



News

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Photo © Bob Campbell
Dian, Coco, & Pucker

Dian Fossey

1932-1985

Twenty years after her tragic murder, how do her friends remember her life and work?



Photo © Bob Campbell
Dian's research notes

A Letter from IPPL's Chairwoman Shirley McGreal

Twenty years ago, on 26 December 1985, IPPL's great friend Dian Fossey was cruelly murdered in her cabin at the Karisoke Research Center in Rwanda that she had founded. Dian was a pioneer—one of the late Louis Leakey's three ape scholars. She had succeeded in studying the mountain gorillas of the Virunga Volcanoes, forever ending the false portrayal of gorillas as "dangerous beasts" in the media and in self-glorifying reports emanating from the big game hunters who shot gorillas.

I had corresponded with Dian since 1977 and finally met her in person at the Leakey Foundation symposium held in 1978 in Charleston, South Carolina. Dian was an impressive lecturer, and she loved it when members of



Dian and I in conversation at a 1981 wildlife conference.

the audience encouraged her to make gorilla sounds. Dian was always asking me to visit Karisoke, but I kept postponing my trip, a decision I have come to regret.

I remember the phone call I received from Ann Pierce in the early morning of December 27. Ann told me, "Dian is dead." At first we assumed she had died of pneumonia resulting from her constant smoking and from living for years in a cold, wet environment. Only later did we learn that she had been brutally murdered.

In honor of the 20th anniversary of Dian's death, we have assembled these articles about her and hope you will find them

interesting. Unfortunately, since Dian's death many stories have circulated that have harmed her reputation. However, there is little doubt that, but for Dian's early work and anti-poaching activities, there might be no mountain gorillas left today.

Dian often used the term "active conservation" to describe the work of her Karisoke patrols whose members destroyed poachers' traps and snares. In a 4 March 1984 letter to IPPL, at a time when three U.S. zoos were trying to import gorillas from Africa, Dian said she was "100% behind" IPPL's call for the establishment of a lowland gorilla rescue center in Africa to prevent the exodus of any more wild-caught gorillas.

IPPL's Secretary, Dianne Taylor-Snow, was in Asia this summer, and in this issue you'll read the reports of her investigation of a resort that cruelly exploits orangutans, her visits to two IPPL-assisted sanctuaries, and her fun-filled day as an Indonesian schoolteacher.

We're busy here in Summerville with the care of our animals. Shopping has become more challenging. The disastrous hurricane season has caused a shortage of citrus fruits and produce from Florida, so it takes more time to shop.

I would like to thank all who have made donations to IPPL this year and all who have participated in our campaigns. Thanks to our letter-writers, a smuggled baby orangutan was confiscated in Saudi Arabia. We have continued helping overseas rescue centers. Our fall appeal raised over \$25,000 for the Highland Farm Gibbon Sanctuary in Thailand. Thanks to our members, several new gibbon enclosures will be built and many gibbons rescued from horrible abuse at human hands will see better days.

All of us at IPPL wish you a very happy holiday season and much joy in 2006.

Shirley McGreal

Remembering the “Taming of the Gorillas”

Bob Campbell

Bob Campbell was a photographer for the National Geographic Society and the first to get close-up photos of Dian’s study animals

I don’t know if he remembers, but I met Colin Groves [see his article on page 4] when he visited Dian in September 1971. I recall taking him right up to the top of Mount Visoke a couple of days after Dian had introduced him to her famous Group 5.

There is a story associated with his visit. The morning before he arrived, I made contact with this Group 5. This was the period when I was experimenting with a new habituation technique, attempting to move right in amongst the gorillas of Group 4 on hands and knees. The visit to Group 5 was the first time I used this low-profile, crawling technique with this particular family.

I was greatly surprised to catch sight of a particular female called Bravado, who had formerly belonged to Group 4 but had been missing for months and was presumed dead. Here she was in Group 5—the first firm and exciting evidence of a female transfer from one family to another. Dian actually took Colin to Group 5 specifically to confirm my sighting—but failed to do so and consequently didn’t believe me. It was not until Colin had left (and Dian and I were able to make good contact with Group 5) that Dian finally believed my report that Bravado had transferred. Much later I was actually able to film Bravado’s attempted return to her natal group—only to be snatched, literally, away by her new family leader, a silverback called Beethoven. The night before Colin left our camp, my notebook records an earthquake that shook the mountains!

During my long assignment with Dian, the gorillas were pretty wild, and only a few were partially habituated—not like now, when the families are all wonderfully well-habituated and amazingly tolerant of the continuous flow of humans coming to visit them. Of the many incidents of note that I vividly recall from those early days, over thirty years ago now, many stand out, but perhaps the most significant—to me at least—was the day a young male called Digit decided to throw caution to the winds



Dian destroys a snare.

Photo © Bob Campbell

and treat me like another gorilla. It was a turning point in my long struggle as a professional wildlife photographer to cut down on the use of telephoto lenses and obtain decent, close-up footage of gorillas, comparatively free of heavy foliage barriers. I wrote a book about my years in the Virunga mountains—*The Taming of the Gorillas*—and opened it with a description of this particular event:

February 10, 1972

Thick clouds spreading low and grey had darkened the surrounding forest. Gentle currents of cold air lifted the smell of freshly crushed foliage and stirred long pendants of lichen in the trees. In the rapidly fading light I scribbled brief notes on a small pad to remind me of all that had happened during the day. Subconsciously my mind monitored small sounds coming from the gorillas scattered in the dense undergrowth nearby, and registered also the ominous rumbles of thunder far off to the east. Although the sun had already set the forest was remarkably silent: a brooding, expectant silence, as if anticipating the turbulence a storm might bring.

The morning’s work had been hard but

very satisfying. Lying on a bed of crushed stems and leaves, almost warm in spite of wet clothing and the wafts of chilly air, I felt comfortably relaxed and reluctant to stir. After two hours of rest, one by one my subjects were starting to feed again. With light levels plummeting there was no pressing need to keep in close contact; I packed my camera and waited for a while, lazily tracking their quiet movements with my ears and contemplating which route I would take for the long walk back to camp.

The breeze freshened, rustling the leaves of the gnarled old hagenia trees, then strengthened sharply and brought the smell and promise of rain. The wind drew icy fingers across my damp clothes and carried away the receding sounds of movement. I listened carefully for a minute, trying to confirm that I had correctly judged the direction the family was taking, but the wind was too strong. On an impulse I left my heavy pack in the undergrowth and went forward on hands and knees.

Aware my own progress would be noted, slowly and cautiously I crawled along freshly trampled trails, until the sharp snap of a dry twig brought me to a stop. Peering in the dim light I could

see a vague black shape behind a screen of leaves; two other obscured gorillas moved through the foliage on my right, but they ambled on quietly and were quickly swallowed up in the tangled greenery. Ahead, I could hear the distinctive sound of thistle plants being broken and stripped for eating, then the crackle of twigs and protesting plants as a heavy body forced through a thicket.

Suddenly, with a bare instant of warning, the foliage on my left parted; I heard the double beat of hands slapped against chest and two arms thumped down solidly on the middle of my back. Unprepared and astonished I remained perfectly still, a feeling of indescribable exhilaration flooding over me. It was Digit,

the young male gorilla who had been my close companion for several hours during the morning. With this first, unrestrained demonstration of complete trust, months of painstaking work were paying off in a totally unexpected way. The two arms continued to press down as the gorilla supported the full weight of his upper body on my back. He swayed gently; I felt his fingers begin to explore the collar of my jacket, then the hair on the back of my neck. In a poor position to respond, I resorted to my best rendition of the low-pitched, rumbling growl gorillas use as an apparent sign of pleasure or contentment. This caused him to pound me firmly on the shoulder with a big fist and roll away on to his back. Looking at me calmly with his

soft brown eyes he extended a long arm across the gap between us. The invitation to continue the playful encounter seemed very clear, but I did not dare. I had been walking, climbing and crawling over the Virunga Volcanoes of Rwanda and Zaire for over three years, and was more than content to stay still and savour the intense pleasure brought on by the brief moments of contact.

As I gazed at the gorilla, sprawled on his back, relaxed and unafraid—inviting response—I knew some sort of pinnacle had been reached. In a very tenuous way, this formerly shy creature had suddenly become a new partner to my efforts and I could not have wished a better reward for many hundreds of hours of patient work.

In the Field with Dian Fossey

Colin Groves, Australian National University

Dr. Groves, an expert in primate identification and classification, is a member of IPPL's Advisory Board

When I was writing my Ph.D. in London in the 1960s, the Bible of gorilla lore was George Schaller's *The Mountain Gorilla*. But already there were rumors of a sturdy, enterprising woman living with gorillas in the Virunga volcanoes, building on Schaller's work and discovering more about gorillas than he had known.

A few years later this mysterious woman turned up in Britain to give lectures. By that time, she had already been featured in the National Geographic Magazine, and her lectures drew the crowds. Despite her growing fame, she was shy and her voice was soft; I had to lean forward to hear everything she was saying. And what she was telling us was something so fascinating, so new, that no audience members were shuffling in their chairs, not a cough was heard.

After the lecture, I went up and introduced myself as somebody who was interested in gorillas. To my intense surprise, she knew my name. "We have collected a number of skulls and partial skeletons of gorillas that we found dead or have been killed by poachers," she said. "I think I can get money from the National Geographic Society for you to come and look at them, if you would like." Obviously, I would like. Moreover, I had already prepared to do brief field surveys on colobus monkeys in Kenya and

Tanzania in August of 1971, so a trip to Rwanda to see these gorilla skeletons—not to mention any living wild gorillas that happened to come my way—would be very convenient.

Dian met me at the Gisenyi airport in Rwanda and drove me to the foot of the mountains, where a large crowd of village men hoping to be chosen as porters was gathered. One of Dian's camp stewards was standing ready to pull our cases and Dian's other equipment out of the back of her four-wheel-drive vehicle and hand them to each man in turn. And so it was that a long line of us started up the narrow, winding path up the mountain, Dian at its head, I in the middle, the steward in the rear.

Halfway up, I came upon Dian, waiting beside the track and breathing heavily—gasping for breath, not to put too fine a point on it. She had told me that she smoked too much and this had led to a collapsed lung, but I had not quite expected that it could handicap her in this way.

The camp—it was not yet called Karisoke—was long and skinny. Dian's hut was in the middle, and on one side was a long, winding path through the bushes, at the end of which was the hut occupied by Bob Campbell, the National Geographic photographer who had been staying there for quite some time already. On the other side of Dian's hut was

another long path leading to the visitors' hut and the men's hut, side-by-side. The living quarters were separated by a stream from a small area where there was a latrine and a table where we had breakfast. Mostly I had breakfast with "the men" (camp stewards and trackers) because Dian was not great at socializing, to put it mildly. Just beyond this breakfast area was one of those boggy meadows that are such a feature of the Volcanoes at this altitude. Red duikers would frequently visit the meadow and would be chased by Cindy, Dian's boxer dog.

On a few occasions Dian took me to find gorillas. It was true: skeletons were forgotten when I sat watching the real thing. The way she first got gorillas' confidence, she claimed, was by pretending to eat vegetation, making contentment vocalizations while doing so. Somehow, perhaps a bit embarrassed to do it in front of her or in front of the gorillas, I was a bit halfhearted about this, and she teased me about it.

Usually the person who went out with me to find the gorillas was the tracker Nemeye; on one occasion, it was Bob Campbell [see his article on page 3], but he had different standards from everybody else—he would race through the undergrowth, up and down the ravines, at ninety miles an hour, and I have never been so exhausted. He also took

me up to the top of Mount Visoke, which towered above the camp, and as we sat and watched the mist rise, revealing the small crater lake, he told me that Dian had never been up here: she could not make it with her ruined lungs.

Every evening when I returned to camp, I knocked on the door of her hut and she invited me in to have a beer and to recount the day's doings; after an hour or so I would be dismissed and would go back to the visitors' hut for a lonely supper. But she certainly taught me a lot. She taught me how to recognize individual gorillas and told me something of their histories, so that I came to recognize whether the troop I had found was Beethoven's or Uncle Bert's or Rafiki's. She told me of the problems she had had, but also of the support she received from some important officials. She also spoke of the students, mainly British, who volunteered to come and help census the gorillas every year in their same locations: two in particular were mentioned frequently, Sandy Harcourt and Graeme Groome, whom she unfailingly referred to as Li'l Sandy and Li'l Graeme. Some of the diminutives were quite understandable—Nemeye, for example, was quite short, and Dian, who was herself over six feet tall, simply towered above him. But Sandy was not especially small, and when I met

Graeme I found he towered above me and certainly matched Dian inch for inch.

