



4th Marianas History Conference

ONE Archipelago, Many Stories: Commemorating Our Histories

Culture

Two of Three



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Table of Contents

Culture

Ancestral Secret	1
<i>By Mario R. Borja</i>	
Remembering Father Jesus Baza Duenas Through Oral Histories	13
<i>By Judy S. Flores and William “Bill” M. Paulino</i>	
Digital Cultural Preservation of the Mariana Islands Through Collaborative Storytelling	43
<i>By Sylvia C. Frain and Jim Marbrook</i>	
An Assessment of Preserving Latte Sites	49
<i>By Dave Lotz</i>	
Prubido Fumino’ Chamoru	57
<i>By Peter R. Onedera</i>	

Notwithstanding the recommendations of the Kumisión i Fino' CHamoru about the spelling of the word CHamoru, the editors have respected the original spelling presented by the authors, as representing their choices and perspectives on these matters.

Ancestral Secret

Discovering an Elusive Angle in the Sacred Geometry of the Sakman

By Mario R. Borja

Master Carver

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Abstract: *Building a canoe does not make you a sailor; but it sure can help. This is about the discovery of an angle we stumbled upon in our quest to build the sakman, a single-outrigger canoe our Chamorro ancestors once built and sailed nearly three centuries ago. It starts with our curiosity about canoes once used to travel from one island to another. Our research led us to uncover more details of our own elusive seafaring history that would provide the data to begin our canoe project. One discovery after another has brought us to Guam with the canoe we have built. It was here in Hagåtña Bay that we discovered the purpose of an embedded angle that lay beneath our feet, an angle we constructed following ancestral design, an angle that would teach us how to sail the sakman.*

Welcome

Hafa Adai. Thank you for your presence this afternoon. At our 2nd Marianas History Conference here at the University of Guam, I stood up here to share our Sakman Story, a story of the outrigger canoe we built in 2011 from a drawing of canoe once sailed here in the Marianas – the flying proa. This presentation today is an extension of that story. It is about a secret, an ancient secret, that we uncovered recently while out sailing our canoe. It was a secret imbedded in the very design of the proa, a secret that will help us to be better sailors. Please journey with me as we uncover this secret of old.

Introduction

My name is Mario R. Borja. I am the lead builder and captain of the 47-ft single outrigger canoe we fondly call “Che’lu.” For those who are not familiar with the Sakman Story, here is a brief review of that project before we move on to uncovering the elusive ancestral wisdom.

A Quick Review

This whole *sakman* project started with a tree, a redwood tree that we purchased from the National Sequoia Forest in Mendocino, California. Fifteen thousand dollars later it was in our front yard, where we started construction in 2010. All we had was a drawing to build from – the George Anson Drawing circa 1742. After years of building smaller proa models to understand the scaling mathematics, the tooling required, and the craftsmanship demanded, we were confident about building a full-scale proa based on this drawing. After a year of construction, she was almost ready for the water. But we were really not ready yet. I must confess that building a canoe does not make one a sailor. Sailing this outrigger was another steep learning curve we had to endure.

Teaching Ourselves

It was May of 2011 when we first put her in the water in Mission Bay San Diego, and since then we took every opportunity to teach each other how to sail. Lacking any written instructions, we studied and tried many things on our own, from simply leaving the dock and returning safely, from raising and lowering the 35-ft mast, to making our first run up and down the bay. In our eagerness and exuberance to sail, we overlooked the critical points of sailing. Yes, we made many mistakes in the process, to include running into a submarine, side-swiping a Coast Guard cutter, running aground into a bed of rocks, breaching high security areas, and more. We’ve learned from each and we are still not done.



FestPac 2016

Through the help of Matson Navigation, we shipped our single outrigger to Guam in 2016 at the invitation to participate in the 8th Festival of Pacific Arts as seafarers representing the Chamorro diaspora community. We wanted to try her out in the warm waters of the Pacific. And we did. We took her out to play. She was quite comfortable.



A Wise Sailor's Advice

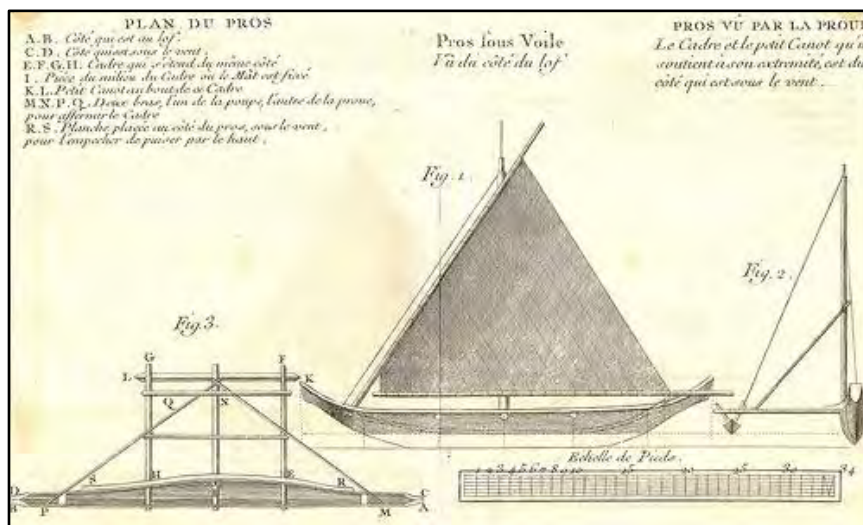
It was here on island where I met a seasoned sailor who gave me this wise advice: “Mario, do not build another canoe. Take her out instead and sail her. She will let you know what she can do and what she can’t do. She will talk to you. You just need to listen to her.” No ambiguity on what he meant here. We have a platform to work with already. Go for a hard test drive and tweak it so it would run better. And this is exactly what we did.

Our Journey of Discovery

This presentation today is about a discovery we happened upon during one of our excursions out to find out what she can and cannot do. The events that led to this discovery of the utility of a certain triangle that laid beneath our feet is very much part of this journey. Please join us me as we hoist our sail. Hold tight, the winds are blowing.

The Anson Drawing

I refer to the Anson Drawing once more to highlight key observations. Here it is.



This drawing is full of triangles, from the side view (Fig. 1), and front view (Fig. 2), and the top view (Fig. 3). Each triangle shown has a specific purpose of adding rigidity, stability form, function, and structure to the whole canoe. The large sail is the most visible triangle that seems to dominate all activities; and rightly so, since it is our main propulsion system on the canoe. As we will see later, this dominant sail will point to another triangle and reveal the latter's added purpose, which I believe was built into the design of the proa through the wisdom of our ancestors. Now I bring you back to the day of discovery.

She is Ready

There we were at the Hagåtña Boat Basin that fateful morning. Our *sakman* was ready and loaded. My crew was rested and raring for another day of sailing. The weather was right, with a few clouds on the horizon. The easterly wind was steady and was beckoning us out for another day in the sun.

It was meant to be. We cut loose from our dock and powered out the narrow basin channel. Once past the breakwater we raised our sail and headed out perpendicular to the true wind. We were beam reaching. We here heading north toward Saipan.

Hydroplaning

We started to pick up speed as the canoe cut through the deep with our outrigger frolicking and echoing her delight. Then as we reached 10 knots, we witnessed the hull starting to hydroplane. Yes, we knew that this is what she would do at this speed, for we calculated it years earlier using formulas we found in our research. But it was another experience altogether to feel her wanting to climb out of the water. And she did.

We paid cautious attention with full consternation to our GPS data as she continued gaining speed. All eyes and ears were tuned to the environment we shared. We listened to the wind as it flowed noisily over our sail; we listened to the bow as she parted the incoming waves. We also listened to our windward-stretched



outrigger as she followed course splashing through the waves in her own style. We listened as well with our hearts and our spirits.

Dancing the Cha-Cha

We even listened to each other's shouts of excitement as we approached 15 knots when the outrigger started to tap dance on the side, almost rhythmically to the tune of the cha-cha-cha. She was dancing. We heard the music loud and clear.

Flying the Proa

Then, as quickly as she started her dance, she wanted to change steps to another tune. Now we were running at 17 knots, almost 19 miles per hour, when she started to fly. The outrigger started to lift as you can see in the photo below.

This was an experience we were all anticipating with only pictures of other canoes to prepare us. For us to really experience it for ourselves was another level of adventure. It was with spiritual guidance that one crew member summarized that moment so well: "Now we know how our ancestors must have felt when they, too, were out here sailing their canoe." It was truly a shared experience for all of us, albeit some 270 years later. Our ancestral spirits were with us.



Finding Her Limits

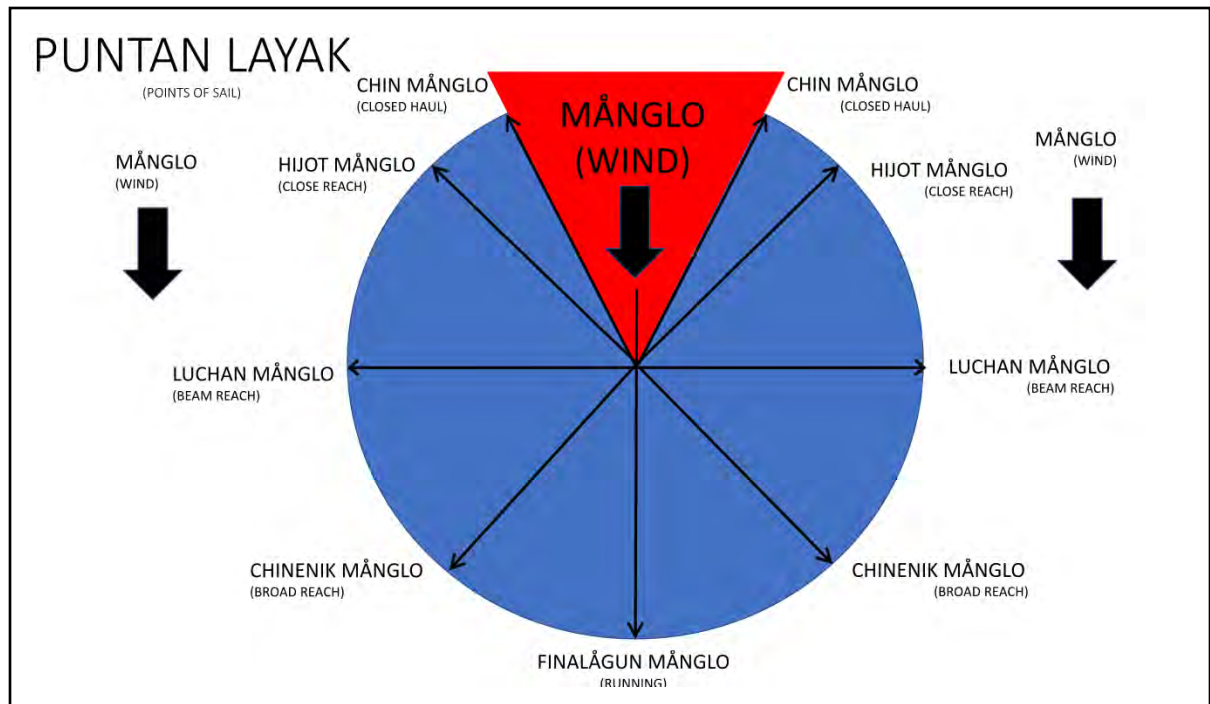
Emboldened by this, we wanted to push our *sakman* to her limits, so she could tell us more of what she can do and what she can't do. I am not sure what it was, perhaps it was the stuff in the concoction we were drinking or the stuff we smoked, or maybe it was just pure adrenalin in our veins, but we were daring. We wanted to push her to her limits.

