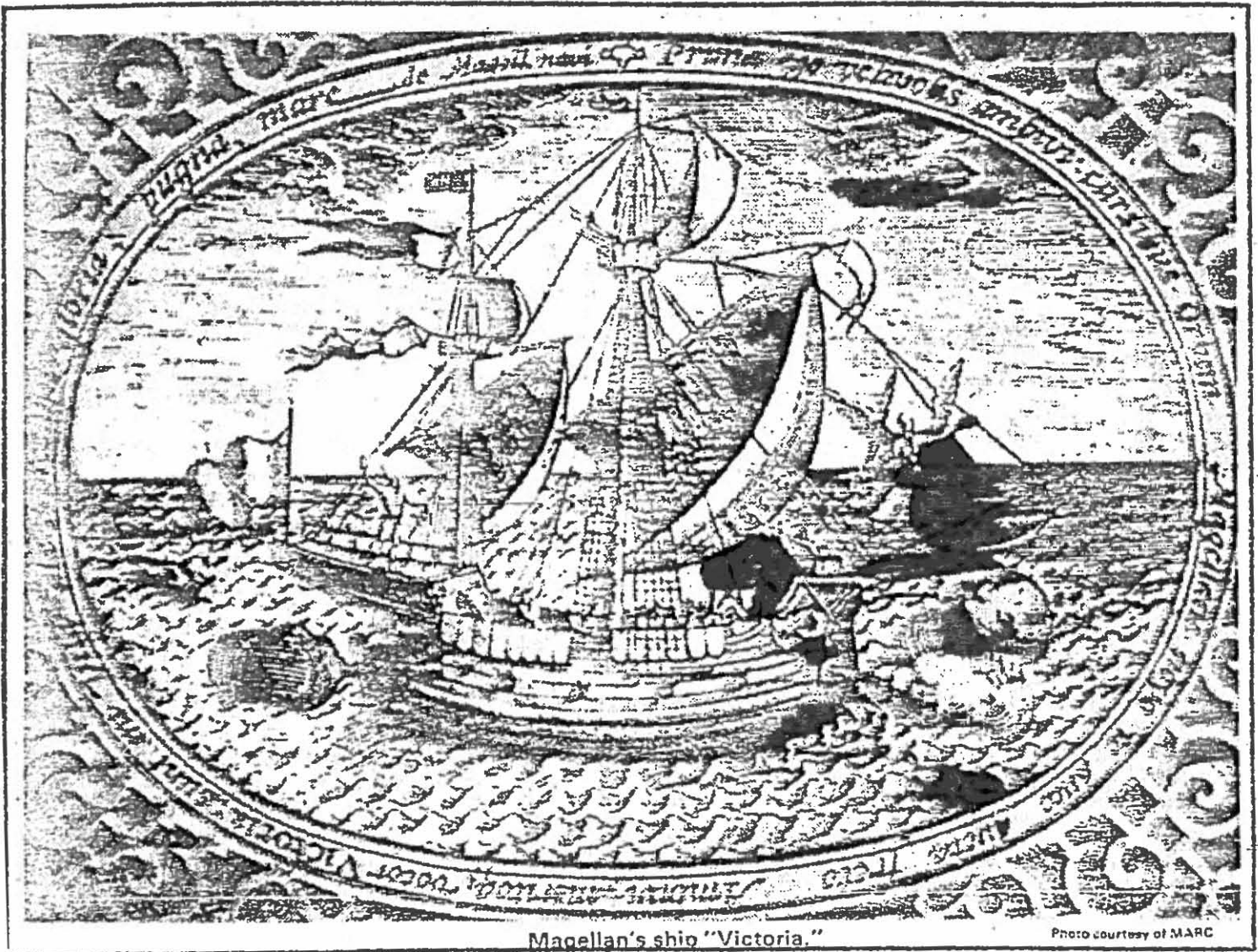
One could see the ceaseless conflict of land and sea. Each great roller that swept down from the northeast was as straight as a line of parading soldiers. As the west flank of each swell neared the coast it lagged behind the even front and then, as though trying to catch up, rose higher and higher to a sawtoothed crest before it tumbled headlong, the rocks along the shoreline ripping and tearing it into foaming fragments; so the advance of the wave was marked by the line of its broken end down the full length of the land.

At the fifteenth mile, the cliffs drew back from the coast to reveal a river curving through a fertile valley. A tiny village lay half-hidden under the trees on the shore. Inside the bay a number of small canoes moved to and fro. The fleet moved in to meet them. But broad reefs enclosed the small harbor and forced it to go on.

Some of the canoes that were seen in the little bay hurried back to shore. Larger canoes rushed out into the surf. Two of them hurried down the coast, obviously to spread warning. The others came closer to inspect the three ships.

Never had the men seen such craft as these. Each seemed to be a double boat, one part smaller than that which carried its crew and joined to it by two round poles. Each canoe was painted in combinations of black and red. The canoes were long and narrow, rising at both ends in high, rounded beaks. That side nearest the outrigger was straight as a wall. Directly amidst a mast carried a single lateen sail made of broad, sun-dried leaves sewed together.

One could watch the seamanship of the inhabitants with wondering delight. Running before the wind, they easily outdistanced the fleet. And, as though they were playing with it, they raced in and out between the three caravels, and held each one in a circling ring. There was never a moment's hesitation in any canoe when the tack was to be made, the men in them scrambling from one end of the craft to the other, and the sail turned about. The canoe would stop short, then dart off at a new angle into the wind, and always the outrigger kept to the weather side. So the fleet went on for another five miles accompanied by the



Magellan's ship "Victoria."

Photo courtesy of MARC

shouting rowers who kept their canoes circling the three while overhead squallied the gathering flocks of seabirds. Then, as the expedition passed a flat foreland, the coast unexpectedly opened into a narrow bay. The capitana turned west here, followed by the Victoria and the Conception. Hardly had the signal been given to drop anchors when dozens of the double canoes, coming out from the head of the bay, surrounded the fleet.

Magellan placed the fleet so as to command the haven, the vessels lying in a line between the northern and southern shores. There was ceaseless conflict of land and sea. Each great roller that swept down from the northeast was as straight as a line of parading soldiers. As the west flank of each swell neared the coast it lagged behind the even front and then, as though trying to catch up, rose higher and higher to a sawtoothed crest before it tumbled headlong, the rocks along the shoreline ripping and tearing it into foaming fragments, so the advance of the wave was marked by the line of its broken end down the full length of the land.

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On deck, there was a sense of anxiety, of insecurity. The guards and gunners staggered to their posts, weak-legged, wondering how they might resist the rush of the savage hordes should they chance to attack. So, in the first few minutes after the fleet's arrival, there was an interval of indecision, the ships fearfully aware of their weakness and the natives restrained by a fear of the strange. But far from assaulting, the natives proved to be friendly and easy-mannered. On one of the canoes a native stood erect holding in his uplifted arms a polished tortoise shell as a sort of peace symbol.

The mariners shouted and gestured their needs. Mistaking that call and motion as a signal of welcome, the Chamorros lost their momentary fear and hurried forward. Some of them clambered aboard the Trinity's longboat, playfully fingering the painter which tied it to the stern, until it was loosened and the boat began to drift.

The alguazil, bellowed down at the visitors, cursing them to get out of the boat, while they stared up at him, vainly trying to understand his anger. Then, perhaps driven by panic, he call-

ed up an arquebusier. "Shoot these damned thieves," he shouted. The gun was fired. At that close range the bullet could not miss, and the visitor tumbled into the water where his arms thrashed wildly before he sank. The rest of the Chamorros looked on astonished, unable to comprehend the flash of fire from the arquebus, the sharp explosion, and the almost instantaneous death. In the next moment they burst out into cries of resentment. Those few who had brought their weapons — stones and untipped wooden spears — flung them at the Trinity.

The shouting, the gunfire, the shrieks of the inhabitants, and the wild cursing of the seamen brought Magellan out of his cabin. He waited only for the briefest explanation before he ordered every guardsman to prepare for battle.

The Chamorros raced away to their village taking up their stand on the shore. Led by Magellan, the forty guardsmen pressed close behind and, in their eagerness to kill, sprang from the boat and waded through the swamp. Before the defenders could toss their spears, the soldiers fired a volley from the arquebuses into the crowding mass. A dozen men were killed. The others stood firm for a moment like a herd of frightened deer, then whirled about in a rush to safety.

Magellan yelled on his soldiers, who had paused after their first volley, and they raced after the fleeing men, stabbing, slashing, shooting arrows. In a frenzy born of smoking blood, they spared no one. Women who stopped to snatch up children were struck down. A group of infants, cowering together in terror, was ruthlessly slaughtered. When the soldiers came to the village, their wild war-cries mingled with the screams of their victims. Out from each house, the inhabitants scurried, pursued by the soldiers to the edge of the jungle.

A third of the village was massacred, and not content, Magellan commanded the village destroyed. Every house was ransacked and its goods tossed out in wild disorder. But it was clear to the mariners who were watching that Magellan failed to find what he sought. He was seen to slash his sword against the nearest hut in a fit of rage, strike a flint to a torch, lay it against the hut, then hand it to a soldier to continue the destruction.

Soon the entire village was a crescent-shaped fire. The dead and dying were flung into the flames, and it was only when the last poor hut was reduced to faintly glowing embers that the guards were called off. Only four smoke-blackened stone pillars remain-

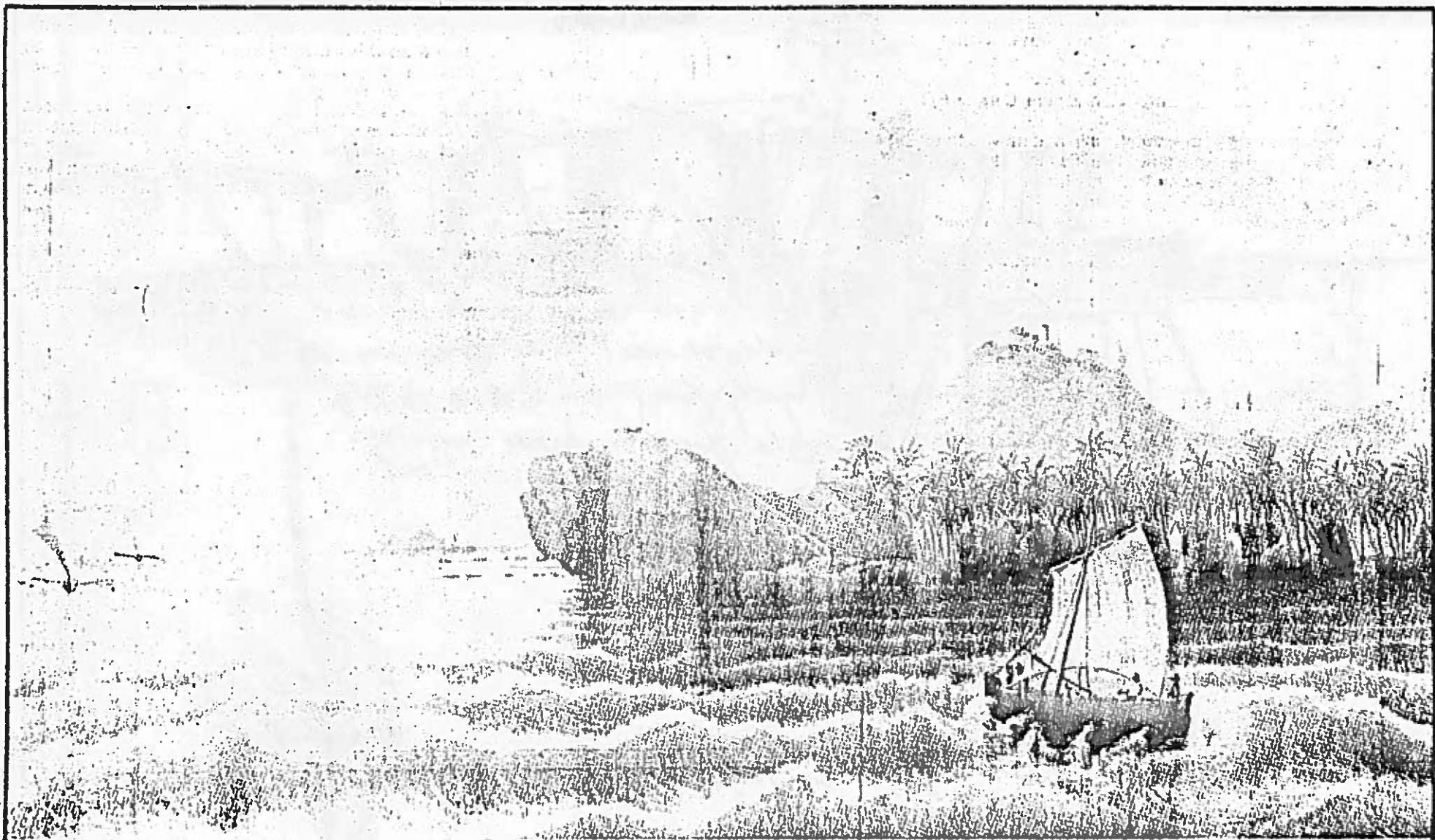
ed standing in the heap of ashes when the forty soldiers marched back to their boat with food ravished from the village.

From afar came the liquid, lingering, mournful coo of a bird not yet asleep. The wind whispered through the shadowed trees. The hollow thud of the surf tolled a dismal dirge.

The quick dusk of tropic night enclosed the fleet. The unending roar of the breakers boomed ominously through the night. Men slept fitfully, half-expecting the enraged victims to return in attack.

But when the next morning gave no sign of the residents, when noon came without a single hint of retaliation from the silent forest or the rolling ocean, the mariners grew bolder. When they were sent ashore they learned what had so angered the captain-general when the village had been ransacked. It was gold they were told to hunt for — gold and jewels, and spices and silks and satins. But though fowl were found in the forest clearings, though in the ashes of the storehouses were found fruits and vegetables and fish, none of those things Magellan wanted were to be had.

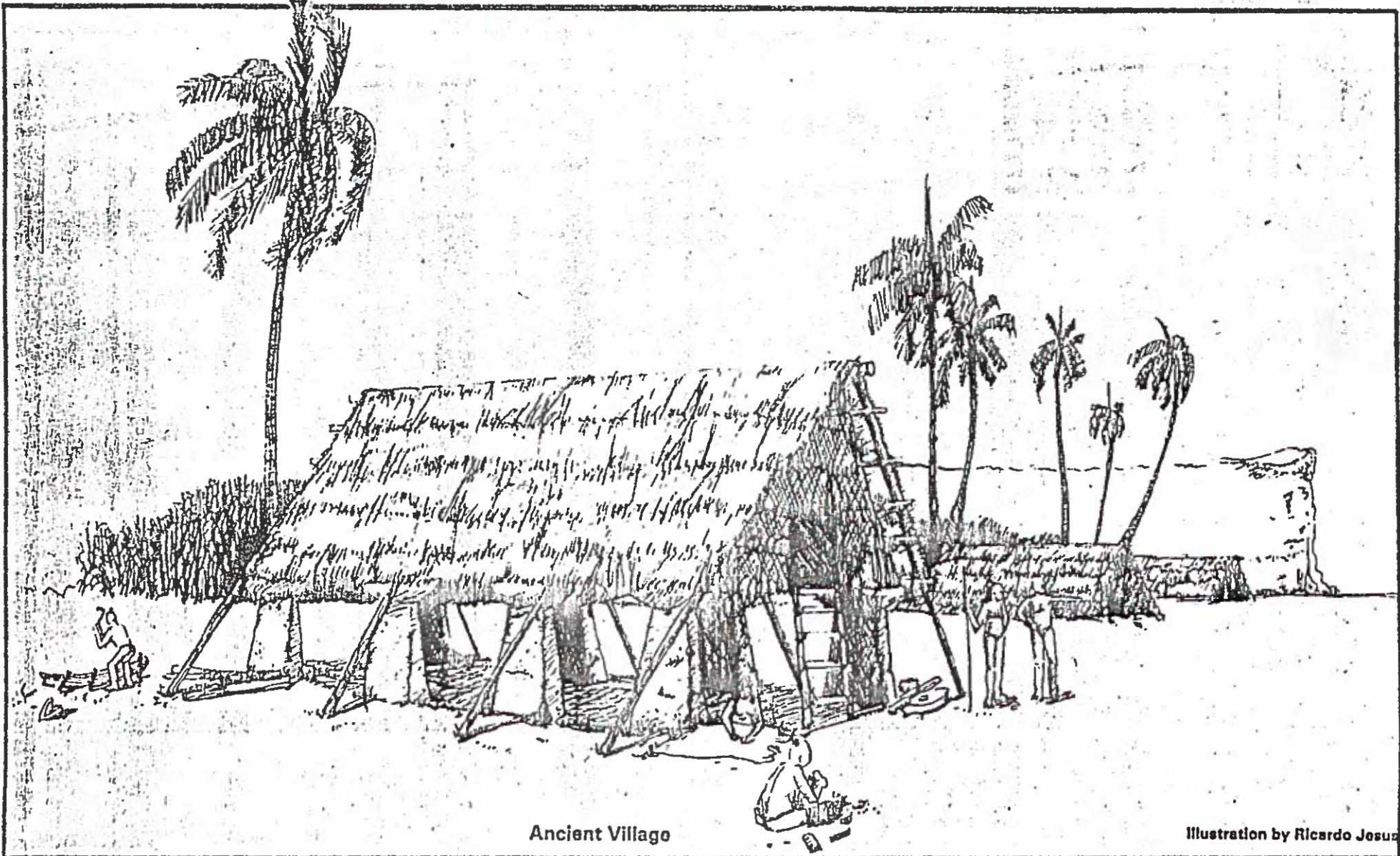
For the rest of that day and the next the crews rowed to and from their ships, filling the holds with all the food they could gather, washing out the slimy water casks and refilling them at the river. Just southwest of the fleet's anchorage, a small cove opened into the land, a catch basin for the waves driven along by the steady trade-winds. To the west of the cove was a cape rising sixty feet from the bay. On the north shore, which was almost without indentation, a narrow shingle beach was backed by a bluff which rose into the terraced cliffs that had been seen from the ocean. In the west was a narrow valley, and through it curved a river that emptied into the bay through a swamp. The fleet feasted on the stolen provisions though most of them were strange. They were the first Europeans to taste coconut. They decided it must be food, since the island residents bothered to collect it, but they found it difficult to decide on how it was eaten. When the outer husk was pulled off, they were puzzled by the fibrous stone-hard inner shell. A disgusted sailor plunged his dagger through one of the three "eyes" and found the blade covered with a milky fluid which he licked. His surprised and gratified exclamation told his mates of the excellence of cool coconut juice. They were also the first Europeans to taste bananas, which they thought a queer kind of fig with its reddish skin and soft, white, sweet pulp.



View of forts above Ulmatac Bay.

Illustration by Salas.

38



Ancient Village

Illustration by Ricardo Jesus

The skull-ancestor worship cult of the Makahnas showed evidence of survival potential, in the belief of many on Guam in the taotaomona. These headless spirits were believed to be invisible departed souls who return to the island in human form, and who were likely to be encountered in remote areas, resembling the invisible aniti. They were thought to be large and strong, and sometimes extremely hideous to look upon. They had special likes and dislikes, abhorred women and children and could not abide the sight of a pregnant lady. Many taboo words and customs developed from this belief in the survival of ancient spirits, and frequently an amulet was used with a red blanket, representing fire, to ward off sickness and death from this unseen force.

Some believe that the taotaomona were formerly ma'gas or chiefs of various localities, who jealously guarded their district including hunting, collecting, and fishing rights.

There are those who believe that certain individuals had a taotaomona helper, called a gatchong, who assisted them in feats of strength and daring. Gatchongs were not invisible, and could only assist when their human master was with them.

The taotaomona also imposed certain taboos on trespassers. In the areas outside their home district, children and adults would ask permission of the local taotaomona before defiling the ground. Some elders believed that if a person uttered a taboo word aloud in the jungle, he might get swellings in his mouth, feet, or other body parts. Taotaomona had an unpleasant body odor, and sometimes spoke in an unknown tongue. When fishermen would see blue or red lights on the shore or reef at night, they would return home for they were sure that the taotaomona were fishing with torches, and they would not catch any fish.

The duhende were believed to inhabit the jungles of Guam, and were capable of carrying away children and casting spells upon them.

The banyan tree was regarded with dread as the home of those ancestors called bihu today. The bark of the banyan tree is still used by some herb doctors to cure illness, especially those caused by supernatural agents.

The two decades following the establishment of the mission were years of decline. Guam was the scene of intermittent fighting and natural disaster, the resident population decreasing from 50,000 to 5,000 individuals. Typhoons in 1671 and 1693, and a smallpox epidemic from Mexico in 1688 contributed to the decrease.