She kept in touch. Her letters varied from optimistic to extremely depressed. Sandy Harcourt came to play an ever-larger role in the world of mountain gorillas, and I noted with some dismay his gradual transformation in her letters from "Li'l Sandy" to simply "Harcourt." I was very sorry about this; certainly, in retrospect, the fact that the mountain gorillas of the Virunga Volcanoes are today one of the success stories of gorilla conservation owes a good deal to him.

Yet there is no doubt that, when we look

back at the way things were going in the entire area of the Virunga Volcanoes—in all the three countries that are involved—if it had not been for Dian Fossey there would today be no mountain gorillas. It was by her enterprise and her sheer dedication that she made the gorillas famous around the world, alerted the Rwandan authorities to their importance (both financial and scientific), and got the officials interested in this part of their country's heritage. Because of her we know so much more about these our close relatives, and because of her they still exist and flourish in their mountain home.



Mountain gorillas in Rwanda, 2005—still thriving. Photo: G. Nienaber

Primatologist Geza Teleki: Dian's "Total Commitment"

Georgianne Nienaber

Ms. Nienaber is a journalist and author who recently completed a book about the legacy of Dian Fossey.

Primatologist Dr. Geza Teleki is well-known in scientific circles for his many years of research on chimpanzee subsistence technology, which carefully analyzes the behavior and capabilities of chimpanzees with tool technology. Geza also helped found Outamba-Kilimi, the first National Park in Sierra Leone, West Africa, where chimpanzees live protected.

Although Geza is facing many serious health challenges these days, his opinions and remembrances of Dian Fossey remain vibrant. He agreed to a telephone interview with IPPL—eager to remember a woman for whom he still holds great respect and who he feels has been greatly misunderstood in some circles.

"Dian's point of view has been seriously overblown in the media accounts,

biographies, and stories that have emerged since her death," Geza says.

"In her passionate attempts to protect the gorilla population of Africa, she was painted as some kind of eccentric. My thirty years of involvement in East and West Africa has taught me that sometimes the only solution is to take a forceful stance. Dian was very much aware of what I was aware of. It is senseless to view conservation work, as it was conducted in those days, through modern Western filters. You have to have lived there, under those conditions, to fully understand her contributions.

"Dian realized that you had to do more than just talk about conservation. An active stance was the only solution. She recognized it earlier than most people.

Dian had 200-plus gorillas to take care of, and she did not have the time to devote to community development and tourism.

"Dian Fossey had a total commitment to what she was doing. I feel very strongly that Dian did not die because some lone individual got upset with her. It was an orchestrated event that went to the heart of the African power structure at the time.

"There were no hidden agendas with Dian Fossey—no hidden corners. She was one of the greatest people I ever knew—quiet, reserved—and she did not mince words. You always knew exactly where you stood with Dian Fossey, and the mountain gorillas of the world could very well be extinct today if it were not for her tenacious dedication to them in the face of every obstacle."

In Her Footsteps

Liz Williamson

Dr. Williamson lived in Rwanda for eight years, and for six of these she was Director of the Karisoke Research Center. She is currently a Research Fellow at the University of Stirling in Scotland.

I never met Dian Fossey. However, having spent six years as Director of the Karisoke Research Center, I have often been asked what it was like to “follow in her footsteps.” There is no quick and easy reply, except that 90 percent of my job was difficult and unpleasant, but the gorillas were so utterly wonderful that they made everything else worthwhile.

I had been inspired by Dian’s book *Gorillas in the Mist*, which I read with intense interest

as a student studying western lowland gorillas in Gabon. Together with the director of the Lopé Research Station, Dr. Caroline Tutin, we hoped to emulate the successful habituation of gorillas and chimpanzees to facilitate research on their ecology and behaviour. But during the 16 months that I was working in the forest, collecting data for my thesis, I hardly ever saw a gorilla! Nonetheless, I was developing an inexplicable passion for these gentle giants.

I arrived at Karisoke ten years after Dian’s death, excited and knowing that I was in an extremely privileged position. Three research groups had evolved from the groups Dian and others had studied in the 1970s and 1980s. Group 5, known since the beginnings of Karisoke, had grown and split into Pablo’s group and Shinda’s group. Then in 1985, a few months before Dian’s murder, Beetsme’s group was formed from the remnants of Group 4 and Nunkie’s group.

It was overwhelming trying to recognise 72 gorillas by their noseprints,



Pablo, one of “Dian’s” gorillas, now a silverback. Photo © David Pluth

not to mention learning their names. Many—such as Umushikirano and Ubwigenge—were in the local language Kinyarwanda. Slowly, I came to know the gorillas as individuals, and each became increasingly fascinating as their characters took form in my mind. I flicked through the pages of *Gorillas in the Mist*, delighting in photographs of young Titus, Cantsbee, and “dirty data stealer” Pablo—all now impressive silverbacks. To this day, 15 of the celebrity gorillas named by Dian are thriving.

In the last chapter of her 1983 book, Dian wondered how Nunkie’s females would fare during the “next ten years.” She would have been more than happy to know that four of the six were going strong throughout the 1990s (two, Petula and her daughter Augustus, left the study population while Dian was alive). Three survived well into their thirties and became grandmothers: Fuddle (quite intolerant of humans and scary), Simba (mother of Digit’s sole infant Mwelu), and Pandora (who admirably raised her offspring

despite her terribly deformed hands). At over 40 years old, Papoose is the oldest “Karisoke” female still living.

Mountain gorilla conservation is not only a battle against poaching, habitat encroachment and other illegal activities, but at the end of my first year at Karisoke the situation in the northwest of Rwanda took a drastic turn when thousands of refugees returned from neighboring Zaire. Some invaded the volcanoes, since the rugged terrain of the gorillas’ forest

home provided a base from which the local population could be infiltrated. People living around the park suffered a great deal at this time. The houses of gorilla trackers were looted for boots, raingear, and other equipment useful to rebels hiding in the forest. We were forced to suspend field activities and retreat to the towns.

The national park was closed to tourists for most of 1997 and 1998, and Karisoke staff could not monitor the gorillas for 14 months. Although I rarely felt in personal danger, the trackers were terrorized and many lost wives, children, or their own lives. Especially tragic were the murders of the head of anti-poaching Vaturi, Beetsme tracker Nshogoza, and Group 5 tracker Banyangandora—all trained by Dian. It was a frightening period, and we worried terribly, not knowing what was happening to the gorillas.

To combat danger, the field staff underwent paramilitary training to better protect both themselves and the gorillas. In late 1998, we negotiated with the military to be allowed to check on the research

groups. Slowly we were able to recommence visits and regular anti-poaching patrols and were hugely relieved to find most of the gorillas alive and well, although the elderly Pansy had disappeared.

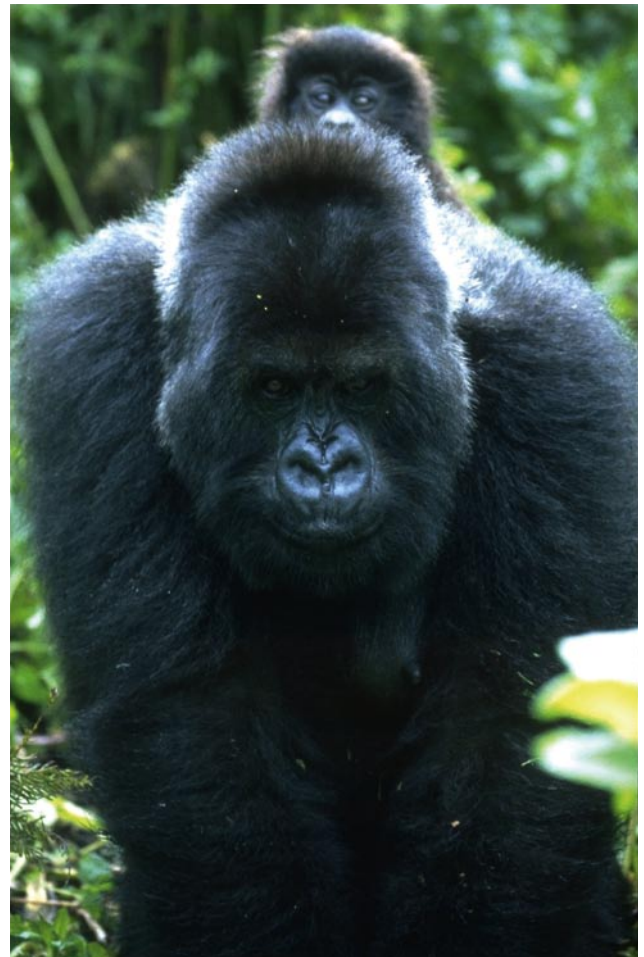
For Dian, without the support or understanding of the local authorities, the battle to protect the park and the gorillas must have been more difficult at some levels. Now we had to work in close collaboration with the Rwandese government and were only allowed to enter the park with the protection of military escorts. Dian's fear that the gorillas could mistake a poacher for a tracker was understandable, and led to her policy of not habituating gorillas to her African staff. Yet it is now clear that the gorillas "know" everyone who works with them and show it by completely ignoring them. In recent years, the invaluable trackers have been the constant human presence at Karisoke. The loyalty to mountain gorillas instilled by Dian has developed and grown during several decades of working as a team.

We began 2001 with great optimism, announcing an increase in the mountain gorilla population. Mercifully, we had not been confronted with the horror of gorilla killings for many years, but events took a turn for the worse in May as rebels once again entered the volcanoes. It was a great shock to learn of the killing for food of two silverbacks, especially as it is against Rwandese culture to eat primates. A witness to this event, scared by the level of desperation demonstrated by his companions, fled and surrendered to the authorities. Soon afterwards, we learned of the death of Beetsme. A broken bone in the old male's heel forced me to wonder



The silverback Cantsbee.

Photo © David Pluth



Puck and her baby.

Photo © David Pluth

if his group had been fleeing when he fell.

Security remained precarious for three months, and monitoring of the gorillas was again interrupted. The trackers were told not to enter the park if soldiers were unavailable to accompany them; however, on August 20th, they went to work without a military escort, having been assured that the area they were entering was safe. The trackers were on the gorillas' trail when surprised by a group of rebels. Mathias Mpiranya was shot and died instantly. We were devastated by this terrible loss, and shortly afterwards I left Rwanda.

Despite this adversity, the research population increased by more than a third during the relatively short time that I was able to know them. Babies were born, females transferred, young males matured into silverbacks, and their sometimes volatile social relationships made observing their lives addictive, like watching a new episode of your favourite soap opera. My favourite gorillas included a group of feisty sisters—daughters of Effie, who died in 1994. Effie's descendants now comprise one quarter of the Karisoke population. Poppy and Tuyscheme reside in the Susa tourist group, while Puck, Tuck, Maggie, and Mahane remain pivotal members of the research groups, with more than twenty sons, daughters, and grandchildren between them.

Dian would be terribly proud.

Dian Fossey: Saving the Gorillas Was Her First Priority

Ian Redmond

Ian Redmond, a noted wildlife biologist, photographer, and writer, is the Chief Consultant for GRASP (UNEP/UNESCO Great Apes Survival Project).

Twenty years after someone's death is a good opportunity to take the long view of their life and career. From this perspective, the work of Dian Fossey becomes even more impressive.

I recently returned from Kinshasa, capital of the Democratic Republic of Congo (Zaire when Dian knew it) where 400 people had just witnessed the signing of a UN Declaration on the Great Apes [see the article on page 27]. It was an historic moment, when the world formally recognized the importance of gorillas, chimpanzees, bonobos, and orangutans, and the fact that their survival in the wild is the responsibility of all humanity.

