

Weary Dunlop and Jack Chalker POWs

ARTIST IN CAPTIVITY

An exhibition of prints of works from the World War II
Thailand-Burma 'Death Railway' by Jack Chalker
1942 - 1945



Mission Beach Community Arts Centre
April 24 – June 3, 2015



Sponsored by
Ryman Healthcare



ARTIST IN CAPTIVITY

This exhibition is a memorial tribute to war artist Jack Chalker, born London, England, October 10, 1918, died Bleadney, Somerset, November 15, 2014, and Colonel Sir Edward 'Weary' Dunlop, born Wangaratta, Australia, July 12, 1907, died Melbourne, July 2, 1993.

It includes memorabilia on loan from the Australian War Memorial, including extracts from Weary Dunlop's war diaries, and is the centre piece of Mission Arts' commemorative program marking 100 years of the Anzac spirit.



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(AWM 117361)

Colonel Weary Dunlop, left, and Colonel Albert Coates at Nakhon Pathom Hospital Camp, Thailand look at sketches made by British artist Jack Chalker. While Dunlop was the senior officer at Nakhon Pathom, he deferred to Coates' extensive medical knowledge. Coates had served during World War I and was also well-known and respected among prisoners of war. Coates' statue stands in the main street of Ballarat.

EXHIBITION CURATOR

Sue Pullman

MEMENTO CATALOGUE DEVELOPMENT AND DESIGN

Laurie Trott

THE PROJECT VOLUNTEER TEAM

Sue Pullman, Lynda Hannah, Ann Zamora, Sue Shannon, Laurie Trott, Dorothy Roos, Elaine Benson, Caryn Inall

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mission Arts' volunteer team (see above) is grateful to our associates, Ryman Healthcare, John and Dii Dunlop, Adrian Chalker, and the Australian War Memorial, in helping us bring this exhibition into the orbit of everyday people in this Anzac Centenary year. There are so many people to thank, and we haven't even met you all yet! As this exhibition travels further afield from Mission Beach, we keep in mind the framer, Roger Tharratt of Unique Frames, our wonderful friends from the media, our family and friends who hammer in the star pickets to hold advertising banners, our volunteers and friends who sell tickets and everyone else who makes it happen – because they care! We hope Australians will remember with gratitude those whose service and suffering helped ensure the freedom and lifestyle we enjoy today.

COVER IMAGE

Colonel 'Weary' Dunlop (facing) and Captain J. 'Marko' Markowitz (back view) working on a thigh amputation case. This painting was bought at auction by Tattersall's and donated to the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. (AWM No. ART 91848)

JACK CHALKER - ARTIST IN CAPTIVITY THE MISSION BEACH EXHIBITION

FOREWORD BY JOHN DUNLOP



John Dunlop

The ghosts of those young, emaciated Anzac prisoners of war still stalk Hellfire Pass on the Thai-Burma railway. Young men who did not return and remain forever young. Their spirit can be felt there still, drifting amongst the bamboo, driven by a gentle breeze, their turmoil visible in the twisting, brown eddies down on the Kwai Noi, their ultimate peace in the ever-present quietness and reverence of the Hintok site today.

Visitors to this exhibition would do well to note that all of these works were drawn under pain of death, were they to be discovered. Jack Chalker, a British POW strived at great risk to record the horrors of Japanese POW captivity in Thailand. For safety reasons, the works were hidden all over the camp, often inside hollowed out bamboo poles. After the war, the works travelled to the outside world; one half to the United Kingdom with Jack; the other to Australia with my father, Colonel Edward 'Weary' Dunlop. Today, most of the collection resides at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. It has never before been exhibited as a whole as part of it resides here, in Far North Queensland. In this, the 100th year of the birth of the Anzac tradition, this is deservedly an event of national significance.

There is no other collection depicting Japanese POW life as detailed and extensive as this. It is truly unique. For that, we owe Chalker a debt that can never be repaid. In the annals of the two world wars, the horrors of the "Burma Road" rank equally with Gallipoli and the Western Front, so, without Jack's legacy, we would never have had the chance to see and know what took place there. There were no cameras or paper; writing material was forbidden. What you see was done on stolen paper, often toilet paper, and is thus small in size – but huge in impact.

Jack, the man, was handsome, witty, gifted and artistic. He had great powers of observation, plainly evident in his work, but also possessed a great sense of humanity, humility and, above all, a sense of hope. Long after the war, he stayed at my home and shared his thoughts with me. We talked little about the "dark times". Jack's overriding message to me was that, without the "never say die" spirit and ingenuity of the Anzac POWs, he would never have got home. He stressed that he owed his life to his Anzac comrades in bondage, and felt a life-enduring obligation to them. What he did, he said, was "nothing" compared to the suffering, courage and risks taken by those who helped him to get through it all. "Use my work to tell the story and always stress my debt to the Anzacs... whatever use you can make of my work will only go a small way to repaying that debt."

