

## **Memories of UOG and Guam**

### **By Paul Callaghan, Ph.D. Professor Emeritus of Economics**

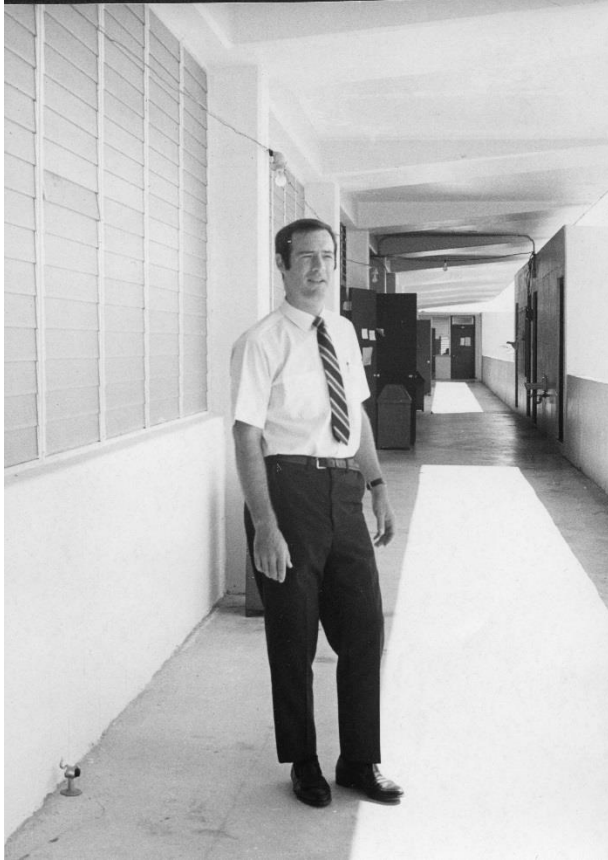
Upon finishing my Peace Corps service in Palau, I returned to California where in May of 1969 I completed an M.B.A. at San Jose State University. Most of my fellow graduates sought employment in Silicon Valley or with other large California firms. I purchased a one-way ticket to Guam on Pan American World Airways. Upon arriving in late June, I stayed with Larry and Sue Johnsrud, who lived a short distance from the airport on the grounds of the Micronesian Hotel. The Johnsruds were friends with whom I had previously stayed when passing through Guam as a Peace Corps Volunteer. Larry, an architect, had converted their surplus Navy quonset building into quite a palatial and comfortable, air-conditioned home. Interestingly, the neighbors were the Paul Bordallo family and the Guthertz family.

I had three employment possibilities. The University of Guam had responded positively to my teaching application. They offered me \$7,800 a year plus benefits and housing at \$55 a month, beginning in September. I had also been offered a one-year Trust Territory job managing the Palau Boatyard and Drydock Association. That position paid \$14,680 a year, plus housing and transportation, but there was no certainty that the contract would be renewed for additional years. Finally, Larry Johnsrud had offered me a job as office manager of Johnsrud and Associates, his forty-employee architectural firm located in Agana.

Shortly after arriving in Guam I flew to Saipan and then on to Palau where I spent several weeks discussing matters with Trust Territory officials while visiting my adopted family and friends. At the end of August, I returned to Guam. The paperwork for my contract at the Boatyard was still mired in Trust Territory Headquarters bureaucracy. The University of Guam contract had been approved by the Governor's Office and was awaiting my signature. After two days of anguished procrastination, my mother's often repeated maxim carried the day – "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I signed the documents that officially made me an Instructor in the Department of Business Administration. At twenty-seven years old, I was the youngest full-time faculty member at the University. In order to differentiate myself from students, I wore a short sleeve dress shirt, slacks and tie, one of only two faculty members to do so.

There were eight buildings on campus at the time – Buildings A and B contained classrooms and offices, the science building, the library, the fine arts building, the administration building, and a decapitated, tin-roofed cafeteria/student center located beside the administration building. The recently built marine laboratory was down the hill beside the ocean. Most offices and all classrooms in Buildings A and B, where I had an office and taught, were not air conditioned.

One memorable faculty member who greeted me upon my arrival was Pearl Sheldon. She came to UOG from Oklahoma in 1965 and retired in 1978. Pearl acted as dean when there was none and taught accounting. I believed that she would be fondly remembered by her students, one of whom was Doris Floris Brooks. With the number of years served in parenthesis, I list some of my most respected and contributive colleagues from the 1960s and 1970s; they kept the business program afloat through some tough economic and political times. I hope their names will not be forgotten. Their pictures exist in year books. We had such things in those days: Edwin L. Carey (8), John F. Bohner (12), Robert R. Mayer (9), Domingo U. Garcia (11), Anthony H. Quan (14), Herminia D. Dierking (16), Don C. Warner (14), Carol J. Cozan (17).



*Paul Callaghan, Building A ,1969*

My government supplied housing turned out to be a one-bedroom, tin roofed, concrete duplex in the village of Yigo, about twenty minutes north of the University. It was located in the jungle, along a potholed dirt road, out of sight from the surrounding Chamorro and Filipino neighbors. My first significant purchases were a window air-conditioner and a new, white Datsun station wagon. It cost \$2200. The monthly payments were \$102.

Whenever I drove in or out of my neighborhood, I passed Takano's store, a ramshackle mom-and-pop operation where the village's unemployed truants hung out. Twice during my first weeks of residency I came home to find the house ransacked. Access had been gained by pushing the air-conditioner inward, onto the floor. I did not own much of value in those days, so nothing was missing, other than a few beers and some food from the refrigerator. After replacing the air-conditioner for the second time, a friend from the University provided a sign written in Chamorro that said in effect, "Please brothers, don't push this air conditioner in. The front door is open, and there's beer in the refrigerator." I never again had a vandalism problem....

In those days the Government-operated telephone system was an inadequate, overloaded relic of World War II. Most homes had no phone service, and those that did were subject to party-lines and poor service. The only way to make long distance calls was to drive to the Western Union office in Agana and pay by the minute to sit in a booth. When it rained, and it did that a lot, island phone service became a static-filled hit or miss proposition. Neither my University office nor my Yigo apartment had a working telephone. Guam Telephone Authority would not entertain any new customers or install any new lines, especially when it came to young stateside newcomers like me.

One day while in the Dean's office, I was bemoaning my lack of a working home telephone. A Chamorro student worker named Julie Guerrero quietly pulled me aside. "Professor

Callaghan, my father works for GTA. If you go to the GTA main office in Tamuning and ask for him, he may be able to help you. I'll tell him to be expecting you."

I did as she suggested and was ushered into a gigantic air-conditioned office with an ornately carved wooden conference table. Clearly Mr. Guerrero, a rotund man in his sixties, did not just work for GTA. He was the boss, the Executive Director of Guam Telephone Authority. As I approached his desk he stood and greeted me with a smile and a handshake. "*Hafa adai*, my daughter tells me that you are a recently arrived professor at UOG. Welcome to Guam. We need more young people like you to help improve our Island. Julie says you need a phone. Where do you live?"

"I live in Yigo, sir, near the Takano Store. There appears to be a phone line into the building and one of those little connection boxes on the wall in the kitchen, but there's no phone."

"All right, just a minute" he said as he went outside through a back-entrance door that remained open as he went. I could see him rummaging around in the cab of a GTA pickup. Soon he returned with a black, rotary dial telephone, its lead wire coiled around the instrument.

"You look like a smart young man," he said as he handed me the phone. "Connect the green wire to the green wire on the wall. Connect the red wire to the red wire on the wall and do the same with the black wire. If that doesn't work move the colored wires around until you get a dial tone. If you can't make it work tell Julie, and I'll send someone out there."