At the end of the 17th Century, Christianity was firmly established, accepted as the religious belief of Guam

residents. The old religion based on myths, superstition, and ancestor worship was replaced, although some of the old beliefs occasionally surface, even today.

The Viceroy of Mexico, by royal decree in 1681, defined the political status of the Chamorros by granting them legal equality with other Spanish subjects. On this occasion, the Military Governor entertained the Chamorri

chiefs with a feast, distributed presents among the people, and placed the police of the various villages under their Chamorri leaders. Governor Savaria then appointed Antonio Ayhi, a Chamorri, to be the Lieutenant Governor, a real first on the island since the arrival of the Spanish.

It was at this time that the islanders began to adopt the manners and customs of the Spaniards. Craftsmen were sent to the various villages to teach handicrafts, the manufacture of linen, and other useful trades. Children were taught the rudiments of reading and writing. A positive change in attitude occurred. The people received religious instruction with more enthusiasm. New churches were constructed, and missionaries left for the northern islands. However, Guam continued to languish as a quiet outpost of new Spain. It was an era of relative peace and quiet, broken only by the annual visits of the Manila galleons, and the intrusions of pirate ships and other foreign visitors.

Father Sanvitores, who brought Spanish culture and Christianity to Guam, was a Jesuit. His companions were not only missionaries and teachers, but were also scientists, geographers, financiers, and administrators. They created a farm called San Ignacio de Tachogna in central Guam. Cattle were raised to breed for island stock, along with stallions and brood mares. The padres introduced the carabao from the Philippines, which proved to be docile and useful on island farms. Under Jesuit supervision, Chamorros became more efficient farmers, growing maize and camotes or sweet potatoes from Mexico.

An elementary school was established shortly after Padre Sanvitores' death, named the Colegio de San Juan de Latran, and endowed with a fund of 3,000 pesos a year by Queen Maria Ana, to memorialize the efforts of Sanvitores, and give official recognition to the new name of the islands in honor of the Queen of Spain.

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Seventh in a series
By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy & Hannah:

In my last letter, I described Magellan's discovery of the Marianas. Today, I will review the two centuries after his arrival; the first differed little from those prior to his visit. The next 100 years involved war, epidemics, and typhoon, which almost wiped out the Chamorros.

It is not my intention to write a scholarly history of Guam, that has already been accomplished by a number of talented individuals. I do hope to bring alive for you some of your ancestors by name, what was important to them, their lifestyle, and the part they played in the development of Guam. Visitors to Guam, since its discovery by the Spanish, mentioned a number of your forebears, which helps to round out what we know of how they fit into the scheme of things, during the time in which they lived.

The Chamorros enjoyed a period of relative obscurity from 1521 until 1668, interrupted occasionally by the appearance of foreign sailing vessels in the waters surrounding their homeland. Treatment of the island residents by these visitors was sometimes better, and occasionally worse than that initiated by Magellan and his crew.

On January 16, 1565, Legazpi came ashore to perform the formal ceremony of making Guam a possession of Spain. Afterwards, he and his companions gathered around a hastily built altar, where Padre Urdaneta celebrated mass. Guam thus became a part of the sovereign empire of Spain.

For the next hundred years, Guam was not only visited by explorers and adventurers, but became a regular stop for the Spanish galleons bound from Acapulco to Manila. The galleons took on water at Umatac, and in exchange for iron nails, local traders provided rice in 70 to 80 pound bags. It has been reported that frequently on such an exchange, after the rice was pulled up into the boat by means of a rope (because the suppliers would not trade outside of their canoes), the packages would be opened, revealing a top layer of rice covering straw and stone. Those who practiced the jest would laugh lustily, and go from that vessel to

On June 15, 1688, Father Sanvitores established his mission with a staff of four other Jesuit priests, a lay brother and some Filipino assistants. A military garrison force headed by a Spanish Captain and 32 Spanish and Filipino soldiers supported his mission. Sanvitores, his staff, and the troops received a friendly welcome from the islanders, probably because they were the first visitors who treated your Chamorro ancestors with courtesy and kindness.

Chief Quipuha of Agana gave the mission a plot of land for the construction of a church, on which the Agana Cathedral is located today.

Initially, the mission was successful, but as the year progressed, some individuals felt that the new religion based on love, mercy, and humility, as administered by the priests, made for a highly restrictive lifestyle. It deprived them of the freedom they were used to and threatened to change their custom, their habits, and even the way they did or did not dress.

One of the first problems which arose between the missionaries and their converts related to the existing class system. The Chamorro chiefs and members of the upper classes requested that the padres discontinue baptizing people of lower caste, feeling that such persons were not entitled to such a benefit. The missionaries disagreed.

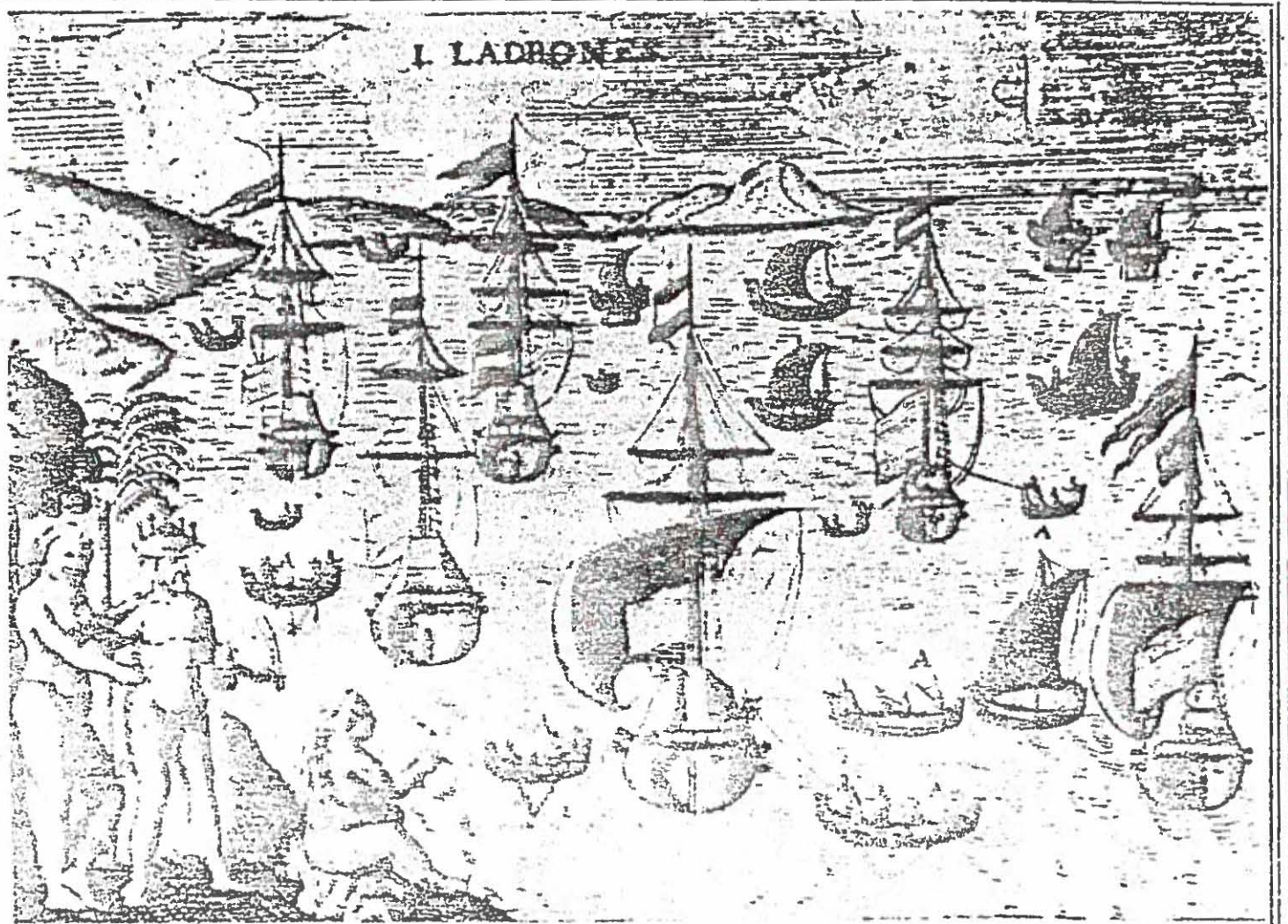
Relations between the priests and Chamorros went from bad to worse. The padres were accused of baptizing children despite the threats of the fathers and tearful prayers of the mothers.

The priests angered the Makahnas or wise men in efforts to destroy their hereditary influence over the people, declaring them to be imposters and priests of a false religion. They attacked the freedom of the Urritaos or bachelors by efforts to abolish their houses in which young men lived with unmarried women. They tried to alter the custom whereby parents received presents from bridegrooms for their daughters, and tried to end the invocation of the Aniti or spirits. They taught that it was wrong to worship the skulls of ancestors.

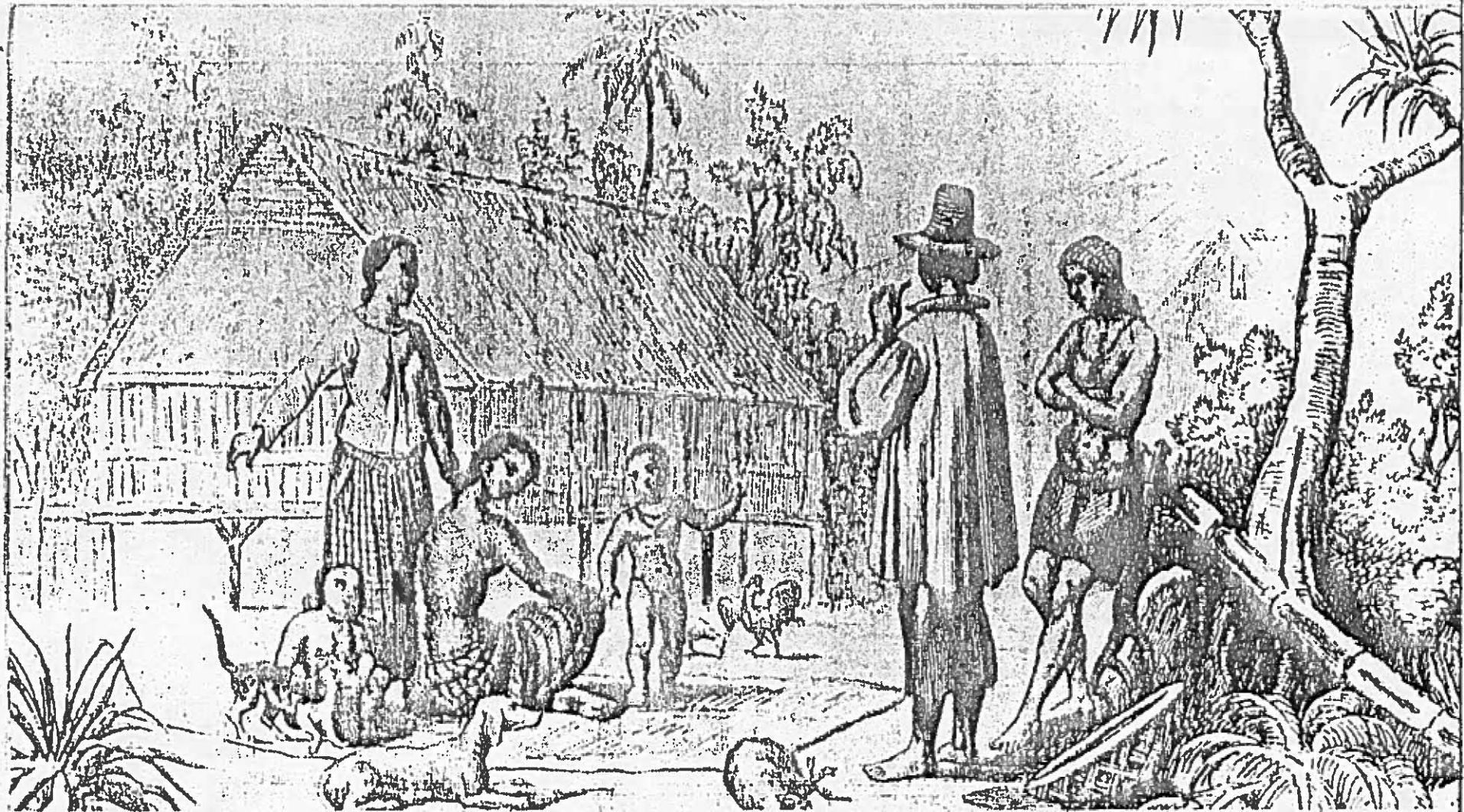
The Makahnas, however, thrived during this time with their exhortations, superstitions, and taboos, opposing the Christian faith and blocking the progress of the Jesuits. Both groups engaged in a "holy" war to bring disrepute upon the other, each group declaring their foes as liars, charlatans, and worshippers of false gods. However, the Jesuits had the backing of the Spanish troops. This support finally overthrew the power of the Makahnas, although not without bloodshed at the hands of the Spanish

Isle de Guahan
 ou
 Isle St. Jean



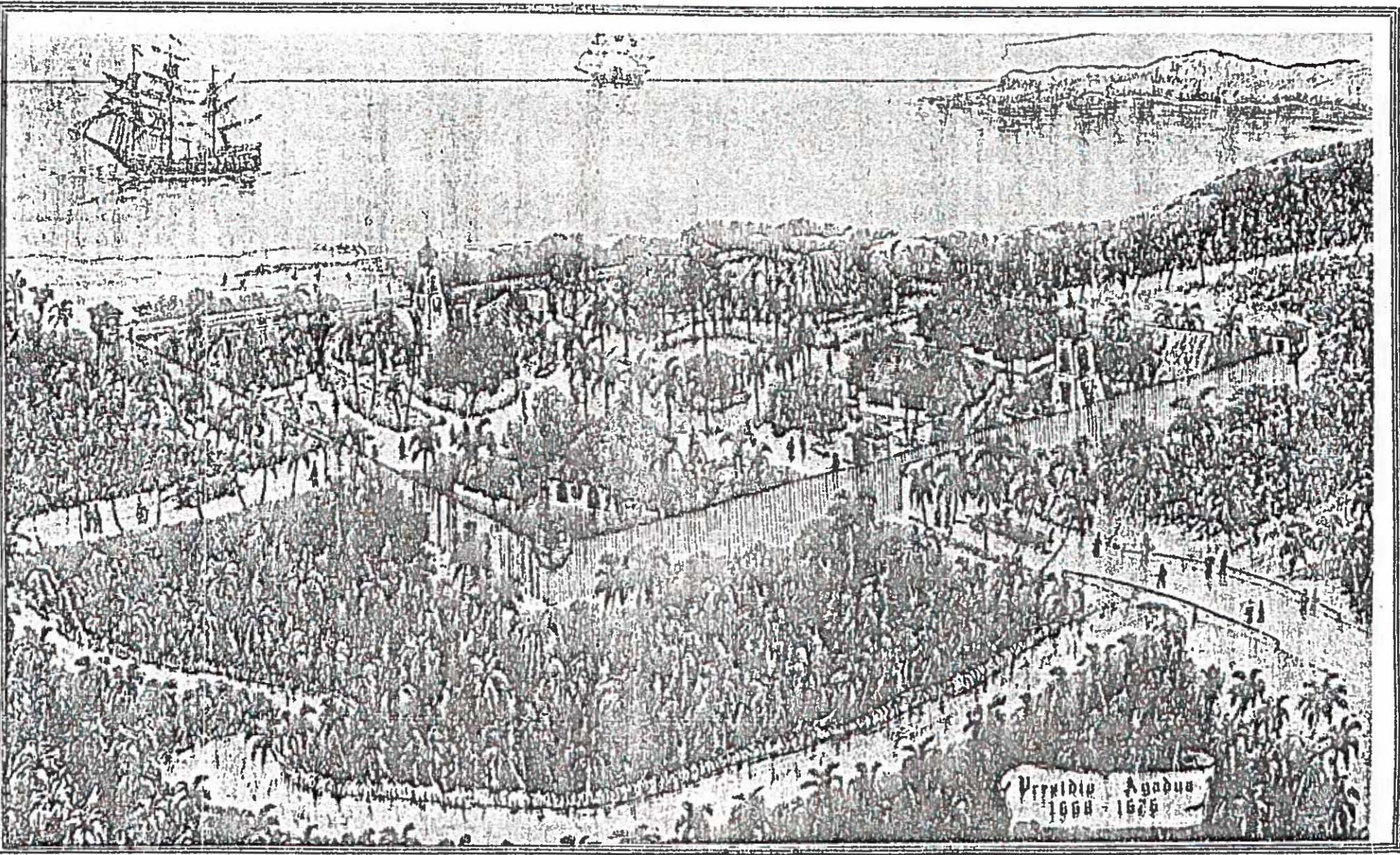


A sketch, made in 1620, of naked Chamorros looking at foreign ships anchored near Guam.



Photos courtesy of MAR

One of the difficult tasks of the Spanish missionaries was to compel the Chamorros to wear clothes. Long after the conquest, it was a common sight in rural areas to see men, women, and children going about their daily tasks wearing little or no clothing.



Veridie Agaña
1968 - 1675

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

Eighth in a series

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy and Hannah:

In my last letter, I enumerated some of the trials and tribulations of your ancestors in an era of intermittent war, natural disaster and disease, which almost wiped out your forebearers. Today, I will introduce you to some of your Spanish ancestors, a portion of whose genes are a part of your Chamorro blood stream.

By 1700, Spanish control firmly established some 3600 hectares or five percent of Guam for the benefit of the Governor. Originally established under the system of *encomiendas*, the Governor entrusted large tracts to leaders who had given outstanding service. The traditional system of land rights remained under the newly established island elite. The *encomendero* derived income from the produce of the land, in return for which he was obliged to protect the inhabitants, promote civilization and christianity among them, and maintain military control on behalf of the Spanish crown.

The island was divided into municipalities, which in some instances consisted of several villages, headed by the *gobernadorcillo* or "little governor." With the consent of the Governor, he had complete executive powers within his district. He was responsible for the collection of taxes and the assignment of work on public projects.

Besides the *gobernadorcillo*, each municipality also had a local police commissioner who was called the *Teniente de justicia*. The commissioner was assisted by two judges who looked after all legal matters related to land problems and salaries. Public law and order were maintained by *alguaciles* or police officers, two of whom were stationed in each municipality. Each day the *alguacil* supervised the work of men who were designated by the *gobernadorcillo* to perform services for the community or the church.

The municipalities of Guam were composed of villages of *pueblos*, each of which was headed by a local leader called the *principale del pueblo*. The *pueblos* were in turn divided into sub-districts called *barangays*. A *barangay* usually consisted of about fifty village families. The head of the *barangay*,

known as the *cabeza de barangay*, took the census, collected taxes, distributed public funds, and was responsible for supervising the public labor of his group.

In 1710, money was so scarce that the 200 soldiers stationed on island were paid only once a year. To escape inclusion in this situation, the Chamorros began to plant rice on an expanded scale as well as other agricultural pursuits.

Chamorro men were still agile in their use of slings and lances, and continued their ancient adeptness with their proas.

The highest official in Guam, in accordance with Spanish law and custom, was the Governor, who was sometimes called the *alcalde-mayor*. The second in rank was the *sargento-mayor*. He was the commandant of troops and was responsible for the military affairs of the island. His responsibility was subordinate to the governor, although on occasion he would serve as acting governor. These officials both lived in Agaña. Because of its population and as the cultural center of Guam, a system of district organization was developed in Agaña quite different from that in other parts of the island. This was the *barrio* (under the bells) system. The *barrio* usually consisted of a group of households which surrounded a

church or chapel. Families living in the area were obliged to contribute to the support of the church and were under the spiritual jurisdiction of its priests. Each *barrio* or district observed certain religious rites and festivals that were connected with its patron saint. The *barrio* of San Ignacio, the oldest and most centrally located district, was inhabited by the families of the highest rank, who held the dominant positions in the social, political, and economic life of the island. They were the survivors of the Chamorro, a property-owning group composed mainly of the descendants of the Chamorro nobility, who married the ranking Spaniards.

The first generation of your Spanish ancestors on Guam, Senor Joseph Miguel de Torres and his wife Dona Dolinga Joseph de Espinosa, arrived from Spain via Acapulco, Mexico, on the Manila galleon disembarking at Umatac in 1736.

The Torres family settled initially in Agat, where Don Miguel was attached to the Spanish military forces. Dona Dolinga over the next eight years gave birth to five children. Their second son, Juan Francisco Regis de Torres, was born in 1739, and married a Chamorrita in 1762, the daughter of the only surviving pure blooded Chamorro couple on Guam. He lived in Inarajan prior to his marriage.

