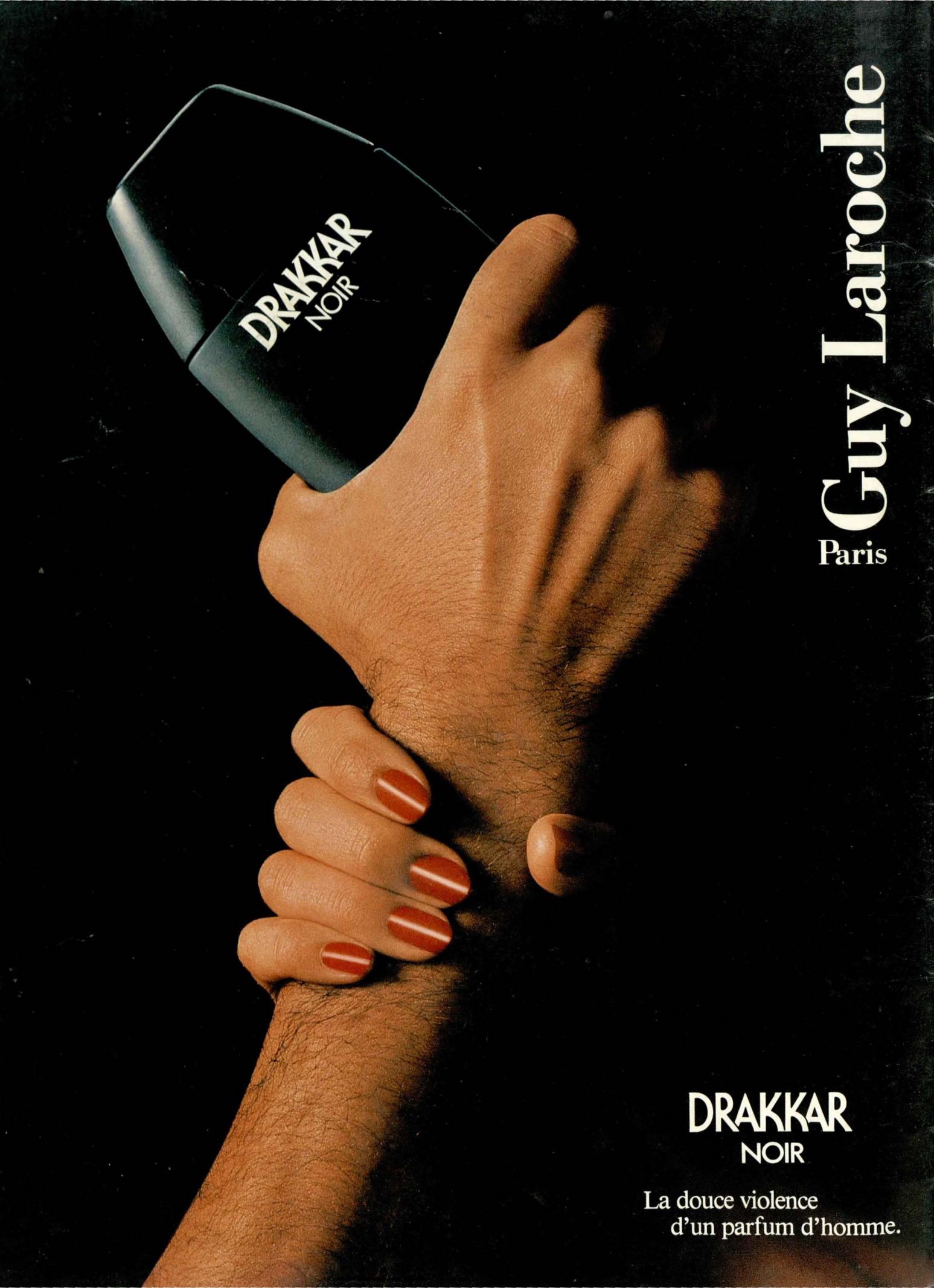
paradise

in-flight with Air Niugini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NOIR
Guy Laroche
Paris
DRAKKAR
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La douce violence
d'un parfum d'homme.

paradise

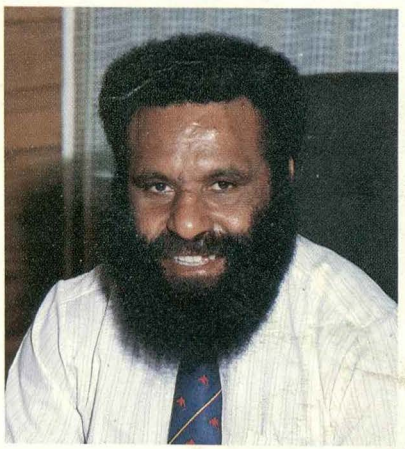
Welcome Aboard

Throughout history man has been possessed by his search for gold. Its value as an investment has been maintained for centuries and today it is still the cornerstone of the world's financial infrastructure.

Gold mining is a major revenue earner for Papua New Guinea and Air Niugini is proud to play an important role in our country's search for gold. In this issue we look at our newest gold mining venture; an ongoing operation which is one of the world's largest and present a story about two gold seekers who proved that gold is more often hard to come by.

I hope you enjoy it.

Masket Iangalio
General Manager, Air Niugini



IN THIS ISSUE:

Above: Masket Iangalio, Air Niugini's General Manager.
Cover: Relief wood carving by craftsmen in Madang based on the style of Sepik story boards. Photograph by Tom Cooke.

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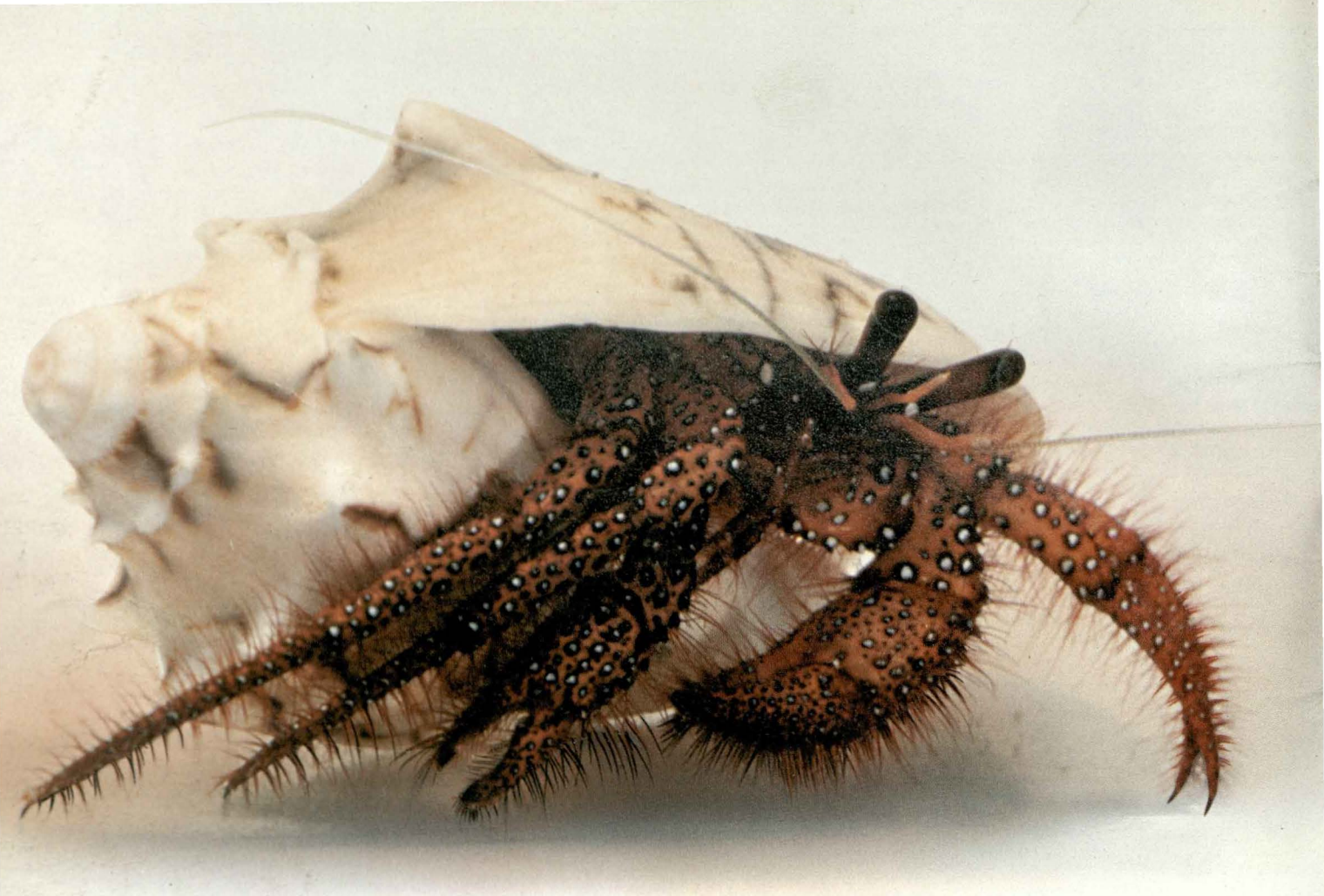

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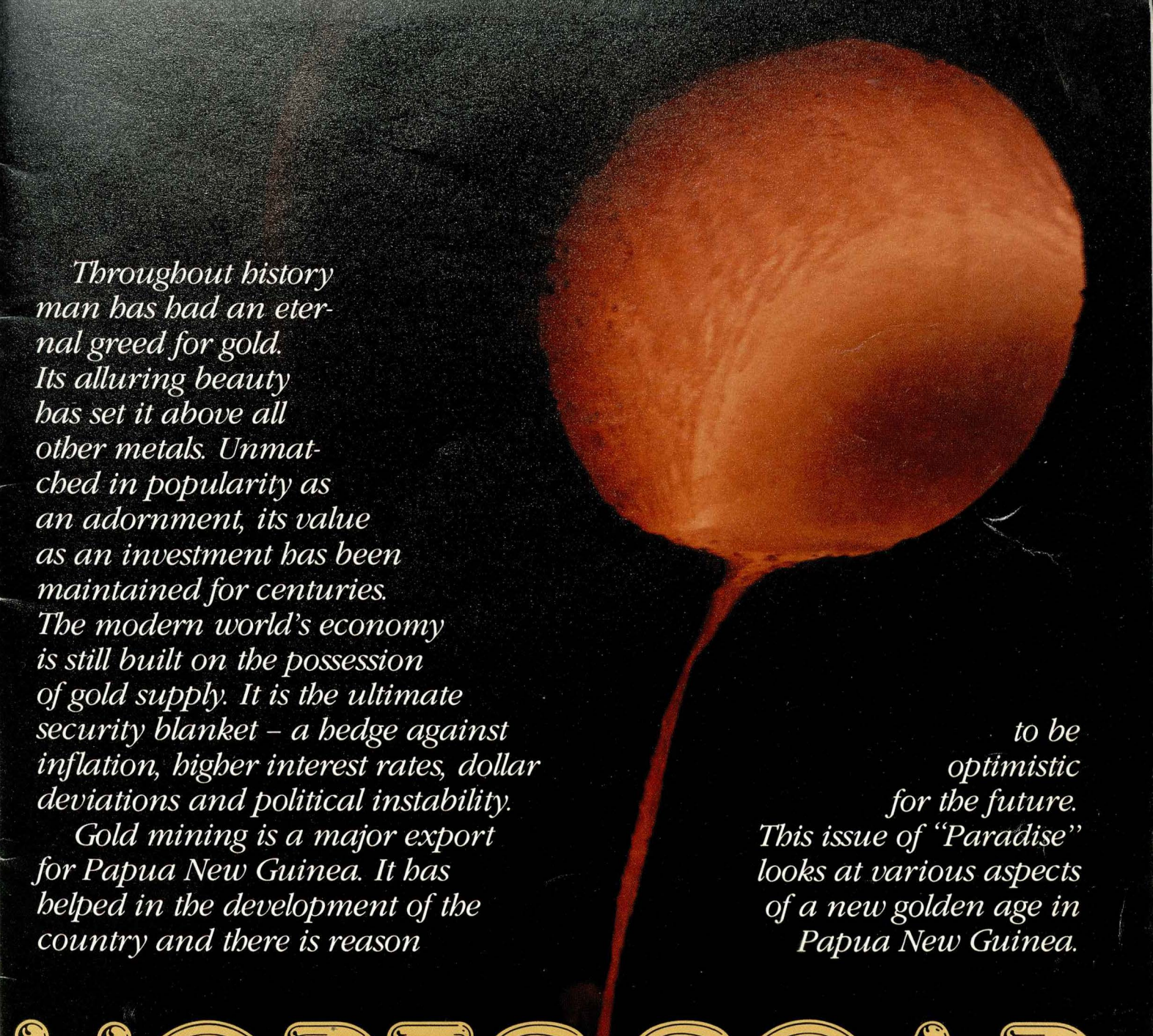


Throughout history man has had an eternal greed for gold. Its alluring beauty has set it above all other metals. Unmatched in popularity as an adornment, its value as an investment has been maintained for centuries. The modern world's economy is still built on the possession of gold supply. It is the ultimate security blanket – a hedge against inflation, higher interest rates, dollar deviations and political instability.

Gold mining is a major export for Papua New Guinea. It has helped in the development of the country and there is reason to be optimistic for the future. This issue of "Paradise" looks at various aspects of a new golden age in Papua New Guinea.

HOPES SOAR AT LIHIR

GOLD! The word alone is enough to send the pulse racing and set the stockmarket humming.

Gold is the very heart of world finance and countries lucky enough to have large deposits are assured of a sizeable voice in the major financial capitals.