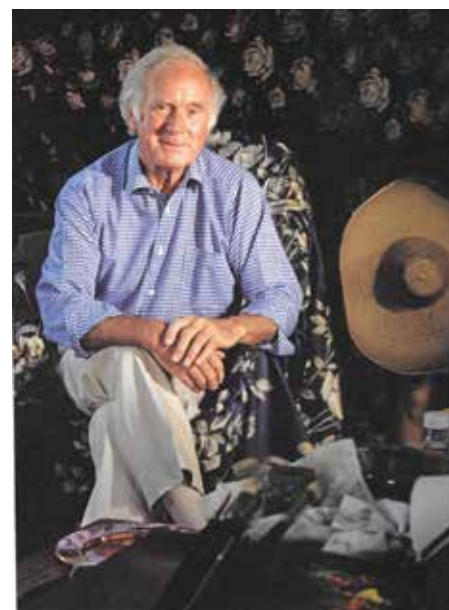
To me, it is we who owe him the debt. There was no official war artist; scarce written record. The risks were as high as they could be. He realised his documentary skills were needed and fearlessly volunteered them. Later, in the aftermath of the war, and after release from captivity, attempts were made by others to conceal the truth, partly out of some distorted sense of propaganda, appeasement by the Allied victors, or outright denial by the guilty. Jack Chalker, along with additional sketches and diaries of other prisoners, has left us with the true story. It is a compelling record, stark and without embellishment, of barbarity and suffering, which stares at you from every painful image.

This exhibition is my way of taking Jack's message to you all... my contribution to the immeasurable debt we owe him and his like. I had hoped that this event would occur in his lifetime, but sadly, Jack passed away peacefully last year, shortly after giving this venture his blessing. You will be moved by what you see. Please do not go away angered by man's inhumanity to man; think more of the spirit displayed by decent young people, thrown into a fiery cauldron not of their own making. Their sacrifices demand that we strive, in relative peace, to make the world a better place through living our lives by their example.

El Arish, QLD
11 February 2015



Jack Chalker in Bangkok after the surrender of the Japanese in 1945.



Jack Chalker in his studio.



Jack Chalker in 2013 with his granddaughter, Tahlia, right, and her friend.



Sir Edward 'Weary' Dunlop.

PLANNING THE SHOW

Jack Chalker knew of and supported this exhibition, which has been a year in the planning and organising. Sadly, he passed away last November, aged 96.

From: John Dunlop
To: Jack Chalker
Sent: Sunday, May 04, 2014 1:25 PM
Subject: ANZAC Day - Australia 2014

Hello Jack

Just a message to let you know we displayed some of your wartime work here in our little village for ANZAC day. It was a great hit and there are plans to do a larger exhibition next year. Depending on how things develop, we might be able to display the entire collection - the work you sent me plus the works of yours which my father had.

What do you think about the idea in general?

Best wishes,
John

From: Jack Chalker
Sent: Tuesday, 13 May 2014 12:54 AM
To: John Dunlop
Subject: Re: ANZAC Day - Australia 2014

Dear John

Good to hear from you and delighted there has been interest in the wartime drawing. Please go ahead with the exhibition if this will be of great interest and I will be behind you in what you do.

Do keep in touch and look forward to hearing from you later on.

Warmest wishes
Jack

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

BY LAURIE TROTT

Welcome to Mission Arts' exhibition of prints of works by British artist Jack Chalker, life-long friend of fellow POW and Australian icon, surgeon Colonel Edward 'Weary' Dunlop. Sadly, both these fine men have passed away, but their legacy and spirit lives on in 2015, the Centenary of Anzac.

... It all began with a chance meeting between the Dunlop-Chalker project leader and Curator Sue Pullman and Weary Dunlop's son, John, at the 2014 Anzac dawn service at El Arish, a soldier settlement village near Mission Beach in Far North Queensland. Sue, a professional artist, learnt that John had a collection of works from the Thai-Burma 'Death Railway' by an ex-POW called Jack Chalker. She was captivated by the works of this captive of the Japanese army... and the rest was the beginning of a year's dedicated, hard work by a group of eight women volunteers, in association with Adrian Chalker, Ryman Healthcare and John and Dii Dunlop, to bring about the exhibition.

Some of these works have never been displayed in Australia and we at Mission Beach Community Arts Centre are honoured that our regional, volunteer-run gallery gained the opportunity to exhibit them for the people of Far North Queensland and visitors to our region. Negotiations are under way with other associations and it is anticipated that the exhibition will travel to other venues throughout Australia.

The exhibition was made possible through the sponsorship of Ryman Healthcare, which last year opened the Sir Edward 'Weary' Dunlop retirement village in Melbourne. We are delighted that Debbie McClure, Group Sales Manager of Ryman Healthcare, could be present at the official opening of the Artist In Captivity exhibition in Mission Beach, April 24, 2015.

It includes around 100 prints from John Dunlop's collection and from the collection at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. Many were the result of Weary Dunlop asking Jack Chalker to record the illnesses, diseases, maltreatment and conditions of the Allied prisoners under the Japanese. The men suffered savage privations and brutality in jungle camps set amid tropical beauty - so close to our own hearts here in the Wet Tropics of Queensland - and Chalker's artist's eye did not overlook these elements of the natural world.

Following the end of hostilities in 1945, Chalker's works and those of other POW artists were used as evidence at the Tokyo War Crimes Tribunal. The 'Death Railway' was made famous by Pierre Boulle's book and David Lean's film, The Bridge on the River Kwai, and became a byword for war crimes.

Weary Dunlop and Jack Chalker later became advocates for forgiveness and reconciliation with the Japanese people.

After returning to England, Jack Chalker completed his studies at the Royal College of Art. He remained firm friends with Weary Dunlop and his family. When ill health in 2002 caused the artist to sell his collection, John Dunlop urged him to make copies of all his work before the auction at Bonhams in London, and lobbied Australian lottery/gaming company Tattersall's to acquire works for the Australian War Memorial. Bonhams declared bidding by museums and private collectors around the world as "ferocious". The collection was expected to fetch £80,000 but sold for £193,904. An oil painting and pencil drawing of Weary Dunlop carrying out an amputation (see front cover) fetched the highest price of £24,675.

The Chalker collection held by the AWM includes donations from the Dunlop family and the family of POW Dr Albert Coates and more than 70 works donated by Tattersall's.