I gave the signal to turn into the wind. With some slight hesitation for clarity, our helmsman took hold of the rudder and pulled it left to turn our bow right. With much determination and purpose, I pulled the sail in closer and closer as we turned further eastward and we all scanned the ocean surface looking for white caps which would confirm true wind direction. We were edging closer and closer into the wind. So where were we with respect to the wind?

Points of Sail (Puntan Månglo)

We were well aware and most respectful of the wind's direction. The wind can be your best friend out there if you know where it is coming from. Yet it can be your worst nightmare if you do not know its direction. We recently lost two canoes right

here on Guam because of it. This Points of Sail is a system of trimming the sail with respect to the wind's direction and heading to maximize forward velocity safely. Here it is:



This diagram shows the many directions any vessel can take with respect to the true wind. A sailor can actually sail ahead in any direction except into the wind. One can sail with the wind (*finalāgun* – running), sail off the wind (*chinenik mǎnglo* – broad reach), run across the wind (*luchan mǎnglo* – beam reach) and even sail close to the wind (*hijot mǎnglo* – close reach). But how close can one sail into the wind? Where is this imaginary edge of the wind (*chin mǎnglo* – closed haul)? Just how wide is this area drawn in red, our “No Sail Zone”? In literature we read the Marianas proa can actually sail closer to the wind than western vessels, which can muster 60 to 45 degrees. Just how close can the Anson-design proa sail into the wind without losing forward velocity? Well, this was what we were about to discover.

Finding the Edge of the Wind

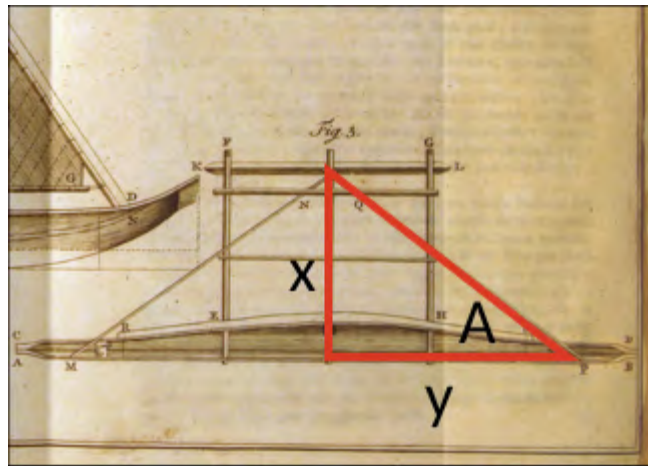
As we continued into the wind, we kept our full attention on the sail. The sail will flutter if trimmed into the wind, but fill full when at the edge. I pulled the sail in as tight as I could against the mast ropes (stays). With a bit of fine tuning of our heading using the rudder, pulling it left to turn right, and pulling it right to turn left, we managed to reach the threshold where we were indeed very close to the wind. The sail itself, the most dominant triangle on board our *sakman*, signaled that we were at the edge of the wind. And then: The discovery of a lifetime.

Discovering the Secret

As we managed to keep our heading steady, we were also busy taking in all the data we could absorb. Where is the true wind? Where is the apparent wind with respect to our heading? What is the alignment of our sail to this apparent wind? How is the crew weight distributed on board? Amidst all these questions running through my head I just happened to look down at my feet, perhaps to get a better footing, when I noticed something beneath my feet that sent chills up my back. The very boom that ran out from the main hull to the outrigger for rigidity and structure was pointing directly into the wind. The boom was one leg of an isosceles triangle that laid beneath my very feet. It had been there since we built our canoe from the design of old, which we inherited from the wisdom of our Chamorro ancestors. That very leg was pointing into the true wind when we were sailing the closest we could into the wind itself.

Calculating the Closest Sail Angle into the Wind

As a student of engineering, finding the numerical value of the closest angle we can sail into the wind is my focal interest. As I looked at this isosceles triangle below my feet, I saw the elusive angle that just cried out to be discovered. Here is that triangle below: We can easily confirm that Angle A is formed by the three legs of a right triangle of which leg X is opposite this angle and leg Y is its adjacent side. We can invoke the tangent trigonometric identity that states that the tangent of Angle A is the ratio of X over Y. Hence, the angle A is simply the arc-tangent of this ratio. Using the scaling data we discover that the ratio X/Y equals .729 and the Angle A equals 36 degrees.



Now we have a tangible measure of the very angle that our *sakman* can come closest into the wind. And from it, we can easily assert that the red-colored area in the Puntan Layak diagram is twice that: 72 degrees. QED.

Captain's Remarks

Was this pointer purposely built into the *sakman* design so as to help us be better sailors?⁹ Or was it just a coincidence that just happened to point into the wind when sailing closest to the wind? I believe the former. It is hard not to believe that the layout of the *sakman* was indeed intended by our ancestral builders. The simplicity of design, the symmetry, and asymmetry of the hull, the placement of the outrigger following mathematical logic, the relationship of critical canoe measurements to the fundamental keel length, all point to the refinement of a vessel built for speed. Such a particular layout of the pointer as a tool for sailors to employ is no accident, but is a design feature built in by our Chamorro ancestors. Their documentation of the *sakman* is in the vessel itself.

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Mario, the twin son of a carpenter and a fisherman, comes from an applied background of aerospace engineering and mathematics. His military career in rocketry and space surveillance engineering, coupled with his tenure as a secondary mathematics teacher, have culminated in his challenge to resurrect the *sakman* class of canoes his CHamoru ancestors once built centuries ago with a 47-ft single outrigger canoe. Mario is a student sailor, a student of traditional wayfinding, and a lead in the Afanélos TáTasi, a local CHamoru seafaring fraternity.

Mario built his first outrigger canoe back in 1962 out of corrugated roofing sheets which were abundant in his neighborhood after Typhoon Karen. He has since been involved with canoes. He built the first *galaide* in San Diego where he promotes his CHamoru culture and language in his active role with the Sons and Daughters of Guam Community.. He is also a scale-model canoe builder following the Anson Drawing of 1742. As a senior cultural advisor in the CHamoru Hands in Education Links Unity (CHE'LU) organization of San Diego, Mario spearheads the canoe workshops at its annual CHamoru Cultural Festival. As a linguist, Mario continues to help other CHamorus within the judicial system as a court-certified language interpreter. As a storyteller, Mario uses math and science in sharing his experience building and sailing the *sakman* canoe.

Remembering Father Jesus Baza Duenas Through Oral Histories

By Judy S. Flores

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Abstract: *Father Jesus Baza Duenas was an important model of courage, persistence in faith and resistance to the Japanese during their occupation of Guam from 1941 to 1944.*

The people of Inarajan retain a significant body of knowledge about Father Duenas, some of which has been recorded in personal journals by village historians. 2019 being the 75th anniversary of his death, it is especially important to mark this passage with a compilation of stories that contribute to our knowledge about him. As these stories unfold, we begin to get a sense of the personhood of this man, his courage to be true to his faith, to protect and comfort his parish community; and to use his position and resources to keep communications flowing among local underground resistance members. Through sharing of this collected knowledge, we can perhaps encourage small-group discussion and the collection of additional stories. Our goal in this endeavor is to provide a written archive of the activities and achievements as recalled and commented on by those who knew and observed him. Moreover, it is hoped that the collected knowledge can lead to the beatification of Guam's own hero and martyr.



Introduction

Father Jesus Baza Duenas is remembered as a heroic martyr, impassioned patriot, and messenger of faith who was beheaded by Japanese soldiers on the eve of Guam's liberation from Japanese occupation. He was born on March 19, 1911, son of Luis Paulino Duenas and Josefa Martinez Baza. The history of this man is brief: He attended elementary school in Hagåtña, then left to study for the priesthood at San Jose Jesuit Seminary in Manila at age 15, and returned to be ordained on Guam 12 years later, in 1938. Serving first at the Agana Cathedral assisting Bishop Olano, he was assigned to minister the parish of Saint Joseph in Inarajan in 1940. He was killed by the Japanese in July 1944. These brief four years defined and memorialized him, especially to the people of Inarajan. Therefore, it is oral histories from this period that we must rely upon to understand the impact of Father Duenas' life that transcends the generation that knew him.

We co-presenters of this research grew up in the village of Inarajan, listening to our elders who interacted with him, tell stories of his bold personality, religious passion and countless ways that he ministered to his parishioners. Memories of Father Duenas have been kept alive in succeeding generations through the stories told by our elders, reinforced by the annual commemoration of his death with a Mass in his honor, followed by a dinner prepared by the parish. Each year we mingle with his family who, 75 years later, still come to celebrate his death anniversary. Faculty and students of Father Duenas Memorial School in Ta'i, Mangilao, located near the area where he was beheaded, celebrate Father Duenas' March 19 birth date. Every four years, the student body travels to visit his resting place behind the altar at St. Joseph's Church, celebrate Mass in his honor, and walk around the village where he once walked.

Recorded History

Historical references to Father Duenas are limited to a short list of publications. The earliest known book that includes references to Father Duenas was published in 1946 by Alvin M Josephy, Jr., *The Long and the Short and the Tall* (p.83). This author was referenced by later authors (Carano and Sanchez) as the source for details about incidents in which Father Duenas refused to cooperate with the Japanese. *The Phoenix Rises: a mission history of Guam* (1957), by Julius Sullivan OFM Cap., also provides references to Father Duenas that are quoted by later authors. *A Complete History of Guam* by Paul Carano and Pedro C. Sanchez (1964) became the standard textbook for History of Guam college classes. It sets down the available information about Father Duenas, stating that when Bishop Olano and other non-native clergy were sent to prison in Japan, the spiritual welfare of the island was entrusted to Father Duenas and Father Oscar Lujan Calvo (pp. 284-5). Dividing the religious responsibilities between them, Father Calvo administered to the areas north of Chalan Pago and east of Piti. Father Duenas served the southern area, with headquarters at St. Joseph's Church in Inarajan.

Tony Palomo published *An Island in Agony* in 1984. As a respected and experienced journalist, Mr. Palomo enriched the available historic information with interviews and statements made by compatriots of Father Duenas. The bombing of Sumay on

December 8, 1941, was followed by more air strikes on December 9, and landing of invasion forces on December 10, according to Farrell in his Pictorial History of Guam, *The Sacrifice*. The villages of Dededo, Inarajan, Merizo and Umatac were machine-gunned from the air. Palomo states that a single Japanese plane blasted the rooftops in Merizo with machine gun fire and dropped three bombs, causing minor damage. Five bombs fell on Inarajan, as two air invaders targeted the area. Three of the bombs landed very close to St. Joseph's Church and another fell close to the home of Mrs. Manuela Meno Sugiyama, widow of a Japanese national (p.17).

By this time, most villagers had fled their homes to hide in their jungle *lanchos* (garden ranches). War survivor Fay Naputi Flores (Rivera) relates Father Duenas' intercession with her grandmother, Nicolasa Duenas Naputi, who had refused to leave her village house. His concern for their safety shows his close relationship with his parishioners, as he came to their home and encouraged her to seek safety for her family away from the village. As he persisted, the family matriarch gathered her extended family of about 12 men, women and children and they set out from their home at Salai Lago (Inner Street) at the base of the hill behind Inarajan, heading toward their family *lancho* on the other side of the As Misa river at As Pulu. They were crossing the open Plaza (present-day ballfield) when Japanese planes swooped low over the village, spraying machine gun fire along their way. They were so frightened, she doesn't remember how they reached the small Santa Cruz (wayside chapel) at As Pulu, into which they all somehow fit.