"Thank you very much sir," I said. "Isn't there some paperwork I should fill out?"

"Never mind. Welcome to Guam. Make sure to let Julie know if it doesn't work."

"I will, sir. And thank you again."

That evening I was able to connect the phone and call out, but there was no way of knowing my phone number for those who might wish to call me. Thankfully, it was not too many days before the phone rang. It was a wrong number, but the man on the other end was able to tell me the number he had dialed. From that point on I had a working phone that could both call and receive. And, I never received a phone bill the whole time I lived in Yigo.

My teaching load at the University was twelve credit hours, two sections of Management, one of Marketing, and one of Money and Banking. I taught until nine at night three days a week in the non-airconditioned rooms of Building A [that stood where the Business School Building now stands]. With more than one hundred students, there was little time in my life for anything else besides preparation, teaching, and office hours.

My free time, what there was of it, became filled with new activities. On weekends I began scuba diving and spear fishing with new-found friends, Dale Beagley, a physical education teacher at the University, and Bill Williams, a local attorney. As the semester progressed, four Palauan students, Yoichi Rengiil, Mobo Morei, Yuriko Adachi, and Nina Tewid asked me to be the fifth member of their bowling team in the Friday afternoon Royal Lanes Students League. Joe Paulino, head of the Physical Education Department at the University and a driving force for sports development, enlisted my participation in his Tuesday-Thursday-Friday afternoon tennis program. All three courts were filled with students from many different Micronesian islands, as well as some University staff and faculty. Unless it rained, we played until dark. The courts had no lighting.

In the mornings before classes I regularly drank coffee in the dilapidated, tin roofed Student Center next to the Administration Building. There I often sat with Beagley, Paulino and Ben Perez. Their conversations provided an opportunity to keep abreast of institutional goings-on. At other times I joined Palauans, usually those from the bowling team. Like most

Micronesians, Palauans were most comfortable grouped by themselves. I was one of the few outsiders welcomed at their tables. Most of the time they were kindly tolerant of my less than auspicious Palauan linguistic skills, and our conversations allowed me to keep up with news from Palau as well as student campus gossip. Dale Beagley was another teacher who could often be found associating with the Palauan students. He was by nature a gregarious, friendly fellow who never forgot a name. As a wordplay on his last name, Beagley, most Palauans referred to him as “Big Alii”. *Alii* is the Palauan greeting word similar to hello in English....

Amidst all this, a new important person entered my life, a nursing student named Nina Tewid. She was a member of our Friday afternoon bowling team and also one of Joe Paulino’s favorite tennis players. Nina, her Palauan name was Kilad, worked as a student assistant for Dr. Randy Braman, a psychology professor whose office was just down the hall from the office I shared with two other faculty members in Building A. My student helper, Jennifer, was Palauan, so the two girls frequently gossiped in the hallway, seemingly oblivious to the possibility that I might understand what they were saying. At any rate, as the Spring semester progressed Nina and I became more and more friendly. She lived with sponsors on the naval air base in Maite, so I often provided transportation to and from our bowling and tennis activities.

By May, Nina and I were pretty much a regular pair during non-school hours. Some faculty and staff were uneasy about our relationship. Their legitimate concerns about the propriety of teacher-student relationships became entwined with their subconscious socio-cultural prejudice and jealousy. Nina was not a student in the Business School, so it was difficult to allege any conflict of interest or favoritism on my part. However, I suspect that some stateside faculty were opposed to interracial relationships in general, and it is likely that the Chamorro faculty and staff wondered why a professor would choose to be with a Palauan student when there were available so many eligible and beautiful Chamorro women.

For Nina and me, it was enough that our close friends and the Palauan community were supportive of our relationship. Moreover, as the semester came to an end, two incidences served to enhance my professional standing and draw attention away from our private lives. First, I was awarded first-runner-up for the honored title of Professor-of-the-Year. The winner was psychology professor Dr. Randy Braman, Nina’s employer.

The second incident happened on a Friday afternoon late in May. A student messenger stuck his head in my office doorway and said, “Professor Callaghan, Dr. Yamashita wants to see you.”

“Right now?” I asked. I was momentarily planning to pick up Yoichi and Nina for our bowling league at Royal Lanes.

“Yes, sir, as soon as you can.”

“All right. Tell him I am on my way.”

Dr. Yamashita was the President of the University and not a man to be kept waiting. On the way to his office, I mulled over what it was that I might have done wrong. Was it something I had said in the classroom? Had someone complained about my teaching or grading, or my personal life? Nina had been sponsored by the Yamashita family in the past and lived for a time in their household. They knew her well and still considered her part of their family.

My guard was up as I entered the President’s office. Dr. Yamashita was sitting behind his desk in conversation with Jack Dumond, a professor from the College of Education. Their reaction was immediate.

“Come on in Paul. Have a seat,” said the President. Jack pushed a chair around so that we both sat facing the President.

“Congratulations on almost becoming Professor-or-the-Year. I hear it was close. Clearly you are well liked by the students, and my daughter confirms that you are in fact a good teacher.”

I knew that there was a Yamashita in my Principles of Economics section, but I had no idea she was the president’s daughter.

“Thank you, sir. I’m trying my best,” I said.

“Do you intend to teach summer school and return to us next year?” he asked.

“Well sir, I had hoped to teach summer school, but the Trust Territory Government has offered me a contract to manage the Palau Boat Yard, so I haven’t decided about Fall semester yet.”

The boat yard management contract had finally been approved by Saipan Trust Territory Headquarters. Friends in Palau were now pressuring me to fly to Saipan and sign the documents. Jack Dumond spoke up. “You don’t want to take that job and live in Palau, do you? Aren’t you having a good time here in Guam? You’re certainly well liked here, and you’re becoming a valued member of the University community. I think you should give serious thought to not *changing horses in the middle of the stream.*”

I thought to myself, that idiom would leave most of our students totally baffled.

“They’re offering me almost fifteen thousand dollars plus housing and transportation,” I replied.

“So how long is the contract,” asked Dumond.

“One year,” I replied.

“And then what? Suppose it’s not renewed? And if it is, you’ll end up in Palau or somewhere else in Micronesia for the rest of your life. Is that what you really want?”

Yamashita spoke, “Suppose I offer you a two-year contract as Assistant Professor, beginning next year. That will pay you around thirteen thousand if you teach summer school, plus the same housing and health benefits you’re currently receiving. Remember Guam has an excellent retirement fund that’s not available when you’re working for the Trust Territory. What would you say to returning next year under those conditions?”

“I’d say that I’d be happy to stay at U.O.G. under those conditions, sir.”

“Good,” said Yamashita. “Now let’s celebrate your promotion to Assistant Professor.”

He took a bottle of scotch whiskey and three glasses from the bottom drawer of his desk. Dumond extracted ice cubes from the office refrigerator. That bottle was half full when we started and empty when we finished. If Dr. Carey, Dean of the Business School, was ever consulted, I never knew about it. My first promotion was accomplished over scotch on the rocks, late on a Friday afternoon, without application, documentation or peer review.

By the time I arrived at the Royal Lanes, Nina and Yoichi had found alternate transportation, but our team had forfeited one game. My tardiness was likely unappreciated but went unacknowledged in the Micronesian way.

That Summer Nina and I and Joe Paulino lived together at his home in the Village of Inarajan. Joe’s wife and children had gone to Hawaii for the Summer to be with her parents. The Paulino Clan owned almost the entire perimeter of Agfayan Bay where a river of the same name entered the sea. Joe lived at the mouth of the Bay where it opened out into the ocean. His house was near the water, surrounded by ancient, monolithic Latte stones and other signs of prehistoric human occupation. Behind the house rose a cliff and a towering natural rock formation that resembled the shape of a bear on its haunches; thus, Joe’s property was known to all on Guam as “Bear Rock”.