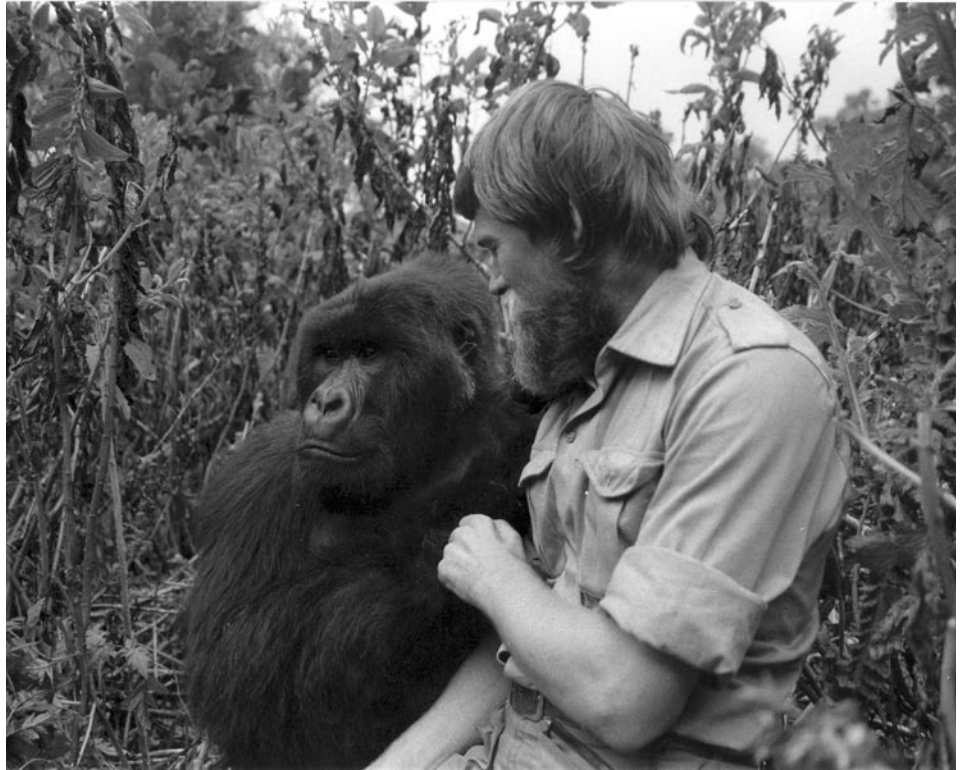
If the inspiring words and Ministerial speeches are translated into action on the ground—and better decision-making in the governments concerned—we may look back on the ninth day of the ninth month of 2005 as a turning point in the fortune of all the great apes, and the communities that live in and around their habitat. As the applause filled the ornate ballroom of the Grand Hotel, incongruously decked out with images of apes, I couldn't help but think of Dian, and of Digit, because for me, that is where it all started.

It is nearly 30 years since I first trudged up the muddy trail around the base of Mt. Visoke to meet Dian. I had written to her offering to help—whether by making the tea or mending the roof—whatever was needed to assist her work with the mountain gorillas. She wrote back saying, “If you can get here, we'll try you.”

I got there—after dark—carrying my own telegram alerting her of my expected time of arrival. The next day she sent me out to meet the gorillas for the first time, with Tim White, the assistant I was replacing. Instead of gorillas, we encountered poachers, and after raiding their camp, returned triumphantly to Karisoke, laden down with their spears and snares and the remains of a bushbuck. This was my first lesson in the field—protecting the gorillas takes priority over studying them.

Dian's methods were controversial—she had no formal authority to act as a law enforcement agency—but without her direct intervention, it is unlikely the park or the mountain gorillas would have

school kids to local politicians—were somewhat bemused by her unique mix of English, French, Swahili, and Kinyarwanda! What shone out was her passion and commitment. But people were



Ian Redmond with Pablo as a young silverback. Photo © Ian Redmond

survived. Not only did she confront the poachers and cattle herders, she fought the European Commission-backed scheme that would have seen the forest converted to pyrethrum fields, right up the 10,000-foot (3,000-meter) contour. Thanks to her protests, the park boundary was re-drawn at 8,500 feet (2,600 meters) instead—and the habitat she saved now earns far more from gorilla tourism than it ever could from agriculture.

Although she is remembered as a tough, uncompromising field-worker, living alone in her cabin on the mountain, Dian was a great communicator. I recall helping her put on her occasional lecture in Ruhengeri, the town nearest the park. She held a packed hall entranced with her enthusiasm, even if the audience—from

also fascinated by the gorillas themselves, portrayed in the films and slides she presented. Although these people lived only a few miles from the Volcanoes Park, few had ever seen a gorilla. All would have heard stories about their ferocity and strength, and some would know hunters who had been killed or injured by gorillas. To see how this tall, shy, yet charismatic woman walked among these terrifying creatures unscathed made a big impression on everyone.

Dian's impression on me was also profound. She was a hard taskmaster and expected everyone to show the same level of dedication as she did. If they didn't—whether tracker, scientist, or government official—her famous fiery temper and rich vocabulary would make

it quite clear how she felt. She eventually learned to put up with my slow typing and I learned to sidestep her verbal volcano, and we remained friends until her untimely demise.

Some have characterized Dian as being opposed to all but her concept of “active conservation”—which boils down to wildlife law enforcement—but

this missed her main point. It wasn’t that Dian saw no need for longer-term conservation activities such as education and community involvement. It was simply a matter of priority at that time. She was living in a forest where poachers were operating with impunity, and she feared there would be no gorillas left by the time long-term efforts began to

take effect if there were no immediate short-term protection. With the benefit of hindsight, it is clear that both approaches were (and still are!) needed. But without Dian’s courage and tenacity over a 19-year period, the mountain gorillas would likely have disappeared into the mists of time long before the world woke up to their plight.

A Very Special Pen Pal

Melissa Panger, George Washington University

Dr. Panger has studied primate tool use, including nut-cracking in chimpanzees.

I received my first letter from Dian Fossey when I was 13 years old ... and I received my last letter from her about a month before she was killed, in the early morning hours of my 18th birthday. It was always hard to believe that someone of her scientific stature would take the time out of her busy day, in the middle of Africa, to write to a little girl who was asking silly, little questions about gorillas. But she did. And it made an incredible impact on me and my life.

It was her kindness and her willingness to take that little girl seriously that played a very large roll in my becoming a field primatologist. She steered me onto a wonderful path that led to other amazing people (including IPPL’s Shirley McGreal) and some truly incredible experiences.

But it was only after becoming an adult, conducting field work (primarily on capuchin monkeys in Central America), and

getting involved a bit in conservation efforts that I fully realized the sacrifices that Dian Fossey made in her life to learn more about and save the mountain gorillas. The woman I idolized as a teenager has become even more astounding and amazing to me as an adult. And although my career is no longer focused on primates and has expanded to include other animals, she is still and always will be an influence on my life.

I cannot believe that it has been 20 years since Dian Fossey was killed ... the excitement I felt every time I got a letter from her, the incredible inspiration she provided, and the sorrow of her death still seem so fresh.

The fact that people (who may not have ever interacted with her on a personal basis) are remembering her 20 years after her death is a testament to the strength of Dian Fossey and her cause.

Dian’s Letters to IPPL

Interested in reading some of Dian’s letters for yourself? We have copies of IPPL newsletters from the 1980s that contain reprints of some of her correspondence with IPPL. If you are interested, please send your name and address to IPPL (P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484) along with \$5 to cover photocopying costs.

Dian’s Advice: Work with the Local People

Juichi Yamagiwa, Kyoto University, Japan

Dr. Yamagiwa has studied wild eastern gorillas since 1978, primarily at the Kahuzi-Biega National Park (Democratic Republic of Congo), as well as chimpanzees and macaques

I spent the happiest time of my life with mountain gorillas in 1981 and 1982 under the guidance of Dian. From morning to evening, I followed the gorillas on the mountain while moving, resting, and acting as a gorilla. I sometimes forgot that I was a human being. I certainly communicated with them in their manner. Now I remember those days and they occasionally appear in my dreams.

I last saw Dian at Karisoke in 1984, when I visited her with my wife Nojiko, a Japanese artist. Dian cooked Japanese dishes, and we talked a lot about gorillas

and drawing. I have learned many things from Dian and used her suggestions when I extended my fieldwork to gorillas in other habitats, such as eastern lowland gorillas in Kahuzi-Biega National Park, Democratic Republic of Congo, and western lowland gorillas in Moukalaba-Doudou National Park, Gabon.

I think the most important requirement for research on gorillas and thus their conservation is to work with local people, since the major obstacle to achieving conservation is conflict: conflict between gorillas and humans and conflict between

groups of people in struggles for life. Therefore, I have concentrated my efforts on establishing a local NGO, the Pole Pole Foundation, to assist local people in creating community-based conservation education at the foot of Mt. Kahuzi. Recently, they have offered several classes on conservation to local school children in collaboration with scientists. The children are learning how to understand gorillas from the pioneering works of Dian, and thus they will become good neighbors and friends of the gorillas.

An Interview with Rosamond Carr

Held in Gisenyi, Rwanda, in March 2005

Rosamond Carr lives in Rwanda and was a close friend of Dian Fossey. She was born in New Jersey in 1912 and moved to Rwanda with her then-husband in 1949, where she operated the beautiful Mugongo flower plantation at the foot of the Virunga volcanoes. Dian often spent time there with Mrs. Carr, although she reports that Dian always addressed her as "Rosamond." Following the 1994 genocide in Rwanda, Mrs. Carr established an orphanage for war orphans. Georgianne Nienaber, an author and IPPL member who was traveling in Rwanda earlier this year, had the opportunity to interview Mrs. Carr for IPPL News.



Dian's friend Rosamond Carr. Photo: G. Nienaber

Georgianne: December 26, 2005, is the twentieth anniversary of Dian Fossey's murder. How do you think Dian is remembered in Rwanda?

Mrs. Carr: The people who really knew Dian remember her for her generosity. Sembagare [a long-time employee of Mrs. Carr] will never forget his first meeting with Dian. She was driving her Land Rover "Lily" down the road and stopped to greet me. She and Sembagare exchanged pleasantries and Sembagare excused himself, explaining that his wife was about to give birth and that he had to walk to the hospital, which was twenty miles away. Dian immediately offered him the keys to the Land Rover and told him to hurry to the hospital. Sembagare will never forget that moment.

Georgianne: If Dian were alive today, what do you think she would be doing?

Mrs. Carr: There is absolutely no question in my mind that she would still be living and working at Karisoke. There is nothing that would have driven her away.

Georgianne: How would you like people to remember Dian?

Mrs. Carr: I often picture Dian looking down from heaven at Pablo's enormous family and how happy she must be to see how well they are protected and how all the

gorillas have thrived. [Pablo, born in 1974, was one of Dian's favorite youngsters. He is now an impressive silverback. Dian Fossey wrote about him at length in *Gorillas in the Mist*.]

Georgianne: What is the biggest misconception about Dian?

Mrs. Carr: That she had no friends. Dian was absolutely loved by many people and was a prolific correspondent. I had several drawers of letters from her. Shortly before she was murdered I burned many of them, simply because I was running out of room. Of course I had no idea that she would be murdered. The remaining letters were looted and destroyed during the genocide.

Georgianne: How are you doing?

Mrs. Carr (laughing): I am 92 years old! I take Centrum [vitamins] every day and rarely have a cold.

Georgianne: What is your favorite story about Dian?

Mrs. Carr: One of the funniest is when she was driving in Gisenyi one day and saw a man walking a very thin dog on a leash. She would never tolerate the idea of an animal being mistreated. Dian stopped the car and insisted that she wanted to buy the dog. The man told her that the dog was not for sale, but Dian would not take "no" for an answer, stuffed 500 francs into the man's shirt pocket, took the dog and drove off. The man reported that a tall woman in a Volkswagen stole his dog. It turned out that he was walking the dog to a veterinary clinic for a treatment. Needless



Mugongo, Mrs. Carr's lovely home in Rwanda.

Photo: G. Nienaber

to say, the dog was returned. Dian didn't need any more animals. She bought the monkey, Kima, from a market because she felt she was being abused. Kima lived with her for many, many years and pretty much terrorized the camp!

Georgianne: Is there anything else you want to share about Dian?

Mrs. Carr: Dian was absolutely one of my best and dearest friends. She could be "high-handed" at times, but she was generous and loving to the extreme. That is not to say that she was not a very complex personality, and I think that contributes to some of the misunderstandings about her. She loved her friends and was especially fond of children. Life on that mountain was an impossible existence and it took someone with incredible stamina and dedication to live there as long as she did. She protected the gorillas in an extremely dangerous environment until the end.



Rwandan dancers celebrate Mrs. Carr's birthday. Photo: G. Nienaber

Note: Read more about Rosamond Carr and Dian Fossey in *Land of a Thousand Hills: My Life in Rwanda*, by Rosamond Halsey Carr and Ann Howard Halsey (available from www.amazon.com).

Dinners with Dian

Evelyn Gallardo

Ms. Gallardo and her husband David Root are West Coast Field Representatives of IPPL. They are currently in Costa Rica working on a conservation project and planting trees. Since Dian's death, Evelyn has spoken worldwide at more than 500 schools about primate conservation.

Dinners with Dian at Karisoke were always memorable. Where else could you get private lessons on gorilla etiquette over French fries and chicken? The ambiance of her dining room was dominated by full-face photos of gorillas tacked to the wall. The eyes of Digit, Beethoven, Ziz, Jozie, Tiger, Effie, Peanuts, and all who had gone before them followed us while Dian handed us the keys to their kingdom. Dian taught my husband David and me gorilla vocalizations, their significance and proper responses. We learned how to interpret their body language, how to handle the occasional sticky situation, and much more.

At one of our first dinners at Karisoke, Dian pulled her chair back from the dinner table. She walked over to David and thrust her face in front of his. "What will you do if a gorilla does this?" she asked.