Jack Chalker produced two books: Burma Railway Artist (1994) and Burma Railway: Images of War (2007). The latter was published in Britain and Japan.

THE COLONEL AND THE BOMBARDIER

BY ADRIAN CHALKER

Seventy years to the day after my father Jack Chalker arrived in Singapore as a green, 24 year old bombardier, my wife Askale and I stood looking over Keppel Harbour where his boat had berthed. It was the 29th of January 2012, and I was guiding an educational group through Malaysia. From Kuala Lumpur, we had travelled to Taman Negara, then Malacca, and finally crossed the causeway to Singapore. In Singapore, Askale and I took the bus to visit the Prisoner Of War Museum and Chapel at Changi, where my father's captivity had begun. I was conscious that after the surrender the Japanese had herded the survivors of my father's regiment along the very road on which we drove. It was a sobering thought. Changi was our first insight into the captivity of an army that had just suffered the worst military defeat in British history. It was the end of my father's combat experience and the beginning of his battle for survival.

After the group had flown home, Askale and I took the train from Singapore to Bangkok to shoot additional footage for a film I was making on my father's POW years. My motivation for this project was to gain insight into his experiences as a prisoner of war and, by doing so, perhaps shed light on my own experience as his son. In the end, the film I made was cathartic for us both. When I presented it to him - for I made it for him alone - what the film said to my father was that I understood.

I grew up with one parent, my mother, and over the years had to endure a number of short, emotionally fraught and difficult visits with my father, none of which brought us any closer. Other than the childhood trauma of my parents' divorce, the only relationship that I had with my father was his absence. So, as my wife and I travelled through Malaya, my own issues were as much part of my quest as was the search for my father's missing years. Who was he? Who was I? These were two inseparable questions for which I hoped to find an answer. I did not know if a better understanding of his POW years would help me to come to terms with the subsequent relationship that we had. I hoped very much that it would.

Post 1980, my father's paintings of his POW experience had made him moderately famous. Subsequently, he featured in many documentaries and a number of his illustrations became the iconic images for the entire POW experience. His friendship with Weary Dunlop kept his role in the international spotlight. I once asked an Australian travelling on one of my Himalayan groups if he had ever heard of Edward Weary Dunlop. His reply was "...you ever heard of Jesus Christ?" So it was clear that Weary was a big fish, and my father's friendship with him was meaningful. My father's notoriety gave him one wonderful experience that he cherished his entire life. In the camps when things were bad, he remembers humming Vera Lynn's "We'll Meet Again" and "Bluebirds over the White Cliffs of Dover", the music the boys had fought to during the Battle of Britain. In the 1980s Vera Lynn came to one of his exhibitions and one of the crowning moments of his life we to kiss the cheek of this icon and heroine to the troops.

By then I was familiar with the experiences of the POWs of the Japanese. I had read many books on the subject, biographies, histories, commentaries and diatribes. I had spent 20 years as a guide in the Far and Middle East, and had led many groups through Malaya and Thailand and Singapore. Part of my job was to lecture on the history, culture, politics and religion, so I knew a little of the region, its colonial ties and the appalling tragedy of both world wars. Over the preceding year's research I had ingested a great deal of additional information on the POW experience. But it was not until I boarded the train from Singapore to Bangkok that, quite suddenly, I had a 'eureka moment'. Out of the blue, I came to fully understand something very basic about my father's POW experience, something that I had previously missed. As we bounced and rattled along the same railway line onto which my father and 60,000 prisoners had been herded like cattle in 1942, I suddenly realised that my father had been in the very worst place at the very worst time. It was striking to me that I had spent 50 years of life without knowing this. I could only wonder why.

In late 1939, my father was living in Buckinghamshire and was to have entered the Royal College of Art in London. Instead, he joined 260 battery of the 118th Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery, Territorials. In May 1940, Churchill replaced Chamberlain as Prime Minister, the Nazis kicked the British out of France at Dunkirk, and Britain faced imminent invasion. Britain's survival was now dependent on a few middle-class college boys who had learnt to fly. Not since Nelson fought Napoleon at Trafalgar had England been in so dire a peril.

All through the phony war, blitzkrieg and the Battle of Britain, my father was hunting for Fifth Columnists in southern England. Like many young men, he longed to be a pilot, and like so many in 1940 he looked up at the white condensation trails left by the Spitfire and ME109 dogfights and listened to Churchill's stirring speeches. Everyone understood what was at stake.

In October 1941, Gunner Chalker, along with the 118th Field regiment, was issued tropical kit and entrained for Liverpool. They considered the pith helmets they had been given as absurd. On the 27th October they sailed on the RMS Orcades for Canada. Half way across they were met by an American convoy which escorted them into Halifax, where they transferred to the USS West Point and sailed to India, arriving on 27th December at Bombay, where they disembarked. Recalled early, they were rushed to Singapore and arrived on Thursday, 29th January, 1942. The naval base was under heavy air raid, thick black smoke rising high into the air, so the USS West Point berthed at the civilian Keppel Harbour. My father's regiment was deployed to the north east of the island facing the mainland. As they fired their 25 pounder guns across the causeway at the advancing Japanese, they had no idea what was in store for them.



Adrian and Askale Chalker.

Singapore fell on 15th February 1942. A Japanese army of 60,000 had defeated a British and Commonwealth army of 160,000, and my father became a POW. The young bombardier would spend the next three and a half years in slave labour, starved, tortured, and brutalised by his captors.

