



Venus

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*Farewell to
Rita Miljo,
the Mother Teresa
of Baboons*

Photo © Attie Gerber



A Note from Shirley

Dear IPPL Friend,

I hope you had a wonderful summer! Summer has come to an end in Summerville. Our ruby-throated hummingbirds have headed south on their long migration to Central America.

The gibbons are enjoying the cooler weather and are extremely active and vocal.

This fall we enjoyed having three teams of volunteers, sponsored by Trident United Way's Day of Caring project, working with us for a day. We had 22 volunteers here. IPPL has participated in this program since 2004. By sheer good fortune, never once has it rained! Among this year's accomplishments were window-washing, weed-whacking, and planting hundreds of trees and plants.

Our animal care team is great. Donetta has been with us 17 years, Hardy nearly 12 years, Meg for over a year, and Brandon for almost a year. It's good for the gibbons to have a stable situation, with experienced employees working alongside enthusiastic youngsters.

Hard at work in the office are Barbara (14 years with IPPL), who handles donations and lots more; Sharon (10 years) who prepares our newsletters and grant applications and so on; and Tina (6 years) who works on our database, handles international wire transfers, helps care for IPPL's dogs, and more! Plus me!

Our wonderful crew greatly appreciates your generous support. Thank you so much!

Best wishes,



Shirley McGreal

IPPL Founder and Executive Director



IPPL: Who We Are

IPPL is an international grassroots wildlife protection organization. It was founded in 1973 by Dr. Shirley McGreal. Our mission is to promote the conservation and protection of *all* nonhuman primates, great and small.

IPPL has been operating a sanctuary in Summerville, South Carolina, since 1977. There, 33 gibbons (the smallest of the apes) live in happy retirement.




IPPL also helps support a number of other wildlife groups and primate rescue centers in countries where monkeys and apes are native.

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About the Cover

Rita Miljo, who founded and directed the C.A.R.E. Baboon Sanctuary in South Africa, was tragically killed as a result of a fire in her home, on the sanctuary property, on July 27, 2012.

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Remembering Rita

Hambe kahle, Mama Zimfene! Go well, Mother of Baboons!

It was stunning news for the primate conservation world: the 81-year-old Rita Miljo, whom we liked to refer to as “the Mother Teresa of Baboons,” had been killed in a fire at the primate sanctuary she founded in 1989 in South Africa.

She and three of her favorite baboons perished in the flames on the night of July 27, 2012. The fire destroyed her apartment, the clinic, and the nursery night quarters at the Center for Animal Rehabilitation and Education (C.A.R.E.), but fortunately no other baboons or people were killed. Here, some of her many friends, colleagues, and admirers remember Rita’s life and work.

My Conversations with Rita

Kathy Schultz

Not long ago, I walked up the steep stairs to Rita Miljo’s flat. Rita was sharing her cheese sandwich with Bobby. Bobby reached through her cage and politely took the sandwich from Rita. Rita was the founder of C.A.R.E., the largest baboon sanctuary in the world. Bobby was her beloved baboon, the first she had ever rescued, retrieved from a dustbin in a Namibian army camp in 1980. Rita was the heart and soul of the center but often said, “Bobby is really the one who founded C.A.R.E.”

Tragically, both Rita and Bobby, along with two other baboons, perished in that horrific fire this past July.

Photo © Attie Gerber

Rita's tree house

I had been visiting Rita regularly for the past six months during my stay at C.A.R.E. Flying from Seattle, Washington, in the United States, I made my way to the sanctuary located about an hour from the small South African city of Phalaborwa, in Limpopo Province. I went to write about the impending release of a troop of baboons. It was to be C.A.R.E.'s first release in several years. Of the more than 600 captive baboons in the sanctuary, two troops were scheduled to be freed.

Rita and I sat in her flat, which I came to call her tree house. She lived above the combination clinic, administrative office, food preparation area, and sleeping quarters for rescued baby baboons. The sitting area was surrounded by treetops, had a beautiful view of the Oliphants River, and was open to the sky above. However, it was completely enclosed in diamond-mesh fencing, to keep the wild baboons out. In Rita's self-described "cage" she kept company with Bobby, Sexy, and Foot. Each had a "cage with a view."