Her lessons proved invaluable. At the time, August of 1985, Pablo was on the precipice of becoming a silverback. One

day we came eye to eye, his massive head a half-inch from mine. He stared at me as if he were reaching into my soul to learn if I was a friend or foe.

"Don't panic, run, stare back or breathe on them," Dian had said. "They have no immunity to human diseases."

I held my breath and looked away every few seconds. Once Pablo had established his dominance and appeared certain I posed no threat to the group, he moved on without incident.

Another time, David was videotaping Peanuts' Group, his eye glued to the viewfinder. When he felt a squeeze on his knee he thought it was me. When he looked down there was a gorilla looking up at him.

"Never block a gorilla's path," Dian had said. "This is their home, step aside." David took a step off the path and the gorilla went on his way.

At dinner that night I asked Dian why she had never married. "I've been engaged

twice," she said, "but each time my fiancé insisted I give up the gorillas to live with him." She stared at an empty chair at the table and inadvertently rubbed her ring finger. "But I looked at the men," she said, then turned her gaze to the gallery of gorillas on the wall. Her face lit up like an electric light parade. "...and I looked at the gorillas—I chose the gorillas."

"They needed you more," I said.

"Right you are," she responded with a typical Dian-ism.

She invited David and me back the following year and every year thereafter to photograph and videotape the gorillas for her. However, four months later she was gone.

Our time with Dian at Karisoke changed our lives forever. Without intending to, she instilled in us the value of pursuing a higher purpose, and we are better people because of her. We miss her and always will.

Rest in peace dear friend, for you are home where you belong.

“Peace and Love That Cannot Be Threatened by a Spear”

Article and photos by Georgianne Nienaber

For some unfathomable reason, her murder never crossed my mind as I stood within the perimeter of what was once called her “manor” and where the panga (machete) blade inflicted its insane horror. My eyes, instead, were lifted upward to the beautifully twisted branches of ancient Hagenia trees, silent sentinels and witnesses to the life, love, and dedication that defined Dian Fossey’s beloved Karisoke research station high in the saddle region between beautiful Mounts Karisimbi and Visoke in the Virunga Mountains of Rwanda.



The mists of Karisoke.

It had been over a year and 10,000 miles since Dian Fossey’s life and death had grabbed me by the throat, refusing to relinquish its grasp until I could come to terms with her extraordinary life and brutal murder at the hands of still unknown assailants. That I was able to complete my personal pilgrimage at all was somewhat of a miracle, as I had been trekking for almost ten hours the previous day to see the Susa group of gorillas at an altitude of almost 3,500 meters (11,500 feet). Midwestern American flatlander lungs were screaming in protest at the rare air, despite that fact that my fifty-five year-old body and muscles were somewhat prepared by months of rigorous training.

The muddy, rutted, nettle-infested trails that refused to level off until a height of 2,000 meters were more than “a killer,” as a primatologist had warned me before my departure. A herd of buffalo and recent torrential rains had rendered the foot-wide path a boot-sucking manure pit, causing leg muscles to use more than their normal share of oxygen.

I wondered aloud to my Rwandan Park District (ORTPN) guide, Francis Bayingana, how Fossey managed to complete the climb for eighteen years, especially with the advanced emphysema that required her to climb with oxygen tank in tow during her last years. The answer was revealed in a meadow-like area that opened at the end of a tunnel of vegetation just as the trail leveled to a gentler slope for the rest of the journey to Karisoke. Francis explained that Dian would sprawl in the grass and rest there, gathering strength for the next hour or so of climbing.

Francis had been my guide the day before, during my journey to photograph and visit the elusive Susa gorilla group on Karisimbi. I could tell that he was keeping a watchful eye upon me, as I was the only tourist on the Karisoke climb—my American cohorts and traveling companions were vanquished by the



The 40-year-old Tutsi milking pot.

previous day’s efforts. At one point I stopped, literally gasping for air as I leaned on the bamboo walking stick thoughtfully offered by my porter. Francis asked with some concern whether or not I was all



Home of the mountain gorillas.

right, but I was not willing to give up after traveling half a world from my home to put Dian Fossey’s ghost to rest.

My recovery was quick and an unusual event convinced me that the ghost of “Nyiramachabelli” dragged me the rest of the way up the mountain. That, and the promise I made to Dian’s friends to check on the grave marker they dedicated to her, fueled my final efforts. After my lungs quit heaving in protest, our group (consisting of Francis, the porters, and two guards) tackled the last remaining steep slope. Francis, who was in the lead, raised his arm for us to stop and turned to face me with what looked at first like a charred piece of wood in his hand. He asked me if I knew what it was, and after inspecting it, I realized it was a hollowed-out piece of bamboo with a base that formed a deep cup with an approximately eight-inch diameter. Its purpose, however, remained indefinable without further explanation.

Francis was somewhat surprised that he had found what turned out to be a forty-year-old artifact on a trail that he hikes quite regularly, as one of what I like to call the “guardians” of Dian Fossey’s final resting place. He told me that the object was, in fact, a Tutsi milking pot. Half-feral cows would not stand still for the indignities of milking, so the container was designed to fit a man’s grasp while the free hand did the milking. He had only seen the Tutsi pots in museums and was

quite surprised to find one resting, literally, out in the open.

Indecipherable conversations in Kinyarwanda followed between Francis and the other Rwandans, while I took the opportunity to catch my breath on the tomb-like trail and wondered once again how Fossey had the stamina to

Fossey's friend Rosamond Carr's response when we showed her the raw photos during a visit to her home in Gisenyi. Mrs. Carr's 92-year-old hands went to her face in a familiar gesture of shock and dismay as she turned to me and cried, "You mean there is nothing left?" Mrs. Carr currently runs an orphanage for 125 children of the genocide

in Gisenyi. The last time she visited Karisoke was twenty years ago this coming New Year, when Dian Fossey's body was laid to rest beside that of Digit and her other beloved gorillas. Rosamond had slogged up the same muddy trail at the age of seventy-two, her legs, heart,

monuments to a life lived forcefully and with conviction. There is an indescribable beauty to the place and a sense of possibility that is felt, rather than observed. I was overcome, less with grief, than with a sense of gratitude that the gorilla family I had visited the previous day would not be alive but for Dian Fossey's dedication and sacrifice of her own life.

The members of the International Primate Protection League will be happy to learn that, other than a few pry marks in the upper corners, their grave marker has stood steadfast over the years in loving tribute to Dian, who was a former colleague. There is another marker directly below. On the day I visited, raindrops covered the surface as tears would. Francis provided a translation from Kinyarwanda: "You Nyiramacyibili, that loved Rwanda—you gave your life to the gorillas in Virunga. This Karisoke you created has reserved for you peace and love that cannot be threatened by a spear. May God give you an everlasting peace."

Before our return to Ruhengeri and Park headquarters, Francis asked me if I felt up to a short hike, as there was something he was eager to show me. After stepping off the main path, we veered alongside a



A battered sign marks Dian's former field station.

endure the formidable surroundings for so many years. The men decided that, rather than bring the Tutsi pot back to Park headquarters, they would leave it on the trail. My memory of this event is so charged with emotion that I cannot recall why this decision was reached, but I know for certain that the ghost of Nyiramachabelli was mentioned and my general sense of things was that her spirit was being honored.

The entrance to Karisoke was just as Dian Fossey had described it in so many of her writings, but the jungle foliage had reclaimed the two rondavels that once housed the guards. Both structures were empty, save for the remnants of campfires from refugees of the genocide, the only reminder of their past function being a faded, painted logo from the African Wildlife Foundation on one of the doors. The Karisoke buildings that Fossey built with the help of her benefactor, Alyette DeMunck, were gone—only the moss-covered frame of the trackers' dwelling remained.

I recall Dian

and lungs supported by the power of love and devotion for a friend whom she would miss until the end of her own days.

In some ways, Karisoke appears abandoned, but in other ways, Karisoke embodies everything that defines purity of heart and intention. As I sat at the foot of Dian's final resting place, it never occurred to me that she is below the surface of the volcanic rocks that cover her grave. Her spirit is in the *Hypericum* and *Hagenia* trees that guard her tomb—living



Dian at rest next to her beloved gorillas.

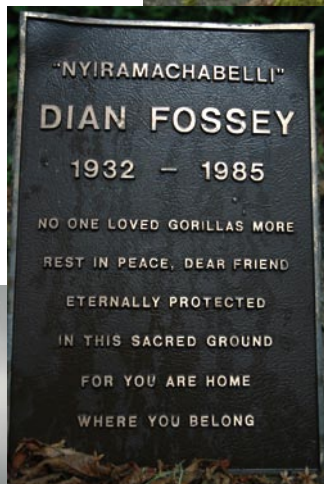


The gorilla graveyard at Karisoke.

stream and I knew exactly where we were heading—to Dian's favorite meadow. Francis negotiated the stones in the middle of the fast moving stream, which was energized by the rains of the previous day, and extended his hand to mine as I slid across the rocks. Visoke formed a magnificent backdrop as Francis solemnly asked me if Dian would like the setting as a memorial that he envisioned for her. Why he asked me, I will never know,

but I replied in the affirmative, knowing in my heart that there was nothing she would want more than a tribute planned by Rwandans.

History had come full cycle and she was now recognized as visionary by the people who thirty years ago could not imagine why an American woman would want to live alone on the mountain for so many years. The forests and the gorillas were under the capable guardianship of young Rwandan men like Francis, for whom Dian Fossey was now a heroine. We walked, shoulder to shoulder down the mountain, and, at his request, I told Francis every story I had ever heard or read about Dian Fossey.



Counterclockwise from above: Rwandan Park District guide Francis contemplates Dian's grave; the grave marker provided by IPPL; a lovely Rwandan vista; currency from Rwanda and (former) Zaire; two mountain gorillas from the Susa Group, which is open to ecotourists.



Recommended Reading:

No One Loved Gorillas More: Dian Fossey Letters from the Mist

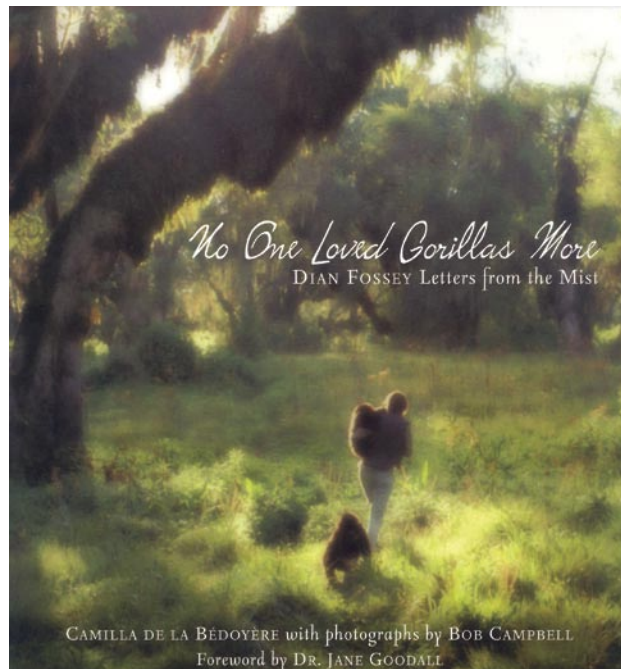
Text by Camilla de la Bédoyère, photographs by Bob Campbell

"No one loved gorillas more." The phrase is inscribed on Dian Fossey's headstone, which Evelyn Gallardo and David Root, IPPL's West Coast representatives, arranged to have placed over her grave at her research station in Rwanda. The phrase is also the title of a handsome book, published earlier this year, which brings together dozens of marvelous documentary photographs of the world-famous gorilla researcher's life in the field. Dian spent 18 years living primarily among mountain gorillas in her remote camp, the Karisoke Research Center, within Rwanda's Parc des Volcans.

The photographs show a dynamic and vigorous Dian: destroying poachers' snares, getting supplies for her camp, transcribing her field notes, and observing the wild gorillas who became her life's passion. There are also portraits of many gorillas familiar to readers of Fossey's autobiographical *Gorillas in the Mist*, like Dian's beloved silverbacks Digit and Uncle Bert. And the book captures many other aspects of Fossey's world: scenic vistas of the mist-enshrouded mountains, slice-of-life pictures showing how Dian's campsite evolved, and candid shots of the African workers who were integral to the camp's long-term functioning.

The volume also includes transcripts of a large number of personal letters written by Dian—who, perhaps from her many years living in semi-isolation in the African bush, appears to have produced an abundant correspondence.

Most of the letters in this book are to her parents and to Bob Campbell, the National Geographic photographer who shared several years of life with Dian in the mountains and with whom she had a romantic relationship for a time. The focus of the book is primarily on the period of her life from the mid 1960s to mid 1970s, when Bob Campbell was a frequent presence at Karisoke. There



is also some correspondence to a few other special people, like her favorite Uncle Bert, trusted field-collaborator Ian Redmond, and her good friend Rosamond Carr.