For a developing nation such as Papua New Guinea, the discovery of major deposits can not only provide a considerable boost to the domestic economy but also improve its trading position.

Ranked number eight among the world's gold producing countries and responsible for about 18 tonnes a year (about two per cent of the world's newly mined gold) PNG is poised to further strengthen that standing.

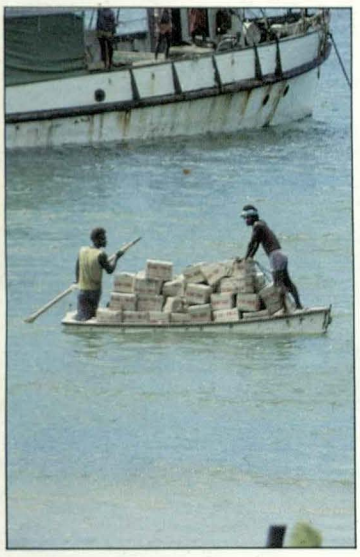
Following close on the heels of the development of Ok Tedi's Mount Fubilan deposit, a new discovery off the coast of New Ireland has set gold circles buzzing.

Lihir Island is already being billed as PNG's hottest new gold find.

And not without good reason. Recent drilling at Lihir by joint venture partners, Kennecott Explorations and Niugini Mining, indicates the presence of a world class gold deposit.

News of the find has seen Niugini Mining shares soar in price on Australian stock exchanges.

Lying about 80 kilometres off the northern coast of New Ireland, Lihir Island consists of five extinct volcanoes fringed by a coral reef. The most re-



cent of these volcanoes takes the form of a large calera, one side of which has been breached by the sea to form picturesque Luise Harbour. The gold desposit which has generated such interest lies within the calera close to the shore of the harbour.

Geologists believe that the gold deposit on Lihir was formed in very recent geological time, long after the advent of man. They believe that hot springs deposited the gold during a period of intense geothermal activity. Hot springs still flow into the ocean along the shores of Luise Harbour.

Unlike most modern discoveries, the gold on Lihir is a new find, one that was missed by the original prospectors in the area. This is probably because the gold is not coarse enough to be easily collected in a panning dish.

The first exploration rights for Lihir were granted to the Dampier Mining Company who prospected the island for copper in the early 1970s. Apparently unaware of the potential for gold mineralisation, Dampier surrendered the rights shortly after.

A new era of exploration in the Lihir area began in mid-1982 when Kennecott and Niugini Mining formed a joint venture to explore for gold in PNG.

Geologists Mike Turbott and Gavin Thomas of Kennecott, and Geoff Loudon and Peter Macnab of Niugini Mining, reasoned that gold mineralisation might occur along the chain of extinct volcanoes which extends northwards from the copper-gold deposit on Bougainville. Their reasoning was supported by the presence of small alluvial gold deposits on nearby Tabar Island which

Clockwise from above:
Supplies from the MV Robert make it to the shore; loaded to the gunnels across the harbour; MV Robert unloads cargo in Luise Harbour; bulldozers in action; helicopter moving a drill rig to the site of drill hole DDH2; discovery of diamond drill hole DDH1, drilled in September 1983; Coastal Bluff, the discovery outcrop is at the base of this bluff.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Last year a team of archaeologists and anthropologists from the National Museum of Papua New Guinea spent three weeks on Lihir Island assessing the impact of the proposed mining operation on historical sites. The team consisted of Pamela Swadling, Nick Araho, Johnny Saulo and Wilfred Tamo.

LIHIR PATROL

Story by Pamela Swadling

One place where the prospect of a gold mine on Lihir failed to generate any 'gold fever' was among staff at the National Museum of Papua New Guinea.

There was widespread concern that the mining operation could destroy archaeological sites and provide opportunities for the remaining artifacts on the island to be removed overseas.

Although the study of the cultural history of New Ireland Province is still in its infancy, the limited information available suggested that the mining site should be examined for potential archaeological sites.

Fortunately the mining company's joint venture partners, Kennecott Explorations and Niugini Mining, appreciated the concern. They assisted the museum patrol team with transport and accommodation while work was undertaken on the eastern side of the island.

Museum staff already knew from an excavation at Balof Cave on the Lelet Plateau of New Ireland that people had been in the Province for at least 6000 years. The islands from St Matthias in the north to Ambitle in the south may have been occupied some 4000 years ago as shown by a distinctive style of pottery dating from this time found at Eloaue Island. The pottery is called "Lapita" after the place in New Caledonia where it was first reported in scientific literature. Without inspecting the mine site there was no way of knowing whether or not a Lapita pottery site was located on the shores of Luise Harbour.

The Lihir group consists of the main island called Lihir, as well as the smaller islands of Mali, Sanambiet, Masahet and Mahur.

The islands are inhabited by some 6000 people. Before the patrol the only artifacts from this area in the National Museum were two dancing masks from Masahet. A rather dismal situation, as the national collection will probably in the future be responsible for providing artifacts for display in New Ireland cultural centres.

An old stone pestle kept at a men's house at Suen, Lihir Island.

The people in the Lihir group all speak the same language. There are some local variants in accent and vocabulary but no recognisable dialects have developed. This is surprising as traditionally the people on Lihir lived in hamlets on the lower slopes of their mountainous island. There they flattened terrace areas some five to ten metres long for house sites. It is said no one lived on the coast as they would easily fall victim to raiders from Mali, Masahet and Mahur.

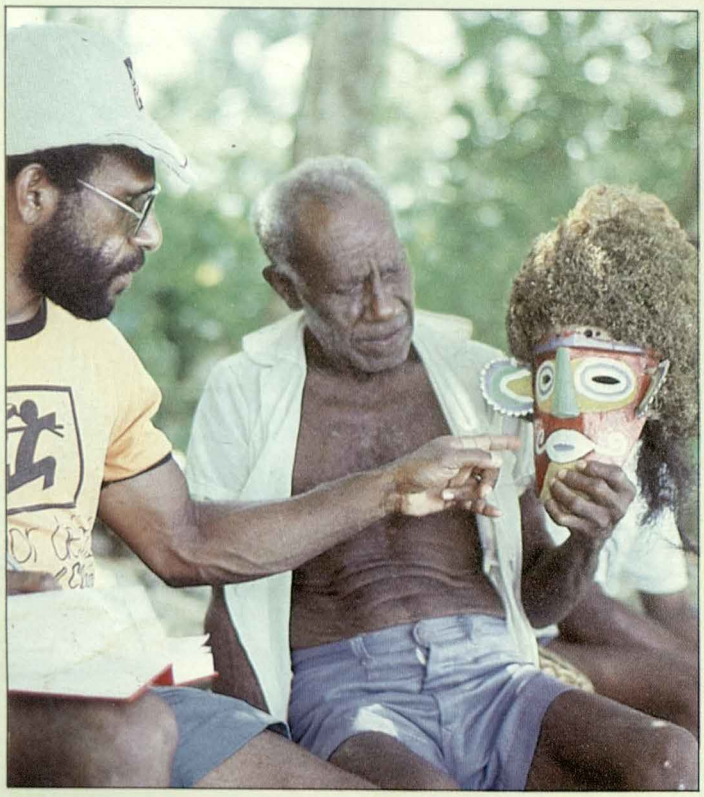
The open sea makes communications difficult between the different islanders in the group and the rugged nature of Lihir does not assist communication on the main island. Although it is possible in places to cross the razor ridges of the unoccupied interior, people prefer to travel around the island along its coastal tracks and roads or by sea. Even today it is difficult to transport regular supplies of vegetables from the Vocational School at Palie to the mining camp on the other side of the island. The road and tracks are often turned into a quagmire, as Lihir receives the heaviest rainfall in the New Ireland Province.

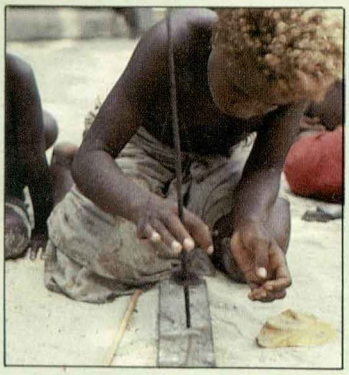
The lack of linguistic diversity in the Lihir group suggests either that their settlement is quite recent or that more amicable relations once existed. The presence of pottery, stone bowls and pounders similar to others found elsewhere in New Ireland, and the adoption of *malangan* and *dukduk* ceremonies also indicated that extensive links with other island groups once existed.

Patrol members had been told that fragments of pottery had been found in gardens being made at old village sites. Unfortunately, apart from some pieces excavated at a small rock shelter near Putput No. 1 village and at Mali Island, no other pottery was located.

When German ethnologist, Otto Schlaginhaufen visited Lihir early this century he found that while many people lived in settlements on the coast, others still remained in hamlets on the mountain slopes. He also mentioned that the Lihir islanders made extensive use of caves and rockshelters. This is still the case, for instance, at Kunaiya village a chapel is roofed by the overhang of an old coral reef terrace. However the patrol failed to locate any rock shelters despite a test excavation near Putput and careful surface examinations as well as questioning people who had dug holes for posts or burials.

Unfortunately for the archaeologist, the people on Lihir accumulate very little inorganic refuse. In PNG, prehistoric coastal sites are usually located by shellfish dumps. This is not the case on Lihir. Its narrow fringing reef platform





Top: *Recording history of malangan-like mask purchased from Samo villager;* **centre:** *test excavation near Putput No. 1 village;* **below left** *Kunaiya villager making shell beads;* **below right:** *ladder used to reach cliff-top village on Mahur Island.*

provides a poor habitat for edible shellfish. Apart from the occasional flake or obsidian (volcanic glass probably from Talasea in West New Britain), there is not much apart from house platform terraces and stone walling to indicate former settlement sites.

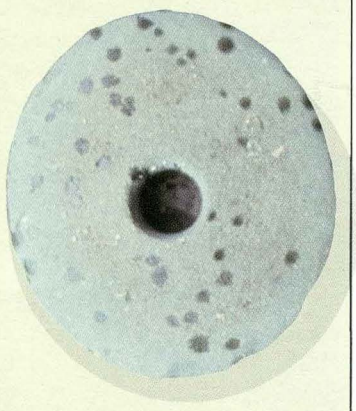
Little remains of the historic hamlets that were located near the old mining camp on the shore of Luise Harbour. They were abandoned after a disastrous tidal wave prior to World War Two. While most of the young people survived, older people who had been brought up in villages on the mountain slopes drowned because they could not swim. The position of two former *matmats* (burial grounds) was pointed out to us by the mining company which has taken measures to ensure conservation of the sites.

Members of our patrol visited the exposed coral terrace islands of Mali, Masahet and Mahur. Formerly villages were located on the platform area, in the centre of these islands. They are reached by climbing up the often vertical walls of old coral reefs. In some difficult parts ramps and ladders are used. To the newcomer these appear very precarious. These routes are still used by the islanders to bring yams and other garden produce to their current villages.

The people on Mahur were the religious and ideological leaders within the Lihir group. This may in part reflect their closer ties with the Tabar group, which is the home of *malangan* carving and ceremonies. In some ways the traditional practices of the Lihir people are transitional between those on Tabar and southern New Ireland. Not only did the Lihir islanders have *malangans* as on Tabar, but they also had the *dukduk* ceremonies of southern New Ireland.

The patrol team was saddened to find few artifacts left in the Lihir group. This reflects both the efforts of artifact collectors (from local accounts there appear to have been some unscrupulous ones) and the local practice of destroying ceremonial items after their use. However, this has ensured that new items such as dancing masks and costumes are made for each ceremony and perpetuates the skills required. Unfortunately no ceremonies took place while the team was on the island, but hopefully the mining company and the Catholic Mission will assist the National Museum in acquiring a representative costume collection.

During its stay, the team was only able to purchase one malagan-influenced dancing mask at Samo village because many people wished to keep their heirlooms. In such cases photographs and records were made of the known history of the items. It was encouraging to see people still actively making artifacts such as *garamuts* (slit drums) and *mis* (strings of small shell beads), and to observe village groups composing and singing hymns in their own language and song patterns.



Photographs by Pamela Swadling and Nick Araho.

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The Ok Tedi process facility is built on a man-made plateau carved out of a ridge overlooking the Ok Ningi Gorge.

Three years ago "Paradise" magazine looked at an exciting new mining project, the Ok Tedi "Pot of Gold". ★ Its "vast quantities of gold and copper", "awe-inspiring size", mind boggling logistics" and "totally unforgiving" terrain were described. Today, we find out that the excitement has not significantly died down.

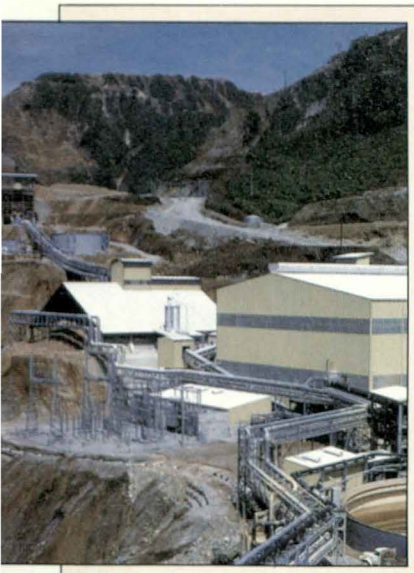
OK TEDI

Story and photographs by Mike Archer

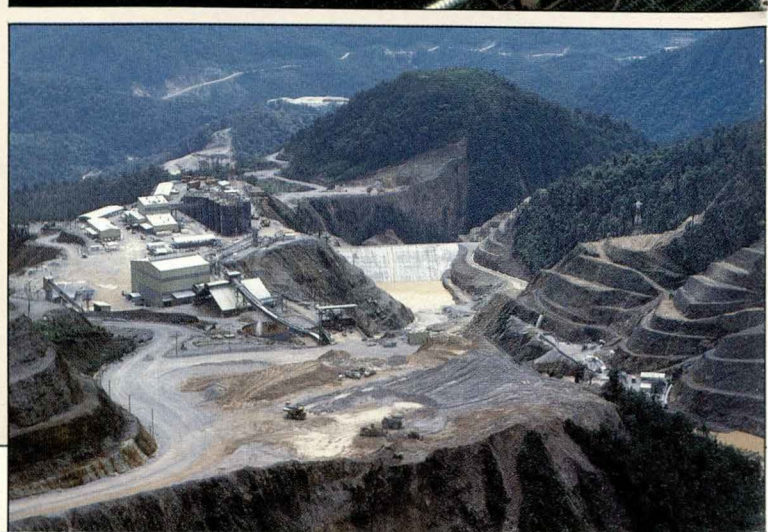
The Ok Tedi Project, Stage One at least, has been built; but not without more than its fair share of problems.

