

Fundraiser reaches halfway point

We've reached another important milestone in our Library & Research Project fundraiser — \$12,797 has now been raised, taking us to 58% of our \$22,000 target!

At the start of the month, Joe Hamrick generously offered to match donations up to \$1,200. Thanks to the generosity of our supporters, that matching challenge was quickly met — and the donations have continued to come in.

We're incredibly grateful to everyone who has helped get us this far:

Joseph Hamrick

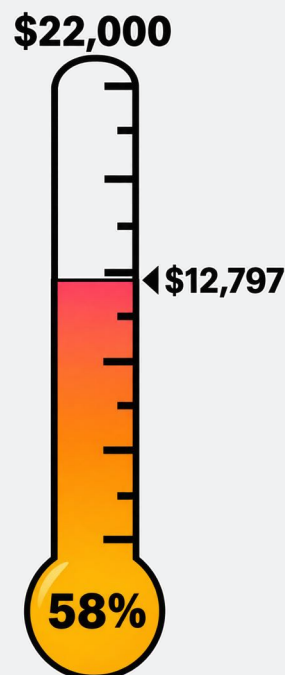
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But there's still a way to go.

Our Library & Research Project is about more than creating another room in the museum. It will provide a dedicated space where our growing collection of books, documents, photographs and other historical material can be properly preserved, accessed and researched. It will also give students, researchers and members of the community a place to discover the stories behind the history we preserve.

The space will also be made available to community groups and organisations that would benefit from having somewhere to meet on a regular or semi-regular basis.

We're now more than halfway there — and we'd love your help getting all the way. Every donation brings us closer to making this important addition to the South Pacific WWII Museum a reality.

If you'd like to help us take the next step, you can donate through our website:

southpacificwwiimuseum.com/donate

Thank you to everyone who has helped us reach 58%. Let's see if we can fill the thermometer all the way to the top!

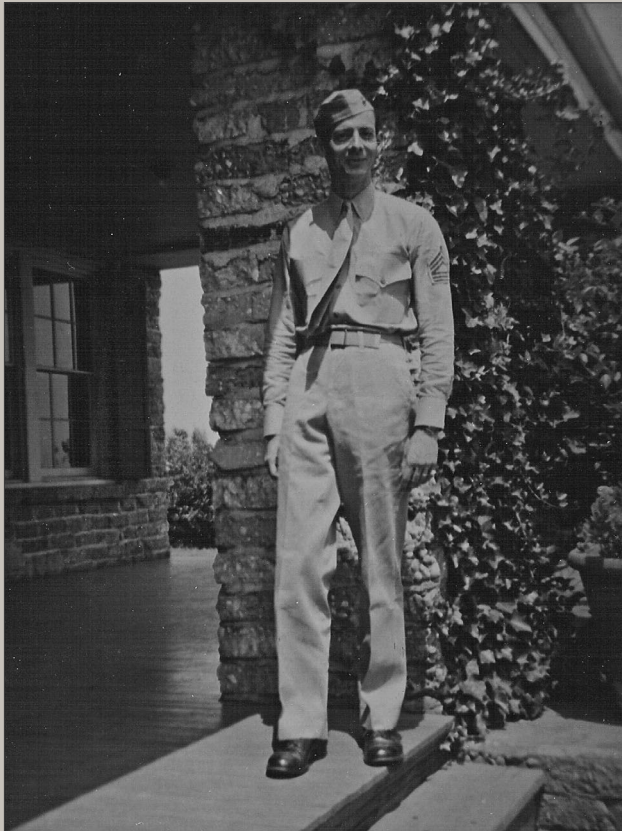


The proposed library & Research centre. With your help, we can make it happen.
Rendering – Jimmy Carter.

Guns, Corsairs and Fish Tales

Some wartime stories begin with a famous battle, a decorated pilot or a spectacular aircraft. Others begin rather more quietly — with a young Marine who knew how to make sure the guns actually worked.

For Walter S. Fish, the road to the South Pacific began on 14 December 1939, when he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps Reserve. Over the next few years he became an aviation ordnance specialist, learning the rather important business of keeping aircraft armed and ready for combat.



Walter S. Fish in his Marine Corps uniform at Cherry Point, North Carolina. Photo – Robert Fish.

By September 1942, Walter was at Camp Kearny, California, with Marine Fighter Squadron VMF-124. The squadron was about to become part of aviation history.