Many Chamorros were fearful of going near Bear Rock, saying it was a home for *Taotao Mona*, ancient spirits, protectors of the land. Joe was the youngest brother in his family, so he had inherited the land that others did not want. But he made "Bear Rock" into a magical, sacred place. His house was built on a stonework foundation, a building designed to be one with its surroundings, invisible from the main road to all but the most discerning eye. We slept each night and awoke each morning to the sound, sights, and smell of the sea. The calming presence of ancient spirits hung in the air and resided in all plants, rocks, and crevices. On moonlit nights a cacophony of insects and amphibians sang of their presence. The tides, ocean and weather conditions became part of our lives. We fished with spear, net, pole, and line. We snorkeled, rafted, and swam. We hunted for crabs and turtle eggs. Coconuts, bananas, and papayas were everywhere for the taking. The forty-minute drive to and from the University campus was so beautiful that I hardly noticed the time. Those months at Bear Rock were some of the best days of my life.

After leaving Joe's house at the end of the Summer, Nina and I moved into my Yigo apartment. Shortly thereafter I asked her to marry me. Her reply went something like this. "Why would we want to ruin our wonderful relationship by getting married? We are living together. We are in love and enjoying each other's company. We don't need to be married."

When I continued to press for an answer. She said, "I was raised Palauan. I am Palauan. I do not want to become American, and I do not want to live far from Palau. I am the oldest among my brothers and sisters. When my brothers build a house or when there is a family funeral or emergency, you, as my husband, are required to contribute big money. If you were Palauan, you could get most of that money from your sisters and their husbands. But you have no sisters, and if you did, I'm sure they would not contribute. You have no idea what it means to be the husband of a Palauan women. Our customs are not easy for outsiders to bear. If I am your wife, my family always comes before our relationship and our personal life. That's hard for Americans to accept. I don't think you understand the implications of marriage in Palau. If we are just living together, we can avoid most Palauan custom issues. Marriage only makes our life together worse."

I persisted, so over the next couple of weeks, she conferred with aunties on Guam, and then flew to Palau to consult with her parents, and other relatives. Much to my delight, upon returning she said that our marriage could go ahead. So, on the morning of November 28, 1970, we were married in a Catholic service at St. Anthony Church in the village of Tamuning.

As we turned to descend from the altar it was gratifying to see so many in attendance. There were university students from all over Micronesia, many accompanied by their sponsoring families. Nina's classmates and teachers from the nursing school were there, as well as teachers and students from the Business College. There were many of Nina's relatives and their families and friends. The Paulinos and Quans, the Crains and Yamashitas, the Bensons, Johnsruds, and Clays, were all there along with many other friends and acquaintances from throughout the Island. In the south transept stood three Jesuit priests from Palau – Fathers Bizkarra, Hoar, and Condon. They must have been transiting Guam and somehow heard about our wedding. Their attendance was a great honor....

Joe Paulino announced from the pulpit that all attendees and their families and friends were invited to a reception to be held, beginning at six o'clock that evening, on the grounds of his home at Bear Rock in the village of Inarajan. As the Palauan students sang *Climb Every Mountain*, Nina and I began our long walk out of the church and into forty-three years of married life. During those years we did climb many mountains and ford many streams together. It brings me frequent heartaches that she is no longer by my side.

Several hundred people attended the reception at Bear Rock. Joe Paulino had enlisted help from his own and several closely related Chamorro families. Nina's aunts had assigned cooking and food preparation responsibilities to Palauans living throughout Guam. My friend Toshiro Paulis had recruited people from Ponape and Kapingamarangi to help with thatching, basket weaving, and the cooking of two pigs, underground in the island way. The logistics and food preparation took several days and nights. Parking lots had to be cleared, sound systems installed, firewood delivered. As is often the way in Guam, off-duty utility workers installed power and water lines that bypassed meters. The Palauan Student Association provided a most beautiful four-tiered wedding cake. Joe himself took charge of overall planning and logistics.

Under Joe's direction, everything came together by seven o'clock that evening, including a blessing of the table by Fathers Hoar and Bizkarra, a five-piece band, and traditional Palauan dances by torch light. Some guests stayed until dawn. Nina and I departed around two in the morning, totally exhausted, and well aware that the reciprocal costs of this wonderful celebration would be borne by us for the rest of our lives....

For the next year-and-a-half, our ritual of life flowed between our Yigo apartment and the University. On weekends we spent time diving, spearfishing, picnicking and partying. My spearfishing kept our freezer stocked, while providing enough to share with friends and relatives. Our favorite nightclub was the Fishermen's Tavern, a Palauan hangout owned by one of Nina's aunts, Michiko.

Fish, as it was known to Palauans, had a rough reputation. But it always had Palauan music and dancing with no cover charge, and I always felt comfortable there, although quite frequently I was the only stateside patron. The secret of survival at Fish was to leave the premises before closing when the big fights usually broke out, sometimes with flying beer bottles, rocks, and tire-irons. When Fish got rowdy even the Guam police were reticent to enter.

I enjoyed my work in academia, to the point that I had abandoned the idea of managing the Boat Yard, and the Saipan authorities had finally stopped contacting me. During the 1970-71 academic year I was asked to be faculty advisor for the Palau Student Organization and was again awarded Teacher of the Year honors. This time there was no runner-up. During that year I also spoke at two off-island economic development conferences. One was held at Saipan's newly built Royal Taga Hotel, sponsored by the Saipan Chamber of Commerce, and the other was on Ponape, sponsored by the Trust Territory Government.

In August of 1971, I was appointed Acting Associate Dean of the Business School – an appointment of some controversy, since I did not hold a Doctorate degree. It was intended as an interim appointment until a suitable permanent Dean could be recruited. That took almost a full year, during which time I initiated planning for a Master of Business Administration program and handled all class scheduling and faculty-student-public affairs. Thankfully I was able to do so in a way that convinced most faculty that a guy with a lowly master's degree could be a decent administrator.

In Guam's November 1970 general election, the incumbent Democratic Party was defeated and the new governor, Carlos Camacho, appointed a new University president to replace Dr. Yamashita. The new president's name was Pedro Cruz "Doc" Sanchez. He impressed me as being a visionary who understood that Guam was part of both Micronesia and a much bigger world. Unlike his predecessor, who had been much more insular in focus, this man was worldly and experienced with high standards and high expectations for faculty performance. He held a master's degree from Columbia and a Ph.D. from Stanford. He had worked for the Peace

Corp under Sargent Shriver, been Director of Education for the Virgin Islands, and held several Federal Government posts in Panama and elsewhere. On top of that he was married to a Samoan lady, and had co-authored A Complete History of Guam, a frequently used and cited chronicle of Guam's past. I was excited about his arrival and looked towards being a contributing member of his administration.

So, when he called me into his office "for a chat", I was nervous but excited about meeting such a respected and accomplished Chamorro. The gist of our conversation went something like this:

"Hello Mr. Callaghan, it's very good to meet you. I've heard many good things about you and your teaching. Also, congratulations on your recent marriage. Joe Paulino invited us to your reception. I wouldn't expect you to remember. You were more than otherwise occupied. But my wife and I attended and enjoyed the food and Palauan dancing. There certainly were lots of people there. Thankfully Joe reserved a parking place for us, otherwise we would have had to walk a quarter mile from the Inarajan cemetery."

"Thank you, Dr. Sanchez. It's nice to finally meet you. Congratulations on your appointment as President. This institution needed a change of leadership.