Problems such as an almost impossible location, only 18 kilometres from the Papua New Guinea border with the Indonesian Province of Irian Jaya; constantly excalating costs compounded by depressing prices for gold and copper and more recently a six week closure of the mine by the State.

But the harshest blows of all have come from mother nature. Only days after that initial "Paradise" article about Ok Tedi an act of nature, that no one could have predicted, was to cripple the project. The area receives an average annual rainfall of around eight metres; in pre-metric days that was 314 inches. The Ok Tedi catchment feeds into the Fly River, which is the lifeline to the project. All supplies and construction materials to Ok Tedi were shipped or barged from Port Moresby across the Gulf of Papua and far inland up the Fly River to the river port Kiunga, a total distance of 1084 kilometres. A 12 week drought which started in September 1982 cut this vital supply line. On September 26 a C-130 Hercules aircraft was mobilised to fly in essential supplies, such as fuel, from Madang. The giant bird chartered from Cargomasters, Australia, made up to four trips a day from Madang on the north east coast of PNG to Kiunga on the western boundary, carrying 20 tonnes of fuel each trip. A second Hercules was commissioned from Alaska on November 20. Between them they shifted some 5000 tonnes of cargo



Clockwise from right: *The semi-autogenous grinding mill; the Ok Tedi gold processing facility; a helicopter transporting cement to a jungle construction site; Ok Tedi with Mount Fubilan ore deposit in background.*



to Kiunga during the three month drought.

It's an ill wind that blows no good, and the uncharacteristic drought provided welcome relief from the endless mud for the workmen building the 137 kilometre Kiunga to Tabubil road. The building of the road was proving to be a nightmare. Far more difficult to construct than the feasibility studies had indicated, the original plan for a pioneer road, later to be upgraded, was abandoned. The only practical solution was to construct the permanent road from the start. Special techniques were utilised, whereby a synthetic porous membrane was rolled out over the mud and backfilled with rock taken from the Ok Tedi. This proved successful in providing a relatively sound base for the roadworks.

Construction progressed well throughout 1983. The huge mill grinding building rose first from out of the fog and mist that almost constantly enveloped the gold processing plant area known as Folomian. The ridge, 1.6 kilometres, and about 500 metres in elevation, below Mount Fubilan was lowered some 60 metres in parts to create a flat area large enough to accommodate the complex gold processing facilities. Convoys of trucks transported large sections of curved steel plates which were lowered carefully into place by cranes and welded together. The 14 leach and carbon in pulp tanks were also beginning to rise out of the

mist. Constant agitators inside these massive containers would mix sodium cyanide with the gold and silver rich slurry. Later in the process, activated carbon particles would be forced counter-current against the flow of slurry to absorb the dissolved gold and silver. Nearby the gold/silver recovery building was built; the bowels of which were a complex maze of pipes, tanks and vibrating tables, each with a special role to play in extracting the precious metals.

The product of the Ok Tedi Process Facility is a gold/silver ore bullion, made up of around 60-70 per cent gold, 20-30 per cent silver and a small percentage of other metals. The bullion is flown to Port Moresby for despatch to world markets. The first gold ore to be fed into the SAG Mill was on May 15 1984, three days ahead of the originally predicted start-up date. In the first year of production to the end of May 1985, 6,776 kilograms of gold and 2,505 kilograms of silver were won from Mount Fubilan bringing long awaited revenue from the billion dollar investment to shareholders.

The processing of gold and copper ores results in the production of waste materials known as tailings. If not managed properly, they are harmful to the environment and particularly to marine life in the river system. To ensure protection of the environment the company will build a retention dam where tailings will be stored until the chemicals disintegrate. Originally this dam was being built at a site on the Ok Ma River, some distance south of Telopoiun. Construction was well underway with the access road having been constructed, the site for the dam prepared, a quarry, workshop, 400-man camp and the haul roads all completed. On December 16 1983, a small landslide at the dam site temporarily halted work. While the slide was being investigated on January 7 1984, a massive landslide moved in one foul sweep, an estimated 50 million cubic metres of earth and a 40 million kina investment was forced to be abandoned. So that production could begin on schedule, a licence to operate an interim tailings system was granted to Ok Tedi Mining by the Government. This interim measure will operate until a permanent tailings retention dam is built at a new site on the Ok Ma, called Lukwi, which is four kilometres downstream from the original dam site. Tailings will be pumped from the process plant through a kilometre-long tunnel, down a tributary of the Ok Tedi, diverted through another kilometre-long tunnel and into the Ok Ma.

The unimaginable run of bad luck was not to stop at the landslide. On June 14 1984, the tug Ok Menga, was on route from Port Moresby to Kiunga, towing two steel barges. The huge floating platforms were carrying 48 sea containers and 700 tonnes of cement. The Fly River-bound convoy encountered heavy seas in the Gulf of Papua; the second barge in tow capsized, losing 26 containers of hydrogen peroxide; but more alarmingly it also lost 15 containers of lethal sodium cyanide. Each contained 180 tightly sealed drums of the chemical. One of the containers burst open during the capsize, releasing the smaller drums. Helicopters were quickly mobilised and a search and

recovery mission, which would drag on for several weeks, was launched. Fortunately cyanide breaks down very quickly when exposed to the sea and nothing more than very localised and short term environmental impact occurred; contrary to sensational press reports at the time.

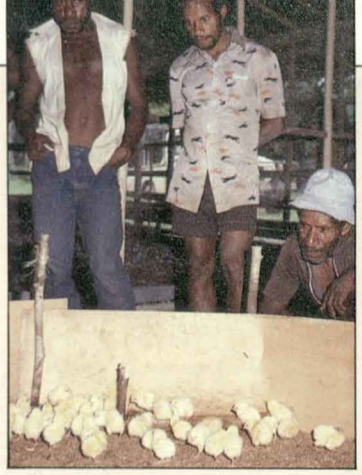
Despite mother nature's best efforts to thwart the project, the relentless pursuit of that "Pot of Gold" and a remarkable degree of human endeavour has seen the Ok Tedi mining project built; it is up and running. There are, however major issues still to contend with. The consortium feasibility study provided for a hydro-electricity scheme to be built on the Ok Menga, 10 kilometres southeast of Tabubil. Geotechnical investigations and cost analysis have been carried out. Currently thermal generators at Tabubil, supplemented by a two megawatt mini-hydro plant, supply electricity to the processing facilities and the township.

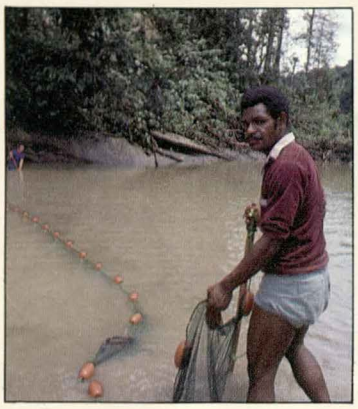
It is expected that the gold ore reserves will be exhausted around the end of 1988. At that time the huge copper ore deposit will be exposed, all 376 million tonnes of it. Copper concentrate production facilities with an initial capacity to handle 30,000 tonnes of ore per day will have been constructed and ready.

Although Ok Tedi will only have a lifespan of perhaps 30 years, it will leave a legacy to PNG and more so to the people of the Western Province.

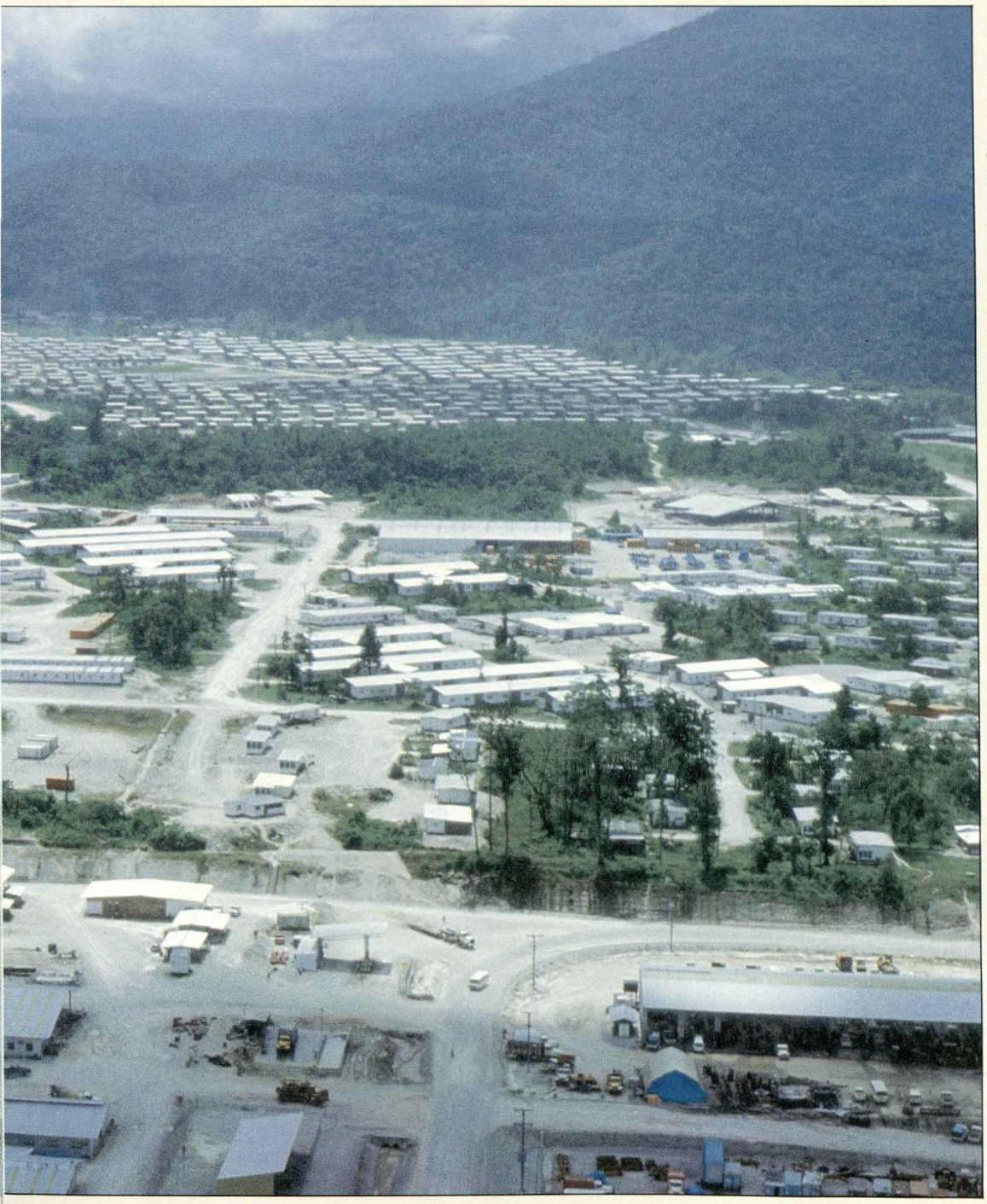
There is now a modern urban centre capable of housing 6000 people, viable air transport, road networks and communications, where there were none previously. But perhaps the greatest legacy will be in human resources. Ok Tedi Mining Limited is committed to a training and localisation program which has seen extensive schemes implemented for Papua New Guineans in all areas of the company's activities. The basic objective of this training is to provide each employee with the skills necessary for efficient job performance and to facilitate the maximum localisation of company positions as quickly as possible.

There were 2,878 training completions within the company in 1983 and more than 4,200 in 1984. As a result Ok Tedi Mining Limited reached the target of 80 per cent localisation six years ahead of the agreed date with the State. Long after Ok Tedi has gone these new skills will be carried





From top: *Chicken farming, one of the new local businesses; biological data being recorded on Fly River Barramundi; Ok Tedi fish being collected for environmental research.*



Top: *The mining town of Tabubil;* **below from left:** *the Fly River port of Kiunga; roads were forged through jungle and mud; synthetic membrane was laid over unstable ground.*

on for the betterment of all PNG.

Ok Tedi Mining Limited is vitally concerned with the well-being of the general public in the mine area. Public feelings and attitudes are monitored and information about the effects of the mining operation is disseminated. Involvement of the local population is sought. Employment in part achieves this, but a far more successful means to this end has been local business development. The company employs a special team to deliberately develop locally-owned service companies to the mining operation, thus providing a larger base for more involvement.

Mining operations invariably give rise to environmental questions. Both short and long term environmental management policies have been formulated. Ok Tedi employs a multi-disciplinary environmental team whose job it is to collect and analyse data regarding potential problem areas.