Her feisty spirit comes through when she describes her ongoing struggles against poachers and other distractions of life in the bush, as she wrote to her parents in 1970:

"One reason I don't get anything done at night lately is due to the elephants. They have been coming in droves in the full moon to play about the cabin. They are hard to ignore!" [page 99]

But the tender dedication she felt for the gorillas, and the excitement she experienced at the privilege of studying them, is evident every time she mentions her animals, as in this letter from 1971:

"I've had another fantastic contact with Group 4—I finally had the chance to put a mirror in front of one young adult's face!!!! [This was Digit] He preened like a teenager getting ready for a prom—twisting his head from side to side with rather pursed lips at first and then lying down on his forearms to first smell the glass and then stare directly into it intently with a gentle, somewhat quizzical expression for 4 minutes. In all he looked at himself for 15 minutes and toward the end of that time reached behind it twice to feel for the animal that wasn't there! Once it slipped slightly so he had to assume a new position to recapture his reflection. This was too comical to believe—twisting his body around on the ground with one hind leg or the other up in the air to keep his balance. This action attracted another animal who couldn't understand what Digit (the young black back) was up to . . . What a day." [pages 123-125]

By the end of the book, the reader is convinced that, indeed, no one loved the mountain gorillas of Rwanda more than she.

I have never met Dian Fossey in the flesh, but I have lived with her on terms of intense intimacy for more than a year. Having read thousands of her letters, her diaries and journals, her printed words, and having listened to scores of people who knew her in life, she has become as achingly familiar to me as if we were one of blood. I would be happy if we were...As for the mountain kings of the Virungas, who can say what fate awaits them at our hands? But if they do survive, it will be due in no small measure to the dedication of a woman who was in love with life—with all of life—a woman who did what great lovers must always do: **gave herself completely to those she loved.**

Farley Mowat, author of *Woman in the Mists*

Audit Report Blasts U.S. Animal Welfare Act Enforcement

In September 2005, the Office of the Inspector General (OIG) of the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) published its audit report on enforcement of the U.S. Animal Welfare Act (AWA). The highly critical report addresses the inspection and enforcement activities of the Animal Plant and Health Inspection Service (APHIS), which is part of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

APHIS' Animal Care unit (AC) monitors compliance with the Animal Welfare Act of 1966 and its amendments. AC conducts inspections of animal-holding facilities; investigates complaints about facilities; coordinates with the Investigative and Enforcement Services (IES); and oversees the effectiveness of the Institutional Animal Care and Use Committees (IACUCs).

The main activities covered by the audit were the work of the AC. A link to OIG's full audit report can be found on IPPL's website www.IPPL.org.

The Animal Welfare Act and its regulations set minimum standards of care for many animal species used in research, displayed in public, or bred or shipped commercially. **All primate species are covered by the Animal Welfare Act.**

Disparity between the Eastern and Western regions

Animal care activities are based in Riverdale, Maryland. There are two regional offices. The Eastern Region is headquartered in Raleigh, North Carolina, and the Western Region in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Effective July 2005, APHIS had 9,532 active registrants. There are eight categories of licensees and registrants: Class A (animal breeders), Class B (animal dealers), Class C (licensed animal exhibitors), Class E (registered animal exhibitors), Class F (federal animal research facilities), Class R

(animal research facilities other than federal), Class H (transportation handlers of animals), and Class T (transportation carriers of animals).

The OIG report noted that the Eastern Region was failing to take action against



Kayla and her son Mokoko were two of the five chimps who died of chlorine gas poisoning in the Gladys Porter Zoo tragedy. © S. Scanlin

suspected violators of the AWA and that, during the year 2004 it only referred 82 cases to IES for action, in contrast to over 200 cases in 2002 and 2003.

One case in which no action was taken involved a licensee whose primate had bitten a four-year-old boy on his head and face. The wounds required 100 stitches to close. Despite the licensee having a history of AWA violations and the recommendation of the veterinary inspector that action be taken, the Eastern Region did not refer the potential case to the IES.

In another case, no action was taken when an unlicensed exhibitor's monkey bit two children on separate occasions.

The OIG found that there were twice as many "repeat violations" in the Eastern Region than in the West.

Discounted fines

Unfortunately, animal welfare cases are not considered criminal cases. They are handled by "administrative court judges," outside the criminal court system. Even the most appalling offenders whose callousness or negligence causes pain, suffering, and death to animals cannot be sentenced to prison terms, a situation IPPL believes should be remedied.

Under current APHIS policy, Animal Care offers a 75 percent discount on fines, with still further reductions sometimes given. The resulting fines are so low that they do not deter violators.

One example of a discounted fine was the case of a zoo not identified in the report (in fact it was the Gladys Porter Zoo in Brownsville, Texas). The OIG notes of this case,

For example, in fiscal year 2002, a zoo in Texas was offered a discounted stipulation totaling \$5,600 (the original fine was \$22,500) for violations that led to the death of a rhinoceros and a separate incident that resulted in the death of five gorillas from chlorine gas.

Ineffective Self-Monitoring of Research Facilities

Each research facility has an IACUC, which must include a senior research staff member, a veterinarian, and a member of the public. The report did not address how the public member is selected and it is often hard to find out who they are. Although the IACUCs are supposed to look for alternative methods to animal experimentation and to review animal care and painful procedures, they are not as effective as they should be.

Other problems

According to the OIG report, not all facilities are inspected annually:

*Given the limited number of inspectors and the large number of facilities, AC created a **risk-based inspection system (RBIS)** in February 1998 to better focus AC's inspection strategy. Under this system, **not all facilities are inspected annually. Some facilities meeting the criteria for low frequency intervals are subject to inspection once every 2 years, while others determined to require high frequency inspections are inspected at least 3 times annually.***

OIG was appalled that incoming funds, such as checks to pay fines and fees, were not properly handled and that deposits were often delayed for months. IES did not log collections on receipt, nor did it reconcile its collections. Only one person collected and recorded the collections and mailed the deposits. Such laxity can lead to errors and even fraud.

Recommendations

OIG made a variety of recommendations, including the following:

- The 75 percent discounted fines should be eliminated for repeat or serious violations.
- Larger fines should be levied against research facilities (some of which are associated with facilities owning billions of dollars of assets), which may consider trifling fines a joke and just "part of the cost of doing business."
- Fines should be multiplied by the number of animals adversely affected by the violation(s).

WHAT YOU CAN DO

If you live in the United States, please write the officials listed below to express your concern at the inadequate enforcement of the Animal Welfare Act, as revealed by the USDA Office of the Inspector General's 2005 audit report.

- Request that the system of reducing fines by 75 percent be eliminated.
- Request that fines be increased to a meaningful level and be based on the severity of the violation(s), the number of times the violations have been repeated, and the number of affected animals.
- Request that the "risk-based" selection of facilities be inspected be abolished and that all facilities be inspected at least once a year.

Though not addressed in the OIG audit, please also request that electronic access to facility inspection reports [E-FOIA] be reinstated immediately and that Freedom of Information Act requests be fulfilled in a timely manner. Without the possibility for public scrutiny of the animal care program, no regulatory or administrative change will make much difference. In recent years, it has become exceedingly difficult to receive copies of reports in a timely manner.

If you live outside the United States, please send a letter expressing your concerns to the U.S. Ambassador in your country of residence. A full listing of U.S. embassies around the world is available at <http://usembassy.state.gov/>

U.S. residents should contact:

*The Honorable Saxby Chambliss, Chairman
Senate Committee on Agriculture, Nutrition & Forestry
416 Russell Senate Office Building
Washington, DC 20510-1005
Fax: 202-224-1725*

*Mike Johanns, Secretary of Agriculture
U.S. Department of Agriculture
1400 Independence Ave SW
Washington, DC 20250
Fax: 202-720-2166*

*The Honorable Bob Goodlatte, Chairman
House Committee on Agriculture
2240 Rayburn House Office Building
Washington, DC 20515
Fax: 202-225-0917*

*Dr. Charles Lambert, Deputy Under Secretary for Marketing
and Regulatory Programs
U.S. Department of Agriculture
1400 Independence Ave SW
Washington, DC 20250
Fax: 202-720-5775
E-mail: chuck.lambert2@usda.gov*

Update: Yerkes Fined Only \$1,375 for Death of Chimp

The 4 November 2005 issue of the *Emory Wheel* announced, "Emory fined for death of chimp in '04." Emory University, located in Atlanta, Georgia, was fined a trifling \$1,375 by the U.S. Department of Agriculture for negligently causing the death of a chimpanzee at the Yerkes Primate Center. The unfortunate animal had been placed in a transport cage with ventilation on only one side and had died of over-heating.

Jean Barnes, head of the Atlanta-based Primate Freedom Project, told the *Wheel* reporter, "1,375 dollars is nothing to Emory University," and continued, "1,375 dollars is an insult. It's a joke is what it is."

According to its 2003 income tax return, Emory University was holding assets of \$4,872,177, 320 (nearly five billion dollars). The \$1,375 fine is indeed a joke.

Member Profile: Carol Arthur

A love of sheep led her to roam

One day Carol Arthur looked out of her kitchen window and saw two of her male sheep curiously examining a little bundle of new wool on the ground. Rejected by her mother, the little lamb was named Emma and hand-raised by Carol from the moment the helpless creature was literally minutes old. That tiny bundle turned out to be one of Carol's best friends. Emma followed Carol everywhere—including the ladies' washroom at a fair and a trek to a new home across the U.S. border into Canada. In fact, weaning turned out to be a lot harder on "mom" than on the quickly maturing lamb! Carol and Emma were a team for many happy years.

Emma, it's true, was a particularly special sheep—Carol went on to write about her and to showcase her pretty face in many publications—but Carol has long had an enthusiasm for Shetland sheep and their beautiful wool. A city girl born and raised in the Chicago area, Carol "never had any pets as a child," she says, "but the passion was there. When the spring rains would flood the rabbit nest in the lot next to my house, I would rescue the babies and raise them up." While going to college in California, where she majored in Biology and Environmental Science, she volunteered at a wildlife rescue center, and she went on to get a master's degree in entomology.

Going to the source

But somewhere along the way, she became fascinated with wool and spinning, which, she says "took me into an entirely different life." Indeed, this led to her desire to get closer to the source of all that beautiful fiber: sheep! California became too confined for the kind of life she wanted to lead, so, looking for a new place to

roam, she eventually settled on 2,000 acres in the wilds of South Dakota.

She loved working with her sheep—experiencing the thrill of the first lambs dropped right into her hands from their mothers, the pride of spinning her own fiber, the gratification of winning prize

Now after four years on a 150-acre farm in Alberta, her only regret, she says, is "not discovering Canada sooner." In her new homeland, she is currently a permanent resident (Canadians would say a "landed immigrant") and will be eligible for Canadian citizenship in February 2006.



Shirley cuddles one of Carol's beautiful little lambs.

after prize for her sheep and wool, and the satisfaction of publishing stories about her experiences. Of course, there were also sad moments—when newborn lambs failed to thrive or when sick animals had to be put down. But "the sheep taught me the importance of life and how temporary we all are," she says.

Troubles in paradise

Unfortunately, all did not fare as well on the South Dakota range as she had hoped. "I was an outsider and a woman in agriculture; I could pay my own bills and had all my own teeth—and somehow all that turned out to be really bad," she remembers ruefully. She finally decided to pull up stakes and look for a friendlier place to settle. She made the acquaintance of a couple of cattle ranchers from Canada who invited her to try life a little farther north—and she did.

"Women have rights and freedoms here as I never had in the U.S. It is a mandate straight from Ottawa that all Canadians must be kind and polite to everyone. It is more like 'home' here."

"Retirement"?

In addition to her new citizenship, Carol is preparing for another stage of life: a very active-sounding "retirement." She has placed most of her sheep and is only keeping five or six for her own wool needs. However, she continues to raise black swans (along with other, less dramatic waterfowl) on her own pond. "It is very meditative to sit and watch the birds in the water," she says. "If I take a book out to the pond, I never even open it as I cannot stop watching the birds."

A little restful meditation is probably not a bad idea—between taking up the flute, learning French, growing orchids,

taking long walks with George (her Saint Bernard), and traveling: she loves to travel and has plans to continue her explorations abroad. She has already made many trips to the United Kingdom (in connection with her Shetland sheep business), as well as Western Europe, Mexico, the Himalayas, and several countries behind the old Iron Curtain. She has also started to explore “a wee bit” of Canada, which should keep her busy for a while. Of course, she also continues to experiment with wool: in addition to spinning and knitting, she is also doing some weaving, trying out different types of wool (like yak), and using natural dyes to color the fiber.