"I certainly intend to change some things that likely won't make everyone happy, but we'll take it slowly. My son Simon tells me that you are well thought of by the students, and that last year they voted you Professor-of-the-Year. His friends tell him you're a great instructor, and according to my staff your work as Acting Dean has been exemplary. Thank you for your service and commitment."

"Thank you, sir. I'm enjoying my work as Acting Dean. I've learned a lot, and I've found I like teaching."

"Well, we should have a permanent Dean recruited by the end of Spring Semester, so you'll then be able to concentrate on other things. In that regard I called you in today to give you timely notice that I will not be renewing your contract after August. You are clearly an excellent teacher and apparently a competent administrator, but you need a terminal degree in order to go anywhere in this profession. If I don't force you to get a doctorate, you'll take the easy road and stay here as an assistant professor for the rest of your life. That won't be good for you, and it won't be good for this University. The motto of this institution is "Excelsior", and I intend for us to work our way toward that goal. Go get your doctorate son and come back here. We need people like you, but only after you have gotten the proper academic credentials." I was dumbfounded, and not able to muster a reply other than, "Okay, sir."

He continued, "You get going and apply to graduate programs. Keep me informed, and I'll support you in any way I can, letters of recommendation or whatever. My sources tell me that you have financial resources sufficient to afford off-island schooling, but if that's not true, let me know, and I'll see what we can do to help. We will put you on educational leave without pay until you return -- but return with that doctorate. I'm betting that because you are married to a Micronesian you will return, and you will contribute to this region, even if it's not at the University of Guam."

"Yes, sir. I hope so, sir"

"Now get going on applications to graduate schools. My door is open to you at any time. As you know there's a Deans' meeting at three this afternoon. I'll see you there."



“Yes, sir. I’ll be there. We are going to review the Business School’s proposal for an M.B.A. program. I hope you will support it.”

“I’ll support it if I can be sure that you will be able to recruit and hold the requisite terminal degreed faculty for such a program. “Excelsior” means quality. There will be no diploma-mill credentials handed out by U.O.G. under my watch.”

That meeting with Dr. Sanchez proved to be an important fork in the road of my life. He was right. Without being prodded, I would have likely spent many years at the University of Guam teaching introductory courses while having a great time diving, sailing, fishing, and traveling in the summers. Perhaps that pattern of life might have been simpler, but it would not have been as diverse and exciting as that which has transpired. I never knew Doc Sanchez well, but he made a positive contribution to the course of my life, and I am grateful to him....

Without delay, I started applying to graduate schools that offered marine resource economics programs. There were only three of consequence in the United States: University of Hawaii, University of Washington, and the University of Rhode Island. I quickly dismissed Rhode Island, feeling that it would pose too much of a cultural and climatic leap for Nina, and likely for me as well. Hawaii was my first choice since it was located in a Pacific island environment similar to Guam.

Our move to Hawaii was confirmed when Nina received acceptance to the University of Hawaii’s School of Nursing. We could both attend school at the same time. The question was how to pay for it? I had only the unconfirmed possibility of a research assistantship and no idea as to what benefits or salary that assistantship might entail.

As has consistently been the case in my life, Irish luck came to the rescue. During my first year on Guam I had joined other investors in two limited partnerships. Both involved the purchase of undeveloped land in the mountains of central Guam. There was no particular plan for using the land, other than to eventually resell it for a profit. The partnerships were referred to legally as Tenechong and Billy Bay development companies. I had put ten thousand dollars into each, mostly as a gamble on the future long-term growth of Guam. However, as luck would have it, on January 24, 1972, Sargent Shoichi Yokoi, the last Japanese military straggler from WWII, was captured in his cave-hideout on our Tenechong property. Within a few months tourism companies from Japan were vying to purchase our land. My ten-thousand-dollar investment turned into sixty thousand dollars overnight, enough to pay for both Nina’s and my Hawaii educations even without receiving a research assistantship.

Off we went to Honolulu, where for three grueling years we lived, studied, worked, and played a bit. Day after day, rain or shine, we walked back and forth to the University of Hawaii campus, attended classes, ate in the East West Center cafeteria, studied together in one of the libraries, and walked home to sleep each night. Our second story apartment on Clark street became our personal oasis, a place where we could relax with a little television before bed. I remember watching the Olympic Games as the Israeli team became the object of a terrorist attack. The news was always dominated by happenings in Viet Nam. The war was not going well, and the U.S. seemed to have no exit strategy. All of that became only background noise to our immersion in academic pursuits.

Interestingly our apartment on Clark Street was in the same block as an apartment building where a young man named Barack Obama lived with his grandparents and attended Punahou School. Frequently Nina and I jogged on the Punahou School track. It is possible that I came very close to bumping elbows with a future president of the United States. I’ll never know, but I hope so.

In May of 1975, Nina graduated from U.H. with her B.S. in Nursing and passed her R.N. examination. By mid-June, I had passed all my qualifying exams and received Committee approval for my dissertation topic. That meant I had attained the august status of A.B.D. (all but dissertation).

By the first week in September of 1975, we both were back in Guam, living in university housing on Dean's Circle, a short walk from campus. Nina found immediate employment at Guam Memorial Hospital. Each day I taught my four-course load, maintained office hours, and walked home to work on my dissertation, sometimes continuing late into the night. Save for a Christmas trip to Palau and some weekend socializing this ritual continued into the Spring of 1976.

Then on Friday, May 21, 1976, our world changed. We had known "She" was coming. Classes had been canceled. We had stocked drinking water and extra provisions, but we were not ready for "Her" ferocity. By noon Typhoon Pamela's sustained winds had reached 140 miles per hour with gusts to 170 or more. Our house held together, but rainwater blew with such force through the cracks in the wooden louvered windows, that water struck walls on the opposite sides of the room. All our possessions were soaked, mattresses and pillows water-logged, picture albums and favorite books ruined beyond salvage. I saved my computer and dissertation materials by wrapping them in garbage bags. Around 10 a.m. the power went off and never returned for four months. By 11 a.m. the water stopped running and never returned for two months. At some point the telephone service stopped and never returned for years. Cell phones had not yet been invented.

Soon our life settled down to open fire cooking, FEMA supplied disaster relief rations, kerosene lighted evenings, and saltwater baths and laundries at the Marine Laboratory. Unlike other stateside faculty living on Dean's Circle, our FEMA fare was supplemented thanks to Nina's knowledge and ingenuity. We had coconuts for drinking, fresh fish, coconut crabs, taro, seaweed salads, and an ever-dwindling supply of bananas and papayas that had been blown down by the wind. I could not tolerate the boiled fruit bat, but other relatives seemed to enjoy that cuisine. It was not long before air shipments of food and critically needed betelnuts, began arriving directly from relatives in Palau.

Nina continued her job at the hospital, and we were getting along quite well, but there was little to be done other than wait for utilities to return, and that was not likely to be soon. The University would not open until Fall, and there was no way that I could work on my dissertation without power. So, in early June we agreed that I should return to Honolulu and try to finish the dissertation there.

Throughout my graduate schooling, I had a different perspective than the other students, and I kept that perspective hidden as best I could, especially from faculty. My goal was to get out of the program with a degree as fast as possible, doing whatever it took. I viewed every course and every requirement as a hurdle in a race to the finish line. I did not want to be a famous, well published academic. I did not care to spend a life on the cutting edge of economic theory. Learning for the sake of learning was not my bag. My thoughts were always focused on practical applications for what I was learning. How might it help me construct and test an acceptable dissertation hypothesis?