In just over 20 years the Star Mountains have seen an incredibly complex mining operation, complete with 20th century computer technology, emerge from a hostile environment not far out of the Stone Age. Ok Tedi has brought the relatively unknown and remote Western Province of PNG to the attention of the world, providing an ongoing catalyst for further development. Ok Tedi was foreseen to be a cornerstone of the PNG economy, the stone is now in place for the building of an optimistic future.

* The original "Paradise" article was "Pot of Gold" by Noel Browne in September 1982.


BENSBACH RIVER
Daru
FLY RIVER
Kiunga
Ok Tedi Mine
Tari
PORT MORESBY
Mendi
Mt Hagen
Kundiawa
Vanimo
Goroka
Kainantu
Popondetta
SEPIK RIVER
Alotau
Wewak
Lae
Mada
Manila
Singapore
Manus
Kavieng
Vanimo
Rabaul
Wewak
Madang
Hoskins
Tabubil
Tari
Kundiawa
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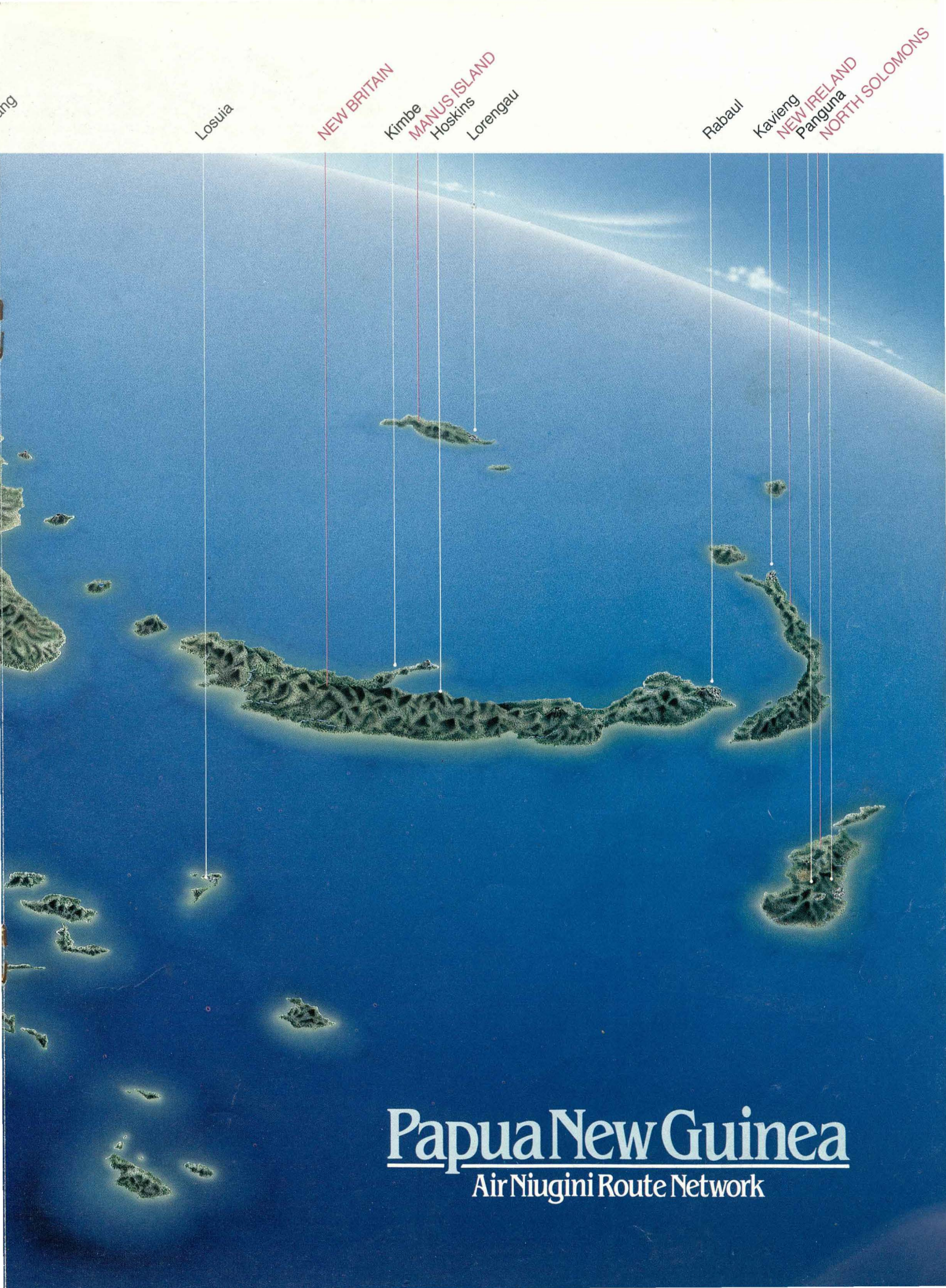
Daru
PORT MORESBY
Cairns
Brisbane
Sydney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Rabaul
Kavieng
NEW IRELAND
Panguna
NORTH SOLOMONS
Papua New Guinea
Air Niugini Route Network

FOOLS GOLD

Story by Jackson Rannells

Even in the boundless realm of end-of-the-rainbow dreams, this was a grandee.

The Golden Hole!

Right there under a spectacular waterfall – the last and largest of three falls in the chasm where the Ramu River spills out of Papua New Guinea's Eastern Highlands on its turbulent roll to the Bismarck Sea.

Prospectors had been panning gold out of the Ramu and its highland tributaries since the 1930s but always above those last falls and the widely boiling pool at its base. The dearth of gold below the pool was no mystery to knowing locals and prospectors. Coarse gold that washed out of the upstream skarn settled out and was trapped in that swirling 80 metre wide, 15 metre deep reservoir.

It was, indeed, A Golden Hole.

Many, of course, were tempted to test the legend. But none could figure out how to stop the Ramu as it hammered down the steep gorge.

The man who won the pool's gold hoard would need technical know-how, dogged persistence and a gambler's willingness to plunge when the time was right.

Such a man was George Kolorov. He could have been the figment of a creative novelist. Kolorov fought in the underground resistance against the Germans in his native Bulgaria during World War Two. He was captured, ordered killed but spared by American liberators. He came to Port Moresby in the 1950s as a surveyor on a hydro-electric project, branched into road construction and later built a hotel. He then lost it all when a circus he brought in from Australia flopped, and the hotel had to be sold to pay his debt. That's when Kolorov headed for the Ramu with the legend of the Golden Hole ringing in his head.

Kolorov is dead now. So is his major partner, a Western Australian miner named A.J. Clamp. But Clamp left a colorful journal account of their go-for-broke venture in the early 1970s.

"George wanted me to help him carry out the gold in a bucket from the big hole," Clamp recalled. "It sounded wonderful, but a lot happened after that."

Kolorov bought a mining lease for the precipitous Ramu Gorge, near Yonki on the Highlands Highway. The Ramu drops 800 metres in six river miles. Kolorov set to work surveying the river and falls, checking various schemes to divert water around the Golden Hole so it could be pumped dry and its wealth snatched away.

Clamp, used to relative flatlands, recalled with awe his one trip to the canyon.

"George and his gang could go down the mountainside in half an hour; but I being so soft and out of condition took about two hours to get down those 1000 feet, and mostly on my bottom, with one man and a big stick to help me.

"The roar of the fall drowned all noise except the occasional dynamite blasts. It was another world, the mist from the waterfalls, the sun going down at 3 o'clock and the uncanny feeling of being hemmed in," Clamp recalled.

Getting out of the gorge was more trying than getting in.

"George arranged for five men to help carry gear. One pulled me up with a bamboo stick, another was behind pushing and helping," Clamp recounted. "While having spells, I looked back and could see a very pregnant *meri* (woman) coming up with the men. I felt very puny."

Clamp handled details up top after that.

Kolorov's first problem was getting a compressor down those same steep canyon walls.

"He had to lower it by ropes, with the men hanging on like grim death. At one

Before and after views of the dewatering operation. The diversion flume and the two dams are shown.
In the bottom photograph the original water level can be seen at the junction of the light and dark areas on the rock wall.

stage they slipped, and George turned his head away, afraid to see the damage. But when he looked down, they were setting the machinery up on the side of the river. How the hell they got it down, he never knew. Drums of petrol and other supplies had to be taken down the same way."

Kolorov's crew of 30 men worked for six months drilling and blasting a bypass from a pool above the falls through solid rock. The 100 metre channel was two and a half metres wide and four metres deep.

By August 1972, Kolorov was ready to put his diversion scheme to test. It failed. "It seems that he made a very bad mistake in his survey levels, and one third of the water was still going over the falls," Clamp said. "He was very depressed."

"George then tried to blast out the entrance to the bypass so more water could get through the cut, but there was no change in the waterfall, so we decided a logjam across the falls was the only answer," Clamp recalled.

Kolorov's crew felled the tallest klinky pine from the surrounding slopes. After jamming it into place at the lip of the falls, the workers ran wire netting across the ribbing, by the plastic sheeting and finally the sandbags.

That did it! The Ramu's waters all flowed through the bypass.

According to Clamp, things began to look exciting at this stage. "George had pumps on hand ready to start pumping the water out of the big hole. But that very night a big storm high up in the mountains sent waters down and washed all his work away in a few hours. It was frustrating, but it did not stop George setting up another log jam."

This time the dam held.

"George was able to stop the falls and pump out a million gallons of water from the Golden Hole, working pumps day and night. He then put 150 *meris* to work, digging out the sand and carrying it up in bags to a high ledge above the river, where he had put in sluice boxes." Clamp noted that they had to work fast to get all the sand out before the drought broke and the river came in flood again.

The time for celebration was at hand. But there was nothing to cheer. Clamp's journal ends on a sad note.

"No nuggets or coarse gold could be found. Some gold in the sands, but very little. Plenty of large crevices on the bottom where gold could get away, but they could not get into them."

End-of-the-rainbow dreams don't die easily. Each potential find sparked new hopes and feverish work.

"At one point the workers broke into a cave inside the wall of the hole," Clamp recalled. "George was sure this was Aladdin's Cave. But they were very disappointed.

"So ended two years of hard work and frustrations, and the loss of many thousands of dollars. Also the dream of fabulous wealth on the bottom of the Golden Hole," Clamp reflected. "All the legends and stories of the old prospectors and local people were proved worthless."

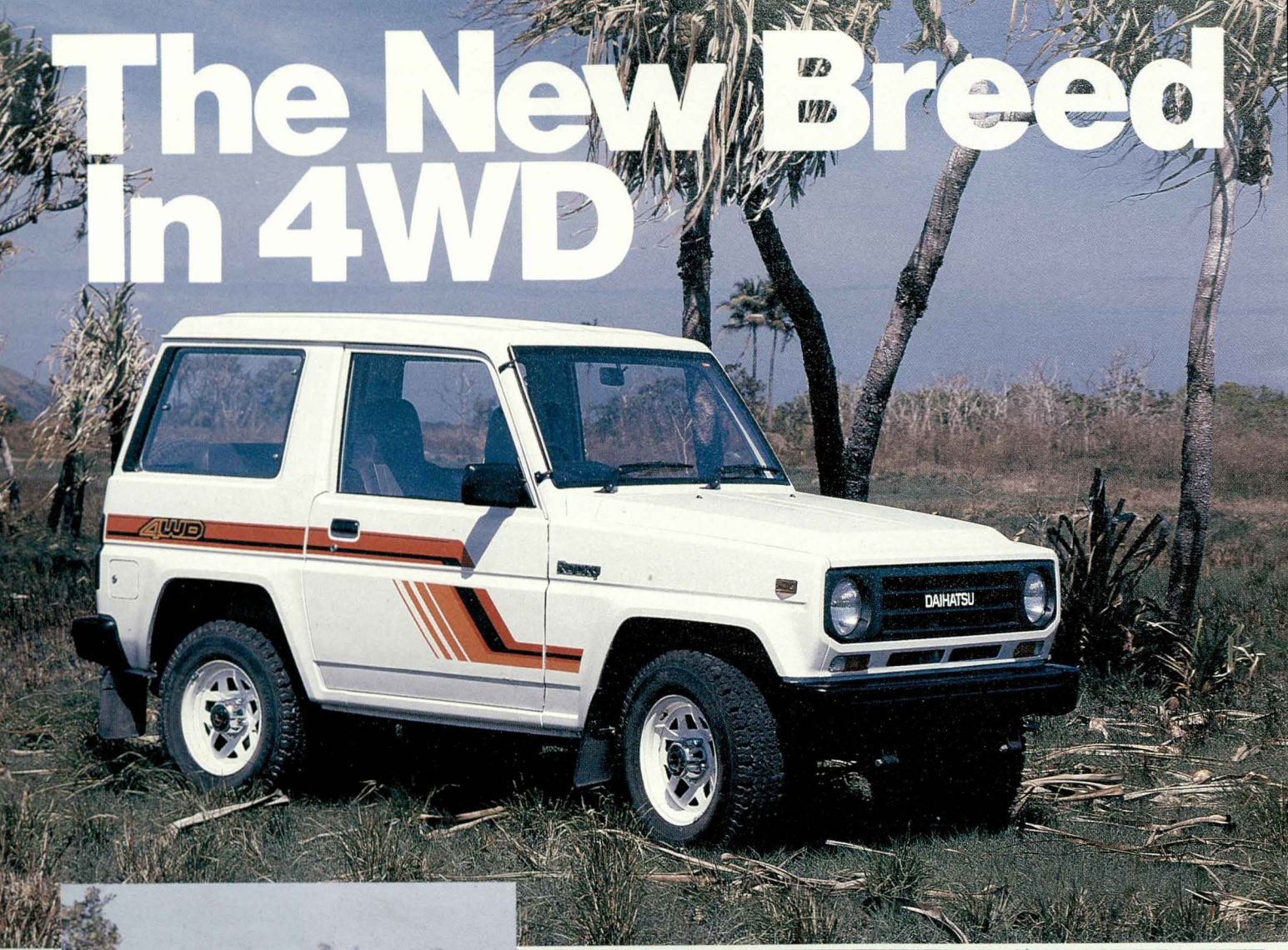
Clamp kept a small aspirin bottle of gold as his memento of the adventure. That plus his memories of the hellish trip into and out of the gorge.