King Carlos III of Spain issued an edict in 1767 removing the Jesuits from their century old tenure in the Marianas. Two years later, in 1769, a young lieutenant arrived with the news of the Jesuits' immediate expulsion. He had been prepared for his mission having arrived with a boat-load of religious replacements—Brothers of the Order of St. Augustine. On November 2, 1769, the tiny schooner, Neustra Senora de Guadalupe, bearer of the Augustinians and the Edict, sailed from Guam with all of the expelled Jesuits. The padres had collected together what they could, but were forced to leave everything of value.

Many documents were burned prior to their departure, presumably to prevent their falling into the hands of the Augustinians. The once thriving farms were neglected, and the agricultural-oriented economy collapsed almost immediately. Cattle ran wild and others were slaughtered without thought of possible future need. The people apparently had lost interest, as well as a segment of their faith. The departure of the Jesuits marked the end of an era. The jungle took over.

One year later in 1770, Luis de Torres, the son of Juan Francisco Regis de Torres, and the son of the wholly Chamorri lady, was born. Don Luis was your great, great, great, great, great grandfather.

Life on Guam changed with the arrival on the island of Governor Don Mariano Tobias on September 15, 1771. He was an active, humane, and enlightened man, convinced that the best way to reactivate Guam economically, was to establish a sound agricultural program. One of his first official acts was to make land available to the islanders for agricultural purposes. To set a good example and to stimulate interest in agriculture, he himself laid out some very extensive gardens. Being a man who was not afraid to get his hands dirty, when freedom from official duties permitted, he worked in the fields and assisted with the cultivation of the crops. Because of this approach and his vigorous action, he changed the situation. His reforms applied not only to the Chamorros, but to the Spaniards as well. Fortunately, this approach met

with the approval and support of the Augustinians. He allotted a certain portion of land to every family. With his encouragement and under his guidance, the land was quickly divided into gardens, orchards, and ploughed. An abundant variety of European vegetables and fruits were introduced. Plants introduced in earlier times were cultivated once more. Rice, maize, indigo, cotton, cacao, sugarcane, limes, lemons, oranges, pineapples, and mangoes flourished. He encouraged raising cattle, and cleared the grazing lands, which involved making small clearings, separated from each other by bushes and clumps of trees. He seeded the clearings with grasses suitable for pasturage. These savannahs, shaded on all side, retained their freshness and sheltered the cattle against the sun and heat.

As rapidly as the savannah lands were cleared, herds of cattle were rounded up, tamed, and driven to the grasslands.

In order to make farming easier and more efficient, Governor Tobias imported horses from Manila and donkeys and mules from Acapulco. The islanders were taught how to break cattle in and to use them for riding and pulling wagons and carts.

They guided the animals by means of cords which passed through holes pierced in the nostrils. The jungle was full of goats, pigs, and poultry that the Jesuits and other Spaniards had brought earlier, which were running wild and could be had for the taking.

Governor Tobias encouraged people to trap and domesticate them. He imported deer from the Philippines which thrived and multiplied so rapidly that they soon became a threat to crops.

The Governor established cotton mills and salt pans on the island and brought in craftsmen to teach the arts of the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and the carpenter. The Chamorros quickly learned these trades and practiced them with skill. They learned to make lime and bricks, and some became expert masons.

Because of his interest in education, the Governor established two free public schools where the children were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as vocal and instrumental music. The schools were separate: one for boys and one for girls.

In 1771, he established the first Guam Militia, which wore special uniforms and were well paid. They were under the command of four Spanish captains. Other officers were islanders of mixed blood and Filipinos. Because the Governor strongly believed that indolence was one of the greatest evils in life, the militia men

were not permitted to become fat and lazy. In their daily military duties, they were required to cultivate certain portions of land assigned to them. The soldiers ploughed, sowed, and harvested the produce which fed them, and so occupied, they were happy and content with the food they had cultivated.

The inhabitants of Guam during this time were calm, honest, gracious, and easygoing. They were given to tuba drinking—an introduced custom, and they were devoted to cockfighting, which was also introduced. Five brothers of the St. Augustine Order lived in Guam, and dominated the formal religious life of Agana and various villages. These brothers apparently seconded the humane views of Don Mariano for they seemed to live in harmony with the inhabitants and moved freely everywhere. But it was Governor Tobias whom the islanders loved.

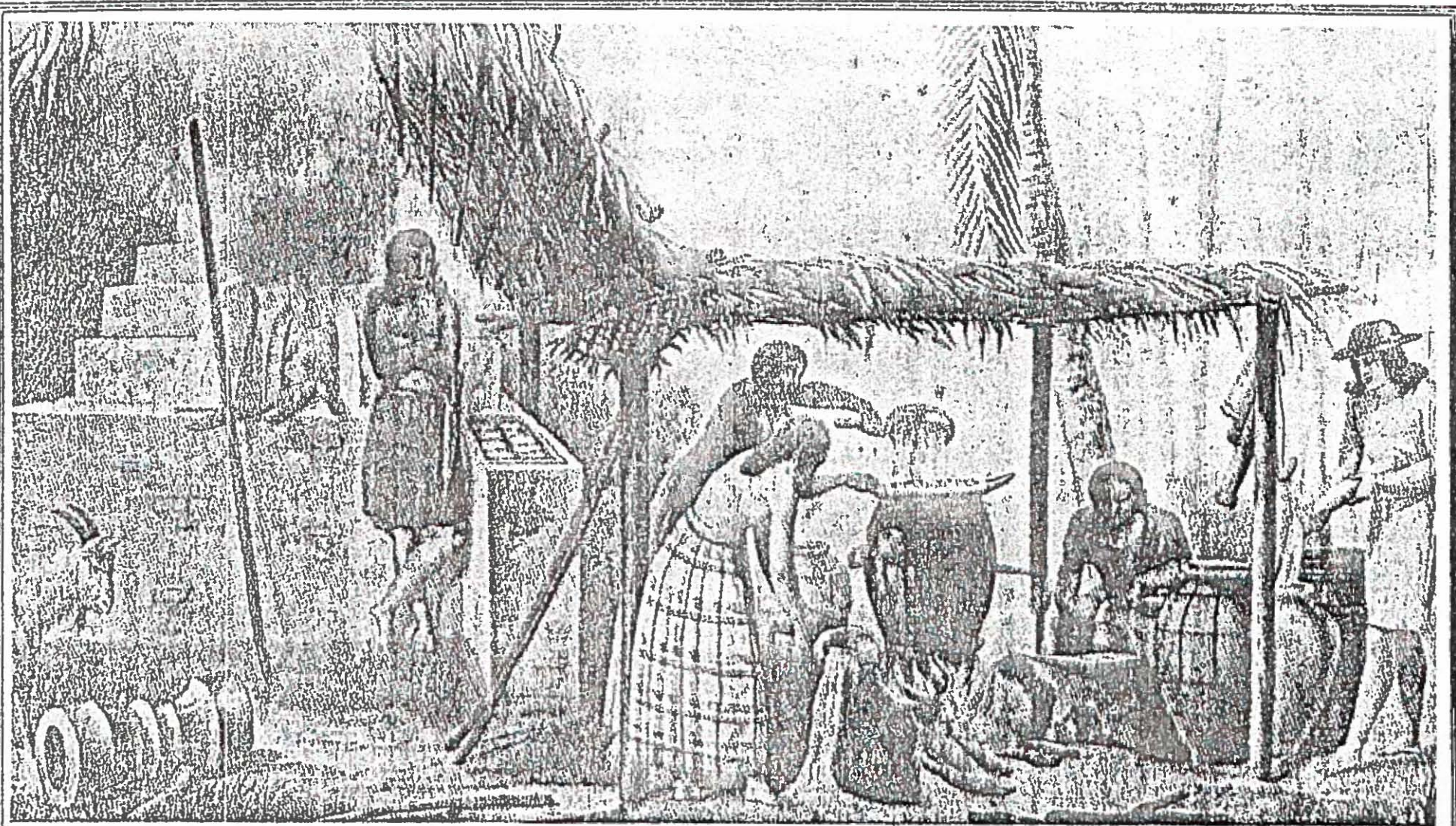
On September 27, 1772, the Mascarin, commanded by Captain Crozet, dropped anchor in Apra Harbor, which he described as situated on the western side, and almost in the middle of the island. It is bounded on the south by a tongue of land (Orote Peninsula) running two leagues out in to the sea, and on the north by a reef of similar length which almost surrounds it. The entrance is very narrow and protected by a brick battery, which the Spaniards call St. Luis, mounted with eight bronze twelve-pounders on an old pattern. The harbour is capable of holding four vessels, sheltered from all winds except those from south east, which never blow but feebly. It is dangerous to enter without pilots because of the numerous rocks and coral reefs. He went on to say that in the whole extent of these seas there is no other harbour where wear navigators can reestablish their health more quickly or where they can obtain better or more abundant refreshment. The island of Guam appeared a terrestrial paradise to him. The air was excellent, the water very good, the vegetables and fruits perfect, the herd of cattle, goats and pigs innumerable while there was no end to the quantity of poultry.

He further described his impression of Agana in 1772, when he wrote that the chief settlement is situated four leagues to the north of the harbour on the seacoast, at the foot of some low mountains, in a beautiful country full of springs, and watered by a small very clear, and good brook. The Commandant of the island lives there. The streets of the town are laid out in straight lines, the private houses are for the most part built solidly of wood raised on piles, about three feet above the level of the ground, and most of them are roofed with shingles, or with

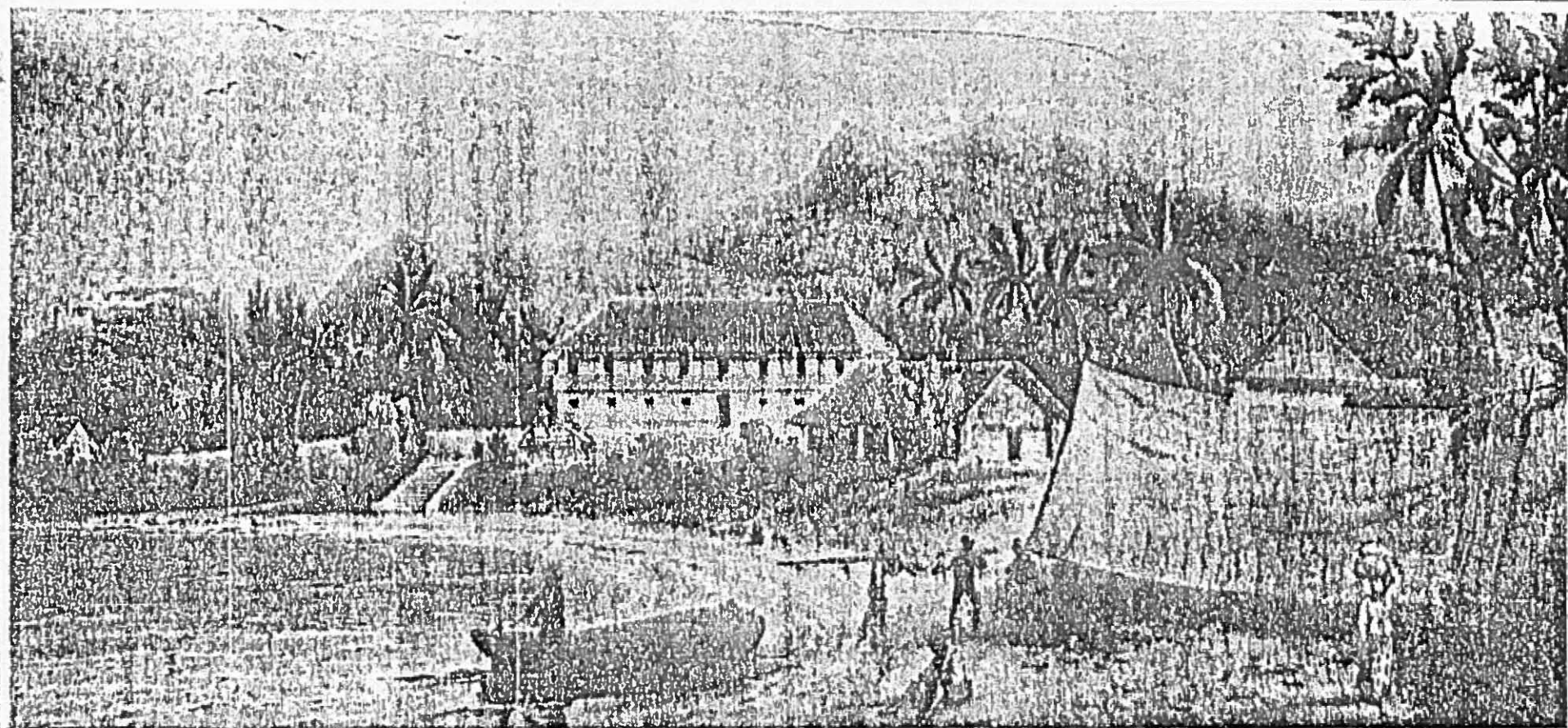
tiles, the rest with palm fronds. There is a beautiful church, highly decorated according to Spanish custom. The Commandant's house is spacious and well built. The former residence of the Jesuits, now occupied by the St. Augustine brotherhood, is spacious and convenient, but the former Jesuits' college is not inhabited. Their successors, the St. Augustines, removed the college to a building near their convent. There is a barracks capable of lodging a garrison of five hundred men, and there is the King's fine large magazine. All these public buildings are built of brick and tile. The island of Guam is the only island in the vast extent of the South Sea, sprinkled as it is with innumerable islands, which has a European built town, a church, fortifications, and a civilized population. He estimated that there were about fifteen hundred residents on the island. Besides those living in Agana, they lived in twenty-one small settlements, all on the seacoast. Such settlements were usually composed of five or six families, who made their living by fishing and by growing grain crops and vegetables.



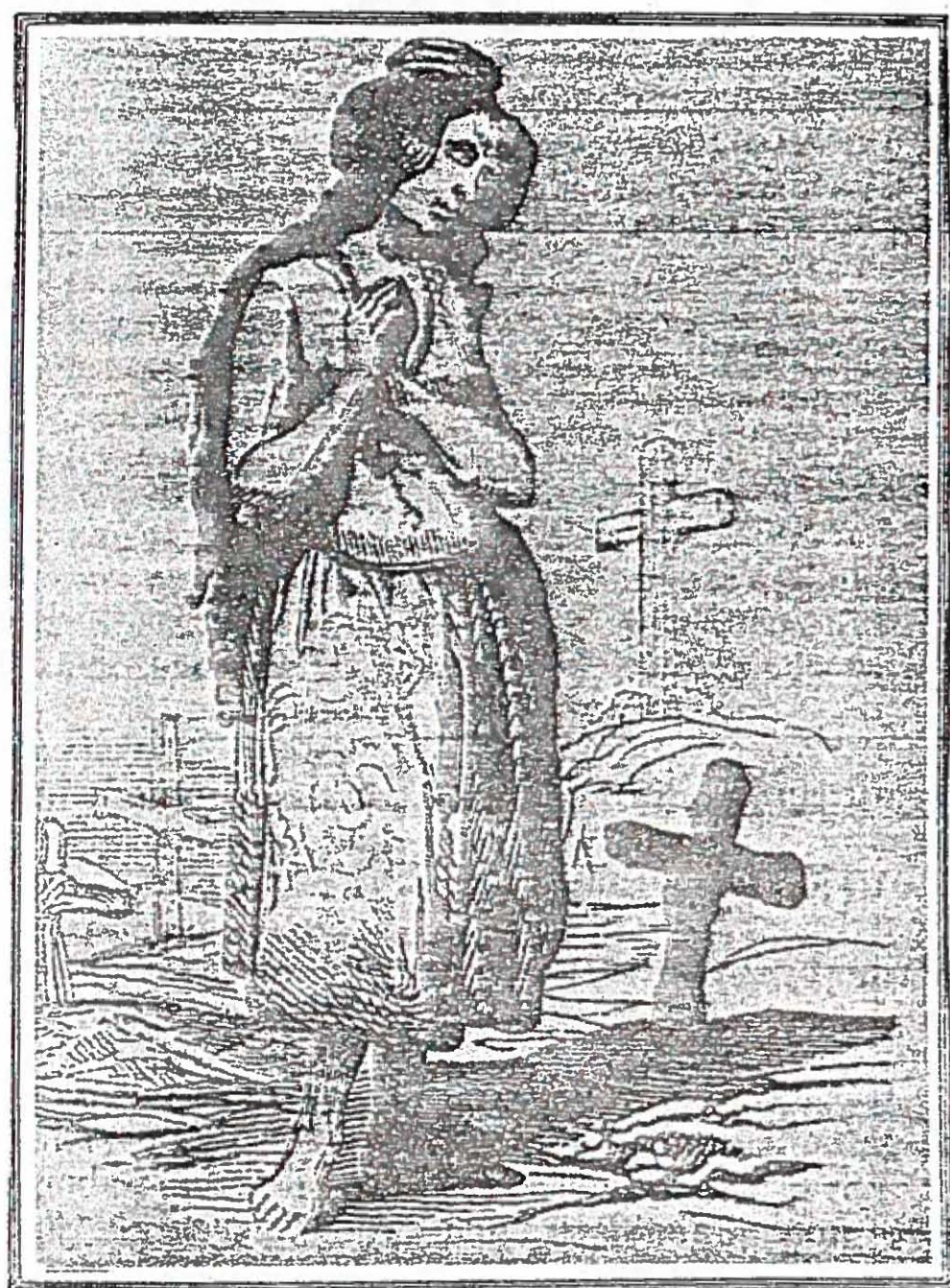
Don Luis Torres, your great, great, great, great, great grandfather.



Native oven and distillery on Guam. Illustration by Pellion



Umatat Bay.



Your Chamorro Ancestors

*A letter to my grandchildren, and to those
who bear a similar relationship.*

Ninth in a series
By PAUL B. SOUDER

*Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy
and Hannah:*

In my last letter, I introduced you to the first generation of your Spanish ancestors and life on Guam under the Jesuits and the Augustinians. Plagues of various sorts, inadvertently brought by the Spaniards, had scourged the island. The Chamorros were almost decimated. But Spanish soldiers, Filipinos, Mexicans, assorted sailors, and a few Chinese, married or commandeered the remaining Chamorro women. Although the men may have had no thoughts relative to saving the Chamorro people, they did, although unintentionally, save it. The resultant children were of a superior breed. The infusion of new blood revived the race. The Chamorro mother gave her children the strong and self-sustaining character of her heritage, its majesty and pride. The father transmitted to his children immunity to certain diseases. So the new born Chamorro began to hold his own and multiplied.

During this period, a number of scientists, voyagers, whalers, and ships of many nations visited Guam, including vessels belonging to Americans, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Spaniards. Between 1817 and 1822, the island hosted three scientific expeditions, which included such leading scientists of their day as Kotzebue, a Russian; Freycinet, a Frenchman; and d'Urville, another Frenchman. Aside from the scientific reports which these visitors made, their written comments provide what little we know of life on Guam during the early part of the 19th Century.

Guam's administration changed hands during this period, shifting from the Viceroy of Mexico to the Governor-General of the Philippines. With this change came the island's first organic legislation. The Spanish governors continued their attempts to make Guam a productive island, but none were overly successful. However, three gentlemen did stand out above the others in their efforts to improve conditions on Guam. They were Governors Blanco, Villalobos, and de la Corte. Don Luis Torres, your great, great, great, great grandfather, the third generation of your Spanish ancestors on Guam, and a direct descendant of the last pure bred Chamorro, was a refined and educated individual raised in the Spanish fashion. He was also a lifelong student of Chamorro history and culture. He was 18 years old when a group of Carolinians visited Guam in a number of small canoes. The visitors pleased him by their mildness, he received them with kindness, and the Governor gave them presents. Since that time, they came every year. They told Torres that they had previous contacts with the inhabitants of Guam, and had only given them up on hearing of the settlement of the white men, having been witnesses of their cruelty. In 1788, after a long time had elapsed, they undertook this expedition to barter for iron. Torres asked them how they had found their way here, as the distance from Ulle to Guam is above three hundred miles. They answered that the description of the way was preserved by them in their songs, and utilizing such directions, their pilots found Guam. It is remarkable that they did not miss this small island, when the stars and the songs were their only guide, in a voyage of three hundred miles. When the Carolinians visited Guam in 1788, they promised to return the following year. They kept their word; but on the voyage back they were overtaken by a furious storm, and found a watery grave, so that not one of the brave seamen saved their lives. Torres waited 15 years in vain for his friends with whom he had become at-

tached. In the year 1804 the American ship, Maria, from Boston, took in provisions at Guam. Captain William Boll and Thomas Borman undertook a voyage to the Carolines, where they intended to catch beches de mer. Torres embraced this opportunity to visit his friends, as the Captain promised to bring him back to Guam. The Maria sailed in July, and the first island which she touched was Ulle. Torres found several of his old acquaintances, who piloted the ship into the islands. One of the Carolinians told Luis, as he called Torres, that his name occurred in one of their songs, which the Carolinians had composed, that the men from Guam might not be forgotten. Preservation of remarkable events in song is common in the Carolines.