"Mother of all Baboons"

Rita was slight and spry with yellow-white hair, and intelligent cornflower-blue eyes. She usually wore a neutral-colored T-shirt printed with a baboon, cream corduroy pants, and Crocs with socks. Carved wooden baboons and baboon skulls decorated the floor. There was a bronze bust of her and a baboon baby in the corner with a plaque that read, "Rita Miljo, Mother of all Baboons."

As we chatted, Rita frequently threw out handfuls of dried corn kernels ("mealies") through the fencing. Wild baboons that roamed the land would climb up to her treehouse to swipe mealies as she threw them. If Rita saw a pregnant baboon or mother with a new infant, she would slip them a special treat, a banana. "They know the boundaries of my property better than I do," she said of the 100-plus wild ones. "They know they're safe here."



One of Rita's favorite sayings.

"A sanctuary for rats"

Rita had devoted her life to rescuing baboons in a culture where they were, and still are, much maligned. They have been hunted and persecuted for generations. Diminishing wild habitat and increasing human population have caused baboons to search for food in populated areas, creating conflicts between monkey and man.

But Rita relentlessly championed their protection, challenging the "vermin laws" and the government bodies who made them. To this day, baboon protection varies from province to province. Rita explained to me that, within Limpopo Province, it is

illegal to shoot baboons, and the shooter's bullet must match the firearm to determine culpability.

Still, it's far easier to obtain a permit to shoot baboons in most of South Africa's provinces than it is to preserve a species that benefits the environment. And even when protections are in place, they are rarely enforced. "Why must we wait until baboons are on the brink of extinction before we pay attention?" was one of Rita's oft-repeated refrains. "People have always considered baboons vermin. To them, I may as well have started a sanctuary for rats."

Each one has a story

Each rescued baboon at the sanctuary has a story. Many are ex-pets, or orphans whose mothers have been shot, or were used for research, or were rescued from heinous conditions.

Sexy, one of the baboons that lived and died with Rita, had been chained to a pole for several years. Patat was welded in a drum for eight years, her feces collected by Sangoma (“witchdoctors”) who used it for their traditional medicine. Sangoma also routinely use various body parts of baboons, including their hands, feet, and buttocks.

Red-tape

Rita’s mission was to provide a safe place to feed and care for the older baboons. She also formed troops of orphaned baby baboons that would later be released. Rita and sanctuary personnel released several troops over the years. Nelson Mandela even lent moral support to Rita for one release, but it made little difference in aiding and funding future releases. Baboons continued to be considered a nuisance.

During the latter part of 2011, for example, C.A.R.E. personnel found a site that was perfect for releasing baboons. It was far from agricultural land, had an excellent water source, plentiful food (including some of the baboons’ favorites), shelter for sleeping, and plenty of space, appropriate for releasing dozens of troops. Rita wanted to release a small troop of only seven baboons on this vast site. A permit application was filed.

After passing through multiple channels and inspections within and by the Department of Environmental Affairs and Tourism, South Africa, the permit was denied. The grounds for denial included: a determination that the release was a humanitarian effort rather than a conservation effort; the fear of genetic contamination; and an assessment that there would be a lack of food sources. Rita was livid. But she never gave up, and she encouraged her staff to continue the fight.

Fire with fire

Rita was colorful, fiery, controversial, adamant, and opinionated, particularly

when it came to protecting the baboons. She had had more than a few political, legal, and personal feuds in her lifetime. One altercation involved threatening to shoot hunters who trespassed on her land.

Once she did more than threaten. She took a shot at a couple of hunters. “I’m sorry I missed,” she told me. As she spoke, there was a large male with a beautiful gray coat sitting on a tree branch just across from us, peering into Rita’s tree house. “Look at him. Look into his eyes. How can anyone

take pleasure in shooting him?” she said.

When I visited Rita, I brought treats for Bobby and the others. While Bobby liked the raisins and almonds, she liked grooming me more. “She’s more interested in your touch,” Rita said. Bobby had three-inch-long curling nails and would part my hair looking for fleas, lift my shirt to scratch at moles, and move the bangles on my wrist to examine my skin for any other anomalies. “Gentle, Bobby, gentle,” said Rita.