The troops captured in Singapore were marched to Changi, where there was a number of military barracks and a large gaol. In Changi, my father was given a small set of watercolour paints, which he carried with him for many months. After a stint in the Havelock Road work camp, he joined 60,000 other troops being sent by train to Thailand to build the Death Railway. The journey took four days and, on the 19th October, they disembarked in Ban Pong and began the long march up the Kwai Noi to Konyu river camp. They marched 160 kilometres in 10 days through thick jungle with little food, no medicine, often in the pouring rain and always in debilitating heat. The dying now began in earnest.

About 180,000 Asian laborers and 60,000 Allied prisoners of war worked on the railway. Of these, around 90,000 Asians and 16,000 Allied POWs died from starvation, disease, and torture. My father was in Konyu during the brutal 'Speedo Period' from February 1943 onward where the Japanese instigated 18 hour work days to complete the railway in record time. Thousands were worked to death. Pellagra, diphtheria, typhus, beriberi, dengue fever, dysentery and malaria patients filled every available hut and tent. The ulcer patients suffered terribly, and the smell of their rotting limbs permeated the camp. All feared the dreaded cholera, which would arrive in June during the monsoon. Conditions were appalling and the guards brutal. The Japanese considered the prisoners expendable. There was never much chance of survival, and all the prisoners knew this. In Konyu river camp, my father received two full days of severe beating and torture when some of his paintings were discovered by a Korean guard. It nearly killed him and he escaped death only by chance.

As Askale and I explored the banks of the Kwai Noi, shot film in Hellfire Pass and walked through the long deserted camp sites, as we researched what had taken place 70 years ago in this beautiful haven of nature, I found my emotions stretching and contracting. The past, although still imagined, was becoming more real. The sounds and the animals were the same. The jungle plants and odours unchanged. As I looked through the teak trees at the rugged mountainous horizon, all was exactly as it had been for my father and his comrades seven decades earlier. In this I felt a communion; a sense of opening up; a readiness to understand what this had been like for him.

It was in Konyu river camp during the early Speedo period that my father first heard of Colonel Edward Dunlop, the Australian medical officer of the adjacent Hintok camp, whose inmates had dug out the notorious Hellfire Pass cutting, a legend of brutality even amongst the prisoners. In March 1943, after months of slave labour and beatings, Gunner Chalker's body finally gave out. He was sent by road to Tarsau staging camp, a skeleton, unable to walk, where he ate the first food that was not rice sludge in many months. It brought tears to his eyes. Confirmed as seriously ill, he was sent to Chungkai hospital camp for heavy sick, where he remained until June, when the cholera hit. He was then transferred along with a number of prisoners to the huge Nakom Pathom hospital camp further down river. Accompanying them was Col. Edward 'Weary' Dunlop, who took charge of the medical team on arrival. The great fear was that they would be sent back up jungle to Konyu or Hintok, where they knew survival was unlikely. As my father slowly recovered the ability to walk, he became involved in the design and production of the theatrical performances, so critical to moral and so well remembered by the survivors. Under Dunlop's inspired medical leadership, my father was set to work in the rehabilitation unit using massage and physiotherapy to rebuild muscles destroyed by tropical ulcers. Dunlop noted his artistic ability and commissioned my father to keep a visual record of the conditions, illnesses, surgical treatments, and the brutality of the camps. It was a death sentence if caught by the guards, but it was worth it, and my father was not alone taking such risks. Out of this association the colonel and the bombardier became life-long friends.

As the summer of 1945 approached, the Japanese high command issued orders to exterminate all Allied POWs as the Japanese army withdrew. The Atom bomb saved my father's life, along with more than 40,000 other survivors. It was a close run thing. On 15th August 1945, the Japanese surrendered. After the surrender, my father was seconded to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps to assist with the war trials in Bangkok. He worked with Weary Dunlop to outline the history and conditions of the camps for the incoming Allied authorities. He stayed in Thailand, painting from the notes and sketches that he had made in the camps until 6th November, when he boarded the SS Duchess of Richmond in Rangoon and sailed back to England via South Africa. He was not the same man who had left England four years earlier. Like so many returning POWs, he was terrified - unsure whether he could ever function again as a normal human being after what he had seen and experienced.

Askale and I returned home to Seattle in more comfort. I was pensive and thoughtful after what I had found out about my father's POW experiences. I edited the film, researched archival material and read many statements written by other prisoners and their families, mostly on the difficulties faced by torture victims during rehabilitation. As I did so, I began to understand that my father was just a man, like me, with his own weaknesses and strengths, and that the relationship between a son and his father was fraught at the best of times, but when torture, brutalisation and the knowledge that you were going to be killed was added to the mix, then understanding and compassion was the only option. I could never know what it was to be forced to shut down, to be reduced to survival mode, where the sensibilities and finesses of normal life and relationships have neither traction nor benefit.

I began to realise that through making this film I had undergone a transformation of sorts, a realisation that the wounds inflicted on my father by the Japanese were my wounds, too. They were passed to me by my father, not through choice, but through an inability to go back, an inability to return to the man he was before the war. One does not come back from such experiences. The only option is to learn to live with them. Many could not, but my father managed it, and in many senses thrived. He built a life for himself that had many successes, although all were flavoured by the jungle sweat and fear of his time as a POW.

As I made my film, the instinctual understanding I had glimpsed at Hellfire Pass now returned, the sense of something enormous that my father had overcome, but which had scarred him deeply. I realised that his absence from my life was not due to my inadequacy as a child; it was due to the burden that he carried, every day, with every thought and every action. I felt a great weight lifting from me, a weight I had carried since childhood. Far from being an insurmountable barrier between us, it now appeared the burden he carried was not just his, but something that we shared. It was the answer I was looking for.