Within weeks after Kolorov gave up his dream, the rain-swollen Ramu obliterated any trace of the log dam. The bypass channel remained, as did the pig dump of commercially unviable sand above the river's edge.

The falls have been stopped again, this time by a permanent dam at Yonki for the Ramu hydro-electric project which supplies electricity to the vast area from Lae to Mount Hagen in the Western Highlands.

But this time there is no George Kolorov, with that fanatic drive to see a legend come true. The Golden Hole is still a dream.

The New Breed In 4WD



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A MEMBER OF THE BURNS PHILP GROUP

from the PACIFIC FESTIVAL OF ARTS

Story by Victor Carell and photographs by Michael Riley/Rapport

An Arnhem Land aboriginal performs the spider dance.

Leaping to the centre of the stage, the dancer strutted back and forth shouting: "I am proud to be here. I ask you all to come with us to Papua New Guinea, to become one with us! Brothers and sisters of the South Pacific, I hope you enjoy our show."

And enjoyable it was. The booming of the large *garamut,* a huge slit gong drum came first, then the mesmeric sound of the many *kundu* accompanying the massed dancers with their swaying headdresses as they leapt and turned, each beating his hand-held drum.

PNG's performances at the Fourth Pacific Festival of Arts in Tahiti showed audiences that it is still one of the richest sources of dance and culture in the world today. While other countries struggle to resurrect their ancient lore, PNG retains much culture that is a continuing part of village life.

The Fourth Pacific Festival of Arts showed that the ideals of the first Festival in 1972 have borne fruit. Throughout the Pacific area there is a tremendous surge of pride in ancestry and craftsmanship. The Mekeo dancer from PNG was the epitome of this ideal. With his splendid face make-up, red and gold

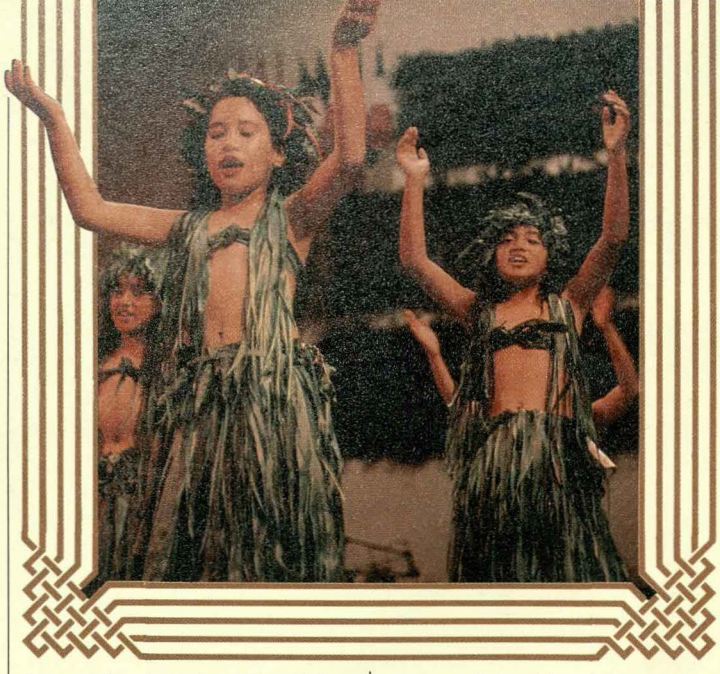
Bird of Paradise headdress and dignified movements, he held the audience spellbound.

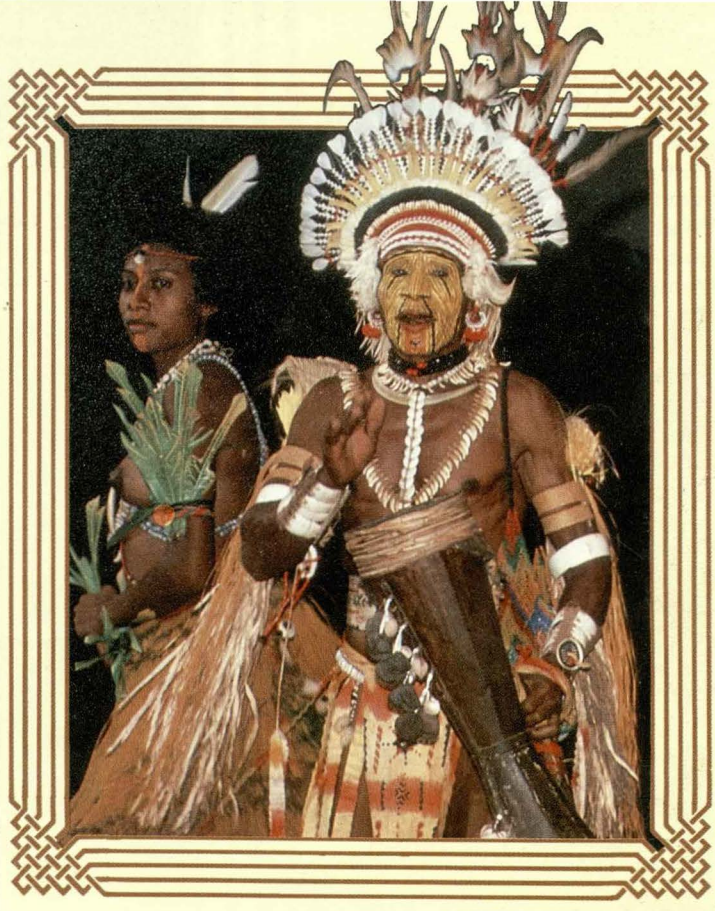
On the same program was an interesting presentation by Manoa Rasigatale of Fiji. The country's various ethnic groups showed its remarkable achievement in cultivating multi-racial harmony. Performing as a total unit, each showed off its own traditions – graceful Chinese girls danced with their fans; joyful Rotuman men and women danced in groups; Indian musicians played their classic instruments and Manoa's own renowned Dance Theatre of Fiji excited the audience with its superb mime-acting and dancing. As a finale, the group was drawn together in the Fijian farewell song, *Isa Lei*.

The evening closed with a delightfully entertaining Maori group from the Te Arawa tribe in Rotorua, New Zealand who presented a program of action songs, poi dances and hakas, concert-party style. They also gave an expert demonstration of the many uses of *harakeke* (Phormium Tenax), the flax leaves of New Zealand which are used for weaving, clothing-making rope, string and medicine.

Much was offered at the Festival. There were the pipes of pan played perfectly with glissandos and rhythms by the Solomon Islanders. There was charm in the small children of Nauru; gentility in the bare breasted Micronesians from Palau and power in the Western Samoan *sasa* slap dancing. There were the New Caledonians whose whistling and song-chanted rhythms moved like the force of the wind.

An outstanding success was the impact made by the Cook Islands National Arts Theatre erupting onto the giant outdoor stage in the centre of downtown Papeete. The 130 magnificently-dressed members kept the audience excited with a non-stop production. However, the troupe reached



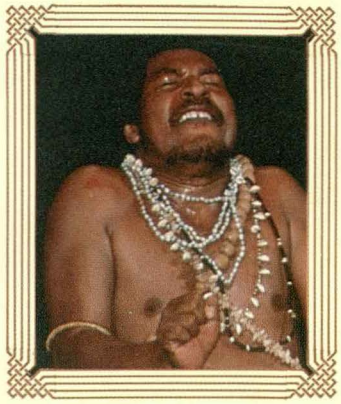


its professional peak with a performance at the indoor Otac Theatre. This included drama, the re-enactment of legends and comedy as well as traditional *ute* chanting, stirring drum dances and the lyric singing of the *pe'e lament Taku Manu E.*

Everyone at the Festival was impressed by the quality and size of the *tapa* (bark cloth) brought by American Samoa. It was more than 50 metres long and together with hundreds of finely woven mats was used to dramatise the gift giving aspect of an ancient Samoan ceremony. The 140 members of the group gave a number of fine choral performances which were interspersed with traditional *siva* dances, firestick juggling, *taua'lung* dances and the *ma'u'ulu* – a seated dance with the Taupo princess starring in the centre.

The 1985 Festival of Arts was opened by the President of the Territorial Government of French Polynesia, Gaston Flosse, at Pater Stadium, Papeete on June 29 before performers from the 22 participating countries. It was an historic day of many "firsts", all carefully arranged for maximum effect. Coinciding with the Festival's opening, June 29 also became the official opening of the 1985 July Fete and Tahiti's first annual "Self-government Celebration Day".

Speaking after President Flosse, PNG's Minister of Culture, Paul Kamot, who represented the Third Festival of Arts held in Port Moresby in 1980, said: "Today is another demonstration of the oneness, the sense of Pacific people's belonging to one race of people despite cultural diversities." He emphasised that, unlike the South Pacific Games, where "one group competes for the winning of a particular sport, this motive has not been adopted in past Festivals, nor in the present one and nor will it be in future Festivals."



Clockwise from top: *Nauruan children; Mekeo dancers; Micronesian dance group; PNG mime artist; children's dance group; Maori poi dancer.*

Papeete was a brilliant choice for the Festival. It is endowed with not only balmy weather and excellent facilities for the performing arts, but possesses a mad, occasionally frustrating but always gay atmosphere. Sheer luxury blends right alongside its sometimes shabby footpaths or littered allotments. Clustered parked cars are left at any angle upon footpaths typically ignoring the "Stationment Strictment Interdit" signs.

The ubiquitous Le Truck moved Festival visitors quickly to the various venues from the Otac Grand or Little Theatres to the great Salle Valente at Ta'aone or to the Craft Centre.

Performances were held every afternoon at Point Venus and on the opposite side of Tahiti at the Museum of Tahiti and the Islands. They were made memorable by the scenic views of hills, sparkling waters, lacey ironwood trees and the colorfully-dressed audiences. Always there as a backdrop was the legendary breathtakingly beautiful island of Moorea.

The Festival also included a Craft Centre. It was a large village of thatched buildings where various countries exhibited and sold crafts, artifacts and fine art. Men and women displayed their skills with carving, plaiting, weaving, painting, incising and by building canoes and houses. The Cook Islands display included a large number of *rito* plaited hats and pearl shell fans with *rito* plaited wide fringed edges. PNG showed Sepik wooden silhouette carvings, some classic Sepik masks and bilums. The Australian aborigines in-

cised emu eggs and created traditional bark paintings and New Zealand presented carved wooden panels in ancient Maori style, *piu piu skirts*, *taniko* woven bands and a most unusual Kiwi-feathered bag of woven flax. Most other countries displayed their typical plaited mats and bags, woven baskets and fish traps, *tapa* cloth and stone adzes –all of good quality. Truly different in style were the Easter Island stone and wood carvings.

Other activities held during the Festival were displays of Pacific stamps, a week of Pacific films, some delightful Papua New Guinean mime-drama and traditional giftgiving ceremonies. The New Zealand, Easter Island, Cook Island and Samoa contingents all presented gifts to their Tahitian "cousins".

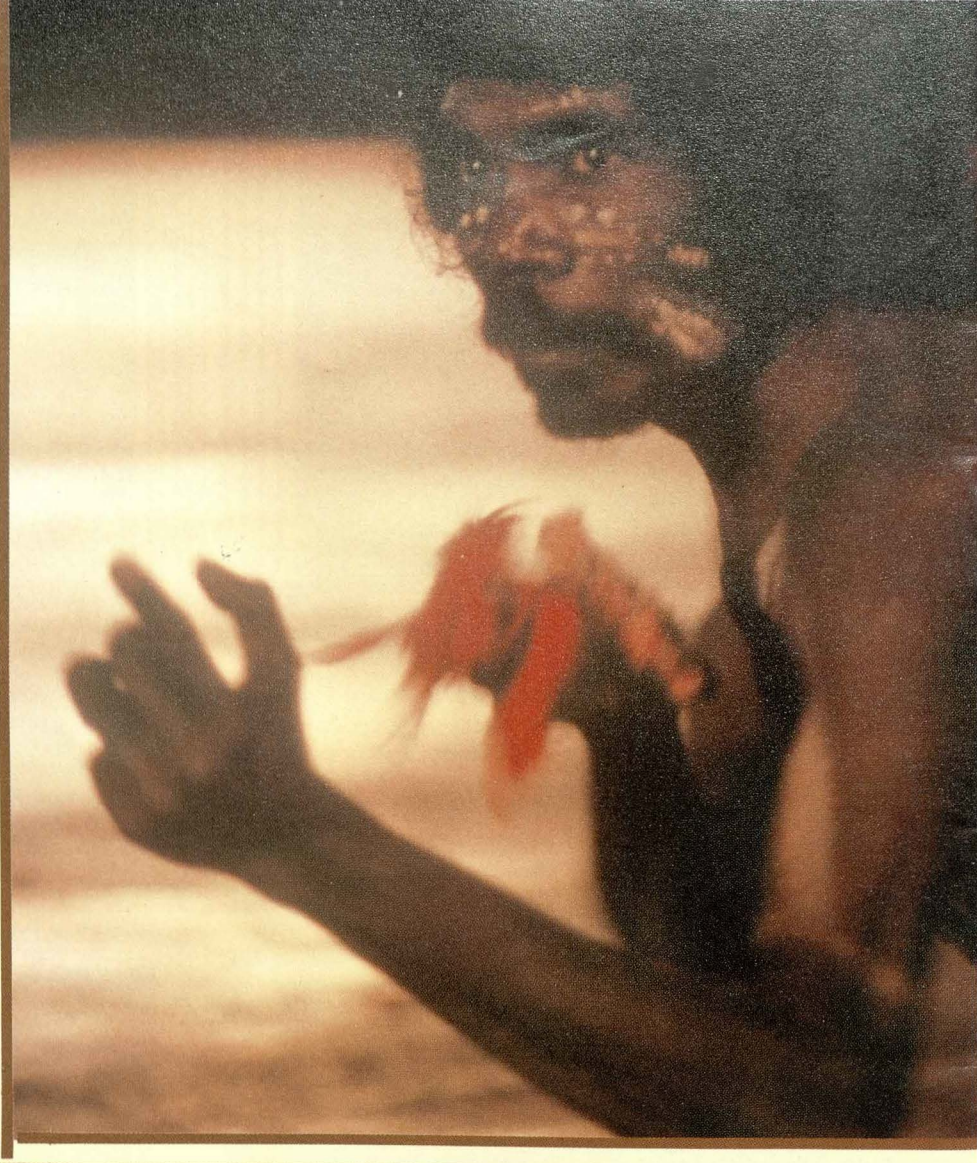
Most of the groups showed an increased awareness of how best to present their performances within a traditional style and how knowledgeable they were about the importance of retaining their ancient customs. It was interesting to note the vigour and power of the more pristine people's dancing and song-chants, and to trace through the Festival the losses of some of the lore in the more "developed" countries.