Without letting anyone know, I operated backwards. Most good scientists first find a question that needs answering. Then they formulate an expected answer or hypothesis, after

which they collect and analyze data in a way that will allow them to reject or not reject that hypothesis. I on the other hand knew that I had sole access to a data set of more than six thousand fishing trips undertaken by pole-and-line tuna fishing vessels, operating from the Van Camp Corporation's facilities in Palau. In the field of fisheries economics this was an exceptional and rare data set. All I had to do was find an acceptable theoretical question that could be hypothesized in such a way as to allow the use of this data to test the assertion. If I could do that, then I would have a dissertation to drag across the finish line.

It worked out. I graduated in the second shortest time ever, in the history of the U.H. Economics Program. By the Fall of 1976 much of Guam's typhoon damage had been repaired, and I was back teaching economics at U.O.G., now as Dr. Paul Callaghan....

It was January of 1978. I had just deposited my paycheck and was walking across the Bank of Hawaii lobby in Guam's Julale Shopping Center. A voice behind me said, "Dr. Callaghan, can we have a word with you." Only academics referred to me as Dr. Callaghan, so I turned expecting to see someone from the University. That was not the case. Two young Chamorro men stood there, dressed in slacks and short sleeve white shirts with ties. One of them I did not recognize; the other I knew to be Benjamin J. Cruz. Most people called him "B.J." He had recently returned to Guam from law school at Santa Clara University, and he now worked for Governor Bordallo. B.J. shook my hand and said, "Do you mind if I call you Paul?"

"No, not at all. Paul is fine." I said. "I really don't like titles, but at the University they won't let those things go."

"Fine, Paul it is," he said. "People call me B.J." He made no effort to introduce his associate. He continued, "The reason we've chased you down is that Governor Bordallo would like to know if you would be willing to serve, along with his brother Paul, as Guam's representative on the Western Pacific Fisheries Management Council. The Council meets periodically in Honolulu and elsewhere in the Region. It is responsible for regulating the fishing activities in U.S. waters around the Marianas, Samoa, Hawaii and other U.S. Pacific Islands. They pay a stipend, and you'll get to travel on Federal money. It's a great opportunity. We understand that you have a degree in fisheries economics. Is that true?"

"Yes," I said. "Marine Resource Economics."

"Good, so if you are willing, the Governor will submit your name to the U.S. Secretary of Commerce for consideration."

"Sure," I said. "I'm willing."

"Fine, so can you bring your resume to me at the Governor's office by four o'clock today?"

"Yes, sure. I can do that," I said.

"Great! See you this afternoon."

"Thank the Governor for considering me," I said, as the two of them hurried away across the lobby, apparently late for some other engagement.

Upon returning to the University, I set about updating my resume and informing myself as to what this Western Pacific Regional Fishery Management Council was all about from the Federal Register and other sources. After several weeks of waiting, the Secretary of Commerce approved my appointment, and on October 22, 1978, I was off to Hawaii aboard Pan Am Flight #2, to attend the 13<sup>th</sup> Council meeting that was being held at the Kona Hilton Hotel in Kailua-Kona. All my expenses were paid by the Council, including a daily salary at the rate of GS-15. For the first time I was thankful that I had spent those trying years acquiring a Ph.D. in Marine

Resource Economics. That degree was probably the thing that had set my nomination apart from those proffered by other Pacific Island governors.

As I sat in my first Council meeting that day in Kona, trying my best to understand the complex issues and the positions of people sitting around that U-shaped table, I had no idea I would spend the next thirty-five years of my life deeply involved in efforts to conserve and manage Pacific fisheries resources. For thirty of those years I would serve as chair of the Council's Scientific and Statistical Committee. For ten years I would serve on U.S. Delegations to a series of Multi-High-Level Conferences, negotiations that lead twenty-six nations to adopt the Western and Central Pacific Fishery Convention and its administrative Commission (WCPFC). I am proud to say that I originated a few words and some ideas that are contained in that Convention. After the Convention's signing in Honolulu in 2004, I would represent Guam, or the Commonwealth of the Marianas at thirteen annual Commission meetings and serve for four years as chair of the Commission's Standing Committee for Finance and Administration. I had no idea that I would someday have the honor of chairing the first national meeting of Scientific and Statistical Committee chairs from all eight Councils across the United States. I had no idea I would serve for ten years on the Steering Committee of the University of Hawaii's Pacific Fisheries Research Program, responsible for dispensing millions of dollars in Federal fishery research funding. I had not the slightest inkling that fishery management issues would cause me to travel across the United States, and to destinations around the Pacific rim and to many of the island nations in-between. At the time it was inconceivable that I would dine with Chiefs, Directors, Secretaries, and Ministers, shake the hand of a King, address delegates from twenty-eight nations, and that these experiences would result in lasting personal friendships throughout the Pacific. On that day in the Alii Surf Room of the Kona Hilton Hotel in 1978 a door opened that changed the rest of my life. Like most such door openings, at the time I did not recognize its significance.

It was shortly after noon on a Tuesday in the Spring of 1982. The University maintenance crew had not yet gotten around to fixing my malfunctioning air conditioner. So, my office door was open to the trade winds that provided some relief from Guam's humid heat. Students and faculty peered in as they passed, and I hoped that the open door would provide welcoming encouragement for anxious students who might otherwise be reluctant to ask for help during office hours. My classes were finished for the day, and I was sitting, feet up on the desk, eating a tuna sandwich, perusing the contents of a ten-day-old Wall Street Journal. My finance students were required to subscribe so that we might discuss pertinent articles in class. It did not make much difference that the subscription was a victim of Guam's slow mail service. I was accustomed to reading old editions and had found that the delay actually helped me to maintain a longer-term investment perspective.

Having settled down to contemplation of interest rates and the yield curve, I was startled when in through the open door walked, Herminia Dierking. Herm, as I called her, was an accounting professor, a member of a large, politically influential Chamorro family, and in my eyes one of the most beautiful women on earth.

"*Hafa-adai* Doctor C. Are you busy?" she said, as her voluptuous, copper toned, body slipped into the chair beside my desk.

Yanking my feet down and setting aside the sandwich and newspaper, I said, "What's up Herm?"

"It is a shame that maintenance has not fixed your air conditioner. How long has it been?"

“It’s been about two weeks now. I’ve kind of lost track. But I’ve gotten used to it, and the door being open seems to persuade more students to walk in for help.”

With an impish smile on her face she replied, “Yes, and I bet you devote considerable time to the prettiest ones.”

I rolled my eyes, knowing that her observation was not unwarranted. “The question at this moment is, what can I do for you, my dear?”

“That remains to be seen,” she replied. “How do you feel about the coming election?”

“Well I don’t know, I think my *pari*, Joe Paulino, is supporting Ricky Bordallo,” It was always best to be circumspect when discussing Guam politics with someone of unknown sentiment.

“So, I have some tickets for Ricky’s upcoming fundraiser on Saturday. Would you and Nina like to attend? It’s at the Hilton Ball Room at seven – the dress is island formal. You do have shoes?” she quipped, looking at my flipflop adorned feet.

“How much are the tickets?” I asked.

“A hundred dollars each,” she said, a hint of concern in her soft brown eyes.

No matter the price, I could not say no, and she knew it. “Okay, I’ll take two,” I said, as I reached for my checkbook in the top drawer.

“Make it payable to Bordallo for Governor,” she said. “And make sure you bring Nina. Ricky wants the support of the Palauan community too.”

“I’m pretty sure Nina has nothing planned for Saturday, but you never know for sure, I said.

“Tell her that John and I will be there, and I’ve reserved seats for you both at our table.” John Dierking was her attorney-husband, lucky guy.

She continued, “I think Ricky will win this time around. Calvo is weak in the South.”

“That’s what Joe says, and he should be a good judge of the sentiment in Inarajan and Marizo. So, don’t worry, we’ll be there,” I said, as I handed her the check.