Torres inquired as to why his old friends no longer visited him in Guam. They told him of the fleet which had gone there fifteen years before, and, as it had not returned, they concluded that their countrymen had all been murdered. Torres declared that no harm had been done to their companions on Guam, but that a raging storm had overtaken them a day after their departure, and probably destroyed the fleet. Torres saw on his voyage many islands belonging to the Carolines and drew a chart of the whole chain.

In 1801, a recently promoted Lieutenant, Don Luis Torres, was the administrator of the Pueblo of Pago. On May 1, 1801, he was asked to survey the potential presence of Russians in that area, since the King of Spain had declared war on the Emperor of Russia. He found no Russians.

In 1802, Captain Haswell of the Lydia spent several days in Agana. He was impressed by what he saw and made the following observations:

The buildings of the Governors and Chief Officers are built with stone and are good houses. The Palace is two stories high and is situated in a very pleasant part of the town with a large Plantation of Breadfruit trees before it, and a road from it to the Landing Place. It is a large building con-

structed in the Old Spanish style. The first story contains stores, the second is high, the Audience Chamber is approximately a 100 feet long, 40 wide, and 20 high and is well ornamented with lamps, paintings, etc. At each end are private apartments. In the front is a large balcony which reaches from one end of the house to the other. Behind the Palace is the Barracks and Guard Room. It is a large building and capable of housing 500 men with ease. To the northward stands the Church built like a barn. It has a low steeple for the bells. On the inside it is well adorned with pictures, images, etc. On the S.E. and near the church is the free school which has a spire and here the alarm bell is hung, also the school bell. The scholars never leave the house, but to go to church.

The houses of the Officers are near the Palace on the Main Street and are all two stories high; but they make no other use of the lower apartments other than to keep cattle in them.

In 1803, the Marianas had 822 residential structures, distributed as follows: Barrio Santa Cruz, 386 houses; Pueblo Anigua, 43 houses; Pueblo Asan, 55 houses; Pueblo Tepungan, 53 houses; Pueblo Apungnan, 5 houses; Pueblo Mongmong, 14 houses; Pueblo Sinajana, 54 houses; Pueblo Agat, 53 houses; Villa Umatac, 53 houses; Pueblo Merizo, 60 houses; Pueblo Inarajan, 34 houses; Pueblo Pago, 35 houses; and Pablocionese Roia, 82 houses.

For many years, Torres was second in rank to the Governor of the Marianas. He served, as had his father, as Captain del Campo (Mayor of the town), a position with more power than that possessed by the Gubernadillo, established afterwards in its stead. His career as the Sergeant Major covered 30 years. Farallon de Torres

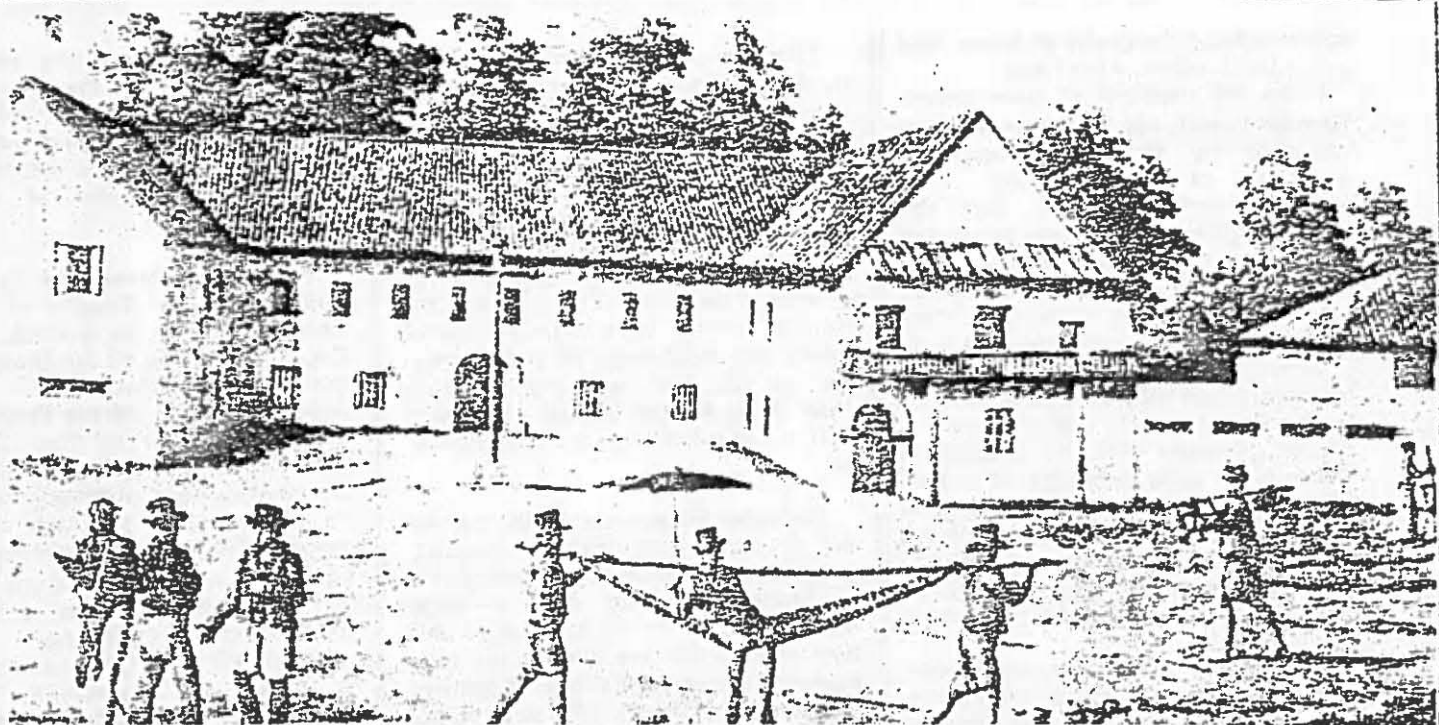
(Torres rocks) was named after him.

In 1817, Otto Von Kotzebue of the Russian Navy visited Guam and found the Vice Governor, Don Luis Torres, to be a most amiable man and most interesting because of his knowledge of the Carolinians. Chamisso, the naturalist of Kotzebue's expedition, related that he was bound quickly and intimately in friendship to Don Luis Torres. He thought of him with the greatest affection and true gratefulness. Don Luis had learned the customs and habits, history and tales of the lovely inhabitants of Ulle. He had their most experienced seaman with whom he had a familiar relationship draw for him a map of their neptunian world, and had kept an uninterrupted communication with his friends through their trading fleet from Lamurek which came to Guam every year. Chamisso wrote that Don Luis Torres opened to him the treasury of his knowledge, and spoke lovingly of his hospitable friends and their people, for whom he acquired the greatest regard. Chamisso's time in Agana was spent in instructive and hearty conversation with the obliging Don Luis Torres who served as his chief informant for all the information which he recorded. In commenting on his language study, Chamisso reported that Don Luis stated that in the Mariana and Ulle languages there is no declension, that the words of the Mariana language were not taken from the Vocabulario de la Lengua Mariana, but written from his orthography, from his pronunciation.

Freycinet, who visited Guam in 1819, noted that Don Luis informed him that in all the villages of the Carolinians, there were schools of navigation, under the direction of the most skillful pilots; and that no Carolinians was allowed to marry, until he had given proof of his dexterity in steering a proa. For this examination, a time was chosen when the sea was rather high, the candidate was placed on board and there surrounded by reefs and in the midst of foaming waters, he had to make his proa sail a certain distance without allowing its balancer to touch the waves.

Kotzebue, during his visit to Guam, described Agana as a village situated on a beautiful plain, some hundred paces from the shore; to the right and left were fine palm groves; in the south, a high mountain formed the background; from its summit, hung spreading trees, which shaded a part of the town, and gave it a picturesque appearance. An inconsiderable stream, which flowed through the town, supplied the inhabitants with water.

At this time, the clergy consisted of two priests who were natives of the Philippines. Kotzebue observed that after a certain time, generally every 20 years, a violent storm would rise in the



The College of San Juan de Letran as depicted in an old print.

S.W., which caused the sea to run so high that the town would be submerged, and the inhabitants were obliged to seek refuge in the mountains. Only the stone houses were able to resist the fury of the water; the bamboo structures would all be destroyed. Two fortresses of coral stone defended the town; one of them lay on the shore, but had no guns; the other lay to the west behind the town on a hill, had a few guns, and served to restore tranquility in case of a riot; but they had no powder.

A little over a year after Kotzebue's visit, Louis de Freycinet, Commanding the French Corvette "Urainie," arrived at Umatac, and was met by Governor Medinilla and Major Luis Torres, his Sergeant Major.

Freycinet's wife Rose, who accompanied her husband on his voyage of discovery, had a lot to say about their visit on Guam. When Freycinet and his officers went to pay their official call on the Governor, he asked them all to return to dinner with him, adding very graciously that from now onwards they wished these gentlemen to disregard all ceremony and look upon his house as their own. The table was set and covered with fruits and light pastries, in the middle of which was placed a big bowl of punch. Seeing this service, which seemed strange to them, they suspected that it was a fast-day on Guam, and what surprised them was that the repast, which they took to be dinner, was eaten standing. However, as one must conform to the customs of the country where one is, Lt. Freycinet thought only of using what was in front of him to satisfy his usual good appetite. But soon, another surprise! The table, thus emptied, was once more covered with all sorts of food arranged in a thousand ways — in fact, a

preceded it was called a refresco, and was meant only to create an appetite.

The Governor gave another dinner, inviting fifty of the principal officials of the island. "Mon dieu! What a banquet!" exclaimed Freycinet who indicated that somebody claimed to have counted 44 plates of food at each service, of which there were three. The same observer said that the dinner had cost the lives of two bullocks and three large pigs, not to speak of the smaller inhabitants of the jungle, the poultry-yard, and the sea.

Doubtless, their most thought that people who had for a long time suffered the privations of a sea-voyage should be treated with profusion. The dessert was no less abundant, nor less varied, and before long, it was followed by tea, coffee, cream, and liquors of every kind; and as the refresco had been served only an hour before, in accordance with custom, one can easily understand that the most intrepid gastronome would have had only to regret the insufficient capacity of his stomach. Mme. Freycinet described Agaña as a settlement of small houses, almost all of wood, matting, and straw, and built on piles on a very low plain close to the sea. There were a few important buildings such as the prison, the government store and the College of St. Juan de Letran; the ancient Jesuit convent and the boys' schools, very wisely placed at the far end of the town from the one where the house is that serves as a school for girls. She continued with the observation that in Agaña, there were no gardens, no trees except for a few near the shore, no lawns, and no flowers except those on the trees. Of the usual plants one found onions, purslane, and tomatoes, and they come from the country where the

But if the edible products of the Marianas seem small, the islands were covered with trees and roots, all containing a nutritious substance that, almost without work except for the trouble of gathering it, provided the inhabitants with an abundance of wholesome food. What resources there were in the delicious fruit of the breadfruit tree. Plentiful fish from the most fish-infested sea in the world, deer, oxen, and wild pig were to be had for the hunting.

Freycinet frequently talked with the Governor and Major Luis Torres to obtain from them information on the islands, and what concerned the sciences. The Major was a great resource for Freycinet. He had good judgment, a wonderful memory, and a liking for observation. He devoted himself to research into the ancient state of these islands and their first inhabitants. According to Mme. Rose Freycinet, Major Luis Torres' wife and mother were the only women in Agaña available for acquaintance. "We have both made some visits to each other but as these ladies speak no more French than I do Spanish, we derived little mutual pleasure in meeting." She observed that in Agaña there was a royal college and several secondary schools. The principal of the college received six pesos a month, or a shirt, and his allowance of provisions. The master of the secondary school, who implicitly followed the precepts of his superior, received only two pesos.

Rose Freycinet further reported that, "There is no country in the world where sons pay more respects to their fathers. Age does not free them from obedience, and men of forty tremble at a mere reprimand from their father. They never mention their father's

name without the prefix of *senor*, and a slight inclination of the head."

From the moment of their arrival, Freycinet and his men were overwhelmed by the friendliness and generosity of the inhabitants. They soon learned, however, that the generous giving of gifts was an ancient custom that imposed certain obligations upon the recipient. Concerning this practice, Arago wrote that, "the inhabitants were in general mild, and confiding in their behavior towards foreigners; but they liked to be treated familiarly. You could not give them a greater pleasure than by addressing them in the easy language of friendship... If you accepted a gift, gratitude required you to acquit yourself of the obligation, and, according to custom, you had to offer something of at least double the value of the object which you received."

Mdme Rose Freycinet was astonished not to see a single shop in the town, because everything that was brought from Manila was put in the government store. From there the inhabitants were furnished the objects they needed. As there were no factories for making clothing, everything was imported from Manila, and very little was needed. A short blouse and trousers of knee-length, and a big knife for the men, a simple blouse and one gaudy petticoat for the women, no shoes or stockings for either—was the universal dress.

One woman was distinguished from another only by the rings and gold bracelets worn by the most elegant; some had slippers and sometimes their camisole was a little finer, but there were few who carried luxury so far.

One evening, the Freycinet party witnessed a spectacle in the presentation of dances formerly practiced in Mexico, and of which, every figure depicted an historical episode of that country.

The beginning of the festivities was announced by the firing of cannon and the ringing of church bells. Four soldiers, accompanied by a drummer, went through the streets on a tour of inspection, making certain that the streets, as well as houses and yards, were clean. The front of the palace was draped with flags. On the balcony was a large portrait of the king, to which all the people respectfully took off their hats. In the evening, public dances were held in the Plaza de Espana.

The dances that were performed indicate that, as early as 1819, the music and dances of the ancient Chamorros had been replaced by importations from Spain, Mexico, and the Philippines.

This was a public display, watched by de Freycinet's party from a covered gallery running all round the palace apartments and overlooking a large space lit for the occasion by torches and lamps. It was on this terrace, unlit, that on Good Friday they had spent several hours of 'the most beautiful night in the world' watching a full eclipse of the moon. The actors in the Sunday dances were Agana's school boys; the costumes, of richly ornamented silk, had been brought from New Spain by the Jesuits long years before and were very carefully preserved.

The chief figure enacted the part of the Emperor Montezuma; crowned, gorgeously apparelled, carrying his gold-topped sceptre and a huge feather fan, he led his two pages and twelve other dancers through intricate evolutions executed with great gravity to the music of flutes and tambourines and the clapping of wooden sticks. Presumably, the Emperor was announcing to his subjects the arrival of Cortes and his men. The fierce battle-dance that followed depicted Mexican resistance. Montezuma's acceptance of the invaders from Spain was the final act. Freycinet and his wife marvelled at the dancers' skill and enjoyed the capers of the two white-masked

clowns that off-set the solemnity of the performance, laying about them with their wooden swords and drawing shrieks of laughter from those looking on.

The Mexican acts over, the audience was treated to a Spanish dance called *el palo vestido y desnudo*—the most dressed and undressed. The viewers described in detail, as something quite new to them; the Maypole dance of tradition, with its gaiety and the plaiting and unplaiting of coloured ribbons, seemingly as unfamiliar to the French visitors as the ballets portraying Montezuma and his fall. Freycinet found in them a very pronounced resemblance to the olive harvest of Provence, France, the traditional dances of the olive harvest, in use long before the conquest of Mexico, handed down from Julius Caesar's time.

Arago was impressed by the fact that the Chamorros, in spite of their difficult lives, did a great deal of singing. Music was one of the most agreeable amusements of the inhabitants. He said, "They sing the moment they awake, they sing during the hours of rest, and they fall asleep singing." The couplets were always composed in honor of some saint of Paradise, or to celebrate some great event, such as the arrival of the ship.

Our coming awoke the slumbering muse of the poet of the place; and we often heard songs, related to our voyage, and to some persons of the expedition; and which, if they did not indicate talent, were at least evidence of satire.

Major Luis Torres, the Cure, Don Ciriaco, and the Director of the College, Don Justo de la Cruz, saw the Captain and crew of the *Uraie* off at their departure from Guam. Jacques Arago, the artist of the Freycinet expedition, commented that Major Luis Torres was the only individual with whom you could venture to have a little conversation. He said Don Luis assured them that the natives of all the Larcines believe in a deluge, and in one God in three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Grandson.

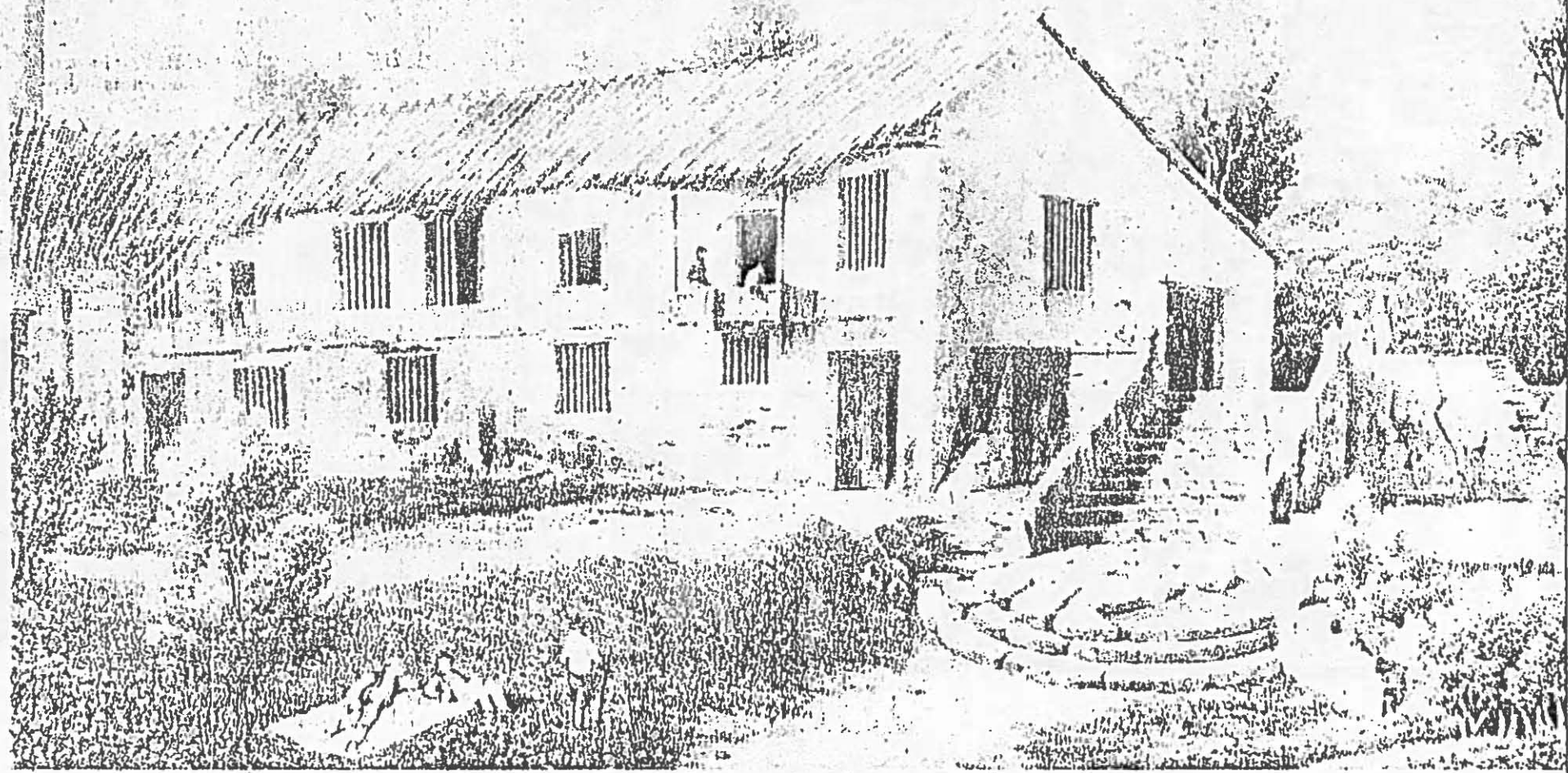
Dumont D'Urville, who visited Guam in 1828 as Commander of the "Astrolabe," reported that Major Luis Torres, received them cordially.