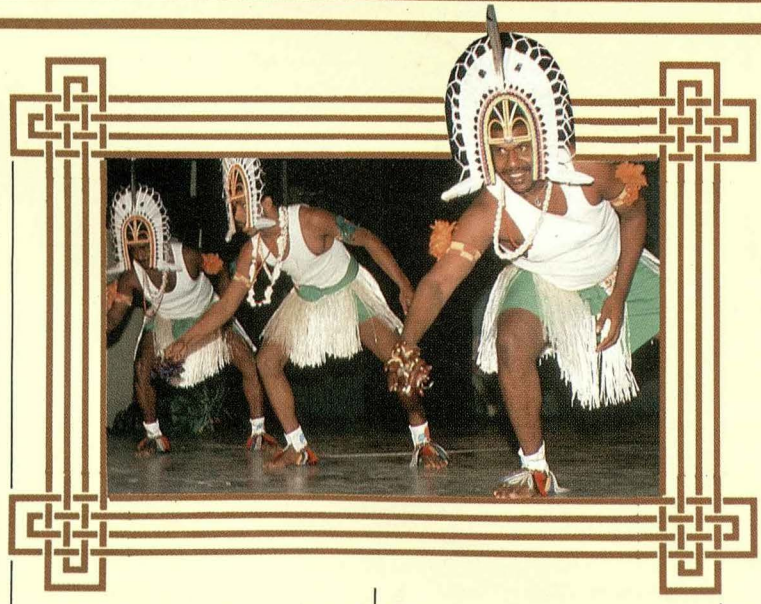
It was good to see the geographic enlarging of the Festival. In 1972 the format included only the South Pacific Commission countries. Since then Hawaii, Micronesia and Easter Island have joined with unusual offerings. Among the more "different" performances was the surprising beauty of the scroll-design tatooing painted on the nude bodies of the men of Rapanui, Easter Island. Later on in their production the full company appeared wearing white, floor-length feathered fingers as kilts. They danced 19th century Chilean-Spanish waltzes in the style of Polynesian hip-circling action songs and war dances.

Despite the short four months they had for preparation, the Tahitian organisers of the Festival brought off a real "coup". The program was professional and the Festival was strongly supported by prominent leaders from the Oceanic area. The Governor of Easter Island, the archaeologist Sergio Rapu gave lectures; and among the visitors were the Governor General of Fiji, Ratu Sir Penaia Ganilau and the Deputy Prime Minister of the Cook Islands, the Hon. Geoffrey Henry.

The aims of the first Festival in 1972 were to encourage and inspire the retention of the best elements in the ancient cultures of Pacific countries.

All this has been augmented through the following Festivals. In Tahiti 1985 the hundreds of happy, smiling performers showed the world once more that in the Pacific – joy, friendship, love and a "helping hand" – are still their way of life. May this continue to the next Pacific Festival of Arts in Townsville, Australia in 1988 and throughout future Festivals. Congratulations Tahiti!





Top: *Aboriginal spider dancer;*
below: *Torres Straits Islanders.*

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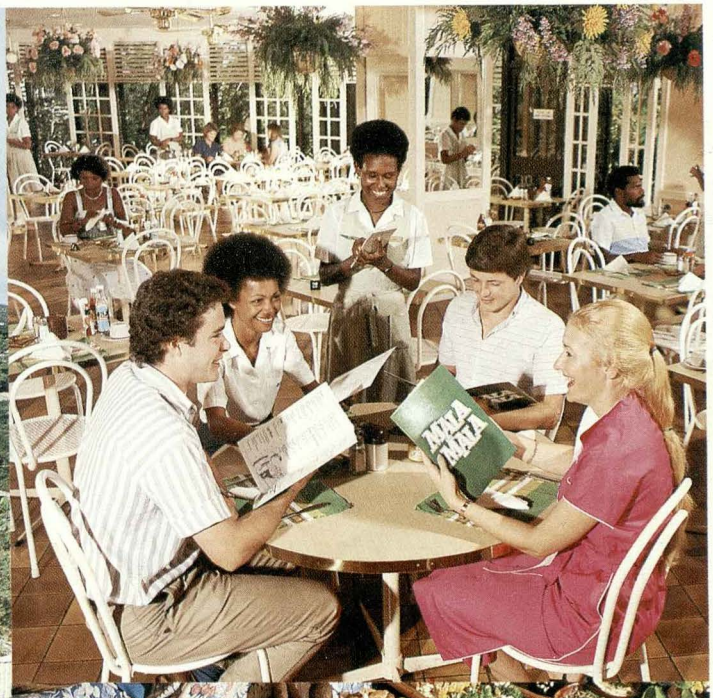

Location is one reason. Overlooking the capital, it has sweeping views of the bustling harbour one side and beautiful Ela Beach the other. The city centre is a two minute stroll and the airport a twenty minute drive.

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QUEENSLAND'S New Face

Story by Alan Murray and pictures by Stephen Nutt

There's a very successful television advertisement doing the rounds these days.

"What do you like about Queensland," says the jingle, "what makes it such a great state..."

The word around the cold stores and the bar floors is that this particular advertisement has been about the best thing to happen to beer since they invented bottles.

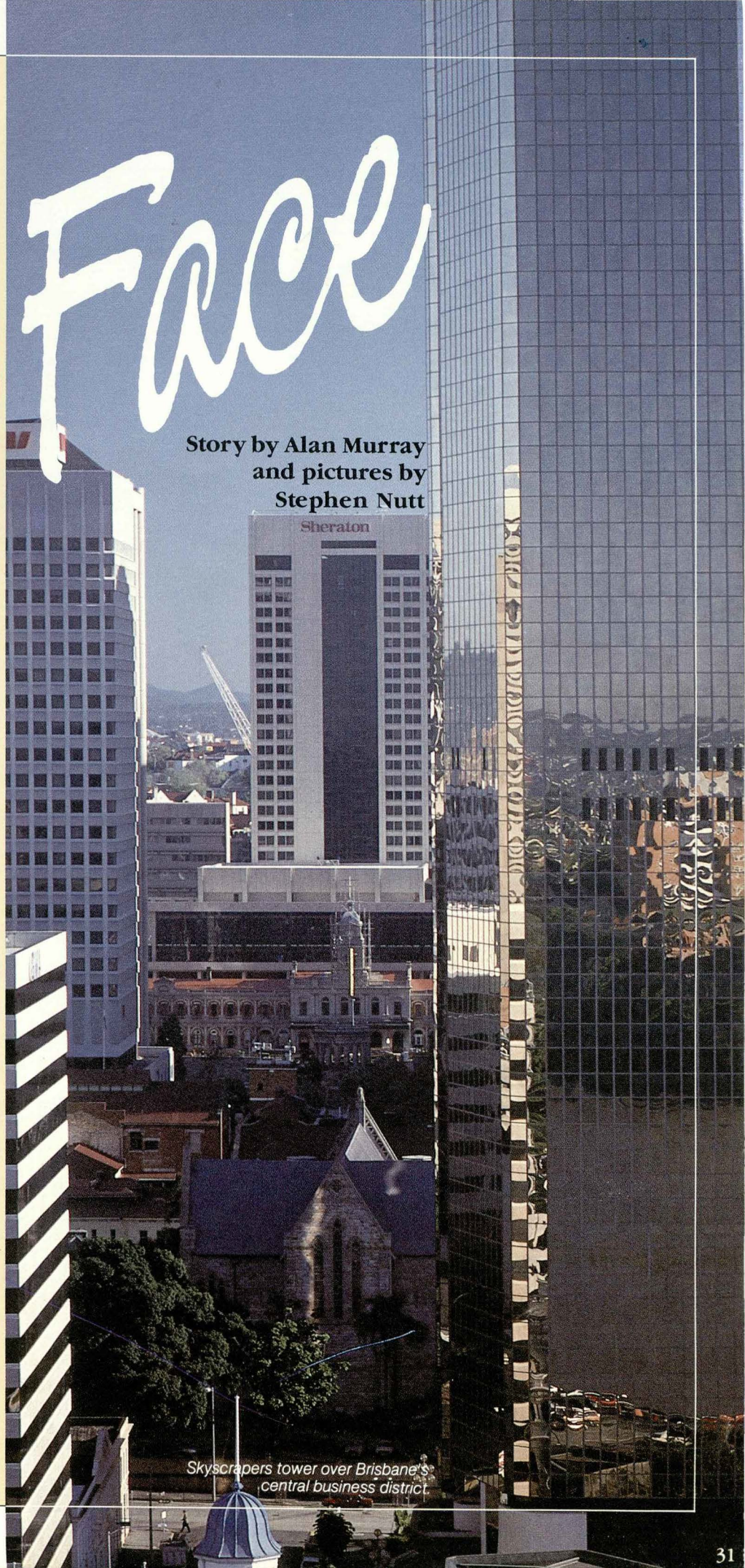
Amber aside, the jingle - with its backdrops of bush, beach beauties, surf and sand - has also done a fair bit to sell Queensland when the state is bidding for the 1987 World Student Games, the 1992 Olympic Games, and is on the home straight with its 1988 Bicentennial World Exposition.

It's a time when Queensland is more than "the Sunshine State". These days it's more of a "State of Transition".

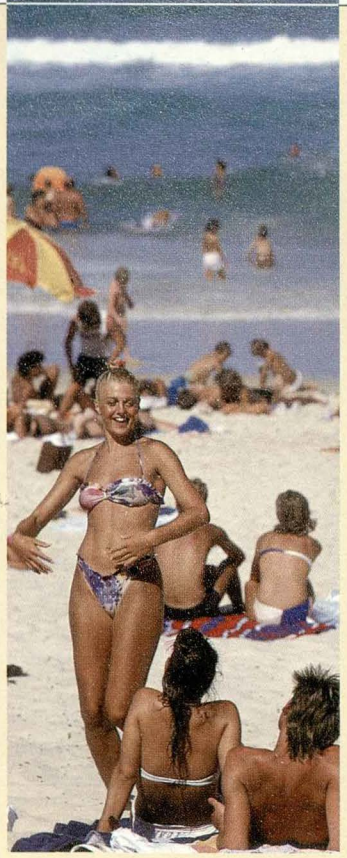
The transition has been slow in the making. But it's real enough ... all the way from Cape York to Coolangatta and out to the empty curved horizon of the west.

The change has been brought about by a whole sway of circumstances. The flow of wealth from the vast mineral deposits. The expansion of tourist facilities and the accompanying inflow of visitors. The ever-so-chummy Commonwealth Games with their saturation media coverage and seemingly equitable distribution of golds, silvers and bronzes. The growing number of interstate and international flights through improved airport facilities at Cairns, Brisbane and Townsville ... they all played their part so that now Queensland is a dozen destinations rolled into one, a comfortable combination of old and new.

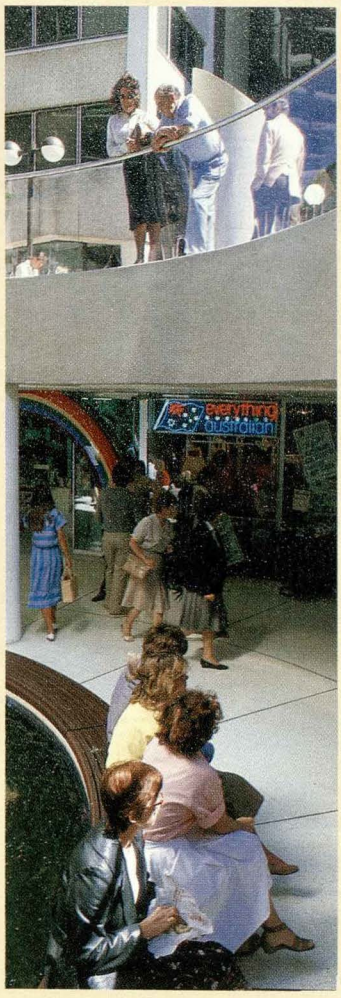
The new, for most folks, is wrapped round by the tinsel of the Gold Coast. And it's on the coast that this quest for today's Queensland begins.



Skyscrapers tower over Brisbane's central business district.