VMF-124 was the first Marine Corps squadron to be equipped with the new Vought F4U Corsair. The enormous fighter was a very different machine from

the Grumman F4F Wildcats the Marines had previously flown. It was fast, powerful and, as one member of the squadron later recalled, everyone — from the pilots to the cooks and office staff — was impressed by the "size and beauty" of the new aircraft.



A U.S. Navy Grumman F4F-3 in non-specular blue-grey over light-grey scheme in early 1942. Photo – wikipedia/cradleofaviation.org

There was a lot more to getting the Corsair into combat than simply handing the pilots the keys, however. The aircraft was still being modified and refined, and the ground crews were learning alongside the pilots. A Chance Vought technical representative, Mel Raffo, travelled with VMF-124 and became an essential part of the team.

Then came the journey to the Pacific.

The squadron left San Diego in January 1943. The pilots and aircraft travelled by ship, while Walter and the ground echelon followed the complicated chain of movements that eventually brought them to Espiritu Santo. For many Marines, Santo was their first real taste of the South Pacific.

As Bob Fish puts it, Espiritu Santo was a buffer between the familiar world they had left behind in America and the very different world awaiting them at Guadalcanal. It was also, for many men, the last relatively (continued..)

friendly place they would see before entering combat.

And this is where Walter Fish became part of something significant.

At Turtle Bay Fighter Airfield on Espiritu Santo, VMF-124 worked up its new Corsairs before moving into the combat zone. It was quite a moment as these were the



The VMF-124 ground crew at Turtle Bay fighter airfield on Espiritu Santo. Behind them is one of the first Vought Corsairs to enter battle up in the Solomons. Photo – Robert Fish.

men and machines preparing to take the Corsair into its first combat operations.

Days later, VMF-124 and its Corsairs were operating from Fighter One on Guadalcanal. From there the squadron fought across the Solomon Islands, including the operations around the Russell Islands, New Georgia and Vella Lavella.

Walter was not a pilot. His job was arguably less glamorous but every bit as important. He was responsible for the bore-sighting of the Corsair's machine guns, ensuring that the weapons were correctly aligned with the aircraft. Later, he performed the same work for VMF-214 — the famous "Black Sheep" squadron commanded by Gregory "Pappy" Boyington.

And that produced one of the great Fish family stories.

On one occasion, Boyington was in a hurry to get airborne because another Japanese attack was expected. He brushed Walter aside, eager to take off

without waiting for the normal checks to be completed. Once airborne, Boyington test-fired his guns.

One gun had not been properly adjusted.

The result was rather spectacular. Instead of firing safely between the rotating propeller blades, the gun fired into the propeller, effectively sawing it down to half its size. Boyington had to make a dead-stick landing.

According to the family story, he marched over to Walter and gave him a smack, declaring: "You'd better do the job right next time."

Walter, quite reasonably, was apparently surprised. The Marine aviation procedure that had been skipped was not his.

So, in a wonderfully ironic twist, Bob says his father was the first person to "shoot down" Pappy Boyington.



Pappy Boyington briefs his men on an upcoming mission to the north. This photo was taken at Turtle Bay when Boyington's squadron was based there in September 1943.

Walter returned to the United States in September 1943, having spent the previous eight months in the Pacific. He continued serving in Marine aviation throughout the war, eventually being discharged at Cherry Point, North Carolina, in November 1945.

His son Bob followed him into the Marine Corps in the 1970s. Decades later, Bob would have a very different sort of adventure, becoming involved in Silicon Valley and, in 1985, managing the modernisation of the White House communications system during the Reagan administration — including work on the hotline between the White House and the Kremlin.

But perhaps the most fitting part of Bob's story is that he has never lost his connection with his father's service.

Today, Walter Fish's wartime journey provides another remarkable link between the South Pacific WWII Museum and the men who made history here.



Boresighting the guns on a Corsair in a home-made frame constructed from coconut palms on Guadalcanal in 1943. Photo – US Archives.



Vought F4U-1s from VMF-124 on Guadalcanal in 1943. Photo – US Archives.

Before the Corsair became one of the most recognisable fighters of the Pacific War, there were young Marines, mechanics, armourers and technicians at Turtle Bay making sure this extraordinary new aircraft was ready for war.

Among them was Sergeant Walter S. Fish — a man whose job was to make sure the guns pointed in the right direction.

Usually, at least.