“*Si Yu’us Ma’ase*, I’ll see you at faculty meeting this afternoon at 3:30. Or had you forgotten?” she said as she arose and floated through the door into the greenery of the campus walkway.

“*Adios esta*, I said.

Two hundred dollars poorer, I returned to the Wall Street Journal and my sandwich, pleased to have been included in an important local grass roots movement.

That was the beginning of my short Guam political career. At the behest of Herminia, I made several additional donations during the course of the campaign. Ricardo J. Bordallo won the election for Governor of Guam in November and by January of 1983 Herminia had become Director of the Bureau of Budget and Management Research. My *pari*, Jose Paulino, was Director of Parks and Recreation, and I was on leave from the University as Acting Director of Commerce.

I suppose the “Acting” designation bears some explanation, so here it is. In November, after the election results were certified, I received a phone call from Governor-elect Bordallo’s office, informing me that the Governor would like to meet with me at nine the next morning. When I arrived at his temporary offices in the Quan Building, the secretary greeted me, “Good morning Dr. Callaghan. Please walk right in. He’s expecting you.”

Upon entering I saw the Governor standing behind his desk, trim and dapper as usual. His open-necked, long-sleeved, dress shirt, sported flashy gold cufflinks – a man of action. The tinge

of greying hair around his temples provided just a hint of middle age as it disappeared under the frames of his oversized horn-rimmed glasses.

With businesslike demeanor he welcomed me, “*Hafa adai* Dr. Callaghan. Please come in. Make yourself comfortable,” he said, as he motioned toward one of the high-backed, brown leather chairs in front of his massive *ifil*-wood desk.

“Thank you, Governor. Congratulations on your victory.” I said, as I slid into the seat.

“Yes, the people have spoken and now we have to produce results,” he replied as he began pacing back and forth behind the desk. Without stopping and never looking directly at me he said, “Some of my supporters tell me that you are an excellent economics teacher and well respected at the University. They think you would be a good addition to my Cabinet. Our family has also discussed your qualifications, and my brother Paul thinks highly of you, so I have decided to ask you to become Director of Commerce in my administration. What do you think of that?” He continued to pace while he waited for my response. Just like a discontented lion in a cage at the zoo, I thought.

The Governor-elect’s offer was not a complete surprise. During the prior week his brother, Paul Bordallo, had invited me to breakfast at a local restaurant. He and I had known each other for some time, as we were both avid fishermen and had served together on the Western Pacific Fishery Management Council in Honolulu. During breakfast our conversation centered on fisheries management issues, but at one-point Paul had mentioned that the Governor-elect was considering asking me to work in his administration, perhaps as Director of Commerce, and he wondered if I would be agreeable to that. I replied that I was certainly honored by such a thought and was always interested in contributing to the betterment of Guam in any way possible. Paul had then mentioned that some family members including Madeleine, the Governor’s wife, had reservations about appointing non-Chamorro Cabinet members, so it was still unclear as to what the Governor might decide.

Despite Paul’s advance notice I was still unprepared and uncertain. I enjoyed teaching at the University and was comfortable in that academic environment. I knew little of the administrative bureaucracy of Guam government and had no idea as to the duties of a Director or the functions of the Department of Commerce. Furthermore, I was a relative newcomer to the Island, without Chamorro language capability, and without indigenous family connections, other than those with the Paulino clan in Inarajan Village. As a Director I would be at a great disadvantage when it came to dealing with the Chamorro political, cultural, and social norms that permeated day to day Government operations. Everything considered I was not at all confident that I was up to the task of running a diverse agency of several hundred employees while functioning in an unfamiliar cultural environment.

“Governor, I’m greatly honored by such an unexpected offer,” I said. “May I please have some time to consider it? I’d like to talk things over with my wife, and I’d like to make sure that someone will be able to cover my classes at the University.”

“Your wife is Palauan, isn’t she?” he asked.

“Yes Governor,” I replied.

“Well then,” he said. “She will be the first Palauan member of Madeleine’s *Y Inetnon Famalao’an*, the Cabinet Wives Organization. I suspect she’ll like that. They do lots of good work for the Island. Why don’t you come back tomorrow morning at the same time and let me know what you have decided. We have lots of work to do. It is not long before inauguration, and things are moving fast. I need to know if we can count on you as a member of our team.”

The next day I arrived promptly on time but had to wait in the outer office for an hour or more while others were ushered in and out of the Governor's office. Jose Paulino and Herminia Dierking were among them, and so was Judith Guthertz, a fellow University faculty member, who I had heard was being tapped as Chief of Police, the first ever woman to hold that position.

Finally, when it was my turn to enter, the Governor was standing behind his desk as he had the day before. "Good morning Governor," I said as I sat down in the leather chair. "Today seems to be a busy day for you."

"Every day is busy. There is much to do," he replied. "So, what is your decision about becoming Director of Commerce? Does your wife approve?" There was a slight suggestion of contempt in his voice.

I replied, "She feels it is a great honor Sir, and so do I." That of course was not completely true. Nina was not at all happy about having to undertake the social and political obligations required of a Cabinet member's wife. Being the only Palauan among a throng of Chamorro women in *Y Inetnon Famalao'an* was not the least appealing to her. Almost certainly they would view her as their token Micronesian and their liaison to the Palauan and broader Micronesian women's communities, a responsibility that at her young age, would be very uncomfortable. Despite these concerns Nina was supportive. If I really wanted to do it, she was willing to try. The truth was, I was not at all sure I really wanted to do it. Up until then I had been a respected professor, maintaining a low profile, and socializing within the University community. Joining Bordallo's team would thrust me into mainstream Territorial politics. There would be no more low-profile living, and little spare time to pursue the scuba-diving and spear-fishing that I loved. My world would become much more crowded and much less private. Joe Paulino had already cautioned me that a directorship would not be an easy job for a "haole statesider."

While driving to the Governor-elect's office that morning, I decided that I would rather not have the job. However, I could not bluntly say "No" to him. Outright rejection of his offer would be an affront. My experience in Palau had taught me that seemingly minor slights could have lasting consequences in small island communities. In the future the Governor's staff would scrutinize all personnel actions closely, even those at the University. If I offended him, I and those who had recommended me would be diminished in his eyes, and worse, my friend Paul the governor's brother, would be equally offended. It was foolish to "burn these bridges". At some point in the future either Nina or myself might likely need help from members of the Bordallo family, many of whom occupied judgeships and other prestigious professional positions. A negative response to the Governor-elect's offer would not be forgotten. My response had to be handled with tact, in a way that allowed him to save face.

While awaiting my turn in the outer office, I had tentatively settled on a course of action, and now there was no time for second thoughts. He came directly to the point. "So, I assume you will accept the position. I talked with President Carter at U.O.G. She thinks you would be an excellent choice for Director, and she assured me that the University can find others to teach your classes. So, there is no problem at the University. So, what is your answer?"

"Well Governor," I said, "I think there is a person who would make a better Director of Commerce than I, if you are willing to consider him. His name is Anthony Quan." The Governor continued his incessant pacing, stone faced, without eye contact. There was no indication that he had actually heard what I had said. My heart was pounding as I forged ahead, "He comes from a solidly Democratic family, originally from Sumai Village. His older brother John is a Senator and his mother owns this building that we are in. I believe you know the family well. Tony has

taught economics at the University in the past and is presently finishing his doctorate in economics at the University of Wisconsin. When he was teaching at U.O.G. we became close friends. I have great respect for Tony, and I know he and his family are supporters of yours, and I believe he would do a fine job as director. Also, his wife is Filipina and well connected in our Philippine community.”