Don Luis owned the Orote Peninsula, acquired under the Spanish Encomienda system, and built the wall of masonry across its neck at Apra. Father Jose Palomo, his grandson, in a letter to Safford in 1900, wrote that "the Sergeant Major (Don Luis) has built the stone wall across the neck of the Peninsula to serve not only as a boundary of the property, but as an enclosure for his animals." He further wrote that a "disreputable Governor seized the land because my grandfather having the pride of his family did not yield to the whims of the despot."

Although most of the land in Guam remained in the hands of the Chamorros, a substantial amount became concentrated in the hands of about a dozen wealthy and powerful extended families, mainly descendants of the Chamorro, or Chamorro nobility who married Spaniards. Your early Spanish-Chamorro ancestors were the recipients of such grants, some of whose derivatives, still held such land through 1962.

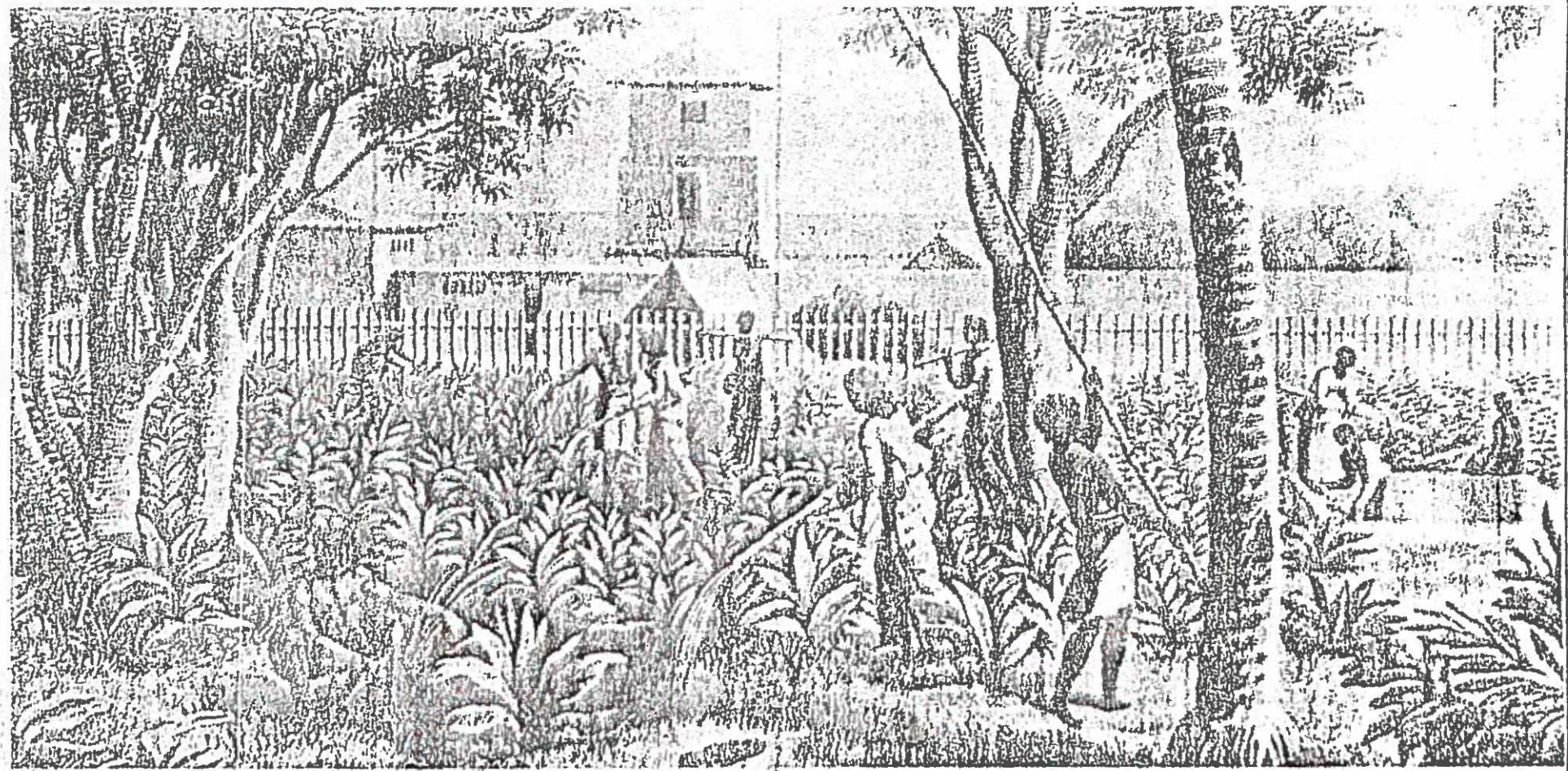
Major Luis Torres was mentioned in a May 2, 1828 report describing the territorial military force which "consisted of 160 men divided into three companies: Don Luis Torres, Sergeant Major; 3 Captains (12 pesos a month); 3 lieutenants (10 pesos a month); 3 ensigns (8 pesos a month); 9 sergeants (6 pesos a month); 3 corporals, and the rest privates. Neither officers nor soldiers ever touch their pay, which goes for objects brought from Manila and sold by the Governor at his own price."

On February 20, 1834, Major Luis Torres requested retirement because of his advanced age.



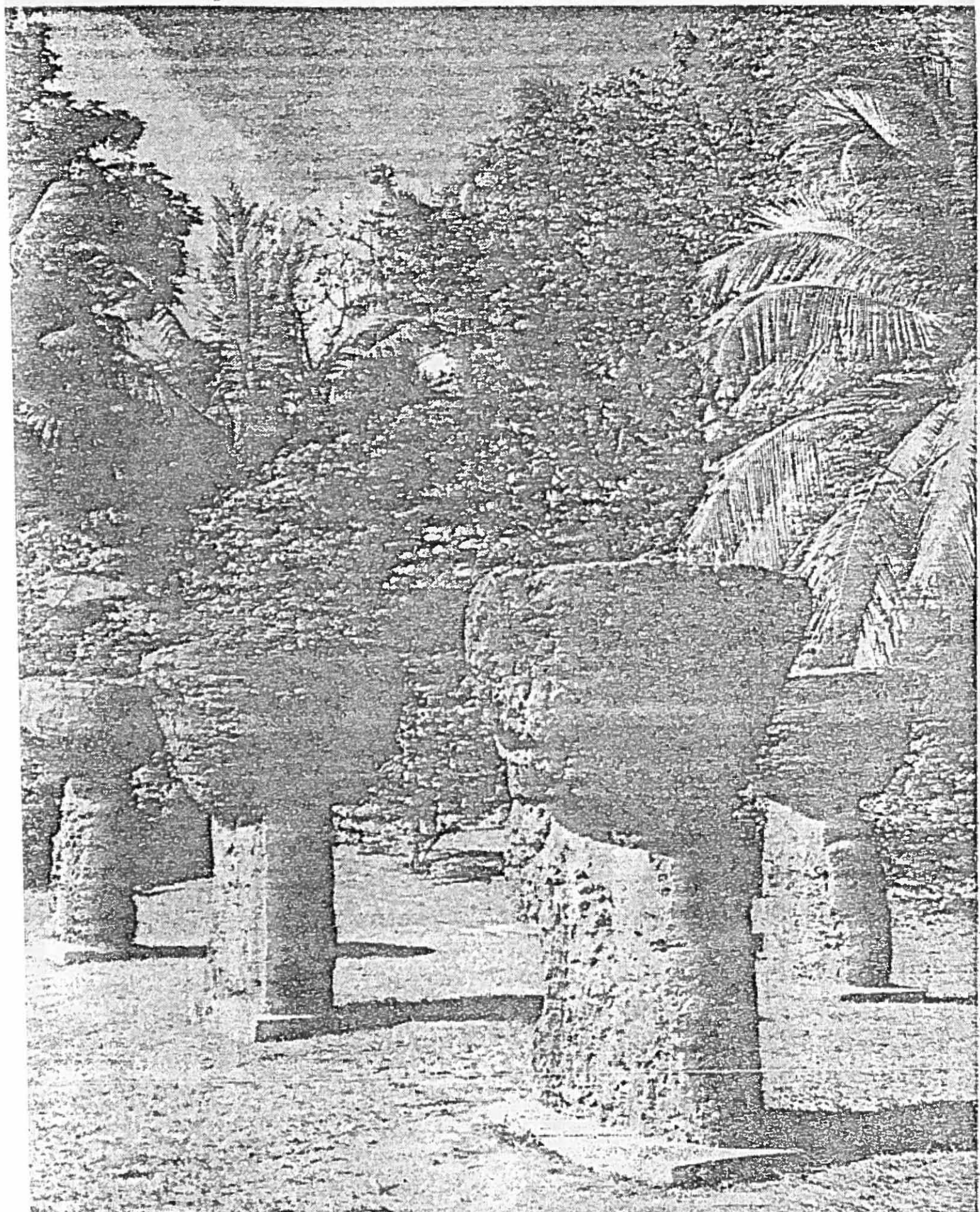
Convent of Umatac

Illustration by Sainson



A view of the garden and a part of the Governor's palace.

(Illustration by Pallion)



The Agana Latte Park consists of eight large latte pillars taken from a twelve-pillar house found at Mepo in what is now the Naval Magazine area. Photo by Eduardo C. Siguenza

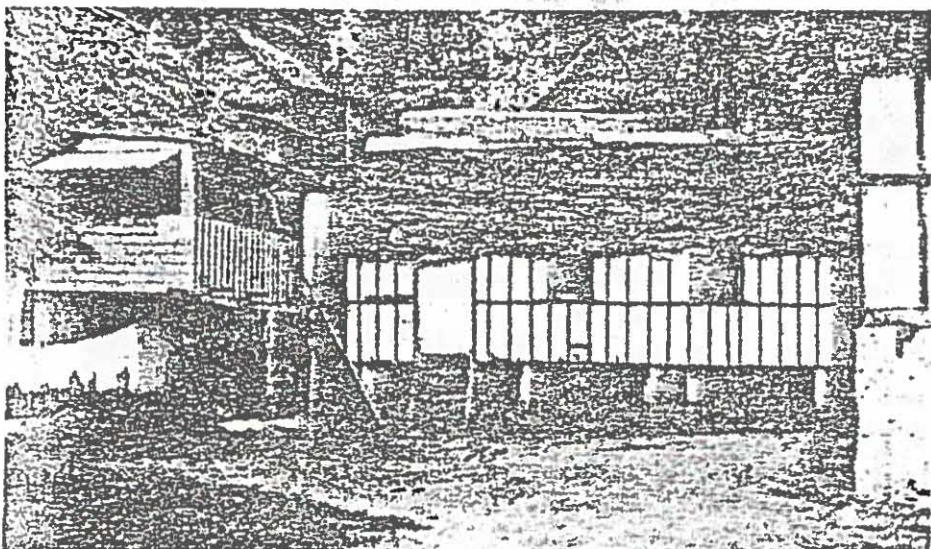


Bay side street in Inarajan, 1926. Note the man at left leaning on a *fosino* looking at the passengers on a "modern" bus of Inarajan's "rapid transit system."

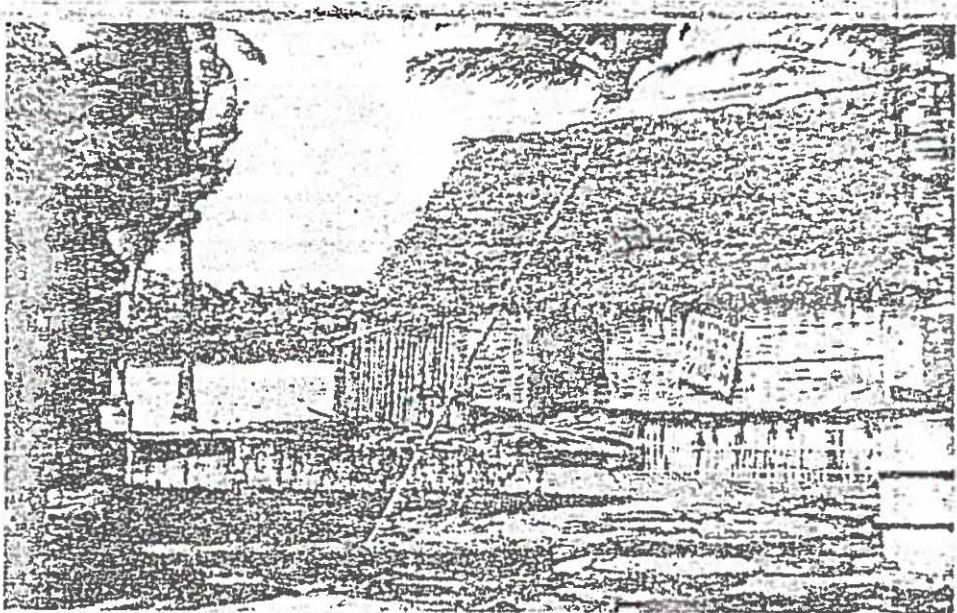


Asan in 1925, going toward Agana.

Photos courtesy of MARC



Cluster of thatched roof houses in Sumay, 1925. Houses on the left and in the center are built up on *lfil* wood logs. The house on the right has a foundation of *mamposteria*.



A thatched house in Inarajan, 1925.

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carla, Tommy, and Hannah:

My last letter, covering the years 1788 through 1820, gave you glimpses of the lifestyle of Sergeant Major Don Luis Torres, as well as observations of life on Guam, as seen through the eyes of visitors who spent some time on the island during that period.

Most of your great, great, great, great grandfathers and their wives lived on the same island, and may have been close friends; but probably never imagined that their future grandchildren would share their bloodlines. Today, I will detail what is known about them and other personalities and events which touched their lives. The genealogical chart will give you a good picture of these relationships.

A number of your early ancestors appeared to engage in activities which resemble the theme of soap operas today, behaving in a fashion which may not have been approved even then, but they were obviously very active human beings, usually well educated, lived life with gusto, enjoying their tenure on earth to the fullest. They were proud, cared well for their children, were active participants in community affairs, and enjoyed the lifestyle they developed, despite conditions which prevailed during the era in which they lived.

Your direct Chamorro-Spanish ancestors, with a sprinkling of Scotch, Mexican, and Filipino contributions, consisted of about a dozen intermarrying Spanish-Chamorro families who formed a wealthy and powerful group cultivating a Spanish Catholic tradition. Each family controlled a relatively large amount of land, the largest of which, however, was probably not more than 1,500 hectares. They lived in Spanish adobe houses with tile roofs, and did not engage in manual work, but hired laborers and servants to cultivate their lands. They were firm supporters of the Catholic Church and were on excellent terms with the padres. They held the official positions and mingled with the Spanish administrators. They kept aloof from any of the island people, and some had their children taught by private tutors. These young people were raised strictly, and their marriages were usually restricted to members of their group.

Don Luis de Torres (born 1795) was your great, great, great, great grandfather, the namesake and son of Sergeant Major Luis de Torres. He also served as the island administrator, and as Secretary to the Governor. His sister, Rita, was a lady of piety, education and kindness of heart, according to Padre Jose Palomo, her son, who described her as a woman superior to many Spanish ladies, who reared him with an iron rod in one hand, a cake in the other. Every morning at four o'clock, she awoke and took him to church; and before going to bed, she taught him to say the rosary or some novena and night prayers. She never repeated a request, for she expected obedience at once and allowed him to go to but certain houses and to associate with but few relatives. She frequently received holy communion, and was so charitable that the people were ready to fulfill her desires as though it were the order of the church. She knew Spanish, English, and some French, was able to figure and make mental calculations. She understood the sea, tides, and she was skilled in all household tasks. She wove agbag from coconut leaves. She married Silvestre Inocencio Rodriguez Palomo, who arrived on the vessel Maria, which left July 25, 1829 from Manila. Palomo's parents came from Spain, and moved to Mexico where Silvestre was born.

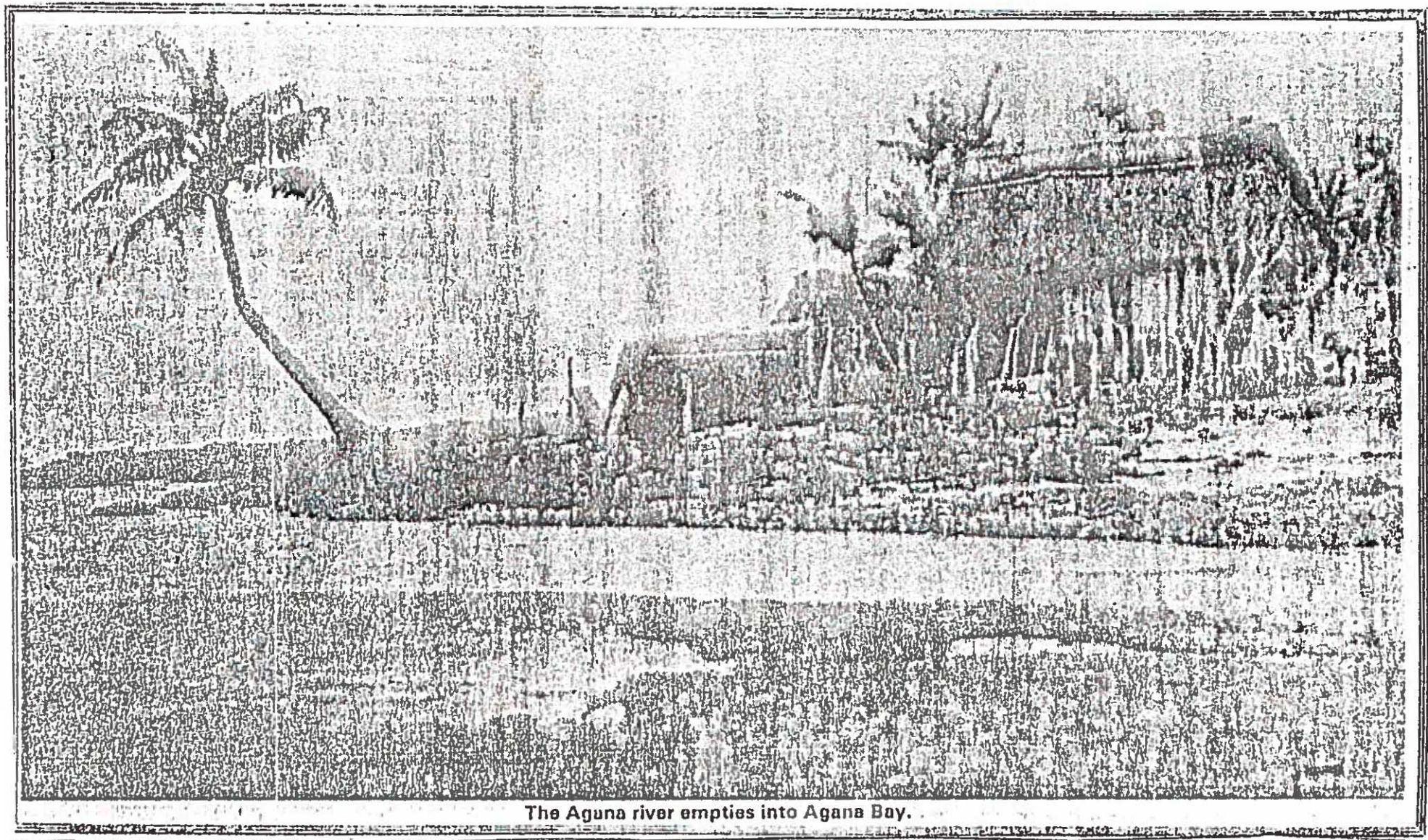
Administrative control of Guam in 1828 had shifted from Mexico to the Philippines, and the annual grant for supporting the insular government was reduced from about 20,000 to 8,000 pesos. At the time of the change, Spaniards on the island consisted of the governor, the Sargento-Mayor, minor officials and their families, and a garrison force composed of three companies of fifty men each.

In 1828, Guam's estimated 5,920 residents lived in the Barrio of Santa Cruz, San Ignacio, San Nicolas, San Ramon, and San Antonio in Agaña, in the Pueblos of Anigua, Asan, Tepungan, Mongmong, and Sinajana, in the Partidas of Agat, Merizo, Inarajan, Pago, and the village of Umatac.

In 1831, Don Francisco Villalobos was appointed Governor of Guam. He served in that capacity for six years, and in the long list of Spanish gentlemen who served as governors of Guam, his name stands out as that of one who was dedicated to improving the lot of its people. One of his more outstanding acts was rejection of the order from the captain-general to collect import duties from incoming ships. He believed that the cost of collecting these fees would far outweigh the

Your Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.



The Aguna river empties into Agana Bay.

amount collected, and he argued that, surrounded by a tariff barrier, Guam would be where it had always been, a by-passed and neglected outpost. When he departed for the Philippines at the close of his assignment, the people were sorry to see him go.