Last To Die

By Stephen Harding

A book review by Tammi Johnson

When you think of war, who thinks of the first and last person to die in any conflict? What is their story and why hasn't it been told? A plethora of "new" stories remain and deserve to be told. Stephen Harding found this young man's story and felt he deserved a book. Anthony Marchione was killed just days after war was declared over in August 1945. He was on an aerial reconnaissance mission taking post-war photographs over Tokyo in a B-32 Dominator heavy bomber. There were a few rebel stragglers who, due to cultural pride, would not give up easily. These Japanese fighter pilots who either over defiance or perhaps not having heard of the surrender fired on Tony's plane and the three other planes accompanying them. A bullet hit Tony inside the aircraft. He bled out over Tokyo before they could land and get medical attention.

A review by author Andrew Roberts says: "The story of Tony Marchione and his tragic, heroic death in the skies over Tokyo a full three days after Japan had supposedly surrendered is a well told as it is heart-wrenching. Marchione reflected America's Greatest Generation perfectly, in terms of his upbringing, patriotism, and sacrifice. Anyone who enjoyed Laura Hillenbrand's *Unbroken* will love this work of history that reads like a thriller."

There was much political turmoil in Japan at the time. Steve dives into the history and discusses the revolt going on within the Japanese government along with disagreements on how royalty handled the surrender, or the fact that Japan even surrendered at all. While the Emperor received his share of anger over submitting, the Japanese military took heat from civilians. In Japan surrender is typically not an option. The bombs that hit Hiroshima and Nagasaki changed this.

Steve writes: "A figurehead emperor throughout the conflict, Hirohito had routinely rubber-stamped the decisions made by the six-member Supreme Council for the Direction of the War, but over the preceding months he had come to believe that the only way to preserve Japan as a sovereign nation – and of course



to protect the hereditary monarchy – was to end the war as quickly as possible... the atomic bombings of Hiroshima on August 6 and Nagasaki three days later had convinced him that immediate surrender... was the only way to save his nation and its people... "

Enjoy another great read by Stephen Harding!

Tammi Johnson
August 2026

Higgins Boat Comes Home

Back in 2016, Museum Chairman Bradley Wood acquired an unusual piece of history for the South Pacific WWII Museum: a Higgins boat, officially known as an LCPV — Landing Craft, Vehicle, Personnel.

These shallow-draft amphibious assault boats

construction provided little protection from enemy fire, while the flat-bottomed hull could make for an uncomfortable ride in rough seas. But the design was relatively cheap, lightweight and practical — and it saved precious steel for other wartime needs.



An LCVP or Landing Craft, Vehicle, Personnel, lands much needed guns and trucks on the beach of Guadalcanal Island in November 1942. Photo – USMC Museum.

became one of the most recognisable pieces of Allied equipment during World War II. Built largely from plywood, they were designed for one simple purpose: getting men and equipment from ships to shore as quickly as possible.

At just over 11 metres long and 3.4 metres wide, an LCVP was not a particularly large vessel. Yet it could carry a 36-man platoon at speeds of up to 12 knots, or alternatively a Jeep and 12-man squad, or up to 3.6 tonnes of cargo. Its shallow draft allowed it to run directly onto a beach, where troops would charge ashore through the lowered bow ramp.

Powered by a 225-horsepower Gray Marine 6-71 diesel engine, the boats were hardly luxurious. Their plywood

The Museum's LCVP has an interesting story of its own. It was located in New Caledonia and, while not an original World War II boat, it was built to the same design as the hundreds of LCVPs that operated



The Museum's LCVP can be seen fastened to the deck of this French Navy ship in New Caledonia. Photo – French Navy.

(continued...)



The Museum's LCVP arrives at Luganville from New Caledonia in 2016. Photo – Bradley Wood.

this remarkable piece of Pacific history while we work out the details of its eventual restoration.

We're still in the early stages of planning, but the next time you visit the South Pacific WWII Museum, don't be surprised if you find an 8-tonne behemoth sitting outside. It may not look like much yet, but it represents an important part of the story of the thousands of men and machines that passed through Santo during the war.

throughout the Pacific — including the many that once crowded the waters of the Second Channel around Santo.

The boat was loaded onto a cargo ship in New Caledonia and transported to Luganville, where it was unloaded and placed into storage in a local yard. The Museum's intention has always been to eventually restore it to represent the LCVPs that operated from Base Button during the war and put it on public display.