POSTSCRIPT:

Along with the film I had made, I offered my father understanding and forgiveness, which he accepted and cherished. We shared many good years before his passing. Once I understood and forgave, he became the father I always wanted and, I believe, the father he always wanted to be. I became a true son to him. Our relationship was very close in his final years. I miss him and if he is out there somewhere, perhaps looking down at me now, he knows this, and I love him still.

*Adrian Chalker's film *Survivor - The Remarkable Story of Jack Bridger Chalker* is being shown on the screen in the gallery shop throughout the exhibition period.

A UNIQUE INSIGHT INTO DISEASE AND TREATMENT IN CAPTIVITY

I knew Jack Chalker for many years and regarded him as a good friend. I came across his remarkable drawings in the mid-1970s when I was working at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, and for the first time becoming involved with the clinical care of British ex-Far East POWs.

I came across papers by Weary Dunlop published in the medical press just after the end of the war. They were illustrated by drawings attributed to "Gunner Chalker". I assumed this was an Australian POW, but after some time I tracked down Jack. He came up to the Liverpool School in the early 1980s, both for medical checks, and for us to look at his amazing artwork. He subsequently donated us prints of all his work, and I met him many times from then.

His work certainly gave a unique insight into disease and treatment in captivity, particularly with regard to conditions such as beri beri, tropical ulcer, and cholera. I think the work of Jack and others certainly contributed to our knowledge of some tropical diseases. I'm not so sure about treatment. The POW doctors did remarkable work in managing these conditions, but by the very nature of the severe shortages of drugs and equipment they experienced, they had to adopt often-unorthodox systems, not necessary in standard tropical medicine outside the POW scenario.

I know of the work of (Australian POW doctor) Rowley Richards and was sorry to hear of his passing this year.

Dr Geoff Gill
Professor of International Medicine
Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine
United Kingdom

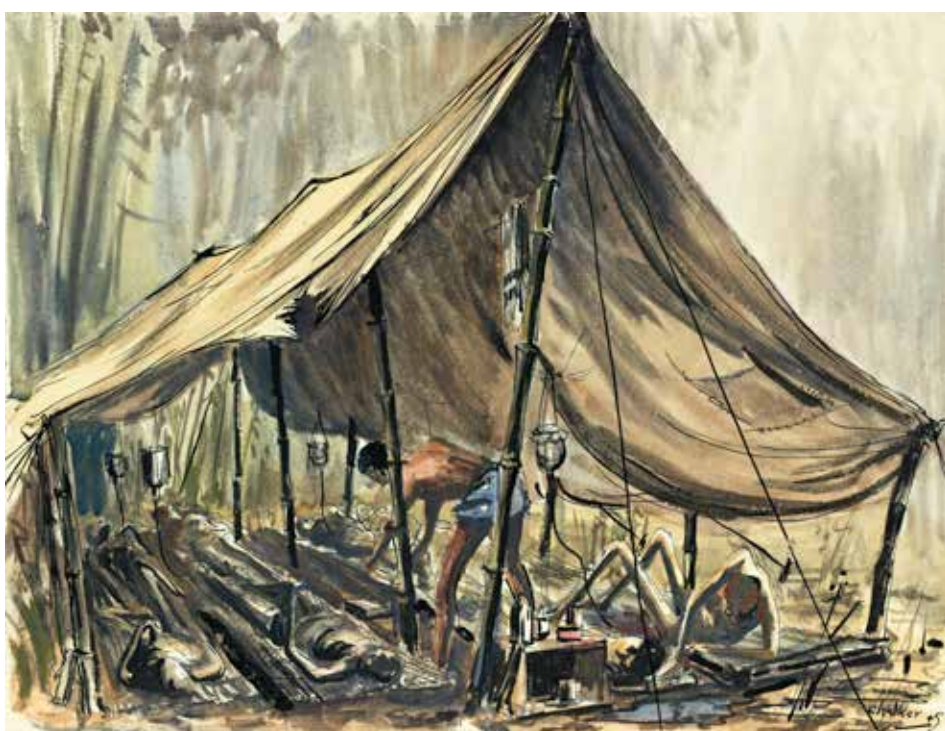
**Dr Gill and colleague Meg Parkes are authors of 'Captive Memories', a story of starvation, disease and survival, in a collaboration between former Far East Prisoners of War and the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, to be published in May 2015.*



New arrivals: dressing ulcers, Chungkai

Cleaning maggots and pus from tropical ulcers with an old dessert spoon and surgical forceps. Cleaning of these lesions had to be performed without anaesthesia.

AWM No. ART 90839



Cholera tent, Hintok

Patients on low bamboo racks lying in mud and pools of water from the monsoon rains. Saline drips administered by means of bottles, from which the base had been removed, with rubber delivery tubes from stethoscopes. Saline was made by means of primitive stills from scrounged pipes and tin cans.

AWM No. ART 90844

A cholera case, Changi

An emaciated cholera victim lies propped against a wall at Changi prisoner of war camp, Singapore.

AWM No. ART 90852



Kanyu River Camp, dysentery

Latrines showing the small, later adjustments to the aperture of bamboo to prevent debilitated prisoners from collapsing into the pits and drowning. During the monsoon season these areas were a sea of faeces, mud and maggots through which we waded barefoot.

AWM No. ART 90855





Slim River, a stop on the railway journey from Singapore to Bampton
Pen and wash note of the five day journey from Singapore to Bampton in Thailand. Thirty-two men crammed into each metal box truck with room only for a small number of men to sit at any one time.