Another Inarajan family was not so fortunate. A father was hit by strafing bullets while trying to protect his infant daughter. His sister-in-law, Rosa Meno San Nicolas (Duenas), ran as fast as she could to get Pale' Duenas to administer the sacrament for the dying. According to Rosa, who was age 9 at the time, Pale' did not hesitate to come with her to administer the sacrament. He took time to pray with the family and consoled them that "everything is in the hands of God and to forgive our enemies." "He really trusted his life with God. In fact, Pale' would always advise people not to lose hope in God, because He would bring them out of the atrocities of the war."

Father Marcian Pellet, an American priest stationed in Merizo since 1939, provided further reference to Father Duenas' actions as the Japanese invaders were establishing their control of the island. Instructed by the Japanese to wait at the Merizo *konbento* for them to transport him to detention in Hagåtña, Marcian was visited by Father Duenas, who came in an automobile laden with young men armed with rifles and sidearms "apparently recruited to fight the Japanese." Apparently, he was persuaded to abandon the attempt. Palomo's sources say that after spending a few days in detention at the Cathedral, the priests, including Duenas, were released to return to their parishes (P.60).

Two Japanese priests arrived in Guam in 1942. Monsignor Fukahori brought a letter from Bishop Olano imprisoned in Tokyo, naming Father Duenas Pro-vicar apostolic of Guam. Almost from the day of their arrival, the Japanese priests were challenged by Father Duenas, who accused them of using the pulpit to praise the glories of the Japanese nation. Several interviewees in Inarajan told of his public singing of "God Bless America" in his beautiful, clear voice. Tony Palomo verified this from his own interviews. (pp. 179-180). Monsignor Fukahori advised Duenas to limit his activities to religious matters, to which, Father Duenas replied: "I obey only God, and the Japanese are not God" (p.87).

This sampling of available literature on Father Duenas shows how oral histories can fill in the details and provide a local perspective of an historic event. Some of the oral accounts defy explanation but are repeated by several interviewees. In such cases, we feel that the event is significant and should be recorded for posterity. Many of these voices have already been lost through the passage of time. The recording of oral histories is important for future generations to better understand the ways in which this generation of Chamorros dealt with the catastrophic, historical events of their time.

Oral Histories Prelude to War

Pale' Duenas arrived to serve as pastor of St. Joseph Church in 1940, replacing the long-established priest, Pale' Bernabe de Caseda, OFM Cap., the last Spanish Capuchin priest of Inarajan. Pale' Bernabe designed and organized the building of

St. Joseph Church from 1937 to 1940. He had served the St. Joseph parish since 1919, and was beloved by his parishioners. The building of the church with all volunteer labor was an amazing accomplishment, but it must have taken its toll on the parishioners, who devoted countless hours to the project. Many interviewees recalled Father Bernabe going around the village from house to house, recruiting young men to spend their Saturdays gathering rocks and sand, mixing cement, and doing other labors involved in the construction. The church main structure was completed, and parishioners were using the church without many furnishings or interior finishing at the time Pale' Duenas arrived.

According to Sister Catherine Quintanilla, who was a teenager at the time, Father Duenas' arrival was like a breath of new life into the parish. He was outgoing and inspirational. In a short time, he had become acquainted with all of the parish community and knew them by name.

Sister Catherine Quintanilla was about 16 years and she fondly remembered him as a very humble and just man. She remembered him always as a priest for all people; never had to think that one was more special than the other; and enjoyed eating with anyone in any living condition. She remembered his song "*San Jose Patron-mami*"; how it touched the people when it was first sung, before the war broke out here. (Note by Bill: In my conversation with Sr. Catherine, who was one of my choir members, she told me that people were so touched with the song he wrote because it helped them pull through World War II.)

Mrs. Fina Q. Taimanglo was also very fond of Father Jesus Baza Duenas. She remembered him as a priest who was loved by everyone. She remembered him vividly as a person who labored to serve the people of God to whom he was entrusted. She stated that he would travel either by foot or with his horse to visit and administer the needs of God's people in the midst of imminent danger embracing him during the war.

Mrs. Isabel Leon Guerrero and Mr. Frank Naputi have remembered Father Jesus Baza Duenas as a very “holy and just” person. They remembered him as one who was never afraid of danger mounting around him during the war as long as he was with God.

Mr. Jesus Naputi remembered Father Jesus Baza Duenas precisely as a man who was “very just and humble” in his relationship with his parishioners. He explained how he witnessed the prevailing justice, the truth, and the hate for sins; but forgiveness embraced the situation when he asked the Japanese soldier during the war to kindly get down from his horse that was stolen. He did not accuse this man of stealing his horse, but humbly asked him to get down from it because he owned it. This almost cost his life.

Father Jesus Baza Duenas was not only remembered by the people who spent his short lifetime with them but is remembered in the hearts of people today. Sister Techla Camacho dearly loves him. The members of the Saint Joseph Parish Council also dearly love him. Our parish family members also shared our feelings and gratitude for his Christian examples and love for the Church.

Father Jesus Baza Duenas Memorial Mass 50th Anniversary.
July 12, 1994. Mass commentary booklet by Bill M. Paulino.

Father Duenas’ devotion to our patron saint inspired him to write a church hymn to Saint Joseph, entitled “*San Jose Patronan Mami*” (Saint Joseph Our Patron). He taught this song to his parishioners, who immediately embraced the tune and lyrics as their homage to Saint Joseph. Successive church choir members sang the song from memory. The song was never musically notated and written lyrics were lost through time and typhoons. Through interviews with Sr. Catherine Quintanilla and Frank Naputi, Bill was able to retrieve the first two verses and to notate the music

in 1994. The song has always been sung in Chamorro; translation is provided here for non-Chamorro speakers as a literal translation, only in this paper:

Chamorro	English
SAN JOSE PATRONAN MAMI, GOGUE I FAMAGU'ON-MU	SAINT JOSEPH OUR PATRON, SAVE YOUR CHILDREN
ATAN YAN UNCHACHALANI, I UMA'AGANG NA'AN-MU	WATCH OVER AND GUIDE THOSE WHO CALL OUT YOUR NAME
San Jose i finatai-mu, Un na'metgot I anti-hu	St. Joseph, at your death You strengthen my soul
Ya hu matai gi kanai-mu, Yanggen grasian I Lahi-mU	And I will die in your arms, Be it the will of your Son
Cha'mu saina didingu yu', Siha gi chinatsaga-ku	Do not abandon me In my struggles
I aniti dulalak gue', Chagugo' gi ya guahu	Dispel the evil one, Far away from me.
GI ORAN I FINATAI-HU, YO'ASE UN ATAN YU'	AT THE HOUR OF MY DEATH, LOOK ON ME WITH PITY
YA' UN NA'IYU' GRASIA-MU, YA HU MATAI MAHGOGONG	GIVE ME YOUR GRACE AND I WILL DIE IN PEACE
CHAHLAO SAINA I ANTIHU, GASGAGAS GI ME'NA-MU	RECEIVE, LORD, MY SOUL PURELY PRESENTED BEFORE YOU
YA ENTREGA I LAHI-MU, GI TRONUÑA TAGAHLO.	HAND OVER YOUR SON TO HIS HIGH THRONE

The verses seems to foretell Father Duenas' death. The words could also be interpreted as a prayer asking St. Joseph to intercede on the singer's behalf. The song continues to be sung during our two feast days for Saint Joseph the Worker and Saint Joseph Husband of Mary; and during our anniversary Mass for Father Duenas' martyrdom on July 12 each year.

The Statue of Saint Joseph

The statue of St. Joseph in the Inarajan parish is said to have arrived in a boat carried by Spanish soldiers in 1680, the year that Spanish Governor Joseph Quiroga declared Inarajan to be a parish village and required that all clans in the area move into the village to be closer to the church. Oral histories of the arrival of St. Joseph statue have been passed down through the generations. The arrival has been re-enacted in recent times. During the re-enactment, a narrator reads the story as compiled from oral histories.

. . .Stories from our *manamko*' were told that the ship carrying the original statue of St. Joseph tried to make its way into Umatac, but it failed because the heavy wind and rain and grinding water current at its bay area did not allow such entry. The ship then continued to sail to Malesso. Again, rough waters and relentless rain with typhoon force wind could not permit entrance into this area. The ship then headed to Inarajan. Before the fishermen and other natives spotted the ship, the *manamko*' (the elders) described the wind as typhoon strength with rain, smashing tree branches and knocking down trees across the village. Suddenly, these natural forces ceased and everything seemed calm. This allowed the ship to enter our bay area. Our *manamko*' described this as a "miracle." Others described it as "*i grasian Yu'os*" or "the grace of God" that allowed this ship to make its way without any problem into their bay area.

Fishermen paddled out to meet them. Once they had confirmed that this visit had no intention to harm anyone, they returned to shore with the good news to the other natives that it would be a peaceful visit of strangers from afar. The men blew in unison the trumpet horn or the “Kulo” for the other natives to gather around the bay area to greet their visitors.

Knowing then that the visitors of their village came in peace, the natives stood by the bay area ready to welcome them. As the ship moved slowly into the shoreline, they chanted songs that required two groups to respond to each other as their sign of peace to welcome the strangers in their land. When the ship finally made its rest in the water near the shoreline, crews got off the ship and carefully took down the statue of St. Joseph. The natives chanted songs as the statue was being carried onto the land. The women and children stood along the way and tossed flowers reverently to accept the gift of the statue of St. Joseph for this parish village.

The natives prepared a small feast for their visitors. They knew that ship's crews were hungry. The elders prepared food and water for the strangers. The young women and children gathered some flowers. Particularly, they chose the “*flores yute*” or the indigenous plumeria flowers of the island as a sign of welcoming strangers to their land.

March 19th of each year marks the celebration of St. Joseph, the Husband of Mary in this village. In 1947, three years after World War II, the feast of St. Joseph the Worker was added as the second feast of this parish village. This feast came about as a result of the church being condemned and ready to be demolished by the military government of the island after World War II. It was deemed unsafe after the war. The people raised the

necessary funds and repaired the church, and again, the original statue of St. Joseph was returned to its home.

Bill M. Paulino, 2019, summarized from oral interviews
and stories from Inarajan elders, 1980 to 2016

These oral histories refer to incidents that are confirmed in the historical record. Garcia noted that a strong typhoon on November 11, 1680, caused such destruction that not a single wooden house remained standing (P.499). Governor Joseph Quiroga used the disaster to reorganize people into parish villages. A church was built at Inarajan, “in which village many were assembled from the southern part of the island, as well as people from the settlements in the hills and on the beaches. This church was dedicated to Saint Joseph, spouse of the Virgin Mary (Garcia, P.500). Oral histories make a strong connection between the importance of Saint Joseph as a protector of the parishioners and Father Duenas’ decision to hide the statue during the Japanese occupation.

Maria Naputi Mantanona from Inarajan stated in a 1993 interview that St. Joseph Church in Inarajan was still under construction before the war. According to Tan Maria, Pale’ Bernabe de Casada gave instruction to have the original statue stored in the back of the church away from construction activities. He was the pastor of St. Joseph Church in 1919 and supervised construction from 1939 to 1940. Father Duenas was assigned to Saint Joseph Church in 1940 when it had been complete enough to be used for services. She brought it to the attention of former Commissioner Enrique Paulino Naputi, who requested that the statue be placed at the altar of the church. Pale’ Jesus Baza Duenas granted the request.