Left: *Modern development on the Gold Coast;* **centre:** *sun worshippers on Surfers Paradise beach;* **right:** *a corner of Brisbane's Post Office Square.*



Saturday morning in Surfers Paradise. Sandwiched between the site of the new casino to the east and the South Pacific Ocean is Charlie's. It's an open-air eatery smack bang in the centre of Australia's top holiday haunt.

To the left, a couple of lady bowlers, white leg horns. To the right, a designer-dressed suicide blonde – dyed by her own hand, as my dour dad would say – more buxom than bosomy.

Her wrists and neck are a cascade of gold chains, chokers, bangles and bracelets.

Straight ahead, a couple of willowy sorts with false fingernails but real talons with swimsuits split to the waist and smiles courtesy of Colgate. Nearby, a couple of those depressingly muscled and bronzed surfies contemplating the prospect of getting up to no good – preferably with the Colgate crew – as soon as possible.

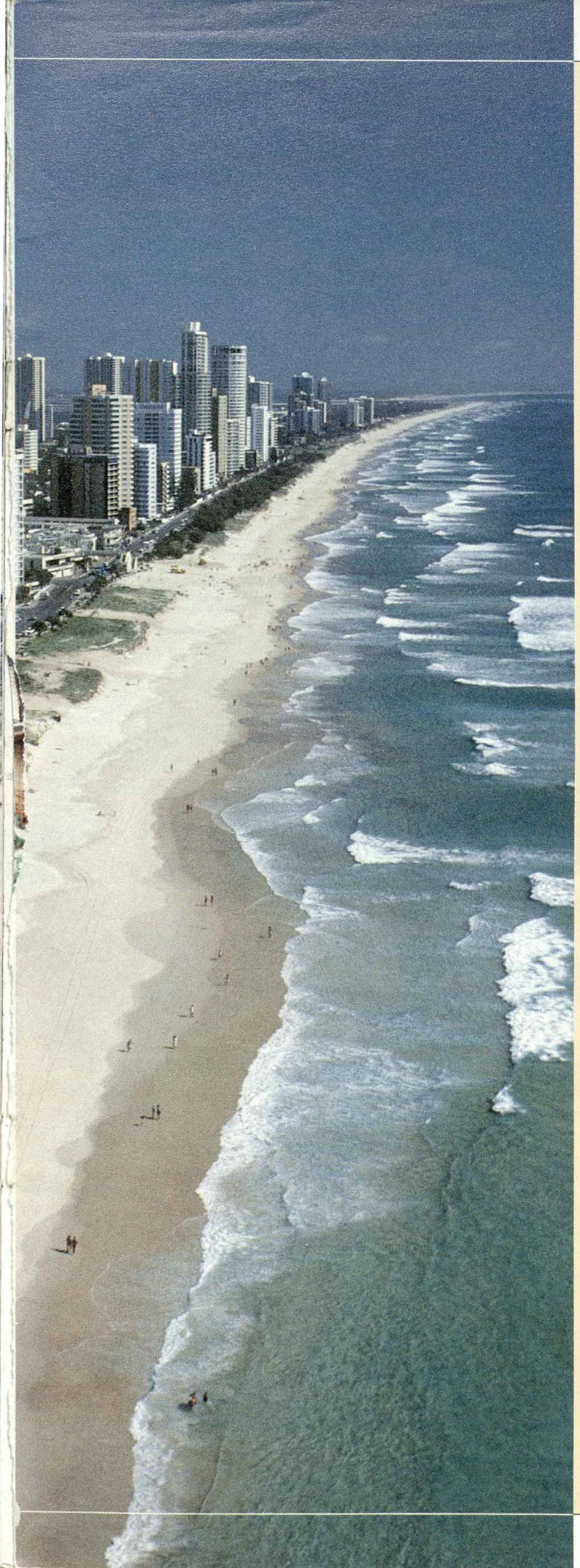
There and then the Gold Coast had something for everybody ... lawn bowls, boutiques, birds for blokes, blokes for birds, and more.

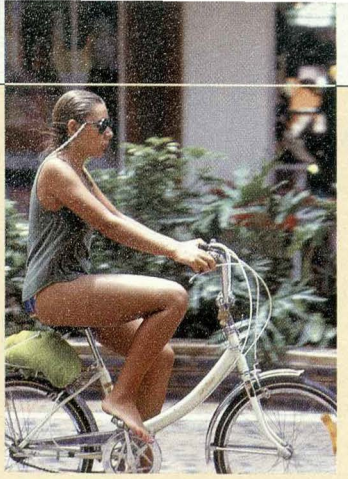
Later, at the after dark discos (Mad Mary's Meat Market is memorable for its name alone) the beat would go on and on, and on. Sightseeing tours would depart round the clock. There would be the "Midnight Cowboy" club tour and, wait for it, even a cruise aboard the "Lady Diana".

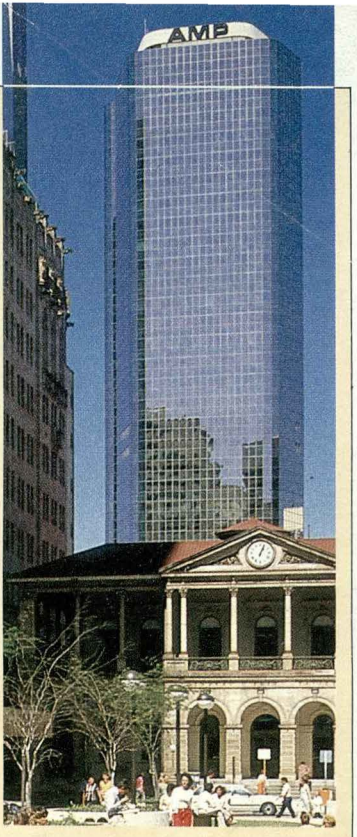
The Coast also has its aviation museum, a wax museum, a nearby African lion park, galleries galore, a bird sanctuary, and "boomerang farm".

It's all traditional holiday stuff ... good times, sunscreen cream, late nights and red eyes in the morning. But it's changing.

Fairly soon the Gold Coast will have its own casino and convention centre. Japanese investors, too, are pouring millions into a new hotel development, prompting the observation that Tokyo and Takayama tourists with a yen for a good time will soon be flocking south by the jumbo load.







Left: *Kilometres of beachfront apartments on the Gold Coast;* **centre:** *cycling around Surfers Paradise;* **right:** *the old and the new in Brisbane's centre;* **below:** *busy Queen Street Mall in Brisbane.*

The transition isn't however, only apparent along the coastal holiday strip. Brisbane, less than an hour to the north, is more than the dreary, sticky staging point it once was. Folks who remember the old town as the drab suburb beyond the transit lounge of Eagle Farm Airport might take time out now to browse through the state capital's new riverbank art gallery and cultural centre.

There's always the chance too, that a weekend visit could be dovetailed into some top-class sporting events hosted at quality venues built for the Commonwealth Games.

Downtown, the development of the Queen Street Mall has given the city sidewalks back to the people – particularly on Friday nights when the place really jumps with buskers, a fire-eater who comes and goes in a puff of smoke, out-of-towners on the prowl, and tribes of spiky-haired youngsters who seem more a threat to themselves than society at large.

Still in the central city area, a new Sheraton Hotel opened its doors not so long ago. Now there's word of a Brisbane Hilton doing business by 1986. In all, about $300 million worth of developments will be completed in the next 12 months.

There has, naturally been a price to pay. And, sadly, a fair proportion of Brisbane's grand old buildings have been battered down to make way for the new. Nevertheless, some of the state's best colonial architectural heritage remains.

Probably the best example is Newstead House, set on the breast of a hill above a bend in the river. Afternoon tea there is still a reassuringly genteel experience – particularly for a soul jaded by a morning on the Gold Coast or an evening in the Queen Street Mall.

In pockets around the city and even in the city are brick and mortar reminders of an earlier and less hurried time ... Bardon House, that bastion of the "establishment" known as the Queensland Club, and the main post office with its Corinthian columns.

Meanwhile in Fortitude

Valley, once Brisbane's tawdry, more pink-light than deep red-light district – there's a whole new slant on inner city redevelopment. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent on the creation of Queensland's very own Chinatown. Sure, there'll be the mandatory Golden Dragon and Jade Palace restaurants but, in addition, there are murmurings about Chinese crockery, crafts, silks and screen prints shops. A good indication of just how grand Chinatown could turn out to be is that it's being put together by Brisbane's tight-knit Chinese community ... a community that isn't in the habit of backing losers.

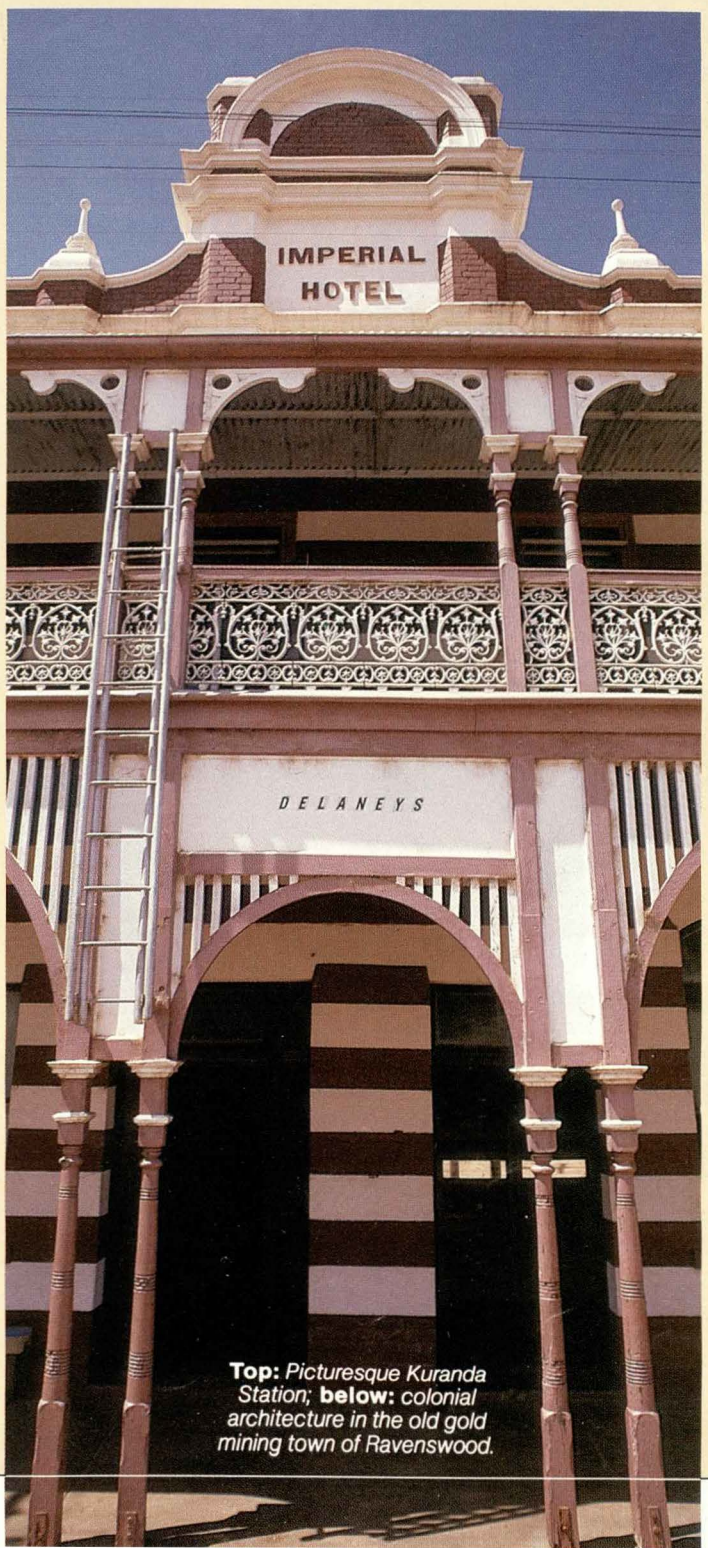
But perhaps it's away from the densely populated south-east corner of the state that the changes overtaking Queensland are most apparent. It's in the far north in centres like Cairns and Townsville, where the changes are producing paradoxes that in themselves, are an attraction for the visitor.

Probably it would take the toss of a coin to settle any debate on the competing claims of Townsville and Cairns for the title of Queensland's northern capital.

Both boast first-class and relatively new civic theatre complexes which have transformed the performing arts in the north. Both have improved international airport facilities. If Cairns has better big game fishing, Townsville might well have some very fine, safe sailing beaches. While Cairns is a hop, step, and hire car away from the summer coolness of the Atherton Tablelands, Townsville is an easy access point for swift sorties to the historic gold rush towns of Charters Towers and Ravenswood.

The two cities have done well as starting points for day trips to the more established island resorts – Townsville serves Magnetic Island and Cairns serves Green Island. Indeed, more than ever before, tourism and its associated service industries are underpinning the Queensland economy north of the Tropic of Capricorn.

In recent years hotel and motel construction in both centres has been quite staggering. Certainly there's nobody around who is game enough to put an exact dollar value on how much has been spent on providing beds for the night in the north. Equally staggering might be the sums spent on either upgrading or establishing island resorts.



Top: *Picturesque Kuranda Station;* **below:** *colonial architecture in the old gold mining town of Ravenswood.*

Bedarra Island is an exclusive hideaway that equals anything on offer around the Pacific rim ... alas, it has the reputation of costing an arm and a leg and possibly one or two fingers. As always, luxury doesn't come cheaply.

Nearby Dunk Island, among Australia's better-known sand-circled playgrounds, has been further improved by the addition of more creature comforts for year-round sunseekers.