Size 18.3cm x 10.5cm **AWM No.** ART 91845



March up country

Pen and wash study - on the march up country from Bampton. Exhaustion and little food, combined with the tail end of the monsoon, soon made it impossible to carry anything but the bare essentials and much of the kit shown had to be jettisoned very early into the trek northwards.

Size 12.7cm x 10cm



Constructing the bridge over Mae Khlong River

Men working on the bridge construction, with trees and background hills. At one point on the Burma-Thailand Railway a substantial bridge had to be built where the Mae Khlong and Khwae Noi rivers met. The prisoners were forced to use human-powered pile-drivers to sink the wooden supports for the bridge. Chalk on cardboard, 1946.

AWM No. ART 91847

Building the railway bund

Watercolour showing prisoners clearing jungle and constructing the railway bund, or embankment, with rocks and earth, under supervision of Japanese engineers and Korean guards.

AWM No. ART 91846



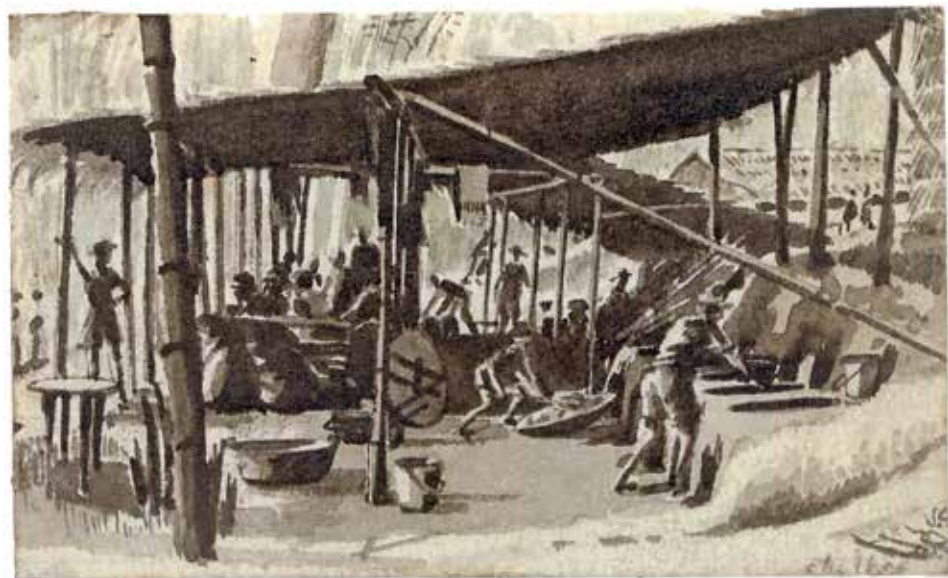


Operating theatre, Chungkai Hospital Camp

Colonel 'Weary' Dunlop (facing) and Captain J 'Marko' Markowitz (back view) working on a thigh amputation case. The theatre was a small area of about twelve square feet within a bamboo and attap hut lined with old green mosquito netting. Tenon saws, improvised retractors and other surgical camp-made instruments are on the table.

*Tenon saws designed for use in furniture making

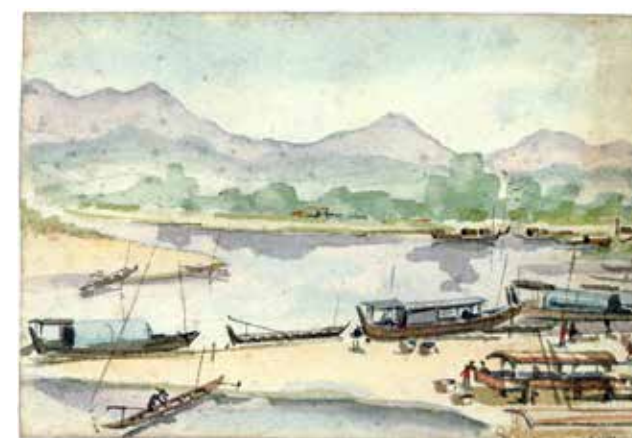
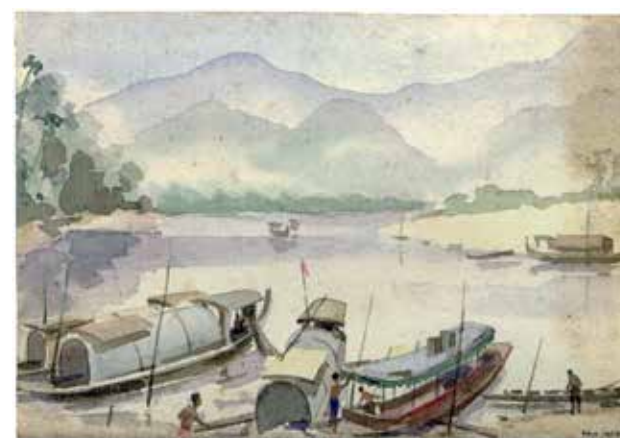
Size 30cm x 21cm AWM No. ART 91848



Kanyu River Camp, November 1942

Wash drawing of cookhouse showing kwalis set into the mud bank, above fires, in which rice was cooked. Bamboo and attap shelter.

Size 12.5cm x 7.5cm



Thailand, October 1942

Kanchanaburi, the confluence of the Khwae Noi and Mae Khlong rivers. Watercolour notes. From here northwards the country becomes mountainous and is covered with this sub-tropical rainforest.

Size 15.5cm x 10.4cm (BOTH)

Two working men, Kanyu River Camp

Pen and wash drawing. One of two drawings of prisoners in the working camps that survived by a miraculous mischance when I was discovered by a Korean guard putting drawings away in a section of bamboo. The remainder were torn up by the guard before I was dealt with. On my return this small and important sketch was lying under my rice sack in my bed space!