The governor abruptly stopped, sat in his chair, and looked at me full on. He was clearly perturbed. “*Layna*, you turn down a Directorship by suggesting another person to take your place. That is a first. Most people would jump at the job. When is Tony Quan going to finish his studies?”

“I’m not sure Governor, but as you know his mother runs the bridal shop downstairs. Maybe we can find out from her,” and I quickly added, “If you would like I am willing to fill in for him until he gets back on-Island.”

For my part this whole thing was a spur-of-the-moment idea. I had not contacted Tony and had no idea whether he would agree to take the job, let alone when he would be returning to Guam. But I suspected, knowing Tony’s male ego, that he would grab the opportunity, and that would get me off the hook with minimal repercussions. At least that is what I hoped.

“All right then, my staff will contact you should we have further need of your assistance,” said the Governor.

Those words were an invitation to leave, so I said as I got up, “I’m sure you will find that Anthony Quan is very competent and up-to-the-task, Governor. I am willing to help in any way I can.”

He did not answer, but a few days later David Shimizu, the Governor’s Chief of Staff called me, asking if I would be willing to take on the Acting Directorship until Tony Quan returned from school. I said, “Yes,” and thus began my government service.

Over the next few weeks of briefings and twelve-hour days I learned much about my Department. We were responsible for collecting, interpreting and publishing all Guam Territorial economic and demographic data, including import and export information and consumer price index estimations. We were the lead agency for conducting population, business, and agricultural censuses. We were the point-of-contact for international agencies such as the Asian Development Bank (ADB), the U.N. Economic and Social Commission for Asia and the Pacific (UNESCAP), the South Pacific Commission (SPC), and U.S.A.I.D Pacific Region. We were the Guam grant administrators for the U.S. Small Business Administration (SBA), the U.S. Economic Development Authority (EDA), and the U.S. Census Bureau (USCB). Locally we housed and oversaw the operations of the Guam Customs and Quarantine Division and the Public Market. We were the Government liaison to the Guam Chamber of Commerce and were responsible for providing analytical support to the Guam Economic Development Authority (GEDA).

As time went by, I became more confident and comfortable as a cabinet member. However, I stood out in the Cabinet as one of the few “statesiders” and the only trained economist, unafraid to express views that differed from those of the Governor. Most other cabinet members were adept at telling the Governor what he wanted to hear because they valued their jobs and had no equivalent employment alternatives. Any contrary views on their part were either internalized or delivered in a circuitous manner, so as to avoid any hint of disloyalty.

I on the other hand I had personal investment income, a tenured position at the University, and alternative career opportunities. Once a policy was established, I did my best to carry it out, but during policy formation I openly expressed my opinion. The Governor was



clearly uncomfortable with such independence and potential lack of loyalty. He seemed to have difficulty talking directly with me, usually expressing his wishes through friends like Joe Paulino or subordinates like David Shimizu. It was clear that Governor Bordallo eagerly anticipated the arrival of Tony Quan, whom he saw as being an agreeable “local boy” and a compliant “team player”. As time passed there were more and more quarries as to when Tony would arrive back on island. I didn’t know when he would return, but I hoped it would be soon.

My direct, no-nonsense approach was not only disconcerting to the Governor, but it also caused annoyance with some senators in the Legislature, not the least of whom was Speaker Gutierrez. I have always found it difficult to tolerate people who mask their ignorance behind bombast and indignation. On several occasions during public hearings in the Legislature, I delivered blunt and cutting testimony that betrayed my lack of respect for some Senators’ level of understanding.

After I had been Acting Director for almost a year and Tony Quan had not yet returned, Carl Gutierrez introduced a bill in the legislature that limited a Director’s acting status to ninety days. The bill passed, and not unexpectedly the Governor signed it, saying that it made little difference, since he could reappoint me after ninety days if he wished. Of course, it was unclear as to what his ultimate wishes might be.

In January of 1984, before my ninety-day window had ended, Tony Quan finally arrived back on the Island. His confirmation hearing went well, and he was soon sworn in as Director. Considerably relieved, I stepped into the role of Chief Economist with an office down the hall from Tony. There I focused on the task of compiling and publishing the “1983 Guam Annual Report”, while at the same time working with Henry Cruz [the deputy director] to support Tony and bring him up to speed on a range of issues. In the Fall of 1984, I happily returned to teaching at the University....

Despite becoming a bit more cynical as to the altruism of public service, my experience in government was both enlightening and worthwhile. The opportunity to be a big fish in the little pond of Guam provided experiences and opportunities beyond anything that would have been possible had I lived elsewhere in America. During my time as head of the Commerce Department I was able to make regional ties that have contributed to my success in other endeavors over subsequent years.

I owe much to that beautiful lady, Herminia Dierking, who facilitated my brief adventure outside academia into the world of politics. Over the succeeding years I watched with admiration as Herminia navigated her world of Chamorro male dominance and sexual harassment to become a respected multiterm Senator in the Guam Legislature. God bless her departed soul. I stood in line for more than an hour in the hot Guam sun waiting to enter Dulce Nombre de Maria Cathedral for her last viewing. When I reached her casket, I wanted to reach out and put my hand on hers, but I knew what a commotion that might cause among the assembled dignitaries, so I just said, “Thank you Herm” and walked on with my eyes dripping.

In retrospect the two most important lessons learned from my experience in government are, the extent to which power corrupts, and the importance of maintaining one’s perspective. Arrogance is a stealthy malady. It sneaks up on even the most well-intentioned person of influence. Here and there empathy is lost, deference is misplaced, respect is forgotten, humility fades into condescension, integrity vanishes. As self-importance slowly ascends, one’s perspective dims. The small pond appears bigger and one’s place in it more significant.

For a brief time in Guam I lost perspective. Arrogance crept in, as it had once before in Palau when I was thought by many to be the son of High Chief Ibedul.

During the 1985-86 School year, I took sabbatical leave and Nina took leave without pay. We moved to an apartment in Honolulu with a magnificent, twenty-eighth floor view of Diamond Head. The change was a good break in routine for both of us. We had never lived at such heights, nor had the convenience of our own swimming pool and tennis courts. Nina worked part time at Straub Clinic Hospital while I took finance courses at the University of Hawaii Business School.

My interest in portfolio management and the trading of futures and options contracts, had overcome my distaste for scholarly toil. I found myself sitting in graduate courses taught by Wall Street gurus, whose services were apparently supplied to the University by Goldman Sacks. The courses were rigorous. I worked hard to keep my head above water, and in the process learned a lot of financial mathematics and statistics, almost none of which would ever be of use to me on Guam. Yet, from a personal perspective the knowledge gained was of great value. I acquired sufficient understanding of portfolio management theory that my awe of Wall Street experts and their methodology was considerably diminished. Their models could account for, and protect against, many types of risk, so long as those risks remained similar to what had occurred in the past. But they were as blind as the rest of us with respect to the unexpected, never-happened-before kinds of risks, the risks that occur three or four or five times in a lifetime. Accounting for those infrequent unexpected risks was still a matter of intuition, experience, and luck. That realization gave me confidence that I was quite capable of managing a portfolio of securities without the help of so called "wall street experts."

In our home on Chalan Ayuyu in Yona, during the 1980s and 1990s Nina and I raised two boys of our own and provided housing, advice, and educational support to several relatives and friends.

In 1995 Nina and I both took sabbatical leaves, and our family moved to Palau for a year. I worked as an economic advisor in the office of the Palau's President, Kuniwo Nakamura, and Nina was contracted to design a nursing program for the Palau Community College....



*Paul Callaghan receiving the Excellence in Teaching Award from the previous year's winner, Dr. John T. Keck*

I liked teaching and enjoyed my students at the University. I firmly believed that an understanding of economic theory could help them find answers to many of society's pressing questions. My enthusiasm had a positive impact on many and likely contributed to my twice more receiving excellence in teaching awards during the 1980s and 90s. However, several events caused

me to become disappointed with the administration and disillusioned at the Institution's long-term academic integrity and growth.