Dian Fossey sparked her interest

Carol first became interested in primates when she heard about Dian Fossey’s work just after Dian’s death in

1985. Carol saw an ad placed by Shirley offering copies of IPPL newsletters containing some correspondence from Dian. Carol read about Dian’s work and soon become intrigued by the world of primates (although she has a soft spot for larger species, like Dian’s gorillas). “How can anyone not be fascinated with primates?” says Carol “Just look into their eyes.”

But Carol is all too aware of the challenges primates are facing in the twenty-first century. “Look at what is happening to them,” she says. “People are eating them, their cousins. People are destroying their homes, the forests, and all for greed.” Monkeys and apes can fare badly in captivity, too. “If we can go to the moon, I see no need to be using primates against their will in labs,” says Carol, “and I think the only good use for zoos is for

animals that could not make it on their own in the wild. Only primates that are confiscated from pet situations or similar circumstances and cannot be rehabilitated should go to well-regulated zoos.”

IPPL: “Good karma”

Carol is grateful to IPPL and Shirley for working to slow the tide of species destruction: “So much good karma,” she says. And she loves going to IPPL’s biennial Members’ Meetings, where she can hear up-to-date news from other sanctuaries around the world and meet with old friends. (Remember to save the date for the next meeting: March 24-26, 2006!) She also appreciates how Shirley can forward financial support to groups working in those countries where primates are native. Says Carol, “We must do all we can to help all our fellow planet-mates.”

Taking Care of Primates—Now and Forever

Over the years, IPPL has greatly benefited from caring supporters who have remembered IPPL in their wills. Thanks to those wonderful people, we can continue and expand our program of investigations and we can help primates rescued from horrible abuse by sending them to sanctuaries in Africa, Asia, and South America.

IPPL assists groups working to help wildlife in remote parts of the world and takes care of the 29 wonderful gibbons, many of them research veterans, at our headquarters sanctuary.

In 1999 we built a much-needed education center, thanks to a generous bequest from **Swan** and **Mary Henningson**.

One kind member left a special gift for **Igor**, our lab gibbon who had lived behind black Plexiglas for 21 years because he self-mutilated at the sight of other gibbons. **Igor** has now spent 18 years in “retirement” with IPPL.

These departed members’ compassion and thoughtfulness survives their leaving this world.

Our “special needs” gibbons require considerable attention. One of these is **Courtney**. **Courtney** was born at IPPL to **Michelle** and **Maui**. This was a complete surprise because **Maui** had undergone a vasectomy. **Courtney** was born on 10 January 2002. Sadly, her mother lacked milk and attacked her baby as she struggled to suckle. **Courtney**’s left leg was severely injured and she was in shock. Our veterinarian managed to save her life, but she has required special care ever since. She loves playing on the grounds with Shirley and IPPL animal caregivers and volunteers (see photo on right).

We hope that you will consider including IPPL in your estate plans, to ensure that primates in need will have our hard-working and experienced organization to stand by them now and in the future—and that the primates living at IPPL will continue to receive the best food and physical and emotional care that they need and deserve.

Please contact **IPPL, P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484, USA**, if you would like to discuss providing enduring help for IPPL. Thank you so much.



Photo © Tom Boatwright

❧ Special Gifts to IPPL ❧

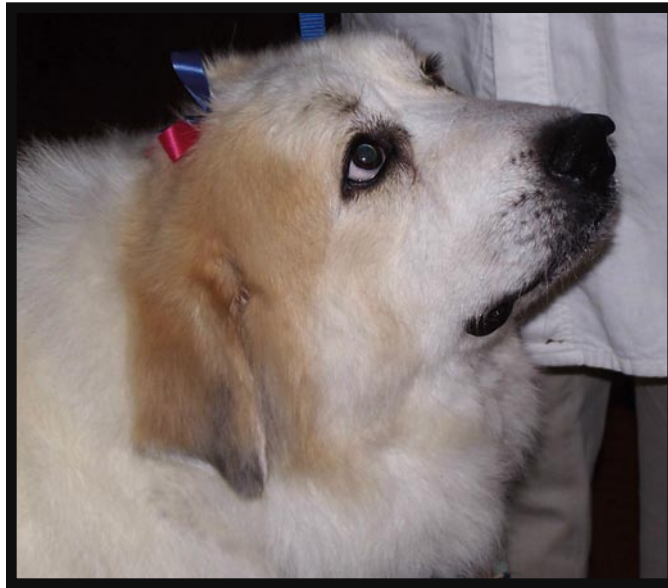
Given by:

- ❖ **Joan H. Brown and Barbara and David Selleck**, in honor of Katherine Margaret Brown's birthday
- ❖ **Sherri and Marianne De Fauw, Elinore B. Gordon, and Linda Ann Morton**, in honor of Arun Rangsi's birthday
- ❖ **John J. Flemm Foundation, Inc.**, in memory of Dr. Robert Post
- ❖ **Mrs. Robert Kalechofsky**, in honor of the 50th anniversary of Seymour and Judith Kass
- ❖ **Joan Claire Knitaitis**, in memory of Beanie
- ❖ **Ann and Bill Koros**, in memory of Ivy
- ❖ **Mr. G. Glenn Koury**, in honor of Igor
- ❖ **Shirley McGreal**, in memory of Ivy
- ❖ **Susan K. Parker**, a Yaupon Holly tree in memory of Beanie
- ❖ **Kathleen and Robert Pirrung**, in memory of Regina P. Lund

Goodbye to Ivy

On 9 October 2005 our precious dog and wonderful friend Ivy left us very peacefully, leaving her best friend Bullet, a blind mixed-breed, and everyone at IPPL heart-broken. Ivy was almost 11 years old. She was a white, fluffy Great Pyrenees with huge, soulful eyes. Ivy was born on 29 November 1994 and came to IPPL when she was four years old.

Ivy had received her Certificate of Longevity from the Great Pyrenees



Club of America earlier this year. Unfortunately, large dogs don't live as long as small dogs. Ivy had slowed down

companion of so many years, but fortunately he likes our other dogs, too.

some in recent years and was under care for arthritis.

Although born into a show dog family, Ivy didn't like the life of a show dog and rebelled! Her concerned human guardian had her spayed and sent her to retire in South Carolina.

Ivy was a truly amazing dog. Though she never had puppies, she became the loving mother and companion to our blind dog Bullet, who would follow her all round the property. We know he'll miss his

A'Famosa Resort Exploits Apes

Dianne Taylor-Snow, IPPL Board Member

Four years ago I first visited the A'Famosa Resort in Malacca, Malaysia, to investigate whether, as had been reported to IPPL, the Animal World Safari section of the theme park was using orangutans in entertainment. At the time there were no orangutans visible, but I spoke with one of the keepers there who confirmed that indeed, the park had recently "acquired" orangutans for future entertainment. I just about had the fellow talked into letting me enter the secluded compound where they were kept when his supervisor came along and put an end to this individual "tourist's" desire to see the red apes.

This spring I re-visited A'Famosa

on a tip that the park was indeed using orangutans in their animal entertainment shows, and one reliable source had told IPPL that the "ring master" had even introduced the orangutans as being Sumatran—a highly endangered species and also illegal to possess.

Arriving at the A'Famosa Animal World Safari entrance I immediately noticed a "photo op" using a young orangutan dressed in children's clothing. The establishment was charging a fee to have your photo taken with the little guy and insisted that personal cameras were not to be used. I guessed that the orangutan was approximately 3½ to 4 years old.





The website for A'Famosa advertises:

The 150-acre A'Famosa Animal World Safari, as its name implies, is an amazing wildlife safari...has many attractions including...Monkey Island. In addition, one's journey to the Animal World Safari would not be complete without catching its spectacular and eye-catching shows namely...Multi-Animal Show. These shows feature a host of intelligent and entertaining animals such as the orangutan that plays golf. Ideal for a family outing, the journey through the Animal World

Safari is highly educational as well as filled with everlasting memories.

As I walked towards the Monkey Island boat ride I noticed that there was another "photo op" area, this time with a couple posing for a picture with an adult tiger. Monkey Island was rather dismal. A number of new exhibits were still under construction. There were a handful of white-handed gibbons in small cages, not much more.

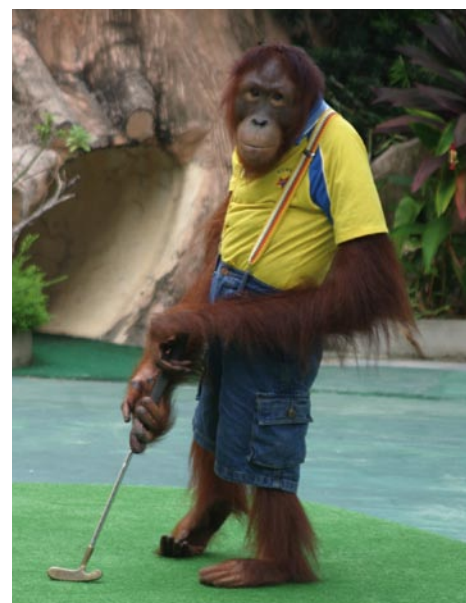
The animal show got underway with the arrival of a sub-adult orangutan dressed in trousers, T-shirt and suspenders riding in on a motorcycle. The highlight of the show was this orangutan playing golf. Another orangutan was paraded out wearing a bathing costume with an overly exaggerated bust-line. Yet another orangutan dressed as Spider-Man went sailing over the stage area hanging onto a loop connected to a wire, as if he were flying over the arena. All the animals were dressed in costume.

A Malaysian sun bear was made to do tricks (he played ball and rode a scooter), an otter entertained the crowd, and a large albino python was presented (as shock value, I presume). A young white-handed gibbon was brought out, for no other reason than to show her off, as she did no tricks.

Safari World claims that the shows are educational, but with all my years in the jungles of Indonesian Borneo studying free-living orangutans, I never saw any of

them playing golf or riding a motorcycle. Nothing has changed since my first visit there four years ago except that now these wonderful creatures are on full display doing stupid tricks.

The Malaysian government has repeatedly been asked to do DNA testing on the orangutans to determine if they are of Bornean or Sumatran lineage. The results had not been released during my visit there but it is suspected that, whatever the results, A'Famosa may argue that Malaysia needs the animals to promote tourism and bring revenue into the country. We have yet to see if the animals will be granted "legal" status.



PROTESTS NEEDED!

Please send letters requesting that the A'famosa "Multi-Animal Show" be banned and that any orangutans or other wild animals found to have been illegally obtained be confiscated sent to rehabilitation centers. Please contact the Malaysian officials listed below (postage from the U.S. to Malaysia costs 80 cents per ounce) and the Malaysian Embassy in your country of residence. A list of Malaysian embassies around the world can be found at www.kln.gov.my/english/Fr-missionworldwide.html

*His Excellency the Ambassador of Malaysia
Embassy of Malaysia
3516 International Court, NW
Washington, DC 20008*

*Dato' Seri Abdullah Ahmad Badawi
Prime Minister of Malaysia
Federal Government Administration Center
Bangunan Perdana Putra, 62502
Putrajaya, Malaysia*

*Y.B Dato' Sri Haji Adenan bin Haji Satem
Ministry of Natural Resources and Environment (NRE)
13th Floor, Wisma Tanah,
Jalan Semarak, 50574
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*

Kalaweit: Gibbon Sanctuary and Wildlife Radio Station

Dianne Taylor-Snow, IPPL Board Member



Located in Central Indonesian Borneo, the Kalaweit gibbon sanctuary is operated by Aurélien Brulé, who was nicknamed “Chanee” by his Thai guide on his first trip to Thailand. He took the trip in 1997 with the aim of studying pileated gibbons on the Thai-Burmese border. “Chanee” is the Thai name for gibbon and the nickname stuck. The word “Kalaweit” is Indonesian for gibbon. Chanee is very proud of his new name. As he says, “it is my life.” (And the first word his young son Andrew said was “wa wa,” which is Dyak for gibbon!)

The sanctuary itself is located at Camp Hampapak, which is about 45 minutes upriver from Palangka Raya by speedboat. At present there are 137 gibbons at Camp Hampapak and a number of macaques. It was wonderful to be on a Bornean river again and headed towards a

sanctuary I had heard so much about—all of it good. I looked forward to hearing all those gibbons greeting the day the next morning.

The island is actually in the middle of a lake and not on the main river, so the river traffic does not pass by, making it a beautiful setting. As we approached the island we slowed down and headed towards shore. “Where was the dock?” I wondered to myself. All I could see was a slippery slope. Sure enough, that was our landing spot. We jumped from the bow of the boat onto the slope

to sneak onto the island! These gibbons would not be put back into trade again!