Don Luis Cruz de Torres, together with his brother-in-law Don Silvestre Palomo and his sister Rita, obtained a new grant to the Orote Peninsula in 1855, and repaired the walls built by their father Don Luis Torres, Sr., to protect their cattle, horses and swine. However, another Governor dispossessed them of the Peninsula, giving as a reason for his decision the excuse that agriculture was preferred to the breeding of animals.

The smallpox epidemic of 1856 took the lives of both Rita and Silvestre. The wife of Don Luis Cruz de Torres gave birth to a son, Jose de Torres in 1815, your great, great, great grandfather. He was the administrator of Pago and a sub-Lieutenant, honored for his part in downing the Philippine Insurrection on Guam in 1851. Don Jose married Vicenta Palomo Diaz (born 1820). They had eight children. The oldest, Francisco (born 1852) was your great, great grandfather.

Don Francisco Diaz de Torres married Juacina Crisostomo Martinez. They had six children, one of whom was Don Jose Martinez de Torres (born 1882), your great grandfather. Don Francisco, was the only man practicing medicine in Guam during the time intervening between the removal of the Spanish Garrison and the arrival of the American Governor and Naval Administration. In 1938, Governor James T. Alexander named the Barrigada-Dededo Road "Dr. Francisco Torres Road." Don Francisco was an accomplished pianist, and played only classical music. All his children played the piano, but only his son Jose was considered an outstanding pianist and composer. Don Francisco was educated in Manila, and he received his medical diploma in that city. Donna Joaquina, your great, great grandmother was a proud woman, strict with her children, who lived with her son Juan's family after the death of your great, great grandfather, who died at the age of 45, after an influenza epidemic in which he overexerted himself in the care of his patients.

All Torres families during this era lived in Agana in the San Ignacio district. Most of their homes were constructed by Don Luis Torres or his children, whose heirs occupied these homes. The Torres-Calvo house, and that belonging to Julia Martinez, are the sole remainders of the 19th Century Torres homes in Agana. One which partially survived the war was located where Pedro's Plaza now stands.

Don Ignacio Martinez, another of your great, great, great, great grandfathers, was a Lieutenant of Artillery and Deputy of the Governor in 1817, according to Kotzebue who met him on his arrival in 1821. Don Ignacio, who did not recognize the Russian flag, inquired as to what nation Kotzebue belonged. He was astonished to see Russians before him, but still more so when he heard that they were making a voyage of discovery, and showed even double the politeness natural to the Spaniards. After he had written down the name of the ship, he took his leave, and hastened to communicate this important news to the Governor.

Don Ignacio was later banished to Rota where he was second in the line of authority, although he appeared to be in command. He had been accused of seducing the mistress of his superior officer on Guam, was seen, and later assaulted by individuals who overpowered him, and were about to kill him, when the man with the seduced mistress came forward and said "let him alone, he is dead," and had his battered body delivered to his wife and children. Don Ignacio did not die at the time, but was killed along with Don Justo de la Cruz on May 16, 1829.

Don Ciriaco de Espiritu Santo, a Filipino diocesan priest, another of your great, great, great, great grandfathers, was a Tagalog by birth, "not handsome, and skin quite dark," according to what Don Jose Herrero reported in 1900. He was presumed to have come from Cebu in the Philippines.

Jacques Arago, an artist with the Freycinet expedition in 1818, mentioned Padre Ciriaco in his account which would indicate he probably arrived on Guam sometime after 1800. Don Ciriaco was an energetic man, interested in the island's welfare. Safford reported that, "in the village of Agat, in consequence of the zeal and industry of the Parish priest, Padre Ciriaco, there has been a great increase in the plantations of rice. Padre Ciriaco and Governor Villalobos were intimate friends. Ciriaco was a very thrifty man." Padre Ciriaco was also responsible for the construction of dikes in the Agana swamp.

His housekeeper (ama de llaves) was Juana Crisostomo or as the islanders called her "Juanan Chano." Although unmarried, she had six children. Their daughter, Rosa Crisostomo (born 1840), married Don Jose Pangelinan Martinez, your great, great, great grandfather. Padre Ciriaco built her a stone house with a tile roof in San Ramon, Agana, at the base of the hill. Safford said that, "Not far from the village of Sinajana, in a low place to the right of the road from

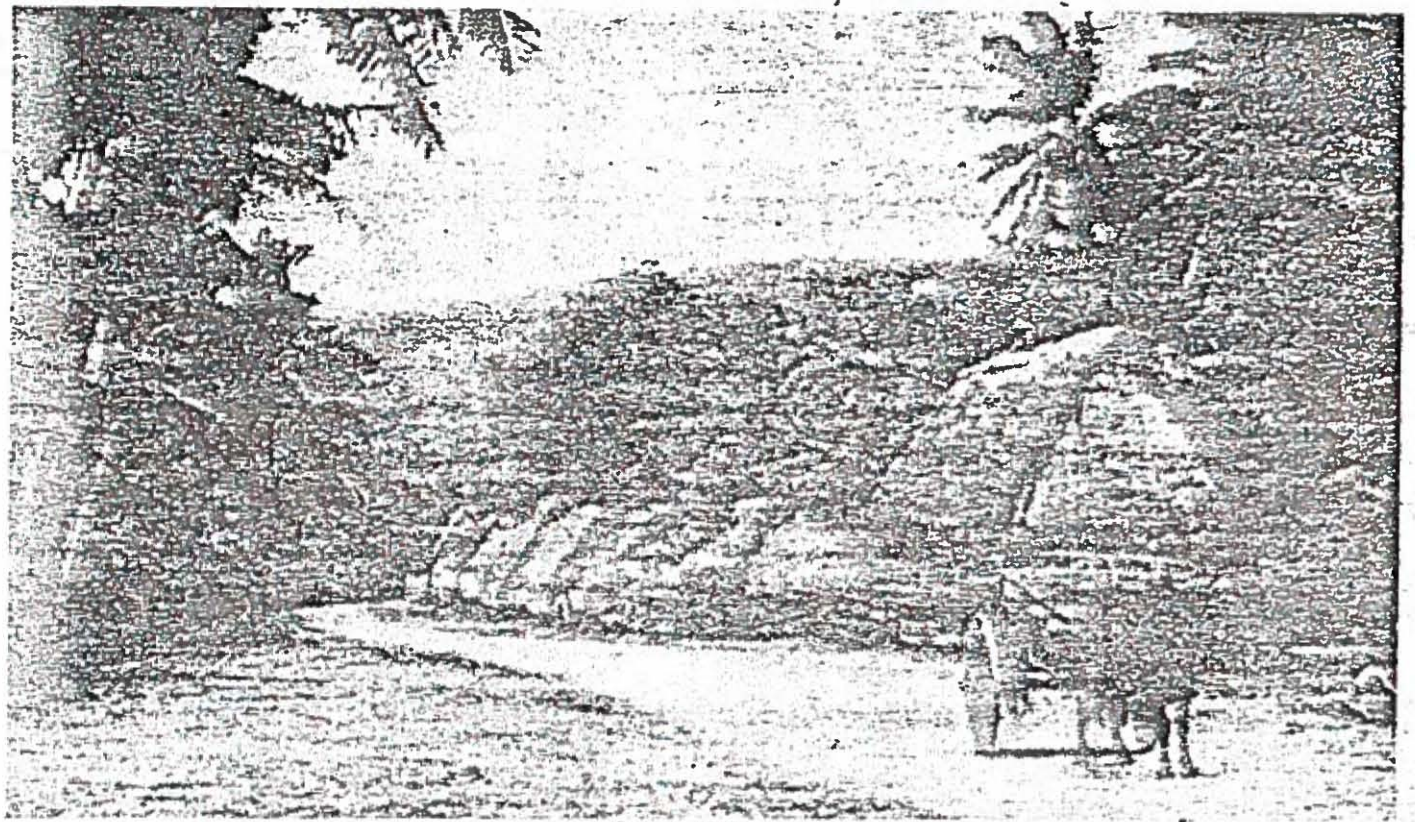
Agana, were the ruins of a masonry house. The stone steps were in place, although one end had fallen, and a banyan tree spread its snake-like roots over it. This was the country house of Padre Ciriaco, where he often went and recreated with Governor Villalobos. Ciriaco was devoted to his children for all of whom he provided well..." He was liked and respected by all the Governors," according to Don Jose Herrero in conversations with Safford. Padre Ciriaco baptized Father Jose Palomo y Torres on October 23, 1836, while serving as the curate of Agat. He died January 21, 1849, the Priest of Rota, who on account of his advanced age and feeble health, had been permitted by the Government to reside in Agana.

Madame Freycinet was intrigued by Padre Ciriaco's attire when she visited Guam in 1817. In a letter home, she wrote, "the cure of Guam wears taffeta trousers striped in blue and white beneath his black silk soutane."

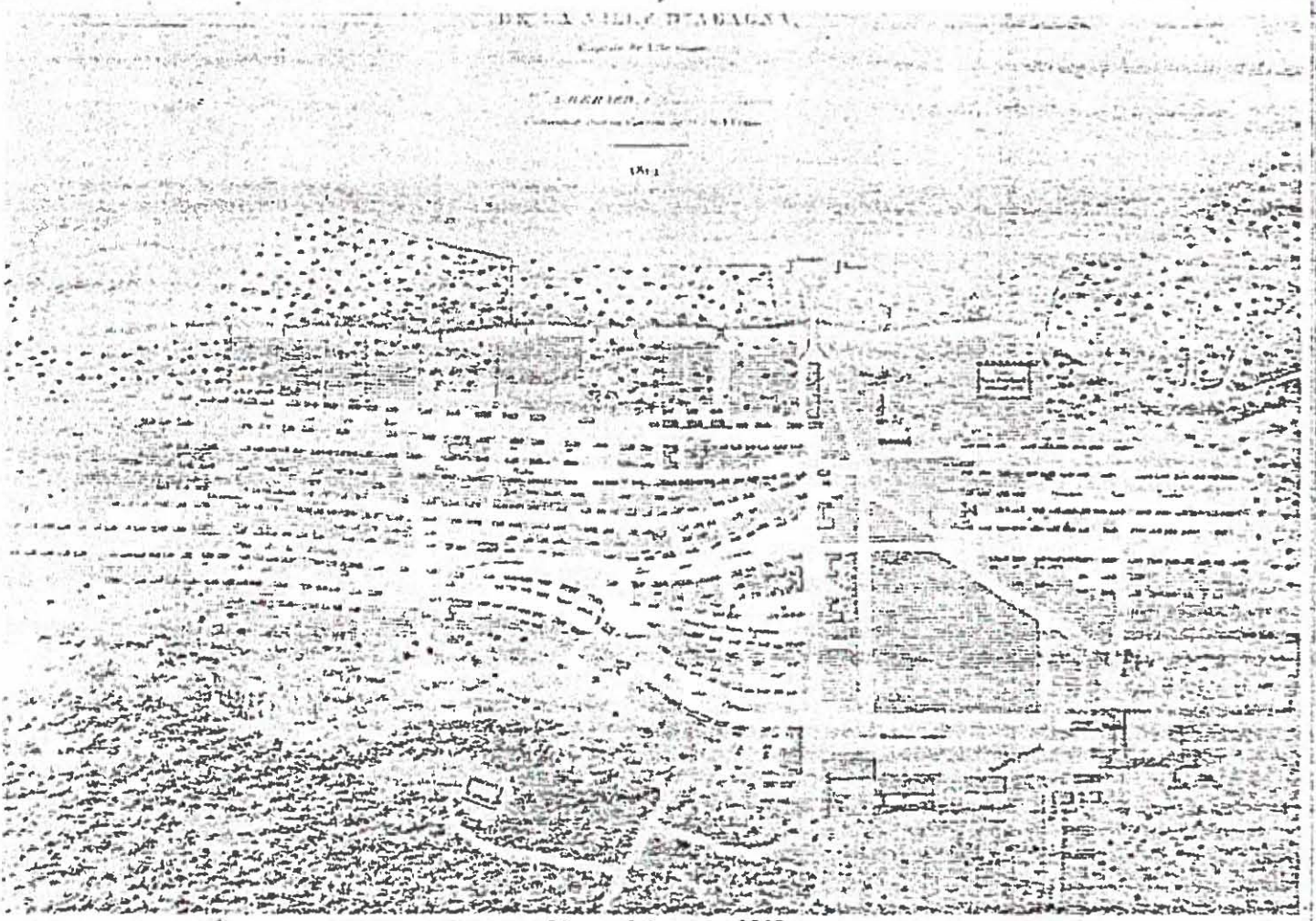
In 1815, the last galleon sailed from Acapulco to the Philippines. By 1823, British whalers began to stop at Guam. These ships which made the long trip around the Cape of Good Hope, interrupted their cruise by stopping at the only island in the North Pacific where the whalers could give their men some rest and take on water, wood, pigs, get fresh provisions, and prepare for a new cruise. An average of 60 vessels per year at 600 pesos a vessel produced an estimated 40,000 pesos annual income for the island. For whale hunting, the year was usually divided into two cruises. One, beginning in April and ending in September, was confined to the North Pacific region. The other, between November and March, took place in the South Pacific.

At the end of each cruise, the whalers rested for a month or more at Apra Harbor and Umatac.

In October 1824, Captain John Stavers of the whaling frigate "Coquette" had trouble with Governor Ganga Herrero, who ordered that the Captain be arrested and brought before him dead or alive. Stavers resisted arrest, received injuries, and died.



Asan, 1850.



Map of Agana, 1819.

Those held responsible for his death included Governor Ganga Herrero, Captain Don Justo de la Cruz, Corporal Don Benancio Perez, Lieutenant Don Jose Castro, and Demetrio de Castro, a discharged soldier. After the death of Stavers, Corporal Perez slept in the Palace.

Former Governor Don Jose Ganga Herrero, and the Castros, were imprisoned, while Don Justo and Benancio Perez were suspended from duty and their possessions seized to await action of the authorities.

Governor Villalobos was very disturbed by the action taken against Don Justo, and felt the accusations were unfounded, as was the case against Benancio Perez, a man with eight children and a wife. The seizure of his property reduced them to absolute poverty. Benancio was another of your great, great, great, great grandfathers.

Governor Don Jose Ganga Herrero, who administered the affairs of the island from May 1823 to August 1826, was very popular with Guam's citizens. During his term of office, islanders were permitted to trade at will with visiting ships. His successor, Medinilla y Pineda, on the other hand, was universally disliked. He monopolized all commerce and forbade the Chamorros even to board vessels in port. John Anderson, a Scotsman, and another of your great, great, great, great grandfathers, was Captain of the Port. He came to Guam on March 17, 1819 on the French Corvette "Uranie." He had served temporarily on the "Uranie" as Chief Quartermaster, and was allowed to remain on Guam at his own request. Dumont D'Urville, in command of the "Astrolabe," visited Guam in May 1828, and described him "as a fine looking man, well behaved, and speaking French pretty well." As Captain of the Port, he told d'Urville that Medinilla on his last return from Manila had brought back 60,000 pesos worth of goods for sale and prohibited competition. Anderson commented on the lack of enterprise and progress on the island and ascribed it to the absurd laws and disheartening monopoly. He noted that the Governor received money annually for the salaries of the officials, which he sent back, giving them instead inferior goods at prices fixed by himself. The inhabitants suffered less than the officials, for they never had money to lose and were required only to supply the colonists with food.

Anderson later married Josefa Cruz, and they had six children, one of whom, Dolores, married Felix Olivares Calvo, one of your great, great, great grandfathers.

In 1848, Governor Don Pablo Perez forwarded a petition of John Anderson asking that he be paid a salary for his services as interpreter and translator of English and French when the government required such service. As Captain of the port, he acted as pilot for bringing ships into and out of the harbor, and received a fee of 10 pesos per year from the Navy fund. He was attentive to his duties, and his conduct was good, except when there was reunion of his fellow countrymen — Captains of ships arriving at port — on which occasions, like a good Englishman, he got drunk; but apart from this there was nothing to be said against him. He had no permit of naturalization.

An extract from the log of the "Emily Morgan" of New Bedford, Massachusetts, Captain Ewer (1849-1854), gives a most interesting account in Captain Anderson's own words of an attempt to take over the island several years before. "The Captain and a few more English residents contrived a plan to make themselves possessors of the island. They secretly worked, step by step, at the same time insinuating themselves into the good graces of the Governor. Their plans worked to charm, and when they were fully matured, they quietly took possession of the Palace, the Governor having been made, as Captain Anderson expressed it, 'as drunk as a boiled owl.' As they now had possession of all the arms and ammunition, it was an easy matter to subdue the inhabitants, which they did in short order, without loss of life on either side, covering themselves with glory. As a matter of course, the new lords and master must have a glorious jollification over the affair, and at the same time agree on a governor. This latter, however, proved no easy task, as all were equally anxious to 'serve their country' in being the chief dignitary of the island. After consulting and debating some hours, and finding they were no nearer a decision than at first, they decided to have a spree, and whoever should remain sober the longest, and see the others all laid out, should be the honorable governor. Accordingly, at it they went, bottle after bottle disappeared, one by one they voluntarily relinquished their seats and quietly rolled under the table.

After a short time, no one remained in his seat but Captain Anderson, and he, feeling elated at his success, drank a few bumpers to Captain Anderson, the future Governor of the distinguished island of Guam. But, as he said, 'he was born under an unlucky star.' So it proved, as the bumpers he drank to his own good health keeled him over, and he took his place among his comrades. The Spaniards, who had been watching these proceedings with no small degree of interest, seeing how matters stood, and the would-be Governors gloriously drunk, very adroitly bound them hand and foot. The dethroned governor was, of course, immediately reinstated, and the next day these noble spirits were arraigned for trial. Being convicted of treason, they were sentenced to be placed on a raft, taken out to sea, and then cast loose, leaving them at the mercy of the winds and waves. This was accordingly done, and after drifting several days, they were safely landed on the island of Tinian. Here they resided some time. Finally expressing their sorrow for what they had done, the governor pardoned them, and permitted them to make Guam their future residence, on swearing allegiance to the government and promising to be true and loyal citizens."

Don Felix Calvo y Noriega, the last of your great, great, great, great grandfathers, came from Castilla La Vieja in Spain. He married Dona Maria Olivares, a Spanish senorita, who lived in Manila. He was decorated for distinguished service during the uprising in Manila in 1823. He was a Cavalier of the Order of the Grand Cross of San Hermegildo. After many years of distinguished service in the Philippines, he came to Guam in 1829 as Minister of the Royal Treasury of the Marianas, arriving on the vessel "Maria" along with Jose Martinez and Silvestre Inocencio Palomo.

Don Gregorio de Santa Maria, inaugurated Governor of Guam on October 1, 1843, was stricken with apoplexy April 4, 1848, and three days afterward, Don Felix Calvo, Administrator or Treasurer and Paymaster of the Islands, took charge of the Government, and conducted it for five months. On September 8, 1848, Don Pablo Perez relieved Don Felix Calvo as Governor. Don Felix served as the Island's Treasurer from 1829 until his death in 1866, except during his term as acting governor.

Great power was concentrated in the hands of the island's treasurer. He was in charge of the collection and distribution of funds, the nomination of government employees, control over public works, regulation of politics, and the distribution of land. Royal estates were divided among the local inhabitants. To encourage the growth of industry, the governors were forbidden to engage in trade.

After 1828, commerce in the Marianas was, in theory at least, free and uncontrolled. In reality, however, control merely passed from the governor to the treasurer. The two officials then worked together to maintain the government monopoly. Since a vessel had to be chartered each year to bring funds from Manila, it was thought advisable to bring in goods and supplies at the same time. These goods, bought by the treasurer with government funds, were sold to the people through the government store. In this way the treasurer became a business agent for the governor. Since all goods brought to the island came in government-chartered ships, no individuals could procure goods with which to compete with the government store. Thus, the development of trade and industry was retarded and the government monopoly was maintained.

Don Felix and Dona Maria had nine children, one of whom was your great, great, great grandfather, Felix Olivares Calvo, who was born in 1825. He returned to Spain as a young man, was

educated in the United States, returned to Guam, and married Dolores Cruz Anderson. Your great, great grandfather, Felix Anderson Calvo, was born in 1848. He married Juana Cruz Perez, and was serving as the Mayor of Rota when Guam was seized by the United States.