During World War II, Pale’ Duenas had the original statue of St. Joseph moved to a safer place. Pale’ Duenas wanted to protect this statue from having it destroyed during the war by the Japanese soldiers. He told my parents that he was threatened by the soldiers that they would destroy the statues in church if he

did not obey their commands. The Japanese soldiers wanted Pale' Duenas to tell the people to turn their allegiance to Japan, but according to my father, he would not obey such orders. My mother, Rosa Meno Paulino, told me that Pale' Duenas told her that he would not offend God by obeying such an order. Pale' told my parents to hold on to their faith in God for their safety. The statue of St. Joseph was placed at the residence of former commissioner Mariano and Tan Ana Leon Guerrero in Peka', Inarajan. Other statues in church were also hidden in safe places. My parents also shared with me that during the Masses, a Japanese soldier would stand in the back of the church. Pale' would let people know that God would always be with them, and they need to have their hearts be with the Lord.

Bill Paulino, 1993

Life Under Japanese Rule

Jose LG Paulino served as Pale' Duenas' altar boy, cook, assistant and confidant from the time he was assigned to St. Joseph's Church in 1940. He related the following:

On December 8th we woke up early to offer first Mass in Inarajan. After the Mass, Father had to go up to Talofoso to offer Mass there. He asked me to go with him, but I told him I would stay in the convent and cook breakfast, so that when he came back from Talofoso I would be ready to assist him in serving the second Mass in Inarajan. When he returned from Talofoso, he said that he had news that we were at war with Japan. I already knew about it because they had already dropped bombs near the church as they flew from Sumay.

Father Duenas, along with my family, moved to our ranch in Fama'hayan (near the rivers that flow out to Inarajan bay). A few days later three interpreters arrived by boat, coming ashore at

Guefan (north of Gadao's Cave). They were Saipanese who could translate Japanese and Chamorro, and were sent by the Japanese to tell the people not to be afraid when the Japanese came. All the people were instructed to report to Yona for registration and clearance. So Father and I got into his car and headed toward Yona. At the Ylig river, the Japanese confiscated our car, so we joined the procession of marchers heading towards Yona. We received our clearances and walked back to Inarajan. I was designated to be Father Duenas' official helper. I was the only one not forced to work in the rice fields and other work projects. From that time on we used horses and bicycles for our transportation.

The Japanese bishop told Father that he was to say three Masses on Sunday and one Mass each morning the rest of the week. Since Father was responsible for the southern area, we would rotate the places he said Mass. One Sunday he would say Mass at Inarajan, Talofofo and Yona; the following Sunday he would travel to Merizo and Umatac. If there was a fiesta, we would spend Friday, Saturday and Sunday in that place.

The Japanese often tried to intimidate Father Duenas. They were upset that Father insisted on keeping the altar candles lit even though the area was supposed to be blacked out for security reasons. Often during a Mass Father would calmly continue the service, ignoring soldiers who sometimes actually poked him with bayonets while shouting at him to put out the candles.

Several months into the Japanese occupation, the Japanese decided to turn the Cathedral into a social hall. They called Father Calvo and told him that he had one hour to bring Father Duenas to the Cathedral or he would be beheaded. On that particular day, I was sick, and I had spent the night at my house. Father Duenas came and asked my mother to let me go to

Hagåtña with him. She protested that I was sick, but Father told her I would be all right. So I readied myself to bicycle to Hagåtña with him. He was riding a girl's bike and I was riding a heavy-duty marine bicycle which had the motor removed. Father gave me a 100-pound sack of bananas to carry on my bike and told me to meet him at the ranch of Manuel Flores (Manuel-Akina) in Malojloj. So I pedaled that heavy bike with the 100-pound load from Inarajan to Malojloj. I had almost reached my destination when I was stopped by Japanese soldiers who searched my cargo, bayoneted the bag all the way through, opened it and took out some bananas and let me go. I met Father Duenas at the ranch. Together we went behind the ranch to the pigpens and there we met Tweed and five other Americans. We gave them food, clothes, and from the bag of bananas Father produced a big radio and transmitter for them! I was shocked! I asked Father why he hadn't told me I was carrying a radio. He replied that if I had known what I carried, the searchers would have discovered the radio for sure.

We continued on our way to Hagåtña until we passed the Pago Bay bridge and rested at a natural spring (a place called Chaot). We were resting there when we met Father Calvo in a car driven by Tommy Tanaka Sr. heading towards Inarajan to summon Father Duenas. He had one-half hour of his allotted time left. So Father Duenas rode in the car with Father Calvo, instructing me to meet him at his house in Hagåtña. (His brother Jose Duenas had lived in the house, but it was abandoned at the time.) He gave me about \$1,000 in American money to hold. It was his custom whenever he went to Hagåtña to buy food and clothes for the poor people. If he noticed that someone didn't come to Mass because they probably didn't have any clothes to wear, he would visit the home and make sure that they had clothes to wear to Mass. Riding my bicycle and guiding Father's empty bicycle beside me, I somehow made it to Hagåtña. As I passed

the Cathedral I saw Father Duenas bowing low before a Japanese officer who was holding his sword over Father's head and shouting such things as, "you're too proud you wear white clothes in time of war..." They were angry because they had ordered Father to cut down the crosses in the Cathedral and he had refused. Trembling, I proceeded to Duenas' house to wait in hiding for Father. Father came later, along with Father Calvo. He came waltzing up the steps of this abandoned house, singing in his strong, beautiful voice, "God Bless America..." As he entered I begged him to be quieter, since he had just been investigated and almost beheaded. He replied, "I am not afraid of anything they can do to me."

The Japanese had given us a day and a half to remove everything from the Cathedral. We decided to clean up before going to look for help. There was a barrel of rainwater, so we took turns pouring water over each other to bathe. Neither of us had a comb, so Father managed to find a bobby pin with which he combed my hair. We went down to Pedro Martinez' house. He fed us and loaned us some men and a truck. Jose Shimizu also loaned a truck, as did JM Torres. We loaded up the things from the Cathedral and stored them in a building above Mongmong, belonging to JM Torres (a place called Applá').

There were other times when Father brought things to Tweed. Food, clothing, batteries for the radio. I saw their meeting at a distance another time in Malojloj. He had contact with Juan C. Flores (Apu), Limtiaco, Frank Perez and Pete Camacho. The last time I saw Tweed was when Father Duenas met him in Ylig on a grassy mountainside. They were almost caught that time, and the Japanese set the grass on fire. From that time on Tweed moved up north and was cared for by Artero.

Interview by Judy Flores, July 15, 1978

Jose P. Cruz (*Ping Isabet*) explained that the Chamorros in Inarajan were divided into seven groups, and he was the group leader of one group. Bill Paulino's father, Juan Cepeda Paulino, was the leader of another group, called a Kucho'. He was responsible to oversee the rice field and other crops planted for the support of the Japanese soldiers during the war. This rice field was located in the wetlands area just north of the bridges as one enters Inarajan. According to him, he was forced to lead this group and suffered humiliation, slapping across his face, being hit with a stick, degradation, and risking his life for standing up for the CHamoru men and women assigned to him to work in the rice field and planting of other crops.

Mrs. Isabel Cruz recalled that Father Duenas was a very straight, honest person. He scolded those Chamorros who had anything to do with the Japanese, such as the Chamorro girls who had Japanese lovers, and those who benefited from acting favorably to Japanese in exchange for gifts of canned goods, sugar, rice, and kerosene.

Father Duenas would occasionally eat at our home in Peka'. I asked him once to give me some yardage goods to sew myself and my husband some clothes. His reply was, "you are well off; you have food to eat and some clothes to wear. I give what I have to those who have nothing to wear and no means to obtain it." . . . He was a very restless person, who couldn't stay still for any length of time. As he talked, he would tap his fingers on the table, or shake his fist in the air for emphasis. . . . He came to me one day and said, "Prepare yourself. July 4th the Americans will come." He instructed me to make cookies out of *mendioka* so we will have something to eat in case we had to go into hiding for awhile.

Interview by Judy Flores, July 15, 1978

Ministering on Horseback

Father Duenas was an experienced horseback rider and owner of three horses: Gordon, Morgan, and Flashy. He rotated his use of them, and they were cared for

by his nephews, Ricardo Calvo Duenas, and (later to become Senator) Jose “Ping” Ramirez Duenas (Tihu Lujan, P.4). This mode of transportation enabled him to reach remote *lanchos* (ranches or jungle gardens) where families lived throughout the south, from Talofoto to Umatac, including the vast interior savannah and jungles. Those who survived the war years in the south still recall his welcome visits to their *lanchos* – a figure in white cassock on a white horse. He brought food and clothing to those in need; and more importantly, prayed with them and encouraged them to help each other and trust in God.

Sister Catherine Quintanilla witnessed Pale’s approach to a Japanese soldier who had stolen his horse. Pale’ asked kindly for this soldier to get down from the horse because it belonged to him. According to Sr. Catherine, there was something that this soldier saw in Pale’ that he just got down and returned it to him without threatening him (St. Joseph Sunday Bulletin article by Bill Paulino, June 10, 2018).

Bill Paulino related two incidents in which Father Duenas seemed to appear from nowhere at a time where he was needed most.

My mother was at the ranch with her little ones, working in her garden. Some Japanese soldiers came and began to attack her. Out of nowhere, Pale’ Duenas stood right there, without saying a word, and the soldiers ran away and never returned. Pale’ assured her to “Trust God and to forgive our enemies.”

My mother’s sister was planting some crops at her farm in Malojloj and three Japanese soldiers came and began to attack her. From nowhere, Pale’ Duenas stood right there, without saying a word, and the soldiers decided to run away. Pale’ told her not to worry, because “God is with her and to forgive our enemies.”

According to my father, Juan, Pale’ Duenas was very concerned about ensuring that people develop respect for God’s creations. He would advise people that they have a responsibility to protect

the air, the water, the land and its animals and its vegetation, and the sea. He told my Dad that not taking responsibility could mean a problem for humanity here on earth. Pale' Duenas stressed to my father that children must be taught to respect all these creations. Pale' Duenas was also concerned with the coconut trees that were destroyed before he was beheaded. He told my father that the people depended much of their livelihood on this tree and they must be protected. Pale' Duenas was very pleased that parents have taught their children to know the name of the medicinal plants and encouraged people to continue with this home education for their children. Pale' Duenas stressed also the culture of respect to the environment. He said to my father that when you harvest something, make sure that you leave some in the soil or on the tree as a seed to grow for the future. In fact, my mother, Rosa, stated that before and during the war, he would bless the farm area and the crops such as taro, sweet potatoes, tapioca, etc. My mother said that they would harvest the sweet potatoes or taro during the war and within a couple of days, they were ready for harvest again.

My parents, Juan and Rosa, told me that Pale' Duenas would always encourage the people to hold on fast to their cultural values such as *inarespeta*, *ina'fa'maolek*, *inaguaiya*, *inagofli'e'*, etc. because these help families to maintain their sense of identity as a people. He said that these cultural values enhance Christian values across the world.

Resistance Leading to Martyrdom

Joe LG Paulino gave this story of Father Duenas as the Japanese Occupation continued through the second year.