Rita being groomed by Bobby.



Photo © Attie Gerber

Rita remembers

In the months before her death, Rita recounted stories about her life, beliefs, personal philosophies, and struggles. Rita was born in a small town in Germany bordering Russia and grew up in Nazi Germany. It had a lasting impact on her. At the age of eight, she joined the Hitler Youth. She was too young to understand the party line, much less Hitler, who she said “looked and spoke funny” when she saw him at rallies as a young girl. Many times I felt she was still trying to come to terms with living through those atrocious years in history.

Rita emigrated to Africa in 1953, where she married her German-born husband, Lothar Simon. He was a tremendously successful engineer, which allowed Rita to live an adventurous life. She learned to fly planes and taught herself aerobatics from a book, since no male instructor would teach her. An accomplished pilot, she was thrilled to perform loops and spirals, and she loved flying through much of southern Africa.

The baboons became her family

In 1963 Rita bought the 50 acres of land that eventually become the sanctuary. The property also became Rita’s home away from home. She initially camped out and later lived in a rustic, one-room hut. Rita would bring her young and only daughter, Karin, with her. In a heart-breaking tragedy, Rita’s husband and daughter died in a small plane crash in 1972. Lothar had

been flying the plane. “For years I felt like I caused their deaths, since I encouraged him to learn to fly,” she said.

When Rita rescued Bobby eight years later, she poured her love and care into the baby baboon, who was much like a child to her and became her constant companion for more than 30 years.

During our conversations, she would sometimes pause. Her face and voice would soften as she watched the baboons. “That little chap is doing so well,” she would say about a baby baboon who had only one arm. “It would have been easier for him if he lost a leg instead of an arm. But look at him!” Or, “There’s Stump. He had his tail bitten off when he was a baby. I thought sure he was dead, but his mother kept carrying him around. He survived and grew up to be a big, handsome male.”

One day she commented on the peaceful way the warthogs and baboons coexisted without disturbing one another. This last observation came days before she saw a baboon swing a piglet by his tail. “I’ve never seen that before,” she said.

Even at 81, with her great depth of knowledge and understanding of baboons after decades of living with them, Rita still observed behaviors new to her or pondered a behavior she had never quite been able to explain. “I talked about baboons’ individual personalities long ago. People said I anthropomorphized. One academic friend told me, ‘Don’t talk like that. You’ll lose all your credibility.’” Decades later, the scientific community concluded that

baboons possessed individual qualities and lived within a complex social structure, just as humans do.

A baboon, a glass of wine, and thou

Rita and I shared glasses of wine and frustrations over the government and release permits. We shared her great sorrow over the death of Three-Tits, one of her long-time baboon companions. We shared food—with Bobby. I knew Rita would give her some of the roast chicken and stuffing I made. Rita shared old black-and-white pictures of her family and early days with Bobby on the land. And we shared anecdotes and laughs about the antics of baboons.

Over the months I was inspired by Rita’s bravery, resolve, and passion. I was also touched by her humanity, as a person with foibles, and her honesty in discussing the realities, regrets, and sorrows of her life. I felt extremely privileged to share so much time with Rita.

Rita was painfully aware of her advancing age, increasing frailty, and mortality. As one can imagine, it was difficult for a pioneering, proud, and passionate woman to come to terms with these inevitable life changes. However, each day she found joy in the baboons, and comfort that Bobby was still with her. “Every morning I wake up and wonder if she’s still alive. Then I hear her grunt and I’m relieved.” She frequently said, “I don’t know which one of us will go first. We haven’t figured that out yet.”

Rita inspects one of her enclosures.



Photo © Attie Gerber

Special Tributes

Julie Hyde Mew, reporter:

In the beginning

What most people do not realize is the extraordinary contribution Rita Miljo made to the conservation world. She was the first person to hand-rear social wild animals and release them successfully back into the wild.