Size 13.9cm x 8.1cm AWM No. ART29420





Singapore Town, 1942

Incident observed whilst on a working party: Japanese beating a man's hands to a pulp with a lump hammer on the stump of a tree for stealing from a Japanese store place.

Size 5cm x 7cm



Hintok Cutting, 1942-1943

Australian prisoners working on the infamous Hintok cutting removed hard limestone by means of hammer and tap and by blasting. This was unrelenting hard labour under appalling pressure and great bestiality from the guards, resulting in much loss of life and injury. Pen and watercolour.

Size 27.4cm x 20.1cm

Chungkai, 1943

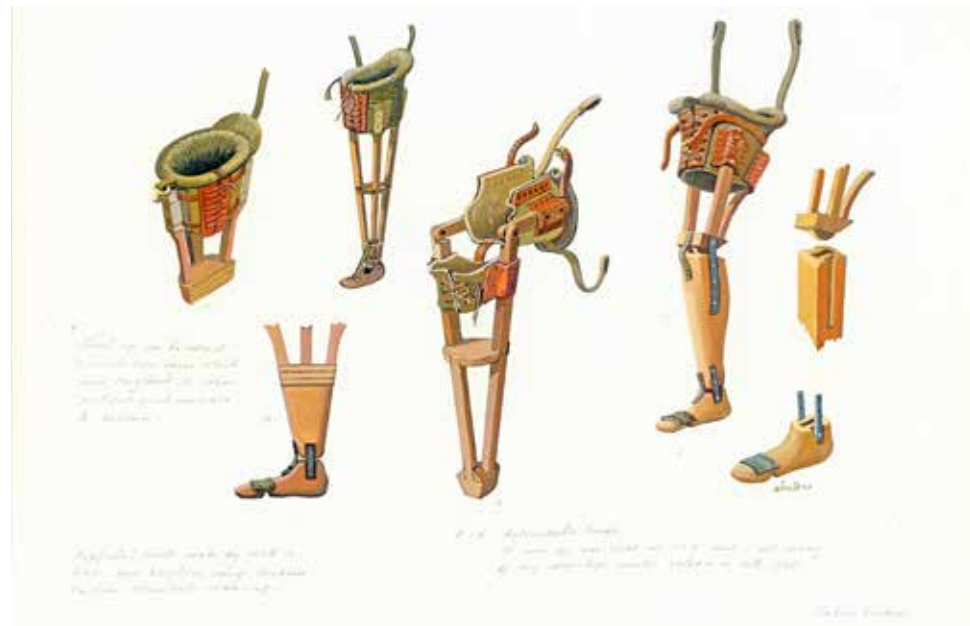
Tropical ulcers - watercolour study.



Chungkai, 1943

Pen and wash illustration of improved saline drip apparatus for leg ulcers, Chungkai Hospital Camp 1943-44 onwards. Adaptation of stolen tins and bottle, showing bamboo leg support. Wounds had to be covered from old bits of boiled up rags or mosquito netting. No bandages or dressing were available.



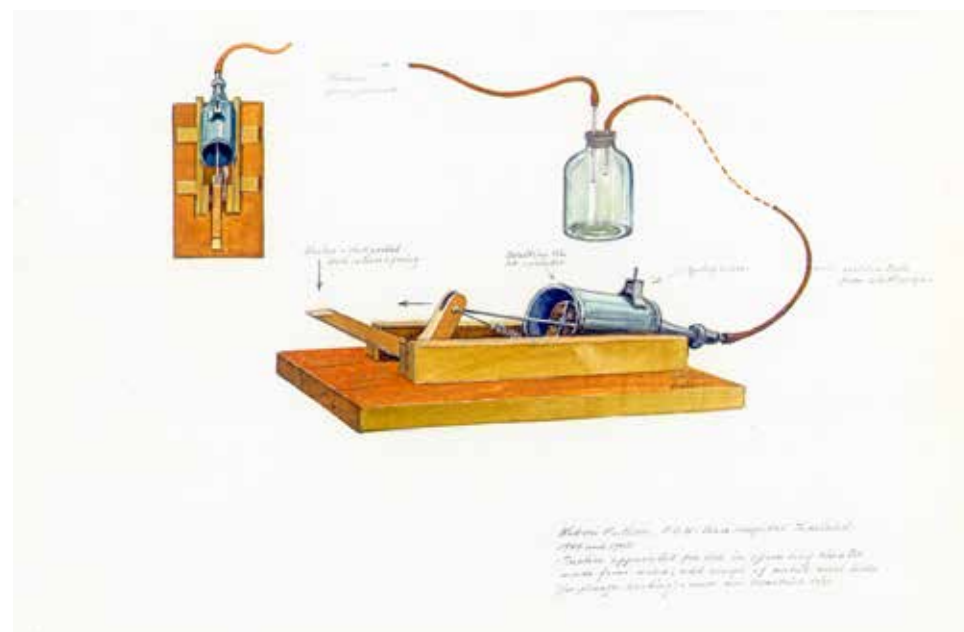


Leg prosthesis

Types ranging from split bamboo to articulated prosthesis and apparatus for bilateral amputation patients. The buckets were made from army packs, padded with kapok collected from the jungle, together with army webbing straps. Bits of bullock hide salvaged from animals brought in (rarely) for meat were used for the laced areas. The finished illustrations were made in 1945 from camp notes.

Singapore, 1942

Japanese sentry.