In 1839, the salaries of government employees were generally far from adequate as is evident from the attached listing:

A military and political governor, named for 6 years, paid annually...1,800 Pesos

Price of boats for visiting the various islands of the archipelago...500 Pesos

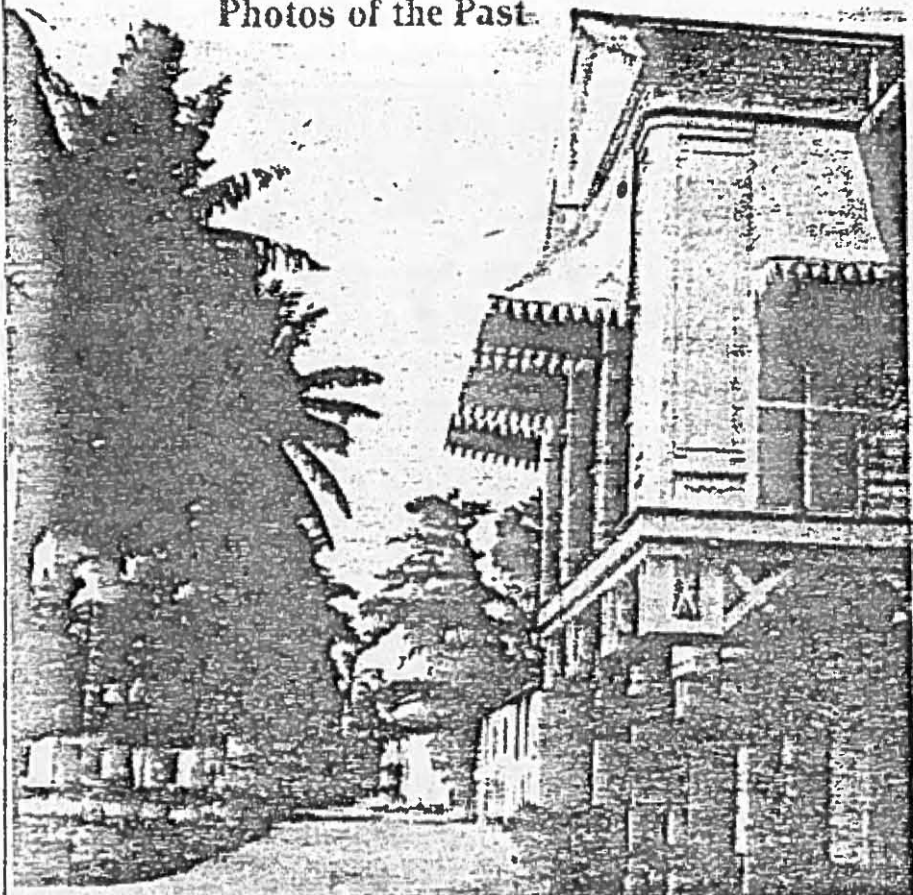
	Pesos
A sergeant major	300
A first adjutant	144
A second adjutant	120
A captain	168
A lieutenant	120
A second lieutenant	108
A first sergeant	84
Three second sergeants @ 72 Pesos ea.	216
Two first corporals @ 60 Pesos ea.	120
Two second corporals @ 60 Pesos ea.	120
Two drummers @ 48 Pesos ea.	96
44 soldiers @ 60 Pesos ea.	2,112

TOTAL FOR THE MILITARY EMPLOYEES 6,008

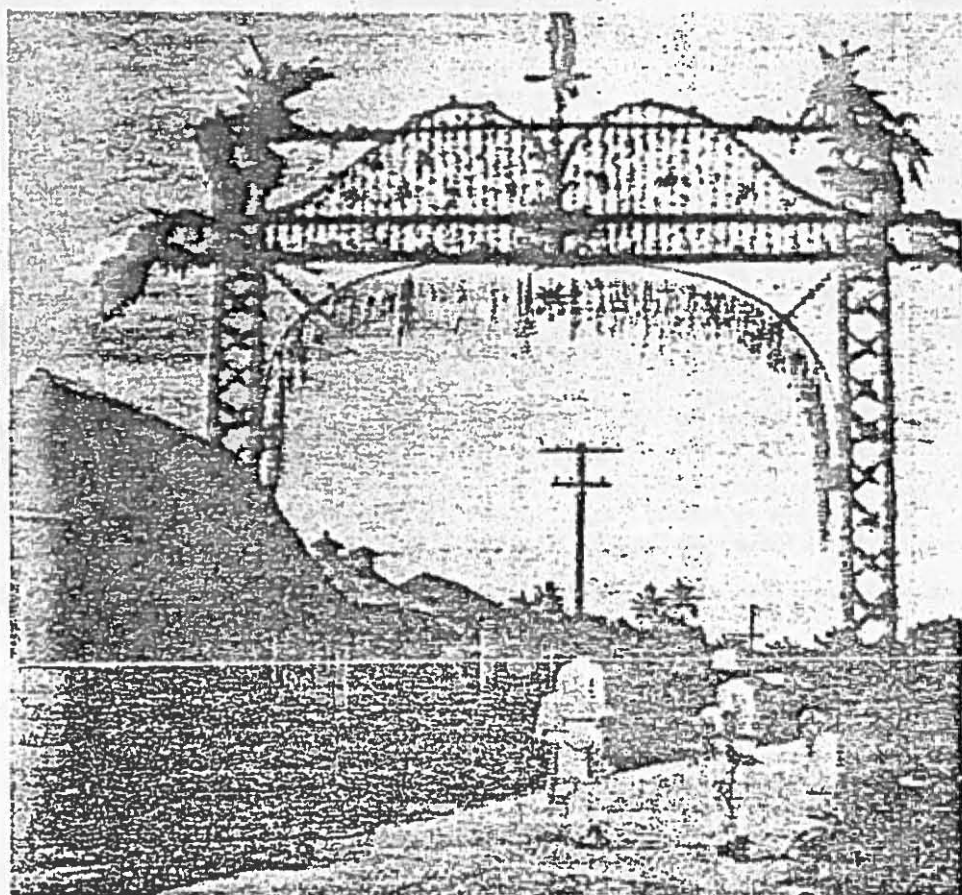
Captain of the port	96
Secretary to the governor	108
Financial administrator for the royal palace	600
Warehouse supervisor	120
Young man (mozo foginante)	30
Master of Arms	84
An alcalde administrator of Tinian @ 12 Pesos per month and 12 young assistants @ 1 Peso per month and 2 young men @ 10 reaux	318
An alcalde of Rota @ 12 Pesos per month and 12 young men @ 10 Pesos per month	174
For the sick and retirement	290
For miscellaneous expenses, purchase of land, damages, etc.	200
GRAND TOTAL, PESOS	8,030

Note: 2 pesos were equivalent to \$1 U.S. Dollar at the turn of the Century (1900).

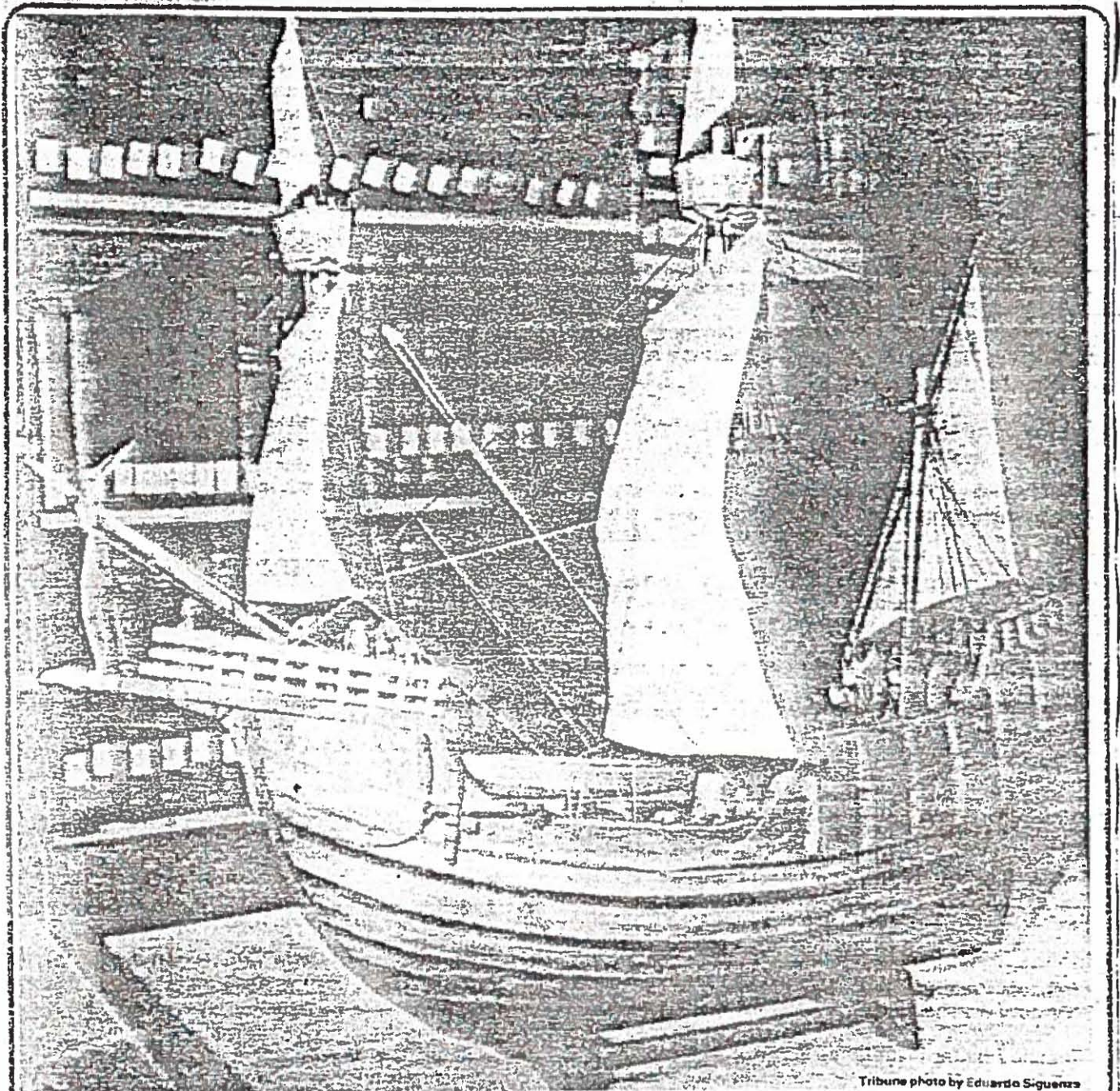
Photos of the Past.



The Palace as it faced the Plaza de Espana fifty years ago.

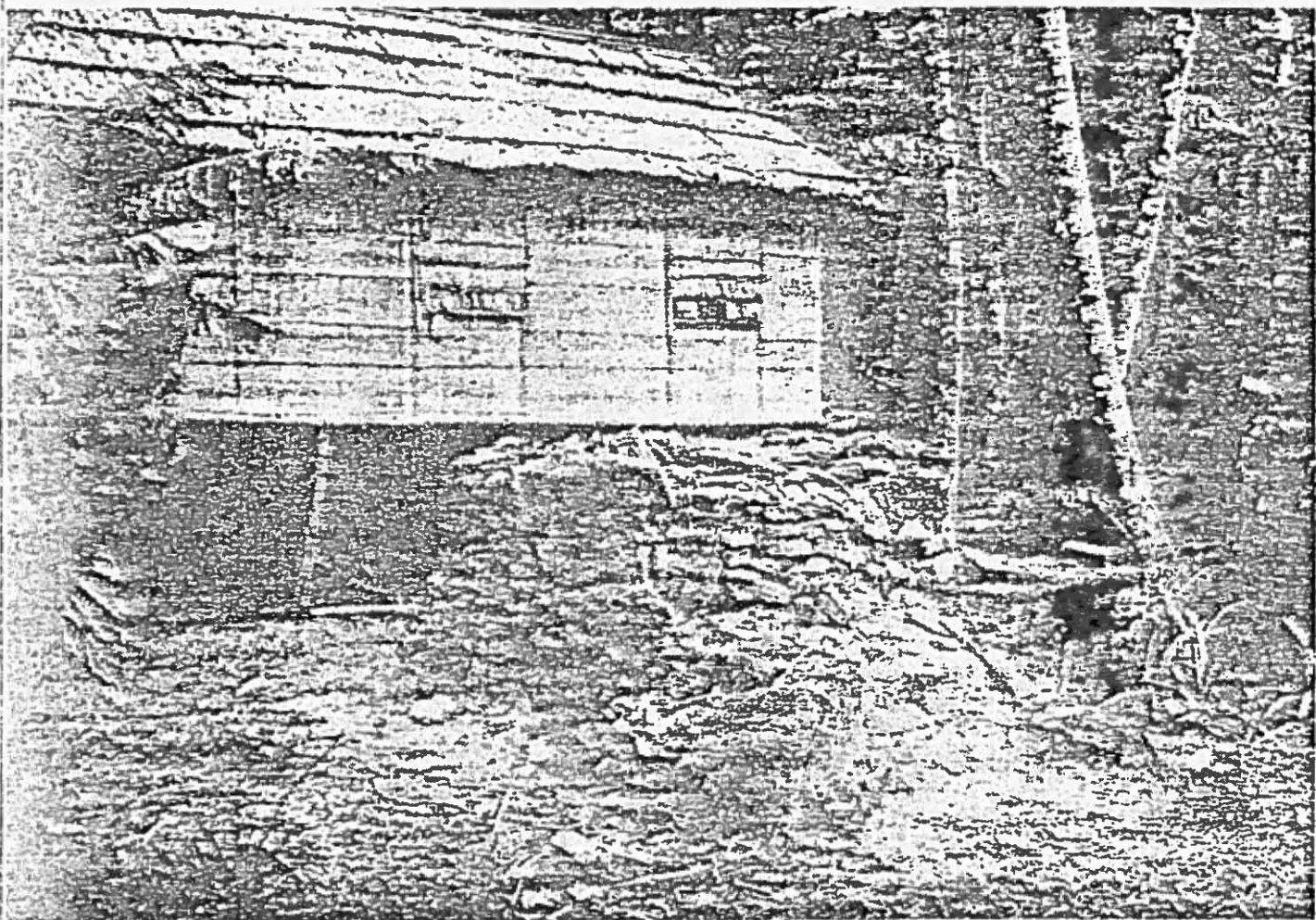


Early day scene of an Atkos erected for a village religious procession.



Tribune photo by Eduardo Sigueros

MAGELLAN'S "VICTORIA". This replica of the Victoria, in which Ferdinand Magellan and his crew landed at Guam on March 6, 1521, is said to be the most accurate model in existence. It took G. Gier Anderson, a local Guam resident, over 15 years to research and construct it. It is now on display at the Micronesian Area Research Center. (Story on Page 54)



Sella Bay Spanish oven.

Last in a series

By PAUL B. SOUDER

Dear Erin, Eric, Carlo, Tommy, and Hannah:

My last letter covered the exploits of some of your earlier grandparents, and the living conditions on island when they were alive. Today, I will endeavor to give you a feeling for your recent grandparents from the latter part of the Nineteenth Century through the Japanese occupation in the early forties.

Before the arrival of the Americans in Guam, it was the practice of enterprising citizens of the island to encourage the inhabitants to go into debt, advancing them goods or money for the use of their families, and for the payment of funeral expenses and masses for the dead, in order to engage in advance as much copra as possible or to secure labor for their fields. As a rule, poor wages were paid; the employer by managing to make further advances from time to time increased rather than diminished the debt and kept the debtor in continuous servitude. A written contract was always drawn up before the first loan would be advanced, by means of which the debtor promised to work for his creditor until his indebtedness should be canceled. For some this amounted to endless, unremitting slavery.

On August 10, 1848, Guam was struck by a devastating typhoon. About five months later, on January 25, 1849, the island was rocked by a severe earthquake. Many churches and several government buildings were badly damaged.

The last of Guam's outstanding Spanish Governors, Felipe Maria de la Corte y Ruano Calderon, a captain of engineers with the rank of lieutenant colonel, took over as governor of Guam on May 16, 1855. The chief aim of his administration was to alleviate the poverty of the people, which, in spite of the efforts of previous governors, had become worse instead of better. Although he tried hard, and had the respect of the people, the island did not progress substantially during his term in office.

During the early part of his tenure as governor, Don Felipe was confronted with a major smallpox epidemic, one that diminished the already small population. As of December 31, 1855, the census showed the population to be 8,207; 161 were born during the period, giving a total of 8,368. Three thousand sixty-three (3463) died from smallpox, 181 from complications caused by the epidemic, leaving the

total population after the epidemic at 4,724. Don Felipe was a just and zealous governor and remained in the Marianas for the Spanish government eleven years. Labor, always short on the island, was especially unavailable during the latter half of the 19th century under the haphazard Spanish occupation. A form of conscripted labor relieved part of the problem: a man either paid a conscription tax which was spent to hire someone in his place, or else he devoted a certain amount of his time to public works, amounting for about one-third of his early working days.

Don Jose Martinez Torres, your great grandfather, was born in Agaña on October 20, 1882. He received his early education from his father, graduated from San Juan de Letran College in Agaña during the Spanish regime, and later attended the local public school.

His English instructor was Lt. W.E. Safford. With the assistance of his father, he attained a proficiency in Spanish. He was an accomplished composer and pianist.

His father died in 1902 when Jose was 20, at which time, deprived of financial backing at home, it was necessary for him to hustle for employment. His first job was a foreman on road construction; later, he worked in the shop of a silversmith. Meanwhile, he formed plans to get into business for himself at the first opportunity. He rented a canoe and traveled to the various villages around the island, in search of whatever he could buy or sell. Soon he had established a small business in rosaries, church articles, and various trinkets, many of which he made, voyaging from time to time to Saipan and other islands in the Marianas. When his abilities as a salesman had netted him some five hundred pesos, he established the Union Trading Company—the first all local corporation ever formed on Guam. After two prosperous years, he sold his holdings, and with his wife, established a retail business in the district of San Nicolas, Agaña, which later resulted in a chain of thriving stores. Through hard work and keen insight of the people's needs, his local business budded, and by 1912, he was doing a full-scale import-export trade, with agents in Manila, China, Japan and the United States.

In his endless business endeavors, Don Jose built a soap and candle factory, and made market improvements in an infant copra industry by constructing Guam's first copra drying plant.

YOUR Chamorro Ancestors

A letter to my grandchildren, and to those who bear a similar relationship.

At the outbreak of the war with Japan, he was among the group of key merchandise distributors who were summoned for a reorganization of stores to distribute Japanese goods on a ration basis. His three succeeding years represented much work and little reward.

He always held as his main interest the general prosperity of the island and the Chamorro people, and was one of the pioneers of the copra export trade. He established the first modern copra dryer, which resulted in greatly increased production of that important item of income to prewar island residents.

He was recognized by his contemporaries as a capable leader and executive. He was elected a member of the First Guam Congress from the San Nicolas district in 1917, and was Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals in 1934-35 and 1948-49.

Dona Maria Calvo Torres y Perez, your great grandmother, was born on Guam and later married Jose M. Torres. Nana, as she was affectionately called by her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, was an energetic support to her husband in all his endeavors, and managed her household well. She raised her granddaughter Geri, Felix's daughter, with her daughter Mariquita's assistance, after Geri's mother's death by the Japanese, prior to the American invasion in 1944. She lived with Geri in their home in Agana Heights, purchased by your great grandfather prior to his death. ~~Nana was a good disciplinarian~~

of her grandchildren, all of whom loved her dearly. She and I got along particularly well. Although I do not speak Chamorro, and Nana did not speak English, we found it easy to communicate sometimes to the amazement of other members of the family.

Mariquita Calvo Torres, your grandmother, whom you all call Mama Tita except for Eric who calls her Nana, was born on September 4, 1913 in Agana, the daughter of Jose Martinez Torres and Maria Perez Calvo. She was educated by tutors and attended private schools, the Collins School and the Guam Institute. As the daughter of leading merchant and judge, she was active socially and frequently assisted her mother and father as a hostess. Mama Tita is perhaps best known for her devotion to our Lady, Santa Marian Camalin. Shrouded by the mystery of her arrival and engulfed in local lore, the statue of Santa Maria Camalin has for years been venerated on Guam as the island's own personal replica of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The most popular belief concerning her appearance, some 300 years ago, is that the wooden statue, guarded by two sea crabs holding candles, was seen floating in the waters near Merizo by an old fisherman. He tried to retrieve it using his net but each time the statue sank and evaded his attempts, some say because the man was unclothed and was not fit to touch the Lady in such a fashion. Giving up his attempts, he reported what he had witnessed to the Spanish priests, who sent soldiers to recover the statue. The soldiers, dressed, succeeded, and the wooden image was taken to their barracks, described as a shed or barn, hence the name "Our Lady of the Barracks" or "Our Lady of the Shed." While no miracles have ever been proved in relation to the statue, there are many who ascribe many miraculous feats to the Madonna. When Spanish soldiers said their nightly prayers, sometimes sleepy from too much tuba, the doors of the tabernacle, which encased the statue, would slam tightly shut, with a loud noise to awaken the disrespectful penitents. Others say she turned her back to inattentive prayer-sayers. Also during the Spanish regime, they told a story of our lady taking a morning walk. When the soldiers gathered for their morning chapel call, they observed the hem of her dress spotted with moisture, as if she had been walking in the dewy grass. Since those early days, our Lady has had a variety of other experiences which continue to enhance her glory.