I was privileged to be there at the beginning and to watch her do it. When I first met her as a journalist for South African television, she was living under canvas in the middle of the bush with about 20 orphaned baboons. She told me at the time that, in spite of their traumatized backgrounds, she dreamt of releasing them back into the wild.

She achieved that dream—but she had to fight for each triumph every step of the way. I fought alongside her, as I was her only champion in those early days. Whenever she came up against a stone-wall, she would phone me and demand that I do something about it. We both thoroughly enjoyed watching petty government officials hurriedly back down the moment the television cameras were turned on them. She shamelessly used me for her own ends—and I loved her for it.

Twenty-five years down the line, there are many baboons who owe their lives and freedom to Rita Miljo. But baboons are still being indiscriminately killed in South Africa, and there are now more than 600 orphaned baboons living in cages at Rita's center.

Their release into safe places in the wild is being bogged down by red-tape from an uncaring and often hostile government, which still regards them as “vermin.” Rita struggled to change that attitude, but she did not succeed. She may now be dead, but her fight on behalf of the baboons lives on.

Karen Pilling, C.A.R.E. board member:

A dear friend with “baboon sense”

When I think of Rita, I stand in awe of how one small, feisty, brave, spirited woman has affected so many people's lives. For her 80th birthday last year we compiled a book of messages from friends around the world, sharing their precious memories of times spent with her, letting her know the influence she, the baboons, and C.A.R.E. had had on their lives.

In my last conversation with Rita, just before she died, she talked about the book and how much joy it gave her to re-read it and recall the times shared with friends and colleagues. We jokingly nicknamed it her Alzheimer's Book.

The common thread through it all is her complete dedication to the primates she often referred to as “God's unwanted little people,” the chacma baboons. She never minded that people thought her a little batty for fighting for their rights: as far as she was concerned, she thought herself fortunate to have found her

passion in life.

Rita would be astounded to see the tributes to her published around the world. She once looked at me aghast when I Googled her name and showed her the many articles written about her. “Who gave them permission to put all that stuff about me on there!” she said.

I will miss her intuition (what she called her “baboon sense”), her knowledge, and her willingness to challenge accepted norms and support the underdog. Most of all, I will just miss her as a friend.



Wild baboons at C.A.R.E.

Photo © Attie Gerber

Attie Gerber, filmmaker:

A luta continua: the struggle continues!

I was introduced in 2000 to Rita during a documentary film shoot in the Vredefort Dome region not far from Johannesburg in South Africa. Rita released two baboon troops in this area, and I covered both for 50/50, a natural history TV program on SABC2. It was a very cold winter, and the 70-plus-year-old Rita camped for more than two weeks with the baboons.

Since then, I have produced several investigative TV reports on the (mal-) treatment of baboons in South Africa; Rita was the main feature in each of them. The fighting spirit, fearlessness, and guts of this frail-looking lady left an indelible imprint on me and my family. She never hesitated to speak her mind about what she believed in. Her death is an immense blow for animal rights in South Africa, and the baboons have lost their most valuable ally.

Silke von Eynern, vervet sanctuary founder:

In memory of my mentor

Rita, I am what I am because of you. What I will be tomorrow—is thanks to you. Thank you “vervet” much for teaching and showing me how to help save the vervet monkeys in South Africa. All the monkeys of Bamblela Wildlife Care miss you, Mama Zimfene. Auf Wiedersehen.

Chris Mercer, author:

A wildlife warrior

No account of wildlife warriors in South Africa would be complete without mentioning Rita Miljo. Of her, I can speak only with reverence. She was by far the most knowledgeable wildlife rehabber in South Africa, and an internationally renowned expert on primate behavior...

She used to phone me of an evening, most often just to chat with someone who understood the problems she had to live with. Officials learnt to respect her. Once she rescued a baby baboon from far-off Barberton, and found herself once again in court on the usual charges of transporting and keeping an animal without a permit. She phoned me, chortling with glee, to give me the news.

“Well, Chris, there I was in the dock giving evidence and the prosecutor asks me in cross-examination: ‘Why do you waste your time on problem animals like baboons?’ So I said to him: ‘Who are you to tell God that he should not have created baboons?’ I saw the magistrate smiling at that. Anyway, I was acquitted. The magistrate said I was acting out of necessity to save the animal’s life and that was a good defense, even though I did not have a permit.”