The Japanese were getting suspicious of Father Duenas. He felt he was being followed all the time. A Saipanese interpreter by

the name of Franquez seemed to be following especially close. Father told me to be careful of what I said because, “my shadow can smell someone close by.” We took turns sleeping at my ranch that I had built at Malojloj and at his ranch he had built about one-fourth mile away. The Japanese eventually evacuated us from these buildings, so we built another ranch at Tabetna, Malojloj. He set up an altar in a foxhole near the river and said Mass there. At about this time, he authorized me to baptize in his absence. I baptized several babies, then, after the war, they were baptized again by a priest. The last couple that Father Duenas married at this altar by the river were Pedro Salas and his bride, who had traveled through the jungle from Bubulao, Talofoso (close to the waterfalls) avoiding the Japanese and the American airplanes who were strafing the island by this time.

According to witnesses, Japanese atrocities against Father Duenas began during his Mass service at his beloved Saint Joseph Church in early July 1944.

According to Mrs. Rosa Rivera Meno, “one early morning, while Pale’ Jesus Baza Duenas was celebrating Mass with a number of people in church, several Japanese soldiers walked in and tried to interrupt the Mass. She recalled that this happened just before the end of World War II.

Mrs. Rosa Meno was about eight years old in 1944. She said, “several Japanese soldiers walked into St. Joseph Church at about 7 a.m. and demanded in a very loud voice for Pale’ Duenas to stop the Mass. Mrs. Meno said, “Pale’ Duenas was like in a trance that he completely blocked out the stern demanding voice for him to stop and follow them out of church.” She stated that the Japanese used force to get him out of the church. “*Mabatsalan ga’lagu gi atat*,” or in English “dragged him out like a dog from the altar.” While this was happening, no person in church said anything or expressed pity because they knew that

the Japanese soldiers would not tolerate such action. They would also be tortured severely.

Interviews collected by Bill M. Paulino, May 17, 2019

When the Americans started bombing Guam in June 1944, the Japanese took many native prisoners. Pedro M. Mantanona, Felix Duenas Cruz, Juan Cepeda Paulino, Cayetano Aguon Quinata, Lucas Lujan San Nicolas, Nemesio San Nicolas Diego, and Francisco Lujan, were all taken prisoners by the Japanese and housed together near their office (located in Puntan Songsong, Inarajan, home of Jose and Josefina San Nicolas). Father Duenas lived in Malojloj with his father Tun Luis and the families of Pepe Duenas and Edward Duenas. On July 8, 1944, Father Duenas was arrested (Tony Palomo, P.180) along with his cousin, Attorney Edward Duenas.

A statement made by Francisco J. Lujan (Bishop Olano, 1945) said that he and his fellow prisoners could see activities at the Japanese headquarters (Kempetai) through a window. He saw Father Duenas reporting to them every day, and thought at first that he was friends with them.

But the Father came to us one day with a bundle of clothes. ... I asked him, "Father, where are you going?" "I have orders to stay at the ranch of Alfredo Flores, which is near the rice fields so that I am near the Japanese," he replied. I realized that the Father was as much a prisoner as the rest of us. While he was at the ranch of Alfredo Flores, he asked for permission to go to Malojloj to baptize a small boy there. He was granted permission on condition that he return before sundown. When he returned at three o'clock in the afternoon, he sent word to the Japanese officials that he had returned. That same evening, Father Duenas and his nephew Edward were taken to the Japanese commandant for investigation. We could not witness the investigation because there was a house between the one we were kept prisoners in and the house of the Japanese commandant. But we could hear shouts and the sound of lashing. We could hear the cries of Edward and the loud angry

voices of the Japanese. ... The next day, Father Duenas and Edward were brought out from the torture house. Edward cried and shouted like a madman, but Father Duenas crawled on hands and feet on the road with Japanese soldiers driving him onward. His clothes were torn and blood-spattered; his face swollen, his body one completely open wound. He was very much weakened by the crucifying tortures through which he was subjected, so that he fell flat on the road with his face buried on the dust and the mire of the streets. The next day Father Duenas and Edward were tied to a bench. ... The women and children working in the rice fields were witnesses to these cruelties.

Testimony recorded in Bishop Olano's diary, CASE NO. 17

Further testimony from Bishop Olano's diary varies in detail from the many testimonies made by Inarajan people who were brought from the rice fields to witness the torture. Jose P. Cruz (*Ping-Isabet*) was one of those unwilling witness/participants:

I was group leader of one of the work groups. The Japanese called me in because Eduardo Duenas had not reported for work. He had an eye ailment, which gave him constant headaches. He had gone to Hagåtña to get a note from the doctor and had returned to Malojloj but hadn't yet reported to work. I was told to go up and bring him back with me or else I would be tortured along with him. I went to his home and gave him the message. Since I was a good friend and his brother was my compadre, he decided to come back with me. That night they took Eddie and Father Duenas to the headquarters which was where the home of Manuel Diego is now, and tortured them all night by hitting them with bamboo sticks. The next day we were called to witness. They took Eddie and Father Duenas from the headquarters to the house of Jose and Sofina San Nicolas where the headquarters of the secret police were. Father Duenas and Eddie were both swollen and black-and-blue. Father Duenas was

laid on a bench which was tilted at an angle so that his head was lower than his feet. His hands were tied beneath the bench. Eddie's hands were tied behind his back and he was made to sit facing Father Duenas. A bucket of water was mixed with one gallon of salt and stirred. The Japanese then took an empty can full of this salt water and poured it into Father Duenas' mouth until he was gurgling and almost drowned. At that time they would lay a length of bamboo over his stomach with a soldier at each end and they would push until the water flowed back out of his mouth and nose. They continuously asked him for "information." Father Duenas only shook his head. Periodically Eddie would be hit and kicked. We witnesses were made to stand and watch. We were threatened that if we showed sympathy we would be tortured the same way. This continued for three hours. We were then ordered to carry Father Duenas over to the post of the house (Jose-Sofina's) and to tie him standing up. As we were about to move him, Father Duenas said "Hold me only under my arms because that is the only place that doesn't hurt." We were ordered to tie Eddie to another post across the street. The Japanese left and we were guarded by another Saipanese interpreter named Joaquin Sablan. Father asked for a drink. I asked Joaquin if it was alright and he said it was. I filled an empty can with water and brought it to Father Duenas. He told me to let Eddie drink first; so I took the water over to Eddie and let him drink. As I was going back to Father, a Japanese saw me and started shouting at me and pulled out his sword. My hands were shaking so the water almost all spilled out of the can, but I told him I had the interpreter's permission. So he slapped me twice and kicked me, then released me. That evening they loaded Father Duenas and Eddie into the truck and took them away. That's the last time I saw them.

Jose P. Cruz, interviewed by Judy Flores, July 15, 1978

According to Joe LG Paulino's continued story:

Father was summoned to the headquarters in Inarajan at the house where the residence of Manuel Diego now stands. There he was tortured by being beaten with bamboo sticks and almost drowned by having salt water poured into his nose and mouth. He returned to Malojloj where I was staying with my mother and asked her to clean the wounds on his back. His back was a mass of sores from the beatings. My mother cleansed the wounds with vinegar and bound them with bandages. He advised me to go down to headquarters and surrender rather than be caught and certainly tortured. The next day he was tortured again, and again released in worse shape than before. He insisted that I turn myself in because they would go after me next. So the next day I turned myself in and was sent to work on the air strip in Barrigada. The rest of the story I heard from others.

Jose LG Paulino interview by Judy Flores, July 15, 1978

The two men were eventually transported to the Kempeitai headquarters in Agaña Heights, and from there to Ta'i where, early on the morning of July 12 they were beheaded along with Juan Pangelinan. While tied to posts in Agaña Heights on the eve of their execution, the two Duenases had a chance to flee but declined for fear members of their family would be harmed (Tony Palomo, P.181). Joaquin Limtiaco, Juan C. Flores (*Apu*) and Pangelinan were tortured with Father Duenas. Joe Paulino was told by Saipanese interpreter Nicolas Cabrera, that he got up in the middle of the night and untied the ropes holding Juan Flores who in turn loosened Limtiaco's bonds. Cabrera and Flores pleaded with Father Duenas to escape with them, but Eddie was incapable of escaping because of his condition. Father refused to go with them because he was so badly hurt already. He replied, "I would rather be crucified and die here rather than to live and to cause other people to suffer."

The Miraculous Sunrise

There were four concentration camps in the Inarajan district, in which people were forced to gather as American forces began their bombardment of the island:

Payesyes, Fina'tasa, Dandan, and Umafet. People remember staying there for about three weeks. Despite the imminent danger, Father Duenas continued to make his way to these camps to say Mass and administer the sacraments up until July 8 when he was taken by the Japanese. He risked his life for the faith. He continued to help people hold fast to their faith in God. Bill Paulino related the stories he had heard from older members of his family:

My sister, Oliva Paulino Pinaula, known as “Bang,” remembered that prior to marching to Peka’, in the middle of the night at Payesyes, Japanese soldiers came to this place and woke up everyone in the middle of the night. They were told to line up and not to say anything. My father and mother, Juan Cepeda and Rosa Meno Paulino, knew what was going on because Pale’ Jesus Baza Duenas told them that, before the end of the war, if the CHamoru people did not turn their allegiance to Japan, no one would be spared and “*ni lalo’u sopbla*” or “not even a fly would be left” for the Americans to find. Just to note here, my father was ordered to have the men dig several holes near the cave in Payesyes days before the soldiers came in the middle of the night. People knew that the Japanese soldiers intended to kill them all and their bodies would be thrown into these holes. Pale’ Duenas told my parents never to give up their faith in God and to pray to our Blessed Lady and San Jose, the Patron Saint of the Village of Inarajan, to intercede for their safety. Pale’ assured my father that the Americans were coming to rescue the island and its people.

According to my sister, Oliva, during the line up in Payesyes, everyone was told not say anything. My parents saw several Japanese soldiers with guns. My mother could not take the

silence and she started praying the rosary. One soldier told my mother to keep her mouth shut, but she told herself in CHamoru “*Metgot-ña si Yu’os kino che’cho’ makaniti*” or “God is stronger than the work of the devil.” She continued to pray, and others joined her. After the rosary, only one soldier was left behind and holding a gun. This soldier told everyone to start running, but no one moved. He sternly told them again to start running or he would shoot them. My father had understood what the soldier was saying. (My father had to learn Japanese as a Kucho’.) My father gathered his family members and started running into the deeper jungle of Payesyes followed by the rest of the group in this concentration camp. Within few minutes after they left the area where they were made to line up, the people heard a gunshot. A couple of my brothers ran back and found the soldier had killed himself. According to my father and mother, Pale’ Duenas continued to advise them not to hate their enemies, but to love them. My brothers had become friends with this soldier who killed himself. My parents expressed strongly that the love they learned from Pale’ Duenas, and his examples of care, became their fortress to safety during the war.

The group from Payesyes continued on their way to join groups who were being forced to march to Manenggon. As they reached Peka’, the sun rose brightly at about four in the morning. She said that when the sunlight ceased, it was dark again. They were told to start moving again, but before they reached Malojoloj, they were told to return home. My sister shared with me that the statue of St. Joseph was moved to Peka’ before the end of the war by Pale’ Duenas to protect people from mass execution in Manenggon. My sister said in CHamoru, “*Ti mamaigo’ nai si Yu’os. Ha na’i si Pale’ Duenas sinantusan na hinasso ya ayu na mapo’lo i santos (si San Jose) gi Peka’ para u fan prinitehi*” or “God is not sleeping. He gave Pale’ Duenas the wisdom to move the statue of San Jose to Peka’ to protect the people.”