The statue survived a fall from the prewar cathedral in Agana, during an earthquake in 1902, the devastation brought by the war, a fire, and her theft over ten years ago.

From 1928 to 1941, Mama Tita, a young woman at that time, devoted herself to the yearly task of assisting in the preparation of the Carosa for the statue, for the annual procession in conjunction with the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

When the Japanese captured Guam in 1941, they wanted to use the Cathedral for government offices, and the altar as a stage for entertainment, where local girls danced the hula and sang. The invaders loved such entertainment.

After the Japanese deported the American priests and the Spanish Bishop to prison in Japan, Father Duenas, the senior local priest, was asked to remove all the statues, including the statue of our Lady, and all church records from the Cathedral. Mama Tita asked her father if they could store the statues and records in

the Torres ranch. A short time later, a Japanese Bishop and a Japanese priest arrived on Guam to serve the catholic community. They decided to move the church records and documents to St. Anthony's chapel, located behind that area in Agana now known as J & G Auto City. The Japanese Bishop, the Japanese priest, and Father Duenas arrived with two large trucks to make the move. Your great grandfather complied with their request. They moved everything but the throne and the statue of our Blessed Mother, which was upstairs in the living room, where the family prayed each evening. The Japanese Bishop directed that they give him the statue and the throne. Your Mama Tita, being a strong willed young lady, said no, that belongs to us. Then the Japanese priest, who had previously served on Guam, said he had seen the statue and throne in the Agana Cathedral. Mama Tita agreed that he may have seen them in the Cathedral, because the church borrowed the statue and throne every year for the 8th of December novena and procession. The Japanese clergy questioned Father Duenas, he looked at your Mama Tita, she looked at him and he confirmed that the statue and throne belonged to the Torres family. They did not take the statue, so Santa Maria Camalin remained at the Torres ranch until shortly before the bombing of the island, prior to the American takeover on Guam.

The Japanese after their arrival did not like the families of former Chamorro business leaders, because they knew the lifestyle of such families changed completely from what they were accustomed to under the American administration. The Japanese did pay courtesy calls to such leaders, sometimes with unusual results. Your great grandfather received notice of such a contemplated visit to their ranch house. Your uncles and aunts taught Nana, your great grandmother, the proper welcoming greetings in Japanese, or so she

thought. On the arrival of the Japanese visitors, she bowed gracefully and told them in Japanese to "get the hell out," not knowing the meaning of what she had been taught. They courteously departed, fortunately with no ill results.

During the occupation, the family sometimes lived on a piece of coconut, because they could find nothing else. They tried to raise pigs and chickens, which the Japanese would seize. They managed to cook small chickens and vegetables to serve the whole family. If they made a larger dish, the Japanese confiscated the meal.

It was during this period that they imprisoned your great Uncle Felix (Granpa to Carla, Tommy, and Hannah), who they suspected of aiding Tweed, an American serviceman hiding out on Guam. Grandpa, or Uncle Lele as you know him, had been gone for over a month. The family thought he had been killed because they had no word of him. They prayed nightly for his soul, but there was still no information regarding his whereabouts.

One night your great grandfather, an accomplished pianist and composer, was visited by the Japanese governor's aide and Mr. Shinohara, who requested that he play the piano. He was very sad that evening, and he refused, not caring what they did to him. The aide asked why he was so sad. He replied that something had or was going to happen to his son. He did not know whether he was dead or alive. Mr. Shinohara suggested they go down to the jail or see the Japanese civilian governor. The guard at the jail said yes, Mr. Felix Torres was there, and he was to be beheaded at dawn. The guard was asked if they had any proof that he was hiding anyone. The guard did not know. Mr. Shinohara called the Governor and asked if they had any proof of his hiding Tweed or knew of his whereabouts. The Governor replied that they had no proof, but they were going to kill him in the morning for they had kept him for a month already. Their victim had been hung by his hands for the preceding week, his feet not touching the ground, and he had numerous large bruises. The swelling was cracking so they cut him down to behead him, but instead, the governor's aide released him because of insufficient evidence of guilt. He had no crawl up to the Maite ranch because he was so weak from the ordeal. He had only been given water and stale biscuits. He reached the ranch in the morning. His mother found him passed out on the top of the stairs. She called his father and the family. His back was badly bruised, his shirt in tatters, the same clothes he had worn for a month. When his captors slashed him on the back, the blood oozed out, the shirt stuck to his body, and they could not remove it. The family applied diluted vinegar and water, good for infection, to remove his clothes. His feet were in terrible shape. When he regained consciousness, he asked, "Is the Blessed Mother still here?" Mama Tita said yes, and he crawled in and stood in front of our Lady, and said with feeling, "Thank you." The family knelt, prayed, and cried at the sight of him. But he was alive.

The Torres' had little privacy during this period. The Japanese would arrive, go straight into the bedroom or bathroom, trusting no one, thinking they were hiding something.

There were some good Japanese. Dr. Isota, who knew his countrymen were losing the war, saved members of a number of Guam's families. He told your great grandfather, Don Jose, that the Japanese soldiers wanted single girls from good families. He prepared certificates confirming a diagnosis of tuberculosis for your Aunt Lina and Aunt Cynthia, and a certificate of insanity for Mama Tita. When the Japanese came to take the eligible young ladies, the potential recruits showed their certificates, and the Japanese rapidly departed, leaving the girls alone for fear of contagion. Dr. Isota told Mama Tita to wear old clothes, make herself dirty during the day, mess up her hair, look them in the eye, and act mentally deranged, or the Japanese might catch on. The ruse worked, but I regret the certificate for your Mama Tita was lost after the war. Guam residents were also required to wear white cloth dog tags during the Japanese occupation.

In the waning days of occupation, the Japanese decided to move the Torres' out of their ranch, because the Japanese wanted to use it for a hospital, since it was close to the airfield they were building, and was convenient to house the wounded. The family vacated the ranch area when the American bombing started. When they moved, Mama Tita told her father that she had to take the statue and throne, and he asked how? The throne was made of ifil and was very heavy. She said, we will take it in a bull cart. Her father suggested that they take only the statue, not the throne. But your Mama Tita insisted on both the throne and the statue. She won the argument and the throne was sent ahead. Her new home in Pado was made only with materials they could find, with a tin and coconut frond thatched roof. They took their beds, and bedding to have something to sleep on. Mama Tita held the statue on her lap, but the terrain was so rugged that she and the statue were tied together on the cart. They arrived safe and sound.

In the midst of the occupation, the sense of humor of families, despite adversity and inhumane treatment, had its funny moments. Your great Uncle, Tom Bordallo, managed to escape many times, by one ruse or another, his duty as part of the airport construction crew. He heard one day that the Japanese were giving away cigarettes to the laborers, so he show-

ed up for work. Unfortunately, he picked the wrong time. It was the day that each laborer got slapped by their captop supervisors.

The bombing increased and the family had to build an air raid shelter in the Pado area in which to live. With the thoughtful assistance of some Koreans the Japanese had imported to work in airport construction, they cut coconut logs, placed them crisscrossed over a natural depression, covered the whole with fronds and dirt, leaving a small entry hole. It was not pretty, but it protected them.

But the day finally came when Mama Tita could no longer take the statue with her. The American troops had landed, and the Japanese marched the islanders to Manengon. The Torres family—like everyone else—was allowed to bring only a few items of clothing along. Enroute, Hannah, Geri's mother, who resembled a haole, was whipped and beaten by the Japanese. She called Mama Tita, gave her Geri to care for, and died shortly thereafter. They reached Manengon sometime later, where Hannah was buried.

The lifestyle of the family was again subjected to considerable change, and they lived initially in a pup tent in the Agat refugee camp. Mama Tita asked her brother to ask some of the armed marines, because there were still snipers on the island, to accompany him to see if the Blessed Mother was unharmed. At the ranch, they found her standing on her throne. The piano was broken, and everything else was shattered because of the shelling and bombing of the nearby airfield. But our Lady of Camarin stood there untouched by the ravages of war. Although all of the family jewelry was gone, the jewelry on the statue was untouched. She was still wearing her gold crown, the same necklace, and the same rose earrings. Uncle Lele (grandpa) took the statue and throne to his ranch nearby. The family moved shortly afterwards from Agat to his ranch.

Guam's first postwar church was built of woven Nipa palm in Sinajana, where a portion of the remaining population were located. The statue of our Lady moved there until the temporary Cathedral was constructed in Agana.

Your Mama Tita's devotion to our Lady of Camarin has continued to date. In 1949, her brother traveled to the United States, and she requested that he purchase a huge shell as background for the Statue of our Lady for future December 8th processions. He complied. The shell was beautiful, the back a light pink color, the inside light to dark pink, and the outside sprinkled with gold.

In 1972, a typhoon hit Guam, destroyed the roof of the warehouse in which the shell was located, and in the process ruined the shell.

The statue of our Lady has had other experiences with natural disaster. A fire from candles on the Carosa in another procession threatened to destroy her. Quick thinking from young men who removed their coats and smothered the fire by covering the statue with them, saved the statue again. The coats of the young men turned to ashes, and some of the buttons melted. Santa Maria remained unscathed.

Our Lady of Camarin had another adventure approximately 10 years ago. She was stolen. Bishop Baumgartner, sick in the hospital, called Mnsgr. Flores, the pastor of the Agana Cathedral at that time, to say mass to find her. The Mnsgr. was very upset, and Bishop Baumgartner told him to calm down, saying the Blessed Mother would not leave us. Rewards were offered for her return and Pupe Pangelinan gave a jade and diamond ring for the statue's recovery.

When the Bishop was released from the hospital, and was at home, he received a phone call, asking if he would be home at 4 o'clock. The caller said he was coming with the statue, but wanted no one around when he came. A short while later, someone knocked on the Souder's front door at Cuesta San Ramon. Mama Tita answered the door, and a man asked if this was the Bishop's house. She said no, the Bishop's house is next door. The caller asked how could he get there? Mama Tita then walked with this man to the rear gate of the Bishop's house, and identified the house and the chancery office. He thanked her, and when she turned, she

saw another man in the back of the car holding something covered with a white cloth. She did not realize what it was, and returned home. About a half hour later, Mnsgr. Guerrero, who lived with the Bishop and Mnsgr. Flores, phoned and said Tita, the Bishop wants you down in the church, because the Blessed Mother is there, and he wants you to fix her hair, straighten the crown, and she must be returned to the niche. Mama Tita asked: "Who took her?" He said, we do not know, the Bishop refused to comment. Mama Tita thought the statue was covered in the car she had seen. But she wondered why they should knock on her door first? She was sure they could not miss the sign with an arrow pointing to the Bishop's house. Mnsgr. Guerrero said maybe Santa Maria just wanted Tita to be prepared. But Bishop Baumgartner knew, because he did not say anything. He said, why does it bother you Tita, who knocks on your door. Never mind, the Blessed Mother is back.

The statue was not damaged, she had been secreted in the Japanese caves below our house, and was apparently covered with tanga-tanga. Mama Tita continued to wonder whether the Blessed Mother gave her the message that she had returned. She was the first to know. It may have been a coincidence, but why should they knock at her door?

From that day, Mama Tita has decorated the cathedral every Saturday and every church holiday, missing only when she was ill or off-island. And she has been in charge of the carosa for the procession every year.

A few changes have been made to the statue of Our Lady of Camarin. She has been repainted several times and the crown has been changed twice.

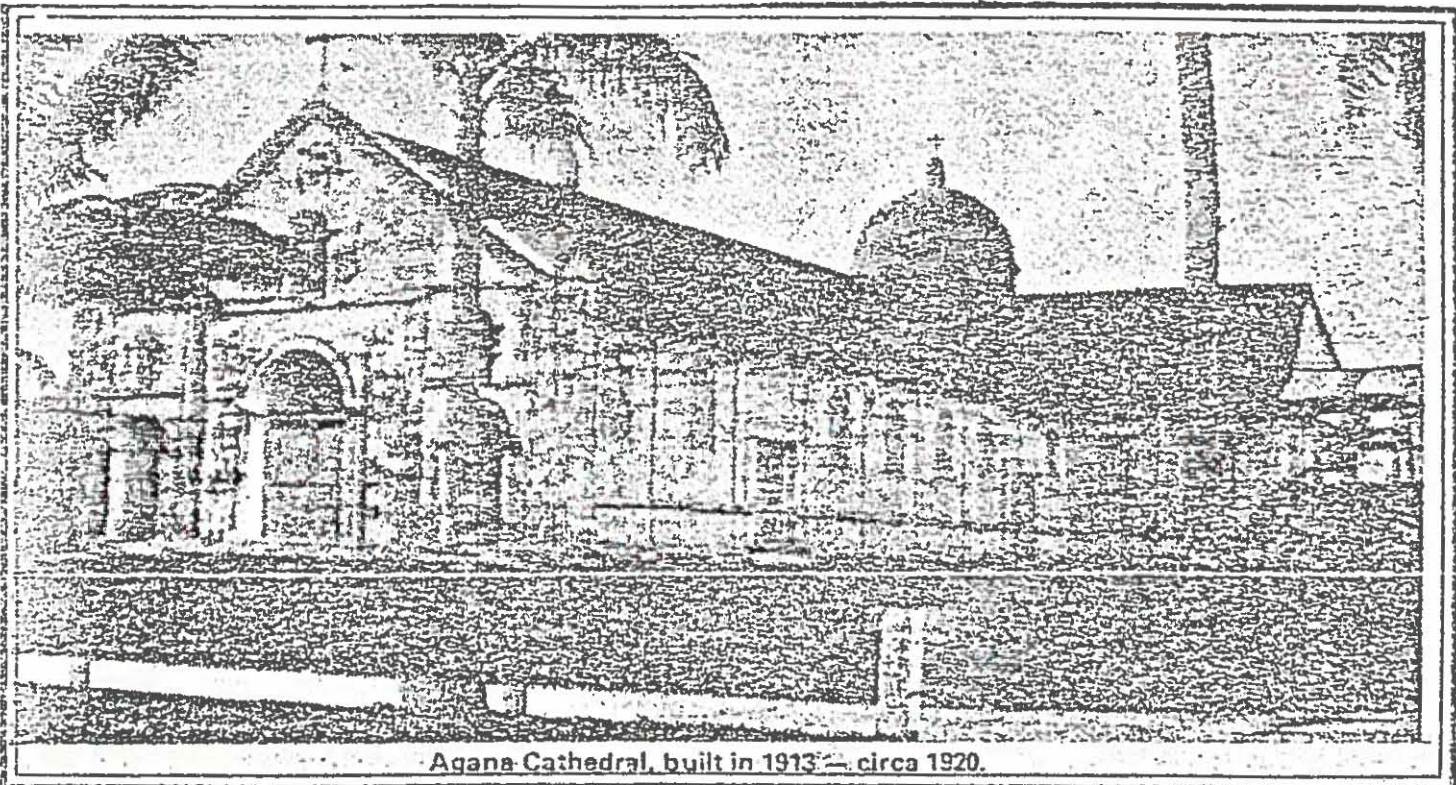
The first time the crown was replaced was when the statue was returned to the Cathedral.

The reoccupation of Guam by American forces totally destroyed the family properties in Agana and throughout the island, and a temporary home was built on the site of a prewar warehouse in Agana, adjacent to the Skinner Plaza area and Marine Drive. Mama Tita operated the Triangle, a general merchandise store at the site of their temporary home. She married your grandfather, a Lt. Cdr. in the U.S. Navy on June 19, 1948. They had five children, Mary, born May 15, 1949; Laura on August 15, 1950; Deborah on November 16, 1951; a son in June 1955; and Paul Jr. on November 7, 1959. Three of the children attended Catholic schools on Guam, and resided in Casa de Souder on Cuesta San Ramon until they were married.

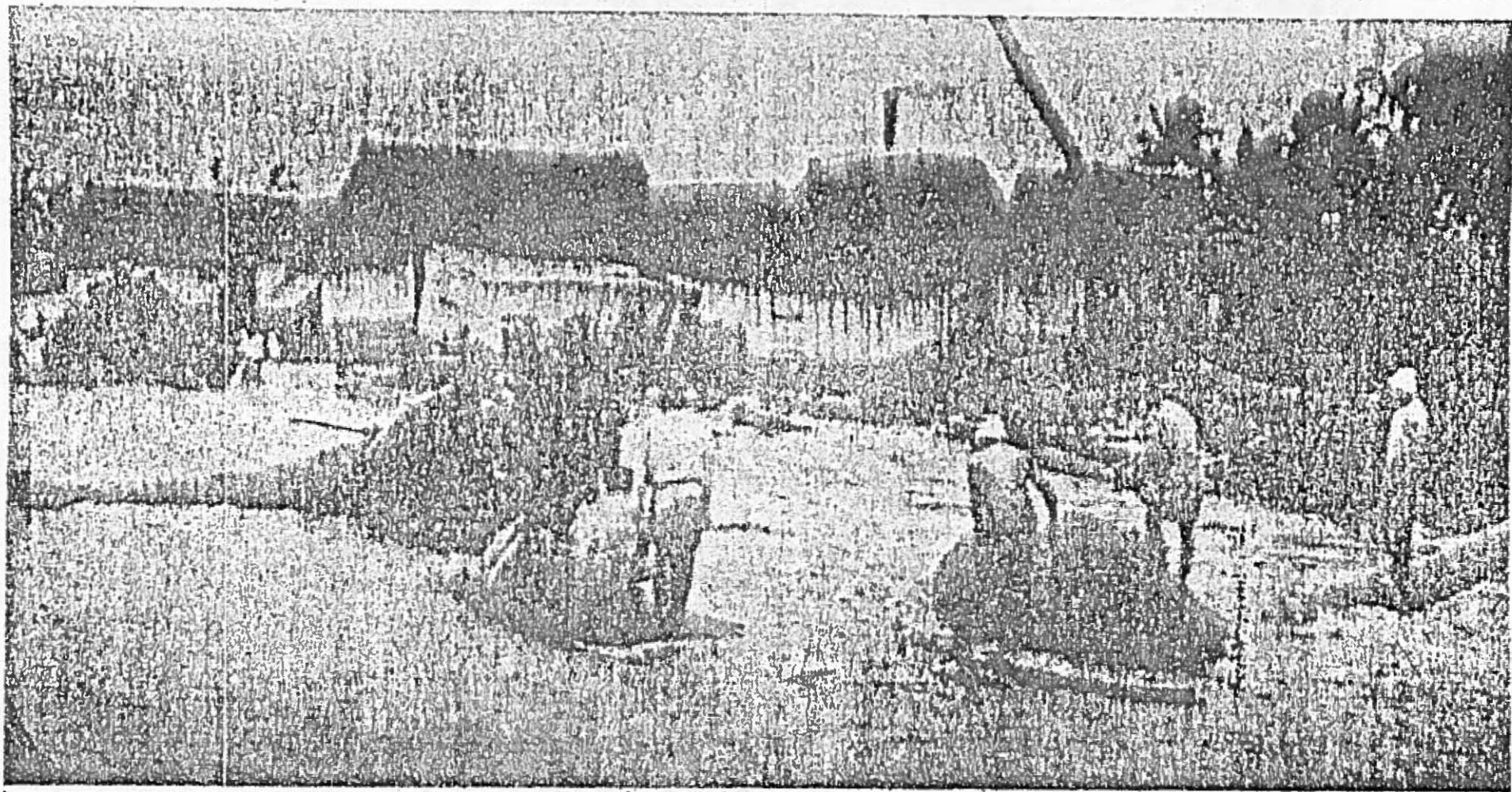
Mama Tita was also active in civilian affairs. Since World War II, she was and has been a member of the Guam Memorial Hospital volunteers and was given an award for 5,000 hours of service to that organization. She has been on the executive council of the Guam Women's Club, the Girl Scout Council, and the Women's Democratic Party. Besides being responsible for the Agana Cathedral altar flowers and decoration throughout her married life, Mama Tita serves as an active member of the Christian Mothers, the Charities Appeal Drives, the Eights of December activities, the Guam Memorial Hospital volunteers, and the Guam Beauty Association. She has a distinct flair for flower arrangement, and has assisted in many facets of life on Guam in this capacity. She is fondly called Tita, M.T., Mama Tita by family and friends, in addition to Gma or Nana by Erin and Eric.



Your grandmother, Tita Torres Souder, and Our Lady of Camarin.



Agaña Cathedral, built in 1913 — circa 1920.



The "great flood," May 1921.



Agana 1940.



Drying corn in the streets — circa 1920.