Loaded on a Niscoll container transporter ready for its journey through Luganville. Photo – Bradley Wood.

Now, however, the boat is on the move again.

We were recently advised that the yard where the LCVP has been stored will soon be required for a development. Rather than risk losing access to the boat, we need to move it to a new location.

The plan, for now, is relatively simple. The LCVP will be placed next to the Museum in its unrestored condition, with a protective structure built over it to shield it from the weather. This will give us somewhere safe to keep



In need of some serious attention, the LCVP sits in its storage yard. Photo – Bradley Wood.

THIS MONTH IN MILITARY HISTORY

The Cans Strike Back

Defeat is a cruel teacher and nowhere was that more the case than for the US Navy in the waters around the Solomon Islands.

Not every battle had gone against the American warships, but one common theme was that in the confusion of night-time battles, the Japanese held an edge.

One of those involved was DD-384, USS Dunlap, a modern vessel with eight torpedoes. Onboard was the new commander of the destroyer taskforce, Admiral Frederick Moosebrugger. There were no vessels involved larger than these small ships, sardonically dubbed 'tin cans.'



USS Dunlap (DD-384) off the Mare Island Navy Yard, California, 10 May 1942. Photo – Bureau of Ships Collection, U.S. National Archives.

That was despite the US deploying radar that gave a chance of tracking an enemy while they were still unaware of a looming clash.

Even so, Japanese doctrine among their destroyers, which carried the world's longest-range torpedoes, was extremely well drilled and executed on most occasions.

Their American counterparts, tied to shielding a cruiser line of battle, would often give away their position with gunfire. Alerted, the Japanese would quickly fire a salvo of torpedoes and head away from danger.

More than a few American warships then found themselves torpedoed, with disastrous consequences. That changed in early August 1943, when six US destroyers fought and won the battle of Vella Gulf.



Commander Frederick Moosebrugger surveys the horizon from the deck of his ship circa 1943. His victory was a model of "transformative leadership." Photo – US Naval Institute photo archive.

(continued...)

Dunlap had arrived in the theatre in nine months earlier, spending much of the time on the necessary but unglamorous job of escorting convoys to places like the New Hebrides.



The USS Dunlap (DD-384) launches a MK 15 torpedo during an exercise a year before she led the Vella Gulf attack as flagship of Task Group 31.2. Photo – US Naval Institute photo archive.

But in August, in the dark and squally conditions of Vella Gulf, she and two similar vessels formed one half of a trap. Alerted that the Japanese were running another Tokyo Express – the term for fast, nighttime supply and troop runs – their job would be to open the battle with torpedoes, then wheel away without opening fire.

"torpedo-first" doctrine. The logic was simple: opening fire with guns gives away your position immediately through massive flashes and radar signatures, allowing the enemy to scatter, return fire, or slip away.

At 2333, the combat information centre on the Dunlap detected the Japanese – four ships moving at times up to 30 knots. Other destroyers also reported radar contacts.

Eight minutes later, the three US destroyers launched 24 torpedoes combined. Two minutes later they wheeled away, maintaining silence. Seconds later, the explosions began in the distance.

The entire force then opened fire with their guns, but the fight was already decided. Only one of the four Japanese destroyers, survived, after a torpedo that struck it proved to be a dud.

The Dunlap's log recorded that cheers broke out amongst topside crew as the battle continued. No hits were scored by the Japanese.

The six destroyers would face several more hours of night-time tension before they were able to stand down. They had made history.



The huge Type 93 "Long Lance" Torpedo that could be fired from great distances from its intended target. Photo – National WWII Museum.

The other three destroyers would then use their guns once the torpedoes started detonating.

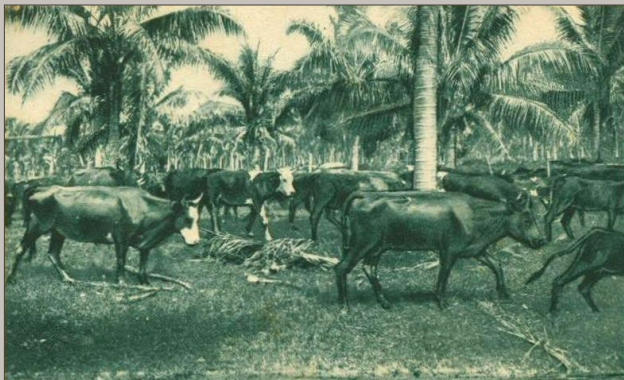
Before the mission even began on August 6, the commanding officers met aboard the flagship to hammer out this strict

Drawing on information from the Destroyer History Foundation website, and the deck log of the USS Dunlap, DD-384.