My parents always remembered that several times they were threatened with their lives: the line up in Payesyes and holes they had to dig up, and the march to Peka'; but the rising of the sun at about four in the morning and the move of the original statue of St. Joseph by Pale' Duenas to Peka', and holding on to their faith in God gave them the courage to live. My father told me that he did not quit trying to teach his children to place their trust in God, the culture of the CHamoru people, the CHamoru language, and the history of this island and, therefore, it is our turn to do the same thing to our children. My parents were so grateful to Pale' Duenas for giving them the word of courage and to place their trust in God for their lives during the war.

Bill Paulino, 2016. Family reunion document

Tan Maria Mantanona would never forget the move of the statue of St. Joseph from the church to Peka' during the war. Frank Naputi and Sr. Catherine Quintanilla were also very thankful for this move by Pale' Duenas. They said, "many people were saved from being killed from this village during World War II."

According to them, it was a "miracle" that the people of Inarajan experienced that prevented them from marching to Manenggon for execution during the war. According to Tan Maria Mantanona, while the people were marching and praying the rosary and as soon as they reached Peka', "*Humuyong i semnak ya ma'lalak guenão gi kasi oran alas kuartro gi chatangmak*" or "The sun rose brightly at about four in the morning." I asked Tan Maria, "How did you know that it was about four in the morning?" She said, "Many things in the environment would tell you the time of the day." She gave me an example that if the sun begins to change in its temperature and change position in the afternoon, then it is time to start preparing for dinner or otherwise, you would be cooking in the dark.

Mr. Frank Naputi said that he was nine years old before the end of the war. He told me that when he was marching to Manenggon for execution, he remembered vividly the sudden “rising of the sun” as they reached Peka’. Frank and Tan Maria Mantanona stated that people could not move during the rising of the sun at this hour. The people who were marching up to Peka’ dropped on their knees and continued to pray the rosary. As soon as the rosary was over, the sunlight also disappeared and it became dark. The Japanese soldiers told the people to start marching. According to Frank, as soon as they reached a place called “i Pachot” (the deep curve like a mouth located on the road going up to Malojloj), the people were told to return to their camps.

In a recent group interview session with Inarajan’s elders, on July 8, 2019, witnesses were firm in their statements about their experiences. Mariquita Concepcion, age 87, confirmed the above story; as did Oliva P. Pinaula and Rosa Meno Duenas (video clips documented by Edgar Flores).

Tan Maria Mantanona and Mr. Frank Naputi stated that Pale’ Duenas was truly a “living saint” and knew that moving the statue of St. Joseph to Peka’ during the war would have a definite purpose. Frank said that “*todu I tiempo si Pale’ Duenas ha sangangani i taotao gi duranten I gera na u matayuyot si San Jose yan si Santa Maria para u faninayuda para u fangahaya*” or, in English, “Pale’ Duenas would always urge the people during the war to pray to St. Joseph and to our Blessed Lady to intercede for their safety.” According to Tan Maria Mantanona and Mr. Frank Naputi, Pale’ Duenas knew that St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady would intercede for the people as stated in the song verse Pale’ wrote before the war “*Cha’-mu Saina didingu yu’ siha gi chinatsaga-ku*” or “Do not abandon me in times of my distress.” *San Jose Patronon-mami* is sung each year on July 12 at the memorial Mass for Pale’.

According to Juan Cepeda Paulino, the people of the Inarajan parish asked the Diocese of Agaña for the remains of Pale’ Duenas be re-interred behind the altar of

St. Joseph Church after World War II. The people said that Pale' Duenas never gave up his pastoral duties before and during the war and took the risk to travel from place to place here in Inarajan to administer the sacraments during the war to his parishioners. My parents stated although he was beheaded in Tai, Mangilão, but his home was always Inarajan. Therefore, his remains must be returned to “i Sengsong San Jose” as echoed in his song he wrote, *San Jose Patronon-mami*, or *St. Joseph, our Patron*.

About a year after World War II, Pale' Duenas' remains were exhumed from Ta'i, Mangilao, and reinterred behind the altar of St. Joseph Church in 1945. The parishioners waited for the entourage containing his remains at the bridge entering Inarajan, and followed in solemn procession to lay him to rest in his beloved Saint Joseph's Church.

Conclusion

The Duenas family and the people of Inarajan continue to share their collective memories of Father Duenas. “His devotion to his Catholic duties and mission of spreading the message of God, especially during the war, is looked back on by many, especially his family, as the island's flame of faith that he would not let waver” (Tihu Lujan, P.4). As his nephew and archivist Joey Duenas said, ‘He kept the faith alive.’

We have continued, as parishioners of St. Joseph, to celebrate his death anniversary for 75 years. We believe that it is time for all of us to begin the process for beatification of a man who died for the faith. Pale' Duenas was truly a man of God. It has been 75 years since his martyrdom. We need to begin a serious prayer for sainthood of this man. If we were to wait another 75 years, those generations to come will ask, “Why didn't our ancestors do anything to begin the process for beatification?”

Recorded history and oral histories can make a strong case for this effort. Let us continue to document the story of this great man of God.

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William (Bill) M. Paulino was born and raised in Inarajan, one of 19 children of Juan Cepeda and Rosa Meno Paulino. His parents strongly supported education, and, from an early age, he was encouraged to keep a journal in which he recorded many of the stories told by his father and other elders. He has served for over 40 years as a choir director, composer of liturgical music, writer and spiritual counselor/teacher for St. Joseph Church in Inarajan, with a specialty in canon law. He retired as administrator for the Chamorro Studies and

Special Projects Division of the Department of Education, where he developed curriculum for Chamorro Studies used today. He has been a lifelong advocate of Chamorro culture and history through his writing and lecturing.



Judith (Judy) Selk Flores, PhD, a research associate with Richard Flores Taitano-Micronesian Area Research Center, is the child of teacher parents who moved from Colorado to Guam in 1957. She grew up in the village of Inarajan when the Chamorro language was primarily spoken and traditional folkways were widely practiced. She is a professional artist, folklorist and historian. She earned an MA in Micronesian studies from the University of Guam (1995), and PhD in arts of Oceania from the Sainsbury Research Unit, University of

East Anglia, UK (1999). She worked as a public school art teacher, folk arts coordinator for CAHA arts council, and Guam history professor at UOG. She started collecting oral histories of Father Duenas in 1978 as a class project led by Drs. Robert Underwood and Samuel Betances.

Digital Cultural Preservation of the Mariana Islands Through Collaborative Storytelling

By Sylvia C. Frain

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Abstract: *As researchers and filmmakers, we strive for digital cultural preservation through the combination of Oceanic knowledge(s) and new technologies. Our aim is to collaboratively develop digital storytelling methods and document moving images of culture and audio recordings of oral histories of the Marianas Archipelago. Conceptualized as a form of digital participatory action research, our approach includes the communities' input and vision at every stage to record the forms of knowledge(s) which they deem important for future generations. Our contribution is through technical knowledge and filmmaking expertise combined with access to professional filming equipment and informs our new media research. Visual and audio data collection may include multigenerational interviews, aerial perspectives, drone footage, as well as underwater shots. The intended outcome is to create a Marianas methodology of cultural preservation for digital dissemination and accessible archives across new media platforms.*

Presentation slides on following page.

Presentation Slides

DIGITAL CULTURAL PRESERVATION OF THE MARIANA ISLANDS THROUGH COLLABORATIVE STORY-TELLING

DR SYLVIA C FRAIN, AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY SYLVIACFRAIN@GMAIL.COM

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TRANSOCEANIC

honors the ability to connect culturally, digitally,
socially, and politically across oceans and (is)lands

“A fluid process where-by genealogies of the
islands converge with genealogies of the city and
the village, the land and the sea, and beyond”

Keith L. Camacho, 2011



**Fanohge Famalão'an
&
Fan'tachu Fama'lauan**

Women Rising Indigenous Resistance to Militarization
in the Marianas Archipelago

BY SYLVIA CHARLOTTE FRAIN

<https://www.guampedia.com/fanohge-famalaoan-and-fantachu-famalauan/>

Immersive Environments – rebuilding the past



Still from *Biidaaban*
By Lisa Jackson


An immersive Virtual
Reality (VR) imagining
of downtown Toronto
seen through and
indigenous lens

<https://vimeo.com/263191226>

M

IMMERSIVE THINGS
STORY I/O
PODCAST
JOIN
ABOUT
LAB

30+ Immersive Storytelling platforms, apps, resources & tools



lance weiler
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Jul 24, 2017 · 9 min read

The following list was compiled by an amazing group of storytellers from around the world. Last semester, while I was teaching *Building Storyworlds: the art, craft & biz of storytelling in 21c* at Columbia University, I reached out via a [facebook post](#) for immersive storytelling platform, app, resource and tool recommendations.

<https://medium.com/columbia-dsl/30-immersive-storytelling-platforms-apps-resources-tools-e428309574be>

Our approach to digital cultural preservation through collaborative storytelling includes:

- *participatory action research methods
- *new media methodologies

Our aim is to **collectively translate oral history narratives into digital forms to archive with new technologies and share across new media platforms**



Figure 3: The Micromosaic "The Computer" as displayed in mapping diagrams.

Oral Histories of Navigation from Satawal, Federated States of Micronesia to Saipan, Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands



Visual and audio data collection can transcend the standard documentary-style to include:

- 360 degree video
- AR (Augmented Reality)
- VR (Virtual Reality)
- Aerial & underwater photography
- Multigenerational interviews
- Applications for digital devices





Dr Sylvia Frain is a member of the Vakatele Pacific Research Network at Auckland University of Technology. She contributes to the contemporary efforts of cultural preservation through digital technologies including filmmaking, new media platform utilisation, and smartphone application development. Sylvia curates the research-oriented Facebook page, [Oceania Resistance](#) to share her research in the Marianas Archipelago and highlight current issues impacting Oceania. Her doctoral thesis is available as an e-book on [Guampedia](#).



Jim Marbrook is an award-winning filmmaker specializing in feature-length documentaries and dramas concerning social justice, health, culture, and the environment. His last documentary [Cap Bocage \(2014\)](#) garnered three nominations for the New Zealand Film Awards and [Ko Whanganui te Awa \(2006\)](#) was commissioned for Maori television. He is currently producing a documentary in collaboration with [Samoan / New Zealand waka culture](#) and is a Senior Lecturer at the School of Communication Studies at the Auckland University of Technology.

An Assessment of Preserving Latte Sites

By Dave Lotz

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Abstract: *Destruction of latte sites began with colonialism, commencing with the Spanish who slaughtered the population while destroying villages, followed by the Japanese with the agricultural clearing of the broad terraces for sugar cane on Saipan, Tinian, Aguijan, and Rota. Last, the Americans furthered destruction with militarization, both by war and by construction of military facilities; and Westernization with rapid urbanization and population growth. This presentation will: provide an overview of the state of preserving the island's latte – the most visible component of the heritage from the CHamoru legacy – and suggest ways in which the National Park Service could help preserve latte cultural landscapes.*

Iconic Symbol of the CHamoru People

Latte are the iconic symbol of the CHamoru people of the Mariana Islands and are a lasting symbol of the culture that once flourished on the archipelago prior to Western colonization. This presentation will provide an overview of the state of preserving the island's *latte*, which is the most visible component of the heritage from the CHamoru legacy.

First, some definitions:

- A “*latte*” consists of a shaft, *halagi*, and a mounted cap stone, *tasa*.
- A “*latte set*” is comprised of parallel rows of *latte*, usually 3 to 7 in a row. On the *latte*, a wood and thatch structure was constructed usually for habitation.
- A “*latte site*” comprises one or more adjacent *latte* along with artifacts from the CHamoru habitation, usually *lusongs*, pottery, and midden.
- A “*latte cultural landscape*” comprises the *latte* site and adjacent areas with vegetation that has been modified by the CHamoru, and outlying cultural features such as artifact scatters, walls, and trails.