Carol J. Cozan, 1994

Carol J. Cozan had been recruited to Guam as a high school teacher in the early 1980s. Subsequently she had joined the Business School faculty as an Instructor. In short order she had proven herself to be a fine teacher, and our Dean at the time, Dr. Allen Leader, encouraged Carol to pursue doctoral studies. So, Carol took on a four-year stint at the University of Arkansas that resulted in a doctorate of business administration. Upon her return, she became Associate Dean of the Business School, and at Dean Leader's departure she became acting Dean, a position she held for several years while the Board of Regents delayed her conformation. Carol was a collaborative, consensus building administrator with high academic standards. As far as I was concerned, she was a pleasure to work under. Most faculty felt similarly; yet, some Board members believed that Business School Deans should be masculine and in Guam's case preferably Chamorro. As a result, Carol was never confirmed as Dean, and she never received the salary nor the recognition she

deserved. Eventually she chose early retirement rather than continuing to endure the not-so-subtle discrimination. Such treatment reflected habitual patterns of racial and gender bias throughout Guam's government. Carol's situation remained a source of continual annoyance to me, as I valued her friendship and respected her abilities.

Another irritant was the American Federation of Teachers Union (AFT). I felt that union policies protected incompetent teachers and reduced the effectiveness of traditional faculty peer pressure that I believe to be the foundation of academic excellence. Our employment contracts, negotiated by the Union, did much to ensure Union survival and influence, but little to improve the quality of student education or the excellence of the University. The Union's presence was largely dependent on laws passed by the Chamorro dominated Legislature; therefore, the Union was not willing to take on the Island's nepotism and racial, gender, political biases that affected University operations. In my mind the Union was just another local institution that served to promote mediocrity and the preservation of the status quo. I resisted joining and had little respect for its leadership.

In 1997 Guam's U.S. Congressional Delegate, Robert Underwood, and the University President, John C. Salas, had approved my attendance at a weeklong U.N.F.A.O. fisheries meeting in Santiago, Chili. There I represented Guam on the U.S. Delegation. Upon my return, I found that the Governor had replaced John Salas for political reasons. The new University president was named Jose (Joe) Taienao Nededog, a Chamorro and a retired naval officer without an academic or intellectual bone in his body. I knew of his background since he had been teaching management classes in the Business School and I was not impressed. He had received his doctorate degree from an online diploma mill, and was not by my measure, a very competent person. Having spent well more than two decades in the Navy, Joe had retired at the rank of

lieutenant. As I expected he attempted to oversee the University in an autocratic manner, as if he were running a military base. Needless to say, that style of management did not please many faculty members, myself included.

In any case I thought it proper to deliver to him the report of my trip to Chili, just as I would have done had John Salas remained President. At his secretary's invitation I entered Nededog's office. He did not look up from his desk as he said, "What do you want?"

"I wanted to meet you and congratulate you on your presidency and provide you a copy of the trip report for my recent attendance at the F.A.O. meeting in Santiago, Chili. Dr. Underwood and Dr. Salas asked me to attend, representing Guam. I returned this last weekend and thought you might be interested in what transpired."

"Leave the report with my secretary on your way out," was his reply.

I'm not sure Joe Nededog even knew who I was, nor did he apparently care to find out or engage in further conversation. I departed quietly, determined to show this "turkey" as little respect as possible during his tenure as President. From that point on, in public and to his face, I never referred to him as anything but Joe. I was told that he wanted to be addressed as Doctor or Mr. President, so I reveled in never doing so.

Jane Jenneson Williams, the wife of my compadre, Bill Williams, had completed all course work leading to a Ph.D. in Anthropology at the University of Hawaii. Subsequently she was hired by the University of Guam to develop, oversee, and edit a new social science journal. During a four-year period, Jane worked to create "ISLA Journal of Micronesian Studies" (the word *isla* in Chamorro means island). By the fourth year of its biannual publication the Journal had received international recognition as a quality peer reviewed academic source for Pacific island social science and historic research. Subscriptions and readership were growing, and because of that the academic prestige of the University of Guam was being enhanced.

Those facts did not impress Joe Nededog or his Academic Vice President, Judy Guthertz. They refused to renew Jane's contract and placed some totally inexperienced women in charge of "ISLA". I, along with Dr. Greg Severance from the University of Hawaii and Dr. Don Rubenstein of the Micronesian Area Research Center, visited Judy Guthertz in her office to plead for Jane's job and the continuation of the Journal. Judy held a doctorate from the University of the Philippines in Public Administration. She had always demonstrated little respect for academic rigor and could always be counted on to bend integrity for the sake of political expediency. Later she served several terms in the Guam Legislature, until voters finally saw reality. As we sat in Judy's office, an office filled with pictures and models of Volkswagen cars – she loved them and owned several, I knew there was no hope of salvaging "ISLA". Joe had determined that the standards for publication were too high, and indigenous faculty were not having their submissions accepted, so his solution was to get rid of the editor and if necessary, the publication. Judy was Joe's lackey. We were not going to influence her.

In a conversation a few months later, after ISLA had failed to make its publication deadline, I asked Judy why they had fired Jane. Her response was, "Well, you know Paul, we have to employ more locals." In subsequent correspondence with the University's accreditation body Joe Nededog's administration was characterized as "an atmosphere of fear and intimidation". I certainly observed that to be the case; although, to my knowledge I was never directly targeted.

By the end of 1997 I had come to believe that the term "Insular University" was an oxymoron. It was clear that Chamorro political nepotism and racial gender bias were unlikely to be eliminated as driving forces in University of Guam affairs. Unless fresh blood was brought in

from other mainland institutions the University was destined to remain a backwater substandard institution, university in name but insular and inwardly focused in viewpoint. I wanted to be challenged by my peers, not dragged down to some level of intellectual mediocrity. As I became more frustrated with my surroundings my interests began to change. I slacked off on the diligence of my classroom preparations. Academic politics began to grate on my psyche. I knew it was time to move on. For most full professors in my position, moving on meant transferring into an administrative position. Administration held little interest for me, especially under the current University leadership.

A review of my account at the Government of Guam Retirement Fund revealed that I could retire with more than thirty years of service. My retirement benefits would be just a few hundred dollars less than what I would earn should I continue teaching. Given that reality and my unhappiness with the Institution's leadership, the choice became obvious. I retired in 1997 at the age of fifty-five. Although sometime around 1999 I was given the honorary title of Professor Emeritus in Economics, I never taught again, withdrawing entirely from University activities. My professional focus changed to working on Pacific wide fisheries issues with the Western Pacific Fishery Management Council and the U.S. Departments of Commerce and State. For the next twenty years these undertakings provided the intellectual challenge and peer group comradery that I desired.

I had expected to live out my days on Guam, but life presents some unexpected twists and turns. In 2012 I departed the Island and took up residence in Honolulu, where I continued my fishery management work. In 2017 I fully retired and moved to the same small town where I had grown up, in the mountains of northern California. I live there today – God willing a while longer.

Paul Callaghan

Born in Livermore, California, May 30, 1942

Raised in Livermore and Chester, California

B.S. in Economics from University of Colorado, 1965

Joined the Peace Corps – served in Palau 1966 - 1968

M.B.A. in Business from San Jose State University, 1969

M.S in Economics from University of Hawaii, 1975

Ph.D. in Economics from University of Hawaii, 1976

Served on innumerable university committees and community service activities during 28 years at U.O.G and 42 years living on Guam.

Came as an Instructor; retired as Full Professor