The Great Cow Conundrum

When people think of the massive Allied logistics hub on Espiritu Santo during World War II, their minds inevitably drift to the tragic sinking of the SS President Coolidge or the mechanical graveyard at Million Dollar Point.

Yet, beyond the grand strategies and sunken armaments of Base Button—the code name for this sprawling American military base in the New Hebrides—lies a treasure trove of lesser-known, deeply human, and occasionally absurd stories. Among the most bizarre chapters in the island's wartime history is the day the United States military found itself aggressively negotiating with local French planters over a herd of rogue cattle.



Cattle graze under the coconut palms on Santo in this postcard image from the 1930s. Image – roland-klinger.de

In 1942, the United States Seabees arrived on the island and, almost overnight, carved out a bustling military metropolis. Roads broad enough to handle two-way tank traffic cut through centuries-old coconut plantations, and four massive airfields emerged from the dense jungle. At its peak, over 100,000 service members were stationed on Santo at any given time, transforming the quiet island into a high-octane staging ground for the bloody Solomon Islands campaign.

Amidst this rapid industrialisation sat the local French planters, who had spent decades under the unique, somewhat chaotic British-French joint colonial administration known as the Condominium.

The French planters were deeply proud of their prized Santo beef, cattle bred to graze beneath the coconut palms to keep the undergrowth clear. When the Americans arrived with unannounced, earth-moving fury, they did not just bring bulldozers; they brought an insatiable appetite.

The friction began at Pallikulo Bay Airfield, where the Royal New Zealand Air Force and US Marine Corps bomber squadrons operated. The local cattle, completely unbothered by the roaring engines of incoming B-17 Flying Fortresses and F4U Corsairs, viewed the newly cleared, flat coral runways as excellent places to sunbathe. A 500-kilogram steer wandering lazily across a runway presented a distinct hazard to a multi-million-dollar warplane trying to land.

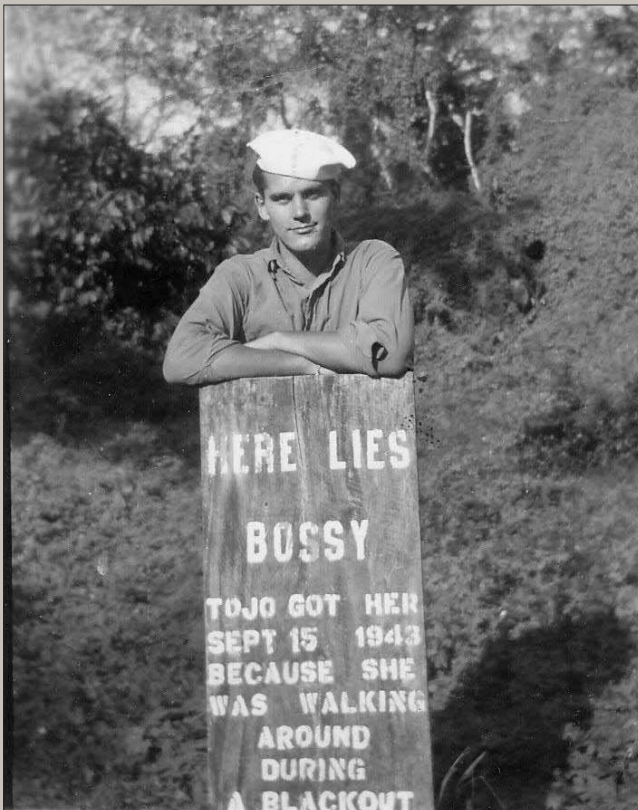


A planter and his family go to church by motorcycle on Santo in 1943. Photo – US Archives.

The base commanders initially tried to solve the issue by assigning junior servicemen to "bovine patrol", tasked with chasing the stubborn animals off the airstrips. However, the temptation of fresh meat quickly disrupted this plan.

Sailors and Marines, thoroughly sick of eating canned Spam, dehydrated potatoes, and standard-issue K-rations, looked out at the fat, grass-fed cattle roaming the perimeter with hungry eyes. (continued...)