This camp is “rustic” to say the least. There are two buildings for “us” and the rest is gibbon and macaque territory. The two wooden structures for people are at opposite ends of the island, one for a small number of volunteers, the other for employees. The shower/bath is very primitive (a squat toilet and a 50 gallon drum of water with a dipper for bathing contained in a small wooden building); it stands near a larger building with four rooms, each with two beds and mosquito nets—and the frequent nocturnal uninvited “guest.” A generator runs power for just a few hours each night. One of the employees is the cook for the volunteers, and after the meal is prepared you sit on the floor to eat—no table or chairs. Yet I felt quite at home and was delighted to be seemingly “out in the forest” again. This place is clearly dedicated to the care of gibbons!

Each of the large enclosures for the gibbons has been constructed in a triangular shape. This builds in a safety

factor when introducing a new pair. Should a scuffle occur, a gibbon can flee to a corner and be protected from advance from the side. One of Chanee’s employees, after countless hours of observation, came up with the idea, and it seems to work quite well. Also, each enclosure is surrounded by trees and vegetation so that each group or pairing of gibbons cannot see the others, only hear their voices. This seems to me to keep the stress level at a minimum for captive apes.

When one leaves the guest quarters and moves around the island, one is requested to speak only in a very low voice and face masks are required to be worn. All areas



and clambered up to dry ground. Not too graceful on my part, but then I thought how difficult it would be for anyone to try

on the island are cleaned daily with a very rigorous routine. Fire hoses and a generator are used to pump water from

the lake to wash down all of the cages. Then rakes are used to collect debris. The primates are fed a good diet of fresh fruits and vegetables, and the keepers are aware of each animal's likes and dislikes—their favorite foods and how and where they like their meals delivered. It is a well-run sanctuary, even though it seems to be busting at the seams with occupants.

It was a joy to spend the night at camp. Chanee is a very caring individual, not only for the creatures he cares for but for the people who work for him. When the work is done, Chanee

Opposite page, Chanee, founder of the Kalweit sanctuary, and one of his resident gibbons. Right, Chanee poses with his wife Padma and son Andrew. Far right, a glimpse of wildlife station Kalaweit FM.

allows and encourages his employees to play volleyball or a game of soccer, or to relax and chat. The people he employs are happy and it is reflected in the good care the animals are given.

Another very innovative idea of Chanee's was to establish a radio station that broadcasts music and

primate protection messages five times per hour. Chanee's wife, Prada, is the manager of Kalaweit Radio 99.1 FM and the relay station 92.8 FM in Sampit. The stations are sponsored by a grant from the Arcus Foundation to IPPL. The station has a great web page, <http://www.kalaweitfm.com>, which features a streaming web cam. You will find it a lot of fun to visit this site. The station is the most popular FM station

in Central Kalimantan and is helping people of the area turn into conservationists. Chanee gets phone calls from people asking him if he will take their pet gibbon, because they feel awful keeping the animal in captivity after listening to the conservation messages on the radio. Way to go!



My Day as an Indonesian Schoolteacher

Dianne Taylor-Snow, IPPL Board Member

Sekolah Global Mandiri is a private school teaching both Indonesian and expatriate children from kindergarten through seventh grade. It is located in the suburb of Cibubur just outside Jakarta. Cibubur is a fast-growing community and boasts that it is the home town of Indonesia's current president Susilo Bambang Yudhoyono

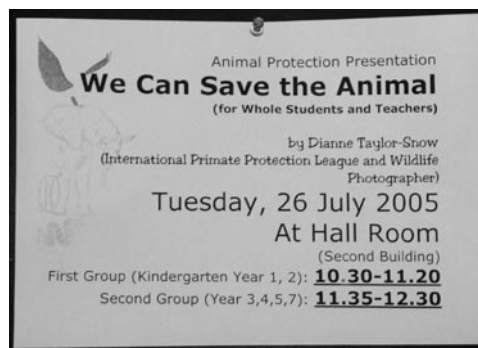
Dedi Kurniawan, formerly of ProFauna-Indonesia (formerly known as KSBK), is working at Sekolah Global Mandiri as a teaching assistant. Dedi and I have kept in touch, as he is still very concerned with wildlife protection and the plight of primates. Knowing I would be visiting Indonesia, he invited me to "give a talk" at his new school. Little did I know that my talk would involve two groups of children, the first group was kindergarten through grades 1 and 2. The second group involved grades 3 through 7. All in all I would be "teaching" about 150 very enthusiastic children about animal protection.

As the first group of children filed in, removed their shoes, and sat down on the floor, I was happy that Dedi and I both had

a microphone. The children were very excited about their American visitor!

Anyone who has ever dealt with young children knows that their span of attention can be rather short. I knew right away this was not going to be the scientific program I had originally planned on!

Dedi took the stage first and spoke to the children in both Bahasa and English and said that a speaker from the International Primate Protection League was going to tell them about the wonderful world of animals and the respect we should give them. He then passed the microphone to Stephen D'Cruz, Executive Principal, who gave an introduction, and then I was ON. We had a fellow operating the computer and we had worked out earlier my signal to click to a new image.



Microphone and laser pointer in hand, I began my talk. I spoke in a mix of the Indonesian language Bahasa and English,

and Dedi stood at the side to translate if needed. When each new image flashed on the screen the children erupted into cheers. It was really funny and heart warming. When all the slides had been presented I wanted to get the children involved in a discussion, so I worked my way into the center of all the little ones. Microphone in hand, I asked them which animal they liked the best and why. Most of the children were quite eager to speak into the microphone, and that got the whole room

session, tailoring it slightly for their ages, but they too were a bit excited so I walked through them, again with microphone in hand, and thrust it in their faces, and asked them what they thought about the animals they were seeing. It turned out to be a good technique to keep them focused on the program. Some of the regular teachers were “put on the spot” with the microphone too. Another



I think that I actually got through to most of the children, in all about 150: about primates and other species, and what an important role they play in our lives, and the necessity to respect and protect them all.

Bottom line: I believe that the International Primate Protection League had a positive impact on 150 young Indonesian children. It may have been the first time that they had ever heard of animal protection, and I think that

going, little hands waving in the air for their chance to tell their “teacher for the day” their favorite animal. Animals and their protection was a hot topic for this fine young group of students. It was fun. But I’m still wondering why one little second grader wanted to see my teeth!

Then the second and older group of children came in and I began my second

fun group! As the session ended, I stood at the door watching them slip back into their shoes and file out to their regular classes. Smiles all around, I was thanked in both English and Bahasa.

I was given a tour of the beautiful school and got to visit many of the schoolrooms where the students were all back at their regular studies.

the children went home that evening and lectured their parents that animals should live free and that they should never be purchased as pets.

Many thanks to Dedi Kurniawan and Sekolah Global Mandiri for a memorable day. I won’t soon forget the eager questions and smiles on the faces of the children. It was a good thing.

**Save the date for the next IPPL Members’ Meeting:
*March 24-26, 2006***

**And please consider sending or bringing items for our first-ever
Silent Auction
(Anything primate-related will be especially welcome!)**

Call Barbara at 843-871-2280 or e-mail info@ippl.org if you have any new or nearly-new items you’d care to donate.

Update: Thailand's Highland Farm Gibbon Sanctuary

Dianne Taylor-Snow, IPPL Board Member



Highland Farms was built from the ground up, on rolling hills with no trees, 43 miles up Route 1090 from Mae Sot, a small northern Thai town separated from Burma by the Moie River. It was the retirement dream of Bill and Pharanee Deters in the early 1990s. Today there are many trees and bamboo plantings that have grown over the years. There are small man-made ponds and ornamental tanks containing plants and fish. It is a sprawling compound with many outbuildings. My guest apartment was lovely, upstairs over workers' quarters and storage rooms; the guest room was a complete apartment with bath and refrigerator. The buildings are clearly non-Thai in architecture. One has the feeling that they are Alpine cottages with an Old West flair! Bill built it all with

the help of local labor.

In early 1991 they took into their care a pet gibbon the owners no longer wanted and over the years more and more primates showed up on their doorstep. Soon Bill and Pharanee found their "retirement" home was becoming a sanctuary for unwanted and abused primates and handfuls of other animals. They were running a rescue center and educating the local people about animal conservation.

Before the 2004 CITES Conference in Bangkok, Thailand, Pharanee Deters had invited Shirley McGreal and me up

to Highland Farm for a visit during the weekend break. IPPL had been helping out with donations since the late 1990s and we were looking forward to visiting, especially as Pharanee was a widow

after a horrendous act of mass murder that killed her husband and several Thais. Nonetheless, Pharanee was brave enough to carry on with the rescue center.

We were so disappointed to discover that the only airline that flew the route to Mae Sot had suddenly suspended all flights! So I was delighted that, when I was in South East Asia this summer, the invitation was still on—and that the airline was flying again!

Pharanee picked me up at the airport in Mae Sot and on the drive up to the farm we discussed the tragedy.





Three years ago Bill Deters and four other people were murdered at Highland Farm; Bill was in his own kitchen. It was determined that a former Burmese employee had committed the murders, along with another man and woman who conspired with him. One of the victims was a 3½-year-old little girl, the daughter

of the maid, who was also murdered. The little girl was still dressed in her school uniform. Apparently Bill came home from collecting the little girl from kindergarten and surprised the ex-employee, who opened fire on anyone he saw, murdering five people. Pharanee was spared, as she was in Bangkok visiting members of her family.

The shooter was sentenced to death, but after three years in the Mae Sot prison he is still alive and may possibly get out one day because Thai law says "good behavior" counts towards a reduction of sentence, apparently even in capital crimes.

So visiting this courageous woman at her sanctuary was another reason I was happy to fly to Mae Sot.



A f t e r touring the compound and spending a few delightful days with this remarkable woman, I must confess that, in spite of the remote location and

lack of funds, she and her small staff are doing a great job of taking care of the Highland Farm gibbons. But more help is needed. Many of the enclosures are old and should be replaced. A new plumbing

system should be installed, and Pharanee would like to provide heating in the gibbons' housing, as the winter nights in the highlands can be quite chilly. Veterinary care is expensive yet very important, as some of the primates who reach the sanctuary have been physically or mentally injured and require special help.

Thank goodness her current staff is dedicated. Husbandry practices are good, but could be improved with much needed funding for the above-mentioned housing, plumbing and heating systems, and vet assistance. Much of the food for the gibbons is grown on the premises, but trips into town are required to supplement the homegrown food, and gasoline for the long round trip is expensive. There is still no direct telephone line to the farm, so any e-mail has to be collected at an Internet shop in Mae Sot.

I was very impressed with the commitment and honest heroism I saw at Highland Farm. We need more people like Pharanee.

We at IPPL extend our warm thanks to our generous members who responded to our recent appeal for funds for Highland Farm. If the rescued gibbons could talk, they would thank you too!



Cameroon Wants Smuggled Apes Returned

On October 2005 an official delegation from Cameroon visited South Africa with the purpose of seeking the return to Cameroon of four gorillas smuggled from Nigeria via South Africa to Malaysia. The animals had been procured by the Taiping Zoo and became known as the “Taiping Four.”

The smuggling incident took place in January 2002 and came to light when a speaker at IPPL’s Year 2002 members’ Meeting told us about the presence of the gorillas at Taiping Zoo and gave us the business card of the animal dealership involved. IPPL contacts in Nigeria were able to obtain the shipping documents for the baby gorillas, who had been exported from Nigeria on documents claiming that they had been born in captivity at Ibadan Zoo, which owned only one female gorilla—and no males.

The work of the Cameroon mission to South Africa was covered in an article with the heading “Damages for South Africa

Holding Apes,” which appeared on the Reuters news service on 28 October 2005. According to Reuters,

Cameroon wants compensation from South Africa for refusing to return immediately four endangered gorillas, known as the “Taiping Four,” which it says were smuggled from the Central African country three years ago. Authorities in Yaounde say the young Western Lowland gorillas were shipped illegally to Malaysia’s Taiping Zoo in July 2002, then sent two years later to South Africa’s Pretoria National Zoological Gardens. Cameroon says their removal violated the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES). It sent a delegation to Pretoria last week to demand the apes’ return, with the support of animal rights and environmental groups.

The article reported that South African authorities were stalling by insisting

that the gorillas undergo DNA tests to determine their country of origin. However it is not possible to identify country of origin through DNA testing, as all Western lowland gorillas have the same DNA. Mary Fosi Mbantenkhu, adviser to Cameroon’s Environment Ministry and a member of the delegation, commented,

The delay is unacceptable to us and we will claim damages from the South African government for the commercial use of the animals, based on the time they remain in custody after the DNA tests.

South Africa had earlier proposed that it be allowed to keep the four gorillas in exchange for “wildlife conservation and research cooperation.” But Fosi Mbantenkhu rejected the offer, saying,

We know it is only a question of time, the animals will be back to Cameroon, their country of origin.