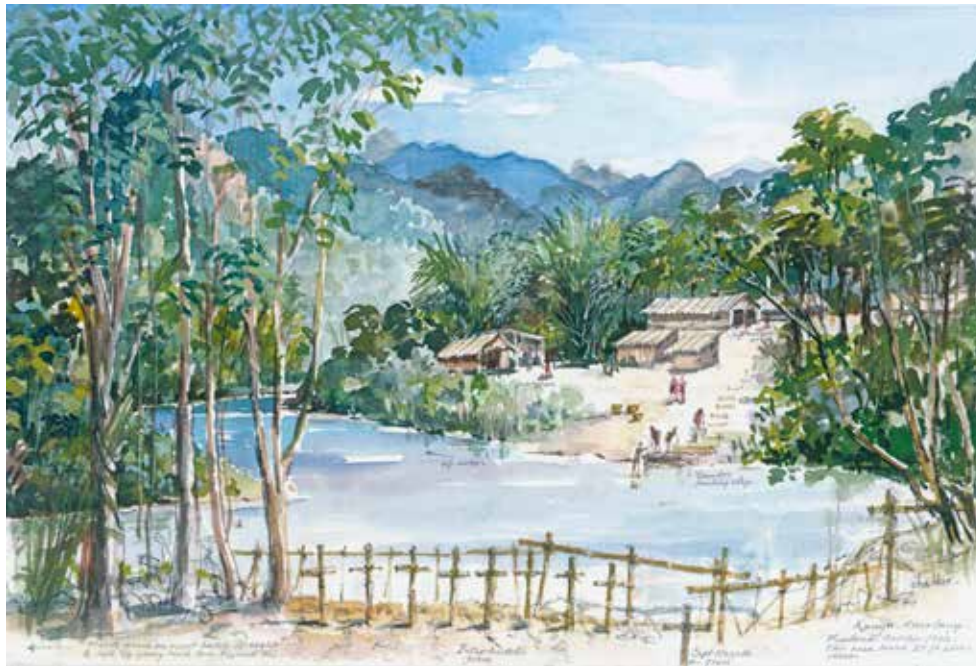
Nakhon Pathom Hospital Camp 1944-45

Surgical suction pump made from an old Ovaltine tin scrounged from the Japanese compound: wooden hide covered plunger with spring valve; attached to the drain bottle.

Chungkai, 1942

Japanese commandant and Korean sentry.





Kanyu River Camp, November 1942

Large watercolour showing view from camp cemetery looking north across Khwae Noi in the dry season, and showing graves of friends in foreground. Made 1945 from original pen and ink note.



Dysentery hut, Chungkai 1943

Pen and wash illustration. This was the view as seen from my bed space.

Punishment

Pen and wash - punishment for more severe offences. More often metered out to the Asian workers and local population in Thailand. Can is half-filled with water or stone and hung with wire handle about the victim's neck. Witnessed first at Bampong, prior to march up country in 1942.



Holding the stone

Pen and wash sketch. A frequent punishment for not working hard enough on the railway track. 1942 onwards.



ABOUT RYMAN HEALTHCARE

Ryman Healthcare is delighted to be able to support this important exhibition.

As one of Australasia's leading providers of retirement living options for people over the age of 65, Ryman Healthcare builds and operates exceptional retirement villages and employs professional and caring staff.

Ryman's first Melbourne village was built at Wheelers Hill last year and was named in honour of Sir Edward Weary Dunlop. Like the rest of Ryman's villages, it provides a range of retirement living and care options, including independent apartments, serviced apartments and a care centre providing the very best of rest home, hospital and dementia level care.

All Ryman's villages are designed and built using stunning architectural concepts, and nestled amongst beautifully landscaped gardens. Residents also enjoy resort-style facilities, right on their doorstep – including lounges and bars, indoor swimming pools and spas, gyms, beauty salons, bowling greens, libraries, and movie theatres.

Established in Christchurch in 1984, Ryman draws on 30 years of experience to provide the best possible retirement living options for its residents. The company has expanded to encompass 30 retirement villages in Australia and New Zealand, providing homes for more than 8,000 residents and employing more than 4,000 staff. Ryman's second Melbourne village will be built at Brandon Park.

MORE THAN AN ARTS CENTRE...

Mission Beach, a two hour scenic drive south of Cairns and about three hours north of Townsville, is a small coastal community of around 3000 people. It is one of a few places where the Wet Tropics World Heritage Area meets the Great Barrier Reef World Heritage Area. Its natural beauty and idyllic charm has long been a magnet for artists. Its history is



intimately linked with artists Noel Wood and John Busst. Busst, together with poet Judith Wright, scientist Len Webb and other conservation-minded people, blocked mining of the Great Barrier Reef, which ultimately led to its recognition and listing as a World Heritage Area.

Mission Arts is a purpose-built, sustainable community arts centre that opened in August 2011. It was built and is managed by volunteers who consulted with the community, sought and gained funding for the construction, raised the funds to equip the centre and now run the seven-day operation. Its flexible spaces house a gallery shop, exhibition space, workshop space, a small history collection, pottery studio and meeting space. It usually records more than 7,000 attendances at arts and cultural activities annually.

Mission Arts has established an excellent reputation within the regional arts community for delivering quality programs for all ages, from children through to seniors, and beginner classes through to master classes. Our exhibition program is one of the key cultural links for the community. The Weary Dunlop and Jack Chalker POWs 'Artist in Captivity' exhibition is a highlight of the 2015 calendar as part of our Anzac Centenary commemorative program. It would not have been possible without the support of Ryman Healthcare.

Mission Beach Community Arts Centre Inc.
(Mission Arts)

MARCS Park, Mission Beach Qld 4852

Open daily 10am - 4pm April to November
10am - 2pm November to April

☎ (07) 4088 6116

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