Predictably, a few enterprising servicemen decided to take matters into their own hands. A string of mysterious "training accidents" began occurring near the edge of the plantations. Mysteriously, a stray bullet would occasionally down a steer. By the time the French planters arrived to investigate the gunfire, the animal would already be expertly butchered, and a late-night barbecue would be underway behind the Quonset huts.



The famous Bossy the cow – the only casualty from occasional Japanese bombing – was also rumoured to have ended up on a GIs barbecue... or so the story goes. Photo – Supplied.

The French planters were furious. They marched straight to the office of the American Base Commander, demanding immediate financial compensation for their lost livestock. They presented a highly inflated bill, claiming that every single missing cow was a prized, irreplaceable breeding champion of the finest European lineage.

The Base Commander, facing a logistical mountain of moving nine million tonnes of war matériel, now had to dedicate valuable staff to adjudicate a livestock dispute. The military established a formal "Cattle Claims Commission." To prevent international

diplomatic incidents between the US and the French colonial government, American officers had to physically inspect cow carcasses, interview guilty-looking Marines, and cross-examine furious farmers.

The climax of the great cow conundrum arrived when the military decided that paying out thousands of dollars for "accidental" steak dinners was unsustainable. The solution was uniquely American: they brought in miles of heavy-duty barbed wire and heavy machinery to construct an immense, island-wide fence network to completely segregate the military infrastructure from the agricultural land.

For a brief moment, the island witnessed the strange spectacle of combat-ready troops executing a defensive perimeter strategy not against a Japanese invasion force, but against a herd of wandering cows. The French planters eventually received their payouts, the airfields were secured, and the troops went back to their standard rations.

Today, visitors to Luganville can still see the physical scars of this massive wartime presence, from the wide roads to the rusted Quonset huts still used by local businesses. The South Pacific World War II Museum in town works tirelessly to preserve these histories.



A cow grazing under coconut palm trees on Santo in the mid 1930s. Photo – Pacific Manuscripts Bureau.

While the grand monuments honour the tragic shipwrecks, it is the quirky, forgotten struggles – like the US Military vs. the French planters' cows – that truly capture the sometimes surreal, everyday reality of life on Espiritu Santo during the Pacific War.

The Pallikulo Pit Stop

When historians chronicle the Allied victory in the Pacific War, they naturally focus on the dramatic dogfights over the Solomon Islands or the daring low-level bombing raids on Japanese strongholds.

Yet, the spear of Allied air power was only as sharp as the logistics chain supporting it. Hidden away at Base Button on Espiritu Santo, the Royal New Zealand

their nights patching up their own battered aircraft by flashlight.

Recognising that this system was unsustainable, the RNZAF high command implemented a radical new organizational structure at Pallikulo Bay: the stationary Servicing Unit (SU).

Under this innovative system, combat squadrons were completely decoupled from their maintenance personnel. The pilots and their flying officers became mobile units, rotating forward to dangerous, frontline airstrips like Guadalcanal or Bougainville for intense, six-week combat stints. When their rotation ended, they flew back to the safety of Espiritu Santo to rest.

The heavy-lifting ground crews, however, stayed permanently put. Units like No. 2 SU and No. 31 SU were garrisoned at Pallikulo Bay, turning the jungle-fringed airfield into a massive, 24-hour military pit stop.

Pallikulo became the industrial heart of the RNZAF's Pacific campaign.

Air Force (RNZAF) pioneered a quiet, revolutionary strategy at Pallikulo Bay Airfield that kept the Allied air offensive from grinding to a halt.

By late 1942, the punishing tropical environment of the South Pacific was proving to be just as dangerous as enemy fire. The relentless humidity, corrosive salt spray, and abrasive coral dust wreaked havoc on aircraft engines. Worse, the brutal operational tempo was driving pilots and ground crews to breaking point.

Combat squadrons were expected to fly exhausting missions, land on primitive airstrips, and then spend



Royal New Zealand ground crews hard at work servicing P-40 Kittyhawk aircraft at Pallikulo Bay Airfield, also called Bomber #1 on Espiritu Santo. Photo – John Saunders/Facebook.



A member of the ground crew at work on the wing of a RNZAF P-40 Kittyhawk. Believed to be No. 2 Fighter Maintenance Unit at Espiritu Santo in 1943. Photo – Air Force Museum of New Zealand. (continued...)



A P-40 of the RNZAF undergoes engine maintenance at Pallikulo Bay Airfield prior to the aircraft heading north to the Solomon Islands frontline oncemore. Photo – John Saunders/Facebook.