And she chortled with glee again. What an indomitable woman.

From *Kalahari Dream* (2011), with Bev Pervan

Carolyn Bocian, primatologist:

Happy Meetings

Rita and I met not in South Africa, but in South Carolina, at the 2006 IPPL Members’ Meeting. As I listened to her presentation it dawned on me: this tiny white-haired woman was one of a handful of people, like Dian Fossey and Shirley McGreal and Carole Noon, who put their lives on the line to protect primates. Rita was uniquely proud to declare that she was protecting God’s creation. Standing in the burned rubble of what used to be Rita’s lounge, I imagined her now joyfully greeting Bobby, Foot, and Sexy... and a very long line of animals behind them!

Stephen Munro, C.A.R.E. managing director:

Doing it all for the baboons

Talking fondly of her the other day, we realized that in her 60s she was living in the bush with her release troop, living in the back of a truck or camping with her faithful employee, Bennet. What a difference from her former life. Rita was often willing to rub people the wrong way or become a thorn in someone’s side, but she did it all for the baboons. Rita, I hope you are finally at peace, enjoying a drink and looking after us from above.

Baboon mom and baby.





Photo © Atife Gerber

Rita at a baboon release.

Epilogue

Michael Blumenthal

I spoke to my friend Rita Miljo for the last time on Thursday, July 26, 2012, at precisely 4:00 P.M. Twenty-eight hours later, she was dead, burned to death with her beloved baboon Bobby and two other baboons in the small apartment she kept above the clinic at C.A.R.E. She was probably, as I knew her, listening to Beethoven or watching an old movie with a glass of white wine in her hand when she died.

"Human error"

It's only fitting that Rita should have died of what she so frequently described as "human error," a not entirely dissimilar way to that in which her husband and 17-year-old daughter perished some forty years ago. For them, it was a small plane crash; for Rita, it was a fire. Both cases had, no doubt, something to do with "human error."

I had called Rita on Thursday because, unable to get hold of her for months either by e-mail or phone (a not-infrequent event in the South African bush), I had become worried about her, and had even e-mailed her colleague, Karen Pilling,

in Johannesburg. "Hi Michael," Karen immediately wrote back to me:

Great timing! After weeks of no phone/Internet service, C.A.R.E.'s line came on yesterday, and Rita called me just before I hopped on a plane to London and Zurich. I told her you'd sent a message checking whether she was still alive and kicking. She mentioned having written to you about 2 months ago in reply to your mail. Now she's doubting whether it went? She was touched you were being persistent, so please try again!

*Regards,
Karen*



Photo © Attie Gerber

Which is precisely what I did, just the day, as it turned out, before Rita would die. “Oh, Michael,” she said just before we hung up, “you needn’t worry about an old gal like me. If anything is wrong, you’ll surely hear about it more quickly than if things go right... especially here in South Africa.”

And so it would be. On the morning of July 29, the following e-mail, with the subject line “Rita Miljo,” arrived from a to-me-unknown correspondent:

*Michael,
My name is Matt Schudel, and I’m a reporter at the Washington Post.
We have learned that Rita Miljo, the subject of your story in the Post magazine*

on Oct. 19, 2008, has died in a fire in South Africa.

I’ll be preparing an obituary.

Do you know if there might be any photos available of her? For some reason, we do not seem to have any archived photos from your story.

Thank you for any help you can provide.

Rita was right again: Human error. And bad news does indeed travel fast.

Opposites attracting

I am a poet in most of my publications, so I don’t use words (especially such tritely overused ones as the word “love”) easily or lightly. I didn’t love Rita Miljo; she was, after all, as I believe my writings

and interviews with her have already indicated, not an easy person to love. No one with her attitudes about her fellow humans could have been. (“The worst thing you can do to me,” she once told me, “is to make me work with other human beings.”)

But I *did* feel a deep connection, and a profound admiration, for her, as well as an abiding sense that here dwelled a unique and genuine human being—a being with a great deal of love in her heart, not necessarily for humans, but, as it was, for baboons, and other animals as well.