The *latte* cultural landscapes of the Mariana Islands are a sacred resource of the islands' heritage whose preservation reflects on our respect for the past, present, and future. For a comparison of a noted "sacred" site, Bears Ears in southeastern Utah is sacred to the Native Americans in the area.

Latte are found on at least nine of the Mariana Islands: Agrihan, Pagan, Alamagan, Saipan, Saipan, Tinian, Aguijan, Rota, and Guam and possibly on Maug and Anatahan.

The following are the components of this presentation:

- Destructive forces
- Determining surviving *latte* sites
- Recent evolution of preservation
- Challenges and opportunities

Destruction of *latte* sites began with colonialism, commencing with the Spanish who slaughtered the population while destroying villages, followed by the Japanese with the agricultural clearing of the broad terraces for sugar cane on Saipan, Tinian, Aguijan, and Rota. Last, the Americans furthered destruction with militarization, both by war and by construction of military facilities; and Westernization with rapid urbanization and population growth.

To see what *latte* still remain, we need an assessment, although incomplete, of what was once there. For Guam, a current overview graphic has been provided by Kelly Marsh and Jolie Liston and, for comparison, a map by Hans Hornbostel in 1922. Later surveys were mapped by Eric Reed in 1952 and Fred Reinman in 1966. All, by their limitations and the limitations of the island's geography, are incomplete, thus, realistically, the details of pre-Westernization and current *latte* on Guam cannot be fully and accurately delineated, but only surmised.

Alexander Spoehr mapped some of the *latte* on Rota in 1957. Currently, the CNMI SHPO knows of 82 *latte* sites. For Aguijan, Brian Butler identified seven *latte* sites in 1990. On Tinian, Hans Hornbostel identified 22 *latte* in 1922, and today 55 *latte* sites have been identified. For Saipan, Hans Hornbostel wrote of "many monument

ruins” in 1922 while today there are 22 documented *latte* sites on the island. Finally, in Gani, the northern islands, the earliest surveys were conducted by Georg Fritz in 1904 and later by Ichiro Yawata in 1943.

The apparent lack of *latte* on the present western coasts of the major islands such as Guam and Saipan is due to these locations being the preferred habitation sites from CHamoru times into the present. *Latte* stone were possibly reused by the Spanish to construct their massive buildings. Recently, *latte* stones have been discovered in excavations in Garipan on Saipan. The noticeable exception that has survived is the House of Taga on Tinian, although the extent of the cultural resources and lesser *latte* has diminished. The primary massive columns of *latte* of the House of Taga survive, although only one upright *latte* stands today, while an early Spanish Era drawing shows 10 standing *latte*.

Now for an overview of the broad scope of historic *latte* treatment, focusing on the pre- and post-World War II destruction at Tumon on Guam, illustrated by a couple of examples. First, at the original San Vitores Shrine, *latte* were present, but no longer exist. Second, at the far northern end of Tumon at Gongga/Gun Beach, the extensive set of *latte* were restored in 1945-46 by Douglas Osborne and Lt. Carpenter. Subsequently the *latte* site was destroyed by the local property owner.

Elsewhere on Guam, *latte* sets have been moved from their original locations and reestablished in new places, such as at Angel Santos Latte Stone Park in Hagåtña and at the University of Guam.

The military on Guam has had, and continues to have, a significant impact on the *latte* cultural landscapes. The following *latte* locations are known to have been destroyed by the US military:

- Litekyan (partial)
- Tarague
- Ypao
- Ylig
- Sasajyan
- Apotguan
- Sabanon Pãgat
- Fena (partial)
- Magua

The destruction of Magua last year at NCTS illustrates that the National Historic Preservation Act does not safeguard our sites, but is only designed for consideration of the heritage during project planning. Even creation of a park to protect the *latte* at South Finegayan Navy Housing in 1974 is not permanent protection, as the site is now not maintained by the Navy and was damaged.

Today we can summarize that *latte* cultural landscapes are at risk on Pagan, Saipan, Tinian, and Guam. Hopefully, not at risk are the *latte* cultural landscapes on Sgrihan, Alamagan, Sairigan, Aguijan, and Rota. The primary threat is from the US military. The secondary threat is tourism. However, tourism can be a partner to protect our *latte* cultural landscape as portrayed by the private Valley of the Latte in Talofofo, Guam, and also the Guam National Wildlife Refuge at Ritidian on Guam.

At least two hotels on Tumon Bay have *latte* sets on display: the Outrigger and the Nikko. The *latte* set at the Outrigger is near the pool in a relatively appropriate landscape setting, but there is no signage to describe the *latte*. The *latte* set at the Nikko Hotel is impressive in size, but isolated in the corner of the property and dominated by the massive hotel under construction which is not an ideal setting.

Preservation Efforts

A review of more preservation efforts on Guam:

In the 1970s, the *latte* at Latte Heights in Mangilao were incorporated into the housing subdivision. Now those *latte* are overgrown by vegetation. The Mochom site on the coastline at the Mangilao Golf Course is protected by a covenant. And the *latte* at Urunao, on the northwestern coast of the island, is preserved by the family that owns the land.

However, there are threats to non-military *latte*. Two are of concern. Firstly, resort development threatens the *latte* at Fai'fai in Tumon, near Puntan dos Amantes. Second is the extensive *latte* along the coastline at Hila'an, which is also threatened by potential resort development. Both are owned by foreign interests.

Tinian is seriously threatened by massive militarization and tourism. While the *latte* sites will likely be preserved, the settings will change and there will be adverse effects from noise, visual intrusions, and adjacent uses. Pagan is threatened by massive destruction of the *latte* cultural heritage, with the proposed live fire and bombing of the island.

The National Park Service could help preserve *latte* cultural landscapes in two ways.

First, through a Congressionally mandated study of Rota to evaluate the significance of the cultural and natural resources, their suitability for protection, and the feasibility of their protection by the National Park Service.

Second is my proposal to create the CHamoru National Monument within Naval Magazine on Guam to protect the vast *latte* cultural landscape of Mepo and Almagosa, which has about 350 *latte* sets. The national monument designation would mandate the preservation of the cultural resources as the sole purpose for this federal land. However, these heritage resources are threatened by the military's proposed construction of ammunition bunkers and continuing troop exercises.

Regarding local efforts, the community of Guam worked to save Pāgat from military expansion and continues to preserve the site. Individuals, organizations, tour operators, the Mayor of Yigo, and the Guam Historic Preservation Office cooperated to convert the access road to a trail, install signage, and periodically remove trash.

Another Guam effort is the Guam Preservation Trust's acquisition by donation of a parcel of land in Atantano, Piti, that contains several *latte* sites. The Trust will manage the area for protection of the cultural resources, while providing trail access, interpretation, and education to the community.

With all this in mind, I do have recommendations in order to further protect our islands' *latte* cultural landscape:

- Establish a policy of no more destruction of *latte* cultural landscapes.

- Protect the entire *latte* cultural landscape.
- Work with the community for preservation.
- Protection begins with education and appreciation, not concealment of the islands' cultural resources.
- Do not relocate *latte*.
- Establish covenants with requirements for maintenance, signage, and inspections.
- Preservation is not saving a few artifacts and writing a report.

This paper would not have been possible without the help of Moñeka de Oro, Joe Quinata, Pale Eric Forbes, James Pruitt, Sen. Kelly Marsh, Patrick Lujan, Luis Martinez, Franklin Artero, Ted Nelson, and Vince Pool.

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Dave Lotz has held the positions of historian with Guam's War in the Pacific National Historical Park and Saipan's American Memorial Park, Conservation Resources Chief at Andersen AFB, and Parks Administrator for the Guam Department of Parks and Recreation. He is currently the Vice-Chairman of the Guam Review Board for Historic preservation and the Guam Preservation Trust Board. Dave implemented Guam's historic preservation program in 1975 with the initial cultural resources survey and inventory.

Prubido Fumino' Chamoru

On The Dangers Of Speaking Chamoru

By Peter R. Onedera

Master Storyteller

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Abstract: *A two by four ply board sign with red lettered text hung from the ceiling of the hallway of my village elementary school. It read "Prubido Fumino' Chamorro," when I entered the first grade. That sign was among three or four more spread throughout the campus and it stayed put as a reminder to us village children for the rest of our elementary years.*

I felt lost. That sign meted punishment after punishment in those early years. I was educated into thinking that CHamoru was a nothing and a waste of time. Other CHamorus, starting with the teachers, bought into it and it was to be a tremendous embarrassment with reminders and constant reprimands to not speak the language I grew up with.

That feeling is still there today.

Håfa Adai, Guåhu si Peter R. Onedera. CHamoru yu', ma fañågu yu' guini gi iya Guåhan, kumahulo' yu' yan i fino' håya ni' primet na lengguåhi hu usa desdeki ma fañagu' -hu yan hiniben-hu annai ma iduka yu' gi i sesteman eskuelan pupbleko.

It was over a half a century ago, 1958 to be exact, that I entered prepreemer at what was once Sinajana Elementary School. Prepreemer was what the grades were called instead of first, second, third, etc. English wasn't in my life until I entered school.

It was a red-lettered plywood that hung on the ceiling of many wings of my elementary school that stood in my formative memories of those years. It read, "Prubido Fumino CHamoru," In my six-year-old mind, I read and understood that

my language was a danger to us all. No one ever explained to me why this was so, especially the adults I looked up to and learned from.

“Prubido Fumino’ CHamoru: On the Dangers of Speaking CHamoru” was a topic that I had to carefully consider, because I surmised that the sixty-plus years that I’ve grown were impacted by social injustice wrought not just by the colonizers but my own people as well. How could a God-given language be a danger to a people that existed for thousands of years? A language that had thrived upon my birth, but was predicted to die out in my lifetime? From indifference and disdain to total disregard of what linguists and scholars say was the “soul of the CHamoru culture” was what I found to be rampant everywhere on Guam. And not so much as an ounce of urgency to drive home the need to rekindle the island’s soul among today’s indigenous, who now are marginalized and continue to decrease in strength and in numbers.

Here, on the eve of another census count, the decrease in our peoplehood has been exacerbated by the exodus to the land of the immigrants that promised white picket fences and two-story homes in four-season communities. The land of promise became the cemeteries of our language, CHamoru.

For us, as practitioners, our once proud mother country began diminishing in our mind’s eye, and the Marianas is no longer the chain of *sinahi* but has been reduced to just islands jutting in the stream of life and in a current of uncertainty.

The first danger facing the CHamoru language was not just the NOT wanting to speak it or learn it, but the challenge of continuing to nurture something that wasn’t in existence in the home, in the neighborhood, in church, in the schoolyard and certainly not in the workplace. The real danger lurked everywhere.

It began with that sign that hung in many school campuses. It also hung in government offices and buildings, in dispensaries, at the Guam Memorial Hospital, in public places and everywhere that CHamorus convened. I was, among hundreds, punished for speaking CHamoru.