Battered P-40 Kittyhawks, F4U Corsairs, and TBF Avengers returning from the front lines were funnelled directly into the makeshift hangars at Pallikulo.

In sweltering heat, under the constant threat of dengue fever and malaria, the Kiwi ground crews performed mechanical miracles. They stripped down ruined engines, patched up shrapnel holes with salvaged aluminium, rewired complex electrical systems, and rearmed ammunition bays.

Because the ground crews remained stationary, they accumulated highly specialised knowledge of how the tropical climate affected specific aircraft components. They fabricated custom tools from scrap metal and engineered field modifications that factory designers in America had never anticipated. Once a fighter plane was thoroughly overhauled and flight-tested by the SU, it was handed over to the next fresh combat squadron rotating north.

This separation of duties ensured that Kiwi pilots

always flew into battle in peak physical condition, operating aircraft maintained to the highest possible standard. It was a logistical masterstroke that vastly reduced mechanical failures and saved countless lives.

Today, the frenetic, grease-stained world of the Pallikulo Servicing Units has vanished beneath the tropical undergrowth of Vanuatu.

But the legacy of these stationary ground crews remains a testament to Kiwi ingenuity—proving that wars are won not just by the aces in the cockpit, but by the unsung mechanics keeping their wheels turning.



Pilot Flight Lieutenant JR Day of No. 16 Squadron RNZAF stands on the wing of a P-40 Kittyhawk. Day was a Flight Commander with No. 16 Squadron. The shot was taken in Santo in 1943. Photo – Air Force Museum of New Zealand.

Then and now - Fleet Recreation Centre

The Fleet Recreation Centre Aore Island lies just across the Second Channel from Luganville. During the war, it was home to a massive US armaments storage depot, with bunkers scattered across the island. But Aore also offered something rather more recreational: the US Navy Fleet Recreation Centre, described at the time as "the finest in the Pacific."



The playing fields of the Fleet Recreation Centre on Aore Island in 1943. Photo - US Archives.



The Fleet Recreation Centre playing fields are still visible today but are now farm land and luxury houses have been built along the waterfront. Photo – Google Earth.

And it was certainly impressive. Along with a swimming beach, soda fountain and beer "parlour", the sprawling complex boasted nine softball diamonds, one hardball diamond, three tennis courts, four volleyball courts, three basketball courts, a football and soccer field, three boxing rings, horseshoe courts, eight handball courts and a theatre district.

Barbecue pits and picnic facilities completed the picture, providing sailors with an extraordinary range of ways to relax, exercise and enjoy some time away from the demands of wartime service.

The complex was enormous, and its footprint remains surprisingly visible today. Even after more than 80 years, the broad cleared area where the playing fields once stood can still be clearly seen on Aore Island.

Inspiring everyday heroes

A Vanuatu entrepreneur has claimed the top prize at the inaugural Wave Makers Pacific Innovation Forum for Climate and Environment.

It's a sustainable concrete product made from waste materials and was judged the region's leading climate solution.



Winning Vanuatu entrepreneur Fred Kalkaua, speaks after winning top prize at the Wave Makers Pacific Innovation Forum. Photo – Secretariat of the Pacific Regional Environment Programme.

Fred Kalkaua, managing director of Envirocrete Pacific in Vanuatu, won the pitching competition, and a prize of 10-thousand Australian dollars.

He presented an eco-concrete system designed to reduce carbon emissions and recycle waste.

The competition featured 10 Pacific entrepreneurs selected from 50 nominees, showcasing Pacific-led solutions to climate and environmental challenges.

Fred Kalkaua's innovation uses a geopolymers concrete mix that replaces traditional cement, while recycled plastics are used as fibre reinforcement instead of traditional steel mesh.

He says the prize money will help expand the business beyond Vanuatu and into other Pacific countries, including Tonga, Samoa, Papua New Guinea, Fiji and Solomon Islands.

The People's Choice Award went to Papua New Guinea's Robinson Vanoh of Eagle Vetiver Systems Ltd, which uses vetiver grass for soil stabilisation and erosion control to help protect communities from flooding and landslides.

Organisers hope to hold the forum every two years, creating an ongoing platform to support Pacific innovators and environmental entrepreneurs.

Based on original reporting by RNZ Pacific journalist Atereano Mateariki.

Inspiring Everyday Heroes is our Museum brand and means how the stories of yesteryear and our project can inspire today's new generation.



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