Onshore, some of the sting has been taken out of northern travel by a steady, if slow, upgrading of major roads. The improvements are part of a nationwide bicentennial highway project. While the aim is to have a vastly improved road system by Australia's 200th "birthday" in 1988, it has to be admitted – in fairness to potential visitors – that progress on a few sections has been slow enough to warrant the suggestion that "bicentennial" really means the job isn't scheduled for completion for another 200 years!

In the main, though the highways to, through, and beyond Townsville and Cairns are a boon ... particularly for people planning a pause around the Cairns hinterland. The ride up to Cooktown, for example, isn't the complete nightmare it once was. In places it's a downright pleasant drive.

The winding way up to the high country of the Atherton Tablelands, with its dams and dairy farms, is a pleasure too – perhaps more so since it eventually snakes by that grand old watering hole, the Lake Eacham Hotel and its fireplaces, loungeroom piano, and invariably crowded and friendly bar. Up in the heights, also, is Kuranda with its picturesque railway station and weekly street markets.

And there's Herberton, a

Top left: *Deserted mine shaft at Ravenswood;* **top right:** *parrots in outback Queensland;* **below:** *old cowboy, new mount.*

Tablelands town with a frontier history every bit as raw as the mines that prodded it into prominence a century or so ago. Herberton, in essence, is a pointer to the past.

For a while the new has a firm grip on the narrow coastal strip almost in the shadow of the hills, the old still holds sway elsewhere in the north.

Lean-limbed loners with saddle-strap suntans, patch-pocket shirts, sweat-banded slouch hats, and profiles, reminiscent of the late Peter Finch on a good day, still muster scrub cattle and devour Zane Grey novels in the scrawny country that rolls and unfolds towards the north-west. Towns like Croydon and Georgetown – inkspots that punctuate a black line on the map between Cairns and the Gulf of Carpentaria – still survive ... somehow.

Croydon's fortunes came and went with gold before the turn of the century. Today all that remains of a truly glittering past is a collection of buildings and some street kerbing ... conjuring up images of a poor spinster clinging to the memory of her one lover who briefly wooed then went away without so much as a lingering farewell.

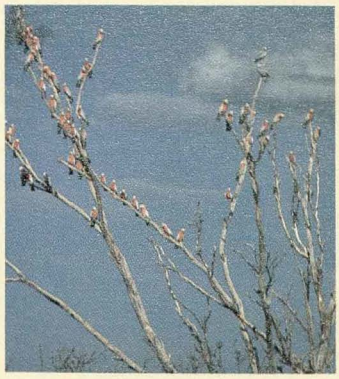
A visit to Croydon, then, isn't of value for what is there. No, the value of a visit lies in pondering what has taken little more than a lifetime to vanish – the two pharmacies, six draperies, two mattress-makers, four hairdressers, eighteen hotels, two photographers, eleven sharebrokers ...

For with any visit today comes the understanding that transition has been very much a two-way street in Queensland.

A century ago the inland boomed. From around the world came scores of thousands who sought to coax their fortunes from the gold fields or from the parcels of uncleared potential pastoral land either up for grabs or bestowed in the form of political patronage.

A few gougers achieved fortune. Some attained fame. A very few managed both.

All that glittered wasn't, however, gold. The boom towns lost their 'Midas' touch when either the gold or the technology ran out on them ... so that they've gone back to basics.



Today it's the coastal strip that has the 'Midas' touch ... with its huge tourism growth, the moves by Brisbane into the international sporting arena via the Commonwealth Games, the hoped-for World Student Games and the Olympic Games, the mind-bending race to establish convention facilities...

The latter-day gougers and grabbers are still, nonetheless, after fortunes. A few have already achieved a measure of regional fame.

The paths to fortune and fame may, who can say, even be the same in 1985 – commercial toughness and political patronage in its many forms.

Perhaps, on reflection, Queensland always straddled the old and the new. It's just that both are so much more accessible today.

Maybe, getting back to the jingle we started with, that's what folks like about Queensland ... that's what makes it such a great state.

Air Niugini operates four F28 jet services from Port Moresby to Cairns and two wide-body A300 flights to Brisbane each week.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

1975 - 1985

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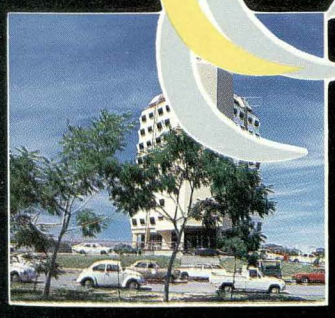
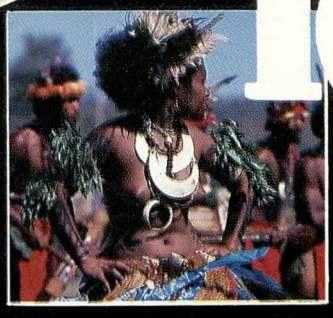
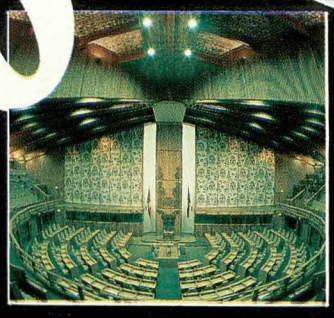
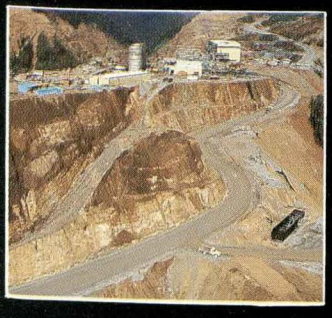






Ten years on....



During September 1985, Papua New Guinea celebrated its Tenth Anniversary of Independence. Commemorative Souvenir Programmes are available.

**10th Anniversary of Independence Advisory Committee,
Director: LEITH ANDERSON,
P.O. Box 4970, Boroko, Papua New Guinea.**

Flying High

by Jackson Rannells

Papua New Guinea has a proud history of aviation for exploration, settlement and, even now, its lifeblood communication.

But a lanky 24-year-old Port Moresby businessman named Graham Stowell is giving this heritage a new dimension.

Stowell is de facto Southern Hemisphere champion in the exacting world of radio-controlled model aeroplane aerobatics.

With his sleek, self-designed model *"Balus"* he has competed in many world championships.

Balus is the Melanesian Pidgin word for dove or aeroplane.

Stowell finished 32nd out of 64 contestants in his first try at the world crown in 1981. He improved that to 28th out of 70 at the last biennial go-around in 1983, when he beat all competitors from south of the equator.

Stowell stands in open awe of the European masters of the sport.

"They have such amazing control," he says.

Aerobatics is nothing if not control.

Contestants put their planes through a rigorous sequence of 22 stunts, one flowing to the next, in a series of high speed passes before the judging stand.

Square loops. Snap rolls. Stall turns. Four-point rolls. Six-sided loops. Square eights. Triple inverted spins. Click. Click. Click. Control is all in judging the action-packed seven to eight minute flights.

"There's no relaxing," Stowell explained during a recent practice at the scenic Bomana racetrack midway between Port Moresby's airport and the volcanic outcroppings of the Sogeri Plateau.

In the world championships, the same 22-stunt pattern must be flown six consecutive days.

"It's nerve racking," Stowell says. "There's no warming up. You have two minutes to start your engine. If anything goes wrong, that's it for that round. You're so psyched up, especially if you've built the plane yourself."

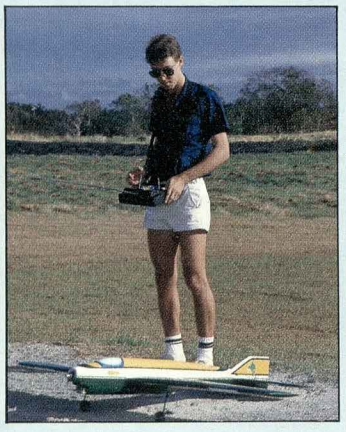
Stowell is flying his ninth version of *Balus*. Each one has included design improvements over its predecessors.

Balus has a wingspan of close to two metres and is nearly as long. Its powerful three-horsepower engine can push it through incredible manoeuvres.

Stowell says it takes him three hours of work a night for three months to craft the model from balsa wood, plywood and fibreglass. The parts, including the engine and radio gear, cost about 800 kina.

Stowell's choice of *"Balus"* as the name for his model aeroplane symbolises the fact that, while he is a British citizen, he considers Papua New Guinea his permanent home.

He started model building to fill seemingly empty hours when he first arrived in PNG nine years ago with his father, Charles Stowell, a ground engineer for Air Niugini. Now that hobby has blossomed not only into a cabinet full of trophies



but also a business as a model builder and supplier.

PNG has advantages and disadvantages for Stowell's aerobatics hobby. Balmy year-long weather is the plus. The distance from competition is the minus.

Stowell makes three or four sorties out of the country each year to keep up his competitive edge. He is reigning New Zealand champion and won the Australian championships the last three times he competed.

How does he keep a world-class edge without constant competition?

"It's all discipline," Stowell says. "You go out every day and act as if you're in a competition.

"I keep flight logs every day of everything that goes wrong. You have to fix it. I have the experience to criticise myself. Like any sport, you have to be honest with yourself."

Before a world championship, Stowell steps up the tempo of his practices to three a day, five days a week. He runs through the full 22-stunt sequences twice each practice. "That's about the limit of your concentration," he says.

Watching him, you sense that he is soaring with *Balus*. Does he fly real planes?

Yes, Stowell says. He has taken the control of friends' planes and once even considered training as a pilot. But the school closed before he got there, and he decided instead to go into model making on a full-time basis. Stowell's shop 'GS Model Construction' is in Port Moresby's Badilli section. He serves about 200 serious model builders throughout the country. In addition, he is a world supplier of New Britain balsa wood.

The rest of Stowell's life is anything but small-scale.

He is a top grade squash player and, at night, he plays rhythm guitar in Reflex, a popular Port Moresby band.

"That's what I relax with," he says.

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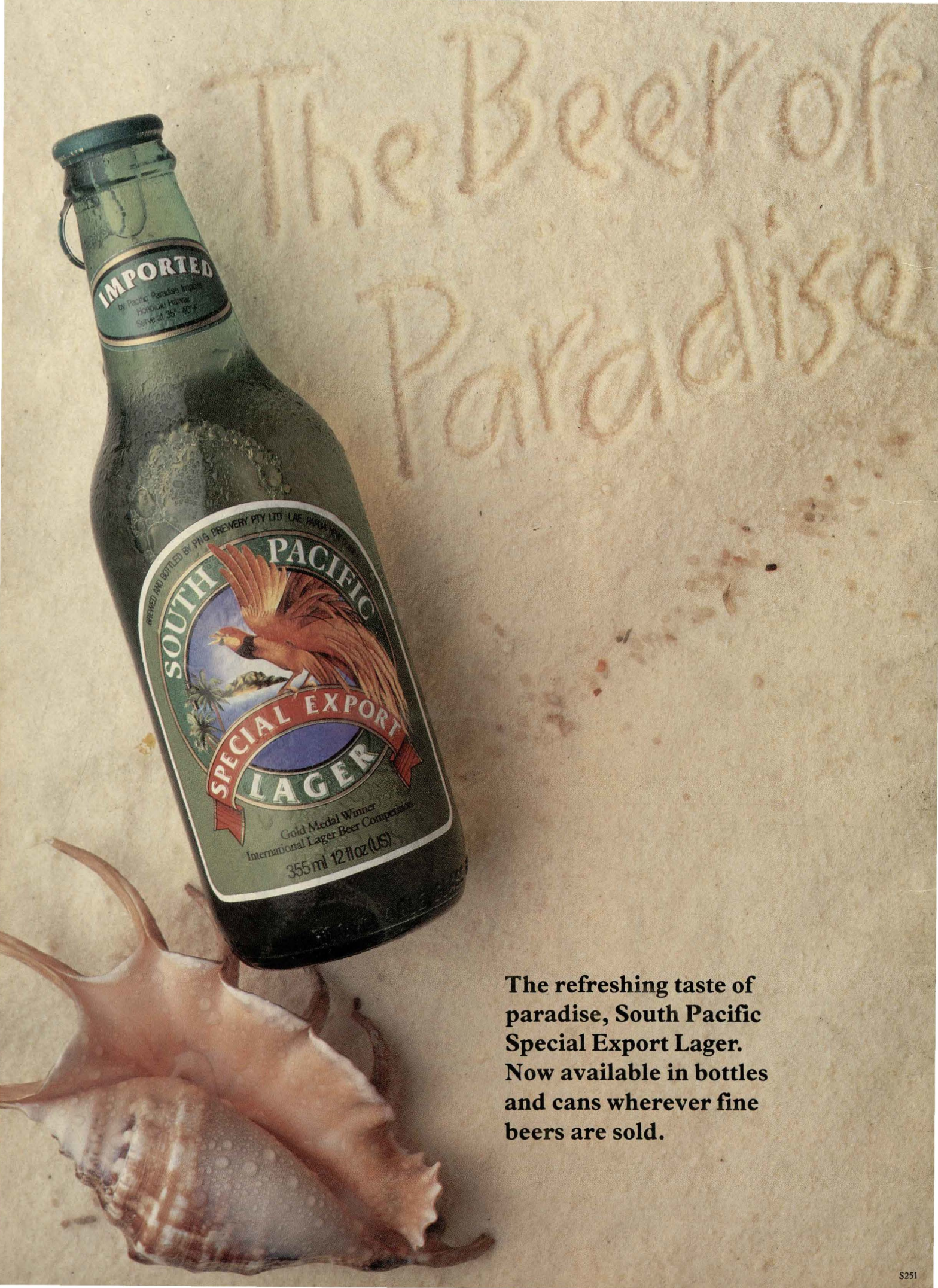

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