GRASP Declaration: African Nations Call for Protection of Great Apes

From 5-9 September 2005, a conference on the future of the great apes assembled in Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of Congo. The conference was convened by the Great Apes Survival Project (GRASP), which is a unit of the United Nations Environment Program. It was attended by over 200 international delegates, as well as more than 300 participants from the DRC.

Eighteen of the 23 great ape range states from Africa and Southeast Asia were represented, nine of these by Ministerial-level delegations. 29 GRASP non-governmental organization partners attended, as well as seven donor countries (including the U.K. Minister of Biodiversity), the European Commission, the Central Africa Forest Commission (COMIFAC), three GRASP Patrons, and three of the biodiversity-related conventions. Also represented were the scientific community, indigenous groups, and the private sector.

On 9 September 2005 those present issued a declaration calling for international action to save the great apes from extinction.

More about GRASP’s work and the text of the declaration can be found at <http://www.unep.org/grasp/>.

Palm Oil vs. Orangutans

The orangutans of Indonesia are being wiped out by illegal trade and habitat destruction. The Nyaru Menteng Orangutan Reintroduction Project has 380 orangutans in its care, and other sanctuaries in Borneo and Sumatra are bursting at the seams.

One of the leading causes of the crisis facing all the wildlife of these islands is the replacement of rainforests by palm oil plantations. Palm oil is an ingredient of many foods that we eat and products in daily use.

Three groups are taking the lead in the campaign: the Bornean Orangutan Society, Nature Alert, and Friends of the Earth.

Among the items that may contain palm oil are many favorite products such as ice cream, potato chips, cookies, margarine, mayonnaise, bread, soap, toothpaste, shampoo, cereal bars, and frozen meals. If you purchase any of these products, try to avoid those containing palm oil.

For more information, visit www.safepalmoil.org/.

Primate Paraphernalia!



Six Primate Species T-Shirt:

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Sizes: L, XL, XXL

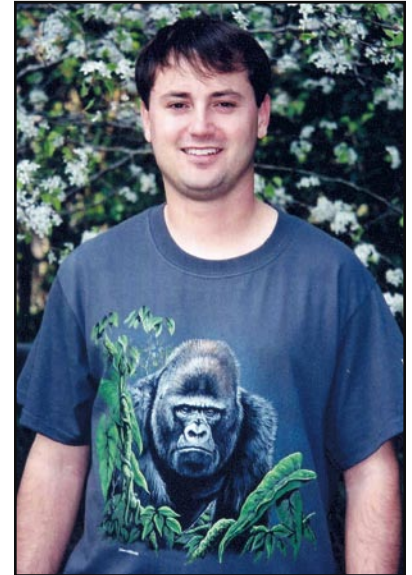
Cost: US\$14 (inside the US), US\$22 (overseas airmail)

IPPL Baseball Cap: Cotton cap features the IPPL name and a swinging chimp.

Color: Khaki

Sizes: one size fits all

Cost: US\$12 (inside the US), US\$16 (overseas airmail)



Gorilla T-Shirt: 100% Cotton

Color: Charcoal

Sizes: S, M, L, XL

Cost: US\$14 (inside the US), US\$22 (overseas airmail)

You can also order IPPL merchandise on the Web, via our secure server, at:
<https://sims.net/clients/ippl.org/catalog.html>

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For verification purposes, if credit card billing address is different from the **Ship to** address above, please give the billing address information below:

Address		
City	State	Zip

Mail your order to:
IPPL P.O. Box 766 Summerville, SC 29484 USA
Questions? Call 843-871-2280.

IPPL Gibbon T-Shirt: 100% Cotton.

These T-shirts feature drawings by Michelle Winstanley Michie of three IPPL gibbons: **Arun Rangsi**, who came to IPPL as a baby from a biomedical lab; **Igor**, who spent 26 lonely years in research; and **Beanie**, who had been blinded by illness.

Color: Forest green

Sizes: Adult sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL;
Child sizes S, M, L

Cost: Adult – US\$15 (inside the US),
US\$22 (overseas airmail)

Child – US\$12 (inside the US),
US\$16 (overseas airmail)



Orangutan T-Shirt:

100% Cotton

Color: Navy

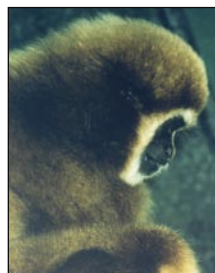
Sizes: M, L, XL, XXL

Cost: US\$14 (inside the US),
US\$22 (overseas airmail)

Forgotten Apes Video:

Featuring IPPL gibbons.

Cost: US\$10 (inside the US),
US\$15 (overseas airmail)



Primate Photography Book:

Award-winning wildlife photographer Art Wolfe teams up with conservation writer Barbara Sleeper to create *Primates: The Amazing World of Lemurs, Monkeys, and Apes*.

Cost: US\$25 (inside the US),
US\$30 (overseas surface shipping),
US\$40 (overseas airmail)

Gibbon Notecards: 12 cards
plus 12 envelopes, 3 each of 4
colorful IPPL gibbon portraits.

Cost: US\$12 (inside the US),
US\$15 (overseas airmail)

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Adopt An IPPL Gibbon!

Each of the 30 gibbons living at IPPL Headquarters deserves a happy life. Many of IPPL's residents have come to the sanctuary after years in research, as pets, or in sub-standard living conditions. By adopting an IPPL gibbon, you help to ensure that your chosen animal (and all the IPPL gibbons) will continue to get the best care possible: a quiet, peaceful life in sunny South Carolina, living in spacious enclosures with their mates, and eating only fresh, natural foods. For a donation of \$15 or \$25 per month for at least six months, you will receive the following:

- A signed Certificate of Gibbon Guardianship.
- A large glossy photograph of your gibbon.
- A biographical sketch of your gibbon.
- A quarterly update on your gibbon.
- An IPPL sanctuary fact sheet.
- A gibbon fact sheet.
- A set of gibbon stickers.

In addition, if you choose to adopt a gibbon at the \$25-per-month level, IPPL will send you one of our forest-green T-shirts featuring several IPPL gibbons. And remember: adoptions make wonderful gifts that will last all year.

Yes, I want to adopt an IPPL gibbon!

Your name: _____ Phone number: _____

Street address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

E-mail address: _____

Please check if this is an adoption **RENEWAL**: ☐

I would like to adopt (insert name of gibbon)_____.

I would like to **pay in monthly installments** ☐ **OR** I would like to **pay in full** ☐:

1. At the **\$15 per month** level for 6 months (in full: \$90) ____ 1 year (in full: \$180) ____ 2 years (in full: \$360) ____

OR

2. At the **\$25 per month** level for 6 months (in full: \$150) ____ 1 year (in full: \$300) ____ 2 years (in full: \$600) ____

For the \$25/month level, select the desired size of T-shirt (circle). **Adult sizes:** S M L XL XXL **Children sizes:** S M L

☐ **This is a gift.** Please send the adoption packet and updates (and T-shirt, if applicable) to the following recipient:

Recipient's name: _____ Phone number: _____

Street address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

☐ I will be paying via a check or money order made payable to IPPL.

☐ I will be paying by credit card (circle): VISA MasterCard AMEX Discover

Name (on card): _____

Credit card number: _____ Expiration Date: _____

Signature: _____

Credit card billing address (for verification purposes): _____

For information about adopting your gibbon through a monthly automatic checking account withdrawal, or if you have other questions, please call us at 843-871-2280, or send us an e-mail (info@ippl.org).

You can also adopt a gibbon on our Web site: go to www.ippl.org and click on the "Adopt an IPPL Gibbon" link.

Please mail your application to: IPPL, P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484, USA; or fax it to (843) 871-7988.

IPPL Gibbons Currently Available for Adoption

Tong

Tong belongs to a different species from most of IPPL's gibbons. She is a concolor gibbon and was wild-born in her native Vietnam probably around 1970. When she was an infant, she was sold as a pet to an American serviceman stationed in Vietnam; her mother may have been one of that nation's many wild animals that succumbed to Agent Orange or other hazards of war. When Tong's owner left the country, Tong remained in the care of his servants. Unfortunately, the servants did not know much about gibbon nutrition, so Tong developed rickets, a deforming bone disease. Eventually, in 1973, Tong was transferred to the protection of newly-founded IPPL, and she has been a part of the family ever since. By adopting Tong, you'll share in IPPL's commitment to lifelong care for beautiful apes like her.



Arun Rangsi

Arun Rangsi was born in 1979 at a California research laboratory. Abandoned by his mother at birth, he was raised with a substitute mother made of wire to which he clung. Then the laboratory lost the funding for its program, and IPPL Chairwoman Shirley McGreal, acting on a tip-off, rescued him from possible euthanasia. Once he arrived at the IPPL sanctuary, his physical and mental condition greatly improved, thanks to a good diet and lots of love. Today Arun Rangsi lives happily with Shanti, another former laboratory gibbon, and his family. To keep this sweet, gentle ape happy and healthy, we'd love for you to adopt him.

Courtney

Courtney was born at IPPL on 10 January 2002, the result of a failed vasectomy. When she was just 12 days old, her mother rejected her, leaving the little 12-ounce infant with a terribly mangled leg. Thanks to the skill of our veterinarian and months of attention from Courtney's special nannies, her injuries have healed remarkably well. She has had minor follow-up surgery, but is nonetheless extremely active. If you saw her leaping around, you would hardly believe how badly she had been hurt. Since we cannot place her with another gibbon until she is mature, she will continue to need special attention from her human caregivers for several more years. We hope you'll consider adopting this spunky little ape.



Igor

Igor was born in the wilds of Thailand some time in the 1950s. Most likely his mother was shot and he himself kidnapped while still an infant. Eventually, he was sold to an animal exporter who shipped Igor to the United States to live in a laboratory. Igor spent a total of 26 years in different labs. At some point early in his "career," he developed a bizarre and distressing behavior: he became a self-mutilator, savagely biting his own arms whenever he caught sight of another gibbon. As a result, he was forced to live isolated behind black Plexiglas. In 1987, Igor was allowed to "retire" after his years of service. Since arriving at IPPL, where he lives out of sight but within earshot of IPPL's other gibbons, he has not attacked himself once. Please think about adopting this wonderful, resilient fellow.



MEET IPPL's MAUI!

Maui was born at the Maui Zoo in Hawaii. Maui Zoo kept its animals in poor conditions and, following public protests, closed down in 1996. All the resident animals were transferred to zoos or sanctuaries. They included three gibbons. Lucy Wormser of the Pacific Primate Sanctuary recommended IPPL as their new home, and we were selected. Maui is the handsome son of Palu-Palu (who started life as a pet) and his mate Jade. All three gibbons reached IPPL in March 1996. We picked them up at the Charlotte airport, where we were met the threesome and their escort, Mary Chumbley. In addition to the three gibbon crates, several boxes of delicious, sweet pineapples had been shipped.

Maui grew up with his parents, but left the family unit when he reached adolescence. It is a normal gibbon family event for parents to evict their mature offspring. Maui used to live with Michelle until she decided she wanted a "gibbon divorce." Now Maui is waiting for a new bride—maybe this will be Speedy, the young daughter of Maui's IPPL gibbon neighbor, Arun Rangsi!

IPPL: Who We Are

IPPL is an international grassroots wildlife protection organization. Our mission is to promote the conservation and protection of *all* nonhuman primates, including apes, monkeys, and lemurs, around the world.

IPPL has been operating an animal sanctuary in Summerville, South Carolina, since 1977. There, 29 gibbons (the smallest apes) live in happy retirement. IPPL also works to reduce the illegal trafficking in primates.

IPPL was founded in 1973 by Dr. Shirley McGreal, IPPL's Chairwoman. *IPPL News* first appeared in 1974; it is published three times a year.

IN THIS ISSUE:

 <i>Action Item!</i>	<i>Page</i>
Bob Campbell: Taming the gorillas	3
Colin Groves: In the field with Dian	4
Geza Teleki: Dian's commitment	5
Liz Williamson: In her footsteps	6
Ian Redmond: Saving the gorillas	8
Melissa Panger: A special pen pal	9
Juichi Yamagiwa: Dian's advice	9
Rosamond Carr: Interview	10
Evelyn Gallardo: Dinners with Dian	11
Georgianne Nienaber: Peace & love	12
<i>No One Loved Gorillas More</i>	15
 Audit report: AWA violations	16
Member profile: Carol Arthur	18
Goodbye to IPPL's Ivy	20
 A'Famosa resort exploits oranges	20
Kalaweit: sanctuary & radio station	22
Indonesian wildlife schoolteacher	23
Update: Highland Farm sanctuary	25
Cameroon demands gorillas' return	27
Palm oil plantations bad for oranges	27
GRASP declaration: protect the apes	27

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