Believe me, there were many MANY punishments. At first it was the five-cent coin that paid the penalty. Giving up a nickel a day took its toll and I dared not tell my parents that I hadn't been buying breakfast or even recess meals because teachers were to be regarded with respect and I would get the *kuatta* even if I was innocent of whatever wrongdoing there was. I was afraid to tell that the daily nickel went to paying fines because of speaking CHamoru. The fine soon became a dime, and when money became scarce, it moved on to picking up trash in the school yard, erasing blackboards every day after school after writing one hundred sentences of "I shall not speak CHamoru in school," emptying trash cans from many classrooms to the huge dumpster on the edge of the schoolyard. In third grade, Mrs. Okiyama, bless her soul in heaven, whacked the fingers of my left hand three times with a yardstick. By the time I reached fourth and fifth, with inflation hitting many of us youngsters, the punishment became the gut-wrenching pinch by a teacher on the right abdomen and the twisting of the left or right ear, depending on the mood and the time of day for the punisher. I heard that mouths were washed out with soap in Catholic schools when CHamoru was spoken, but I never substantiated it.

I and my classmates spoke CHamoru anyway. So, I became wise: In front of the teachers, it was fancy English; behind their backs, CHamoru galore.

Many friends would tell me that speaking CHamoru was useless because it would not get us anywhere with our future. This was told to them by their parents who bought into the "Prubido Fumino CHamoru" mindset and, it wasn't until a parent of one of my friends scolded me for speaking CHamoru in their household that I began to believe that this was rapidly becoming a trend.

After being scolded, the same friend told me the next day that his father told him to tell me that I wasn't welcome at their house anymore. FOR SPEAKING CHamoru?

That was the first time that CHamoru language had proven dangerous to me. Among my four closest friends, I was the odd one out, because soon, the others also told me that I was forbidden to come to their houses anymore. The restriction against me continued despite Typhoon Karen, when almost all homes were

destroyed in my village. As grown-ups now, those four friends are strangers to me and three of them are still on Guam but we barely nod a hello even when we are face to face.

And, then, little by little, CHamoru started losing its prominence everywhere. It didn't happen overnight. It was gradual but it was noticeable. Not only was it like that in households, but also in schools and then in the workplace, and, in no time at all, social events were devoid of the language. People began apologizing for speaking in "the vernacular," as CHamoru was referred to then. The ultimate insult was that it shifted to the feeling of shame: that it was unbecoming, unfashionable and certainly, uncultured to speak CHAMORU.

CHamoru lost its appeal along the way among children, teenagers, young adults, the yuppies, and among the browns for the brown movement.

As an adult, making the 8-to-5 weekday livelihood spurred me on and, soon, a new stage of my life began with a lavish wedding, followed by one, then two, then three, and finally four tax exemptions. There was no time for CHamoru. "What for?" I thought.

Then a new chapter in my life began when I was hired to work at the CHamoru Language Commission. The first few weeks of my employment there brought me face to face with the fact that I had suppressed my CHamoru language for a long time. I had to re-learn the language that had once been very significant in my life.

I found beauty in it. The nuances of proverbs, storytelling, and conversation were unique, still, and their essence and context could not be translated into English.

Of tremendous alarm was that there was nothing to fall back on in the written vernacular except for the writings of novena books by Pâle' Roman de Vera, who wasn't CHamoru but took the time to learn and write the language. He is to be given credit for his effort.

My emergence from this cultural cocoon made me discover the tremendous lack of literature written in CHamoru. I thought, surely, there must be more than just novena books to contend with. Stories, beliefs, history, humanities, experiences, people, and wonderful anecdotes were nowhere to be found. There was graphic art like the Chief Gâdao cave drawings and depictions in the work of local visual artists. And, in music, there were the talents of more than a handful of vocalists and instrumentalists. Talk story was the strength of the late Clotilde Castro Gould and also the Kântan CHamorita group of southern Guam. They kept the scenes, music and *kostumbre* of CHamoru alive, but what about the other spectrums?

And that was when I knew. I had to do my part. I wanted to contribute to using CHamoru in the written word. I earnestly studied and learned it in an exciting time of my life. I was a born again CHamoru and I grasped and digested all that I could. There was no ending to the wealth of this newfound knowledge, and I took it all in. Then I dared myself to do what I wanted to do. I spoke, I read, and I wrote CHamoru, and there was no stopping me.

I learned many hard things along the way. It wasn't easy. There were challenges. At first, many told me that I was inaccurate, things were written wrong in the grammatical sense of things, time sequences were out of whack, and others ventured to comment that I didn't know a thing about CHamoru. A few also said that, simply because of my last name, I wasn't CHamoru. There were doubting Thomases, and I was challenged both personally and professionally. In one instance, someone argued that I was a nobody and that I'm trying to become a CHamoru linguist and that I had no teaching experience at GDOE in CHamoru Studies. All true. But that didn't deter me from my pursuit to do my best.

I also became involved in the language renaissance. I became acquainted with language teachers and I joined *Inetnon Mañaina yan Manma'estran/ Manma'estron Fina'nâ'guen Fino' CHamoru*, *Nasion CHamoru*, and the *Inetnon Lalåhen Guåhan*.

When I was hired as program director for the CHamoru Language Commission, I fell under the mentorship of the late Ana Borja Garcia, known as Tan Ånan CHamoru. Immediately upon her retirement at GDOE's CHamoru Studies

Division, she spent nearly nine months in the Commission office showing, telling, explaining things about the grammar, rules, and history of the indigenous language. It was then that I felt the urgent need to write in CHamoru. The late Dr. Benit Camacho-Dungca told me, “Peter, you already know that you will be challenged because everyone will claim that they are CHamoru language experts. Do what is in your heart and stay committed to it. You will weather the storm.” I never forgot it, and I forged on.

Even through my involvement and earnest pursuit, I was still a recipient of mean comments about my language. The overwhelming attitude I felt was that many actually felt that CHamoru had no place anymore or anywhere in the people’s lives. I felt that they had given up. This was an example of the colonizers’ mentality, to brainwash the natives into thinking that the western way was the ultimate answer to the people of Guam’s maintenance of their daily lives. To me, it was disgusting.

One of my earliest ventures was inquiring at Bess Press in Honolulu about publishing my first work that I wrote in CHamoru, because Bess was publishing literature in the Hawai’ian language. In no time at all, the publisher wrote back and gave a precise denial of venturing into such a possibility. He cited that there was no evidence of a CHamoru readership, that the audience I hoped to attract didn’t exist, and that writing in CHamoru was not feasible in that day and age. He said he knew that there was no proof of CHamoru being spoken on Guam anymore, much less anyone reading in the vernacular.

Of course, I sent off volleys of letters to argue his last sentence above and it got nowhere. I was disappointed, so I took my work, added the English translation and went to a local publishing company. With the support of a friend and a nun in the Religious Sisters of Mercy who found corporate support, I printed one thousand copies of *Fafa’ña’gue yan Hinengge Siha* or Ghost Stories and Superstitious Beliefs. I don’t have a copy of that book today, but the point I want to make here was that the power of prayer worked.

What followed was my first play. Although it was received well, the play had a mediocre audience of mostly non-CHamorus who were curious about the latest in

theatrical aspirations of the indigenous language in use. Everything that was meant to go wrong with that play did, and I'm not going to spell out those wrongs, but it opened the way for forty-three other theatrical productions for which I was able to receive CAHA funding and corporate support, as well as hesitant actors and actresses who all thought that the plays were to be performed in CHamoru. Truthfully, only the titles were written and publicized in CHamoru with words and phrases interspersed into creative dialogues of English the CHamoru way. They were really easy to follow. All it took was to come and watch. Almost all the plays I produced, I also directed, and sometimes played bit parts in, too. No one in the media dared to review them. PDN's reasoning at the time was that no one in their staff was comfortable reviewing a production that dealt with a CHamoru issue, let alone the language.

But, I persevered and just gave everything the very best that I knew how. I was fortunate that PDN allowed me access to write in the CHamoru language, a quest that I had pursued over twenty years before by proposing to the city editor, a young woman whose roots were Saipanese CHamoru, if I could be permitted to write a column in the daily publication, at least once a month. She dismissed me and on my way out of her second-floor PDN office, she laughed uproariously, and her parting comment was "no way in hell will PDN ever entertain the writing of CHamoru in its daily issues." Well, look who's laughing now. But there was a price. I had to write bilingually. I took the chance and, although I'm a poor writer of English, no one complained, and here I am continuing today only after a brief break due to other reasons.

I also made it a point to speak to just about anyone who is CHamoru and was willing to share his or her spice of life. From this endeavor, I stumbled upon ancestral relatives who were exiled to Culion Island in the Philippines because of leprosy. There was one distant great grand uncle who survived the hand grenades of one of the caves in Fena. A family I once knew moved to the states after they survived the onslaught of drug addiction as they lost their home and property in a nearby village. I even met, through a series of village meetings that the Commission conducted, a CHamoru comfort woman who shared her ordeal of the dark days of World War II.

As a teacher at UOG, my syllabus encouraged storytelling, and in one explosive sharing, a student told about being a fourteen-year-old teenage girl caring for four brothers when their mother brought them to the states without any explanation and then abandoned them for over a year. They had to fend for themselves through near starvation and the near death of a two-year-old sibling.

I touched upon the lives of typical CHamorus in many ways. They included families reliant on food stamps, having a special-needs family member, and caring for someone who's suffering from cancer and depression. There were homelessness, prejudice and racial stigma, teenage smoking and suicide, domestic abuse, divorce, elderly neglect, alcohol addiction, gambling, hoarding, home invasions, warring neighbors, incest and the age-old CHamoru belief of infidelity in *cho'cho'lâhi*, and panhandling in highway intersections. Along the way, I didn't forget the *duhendes*, the *taotaomo'na*, *suruhâna*, *pattera*, the *techa*, the village gossip; CHamoru pastimes such as mocking, telling jokes, political satire, and poking fun at idiosyncrasies; aging, a focus on nature and the environment, and the strong sense of family. These I embodied in parodies, satires, musicals, one-acts, and short stories.

Despite all this, someone brings me back to reality by telling me or asking me, "Why CHamoru?" with exaggerated shrugs and sneers. And, again, the same tune of "it's useless": *para hâfa hit esta ni'fino'CHamoru, taibali, pâra sa'ni'mo'na ni'tâtte hao*.

I continue to write. I'm now spewing forth poetry in CHamoru, proverbs, writing on the issue of our political destiny (and, yes, I will be at tomorrow's self-determination march, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Underwood), other works of fiction and non-fiction, as well as just thoughts and experiences in travels, profiles of personalities I've met along the way, the consciousness of CHamoru in a time of decolonization quests, and the mixed duality of standards. And—as illustrated by the comments of Hawai'ian activist Haunani-Kay Trask—writing in captivity and capitalizing on it benefits me, as I extend this courtesy to others who have written, too, in the CHamoru language. I will never stop.

I have returned to the classroom, teaching middle school students in a private school. I have discovered that they were not told that CHamoru is an official language on this island. Many have told me that their parents, young ones at that, forbid the speaking of CHamoru, and that's why they are attending private school because, as one child put it, teaching and learning CHamoru is the job of GDOE for the "low lifes" who needed to learn it and not in their private school. Some don't know, much less care, that CHamoru is certainly the soul of the culture. Mind you, these are children aged ten to fourteen.

So, it's still PRUBIDO FUMINO CHamoru! But, there is still hope, lots of it.

Si Yu'os ma'åse'.

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CHamoru writer Peter R. Onedera is best known for his books about the CHamoru experience, his historical plays, and for his persistence as an outspoken CHamoru language advocate. His latest production, *Gi I Tilu Gradu* (In the Third Grade) (2009), highlights nonstandard English and the socio-political changes that toppled CHamoru from its key position as the language of the majority of the CHamoru people of Guam.