Rita and I, I can say with some modesty, hit it off. Most likely, in part, because we were so radically different. I have a somewhat sentimental nature, a weakness

for my human kind, an inherent fear of snakes, crocodiles, and large male baboons with their fangs bared. I have never shot, much less owned, a gun, nor can I ever imagine myself aiming one, in less than the most heinous circumstances, at one of my fellow human beings.

Keeping it real

But what made Rita Miljo both lovable (I use it here as an adjective, not a verb) and unique, what drew me to her originally and kept us friends these past five years, albeit over long distances, was the fact that I sensed in her an utterly genuine and utterly honest human being, one incapable of falsity or flattery or the kind of dissembling that gets many of us so far in the more “civilized” world.

Rita, to put it simply, was real. And, to

put it even more simply, I would (unless, of course, it came to choosing between me and a baboon) have trusted her with my life.

When I left C.A.R.E. on that late May day five years ago, Rita walked me out to my car (which the baboons, while I was inside visiting with her, had nearly dismembered), gave me a hug, and said two things to me. “I know this wasn’t easy for you, and not at all the kind of life you came from,” she said, in a notorious bit of understatement, “and that at times you even felt like leaving. But I admire you for sticking it out, and for being such a good trooper.”

I don’t think any words of praise have ever meant so much to me.

Then she went on. “I don’t think we will ever see each other again. But I do hope

we will stay in touch, and I have admired very much the writings of yours I’ve read. It’s funny, isn’t it? A Jewish boy from New York and a former member of the Hitler Jugend becoming friends in South Africa.”

And so, indeed, it was: both funny and beautiful, and a friendship I will remember, with deep affection and gratitude, all the days of my life. Rita was one of the most unique, and least self-involved, human beings I have ever known. I can very well imagine, in fact, that she may have died trying, at her own peril, to rescue some of her orphaned baboons, who shared her residence with her, from the very flames that immolated her. It was always clear to me that she valued their misunderstood lives above any human one.

Probably even her own.

Please Make a Donation in Memory of Rita

With the help of our generous supporters, IPPL has been able to assist Rita Miljo for years in caring for her abused and orphaned baboons. When you send IPPL a check marked “For C.A.R.E.,” your entire donation will go to support the sanctuary Rita founded and the baboons she loved. Help us keep Rita’s memory alive by sending a donation today made out to “IPPL” and mailed to:

IPPL ♦ P.O. Box 766 ♦ Summerville, SC 29484 ♦ USA

Or donate online: go to www.ippl.org and click on “Donate Now.”



Continuing the legacy: An update

Samantha Dewhirst, C.A.R.E. Communications Officer

Rita reminded us all that it is the individual that matters. Whether human or animal, an individual can be the catalyst for change that makes the difference. Bobby, Rita’s first baboon rescue, was the individual who captured the heart of a fiery German woman and caused her to give over the rest of her life to the fight for chacma baboons and their right to exist.

Things here on the ground are so busy, and we are all exhausted with sore hearts. We are presently making do with a temporary clinic and nursery in the staff’s house. We are also using the kitchen in the volunteer house for food preparation. As you can imagine, it can’t go on like this for much longer!

But there is also so much optimism and strength for the future, thanks to all the wonderful people who are ready to help us and who share the dreams we have for C.A.R.E., including:

- ♦ Freedom—there are so many developments for releasing baboons!
- ♦ A new veterinary clinic and nursery.
- ♦ Proper quarantine facilities.
- ♦ Mechanisms in place so we can clean every enclosure more easily and safely.
- ♦ Improved enclosures for all the unreleasable baboons, including better substrates (pebbles and sand, for drainage and enrichment), shade cloth/rain covers, platforms, and swings.
- ♦ An education center.

The moniker “**little fireface**” comes from the Sundanese name for the species of slow loris native to western Java, Indonesia: “muka geni.” Slow lorises are known to have a toxic bite, but the exact nature and function of this “loris venom,” like so much of their ecology and behavior, remains a mystery. IPPL’s Small Grant Program has funded an Indonesian student’s nightly patrols to learn more about these mysterious animals.

Secrets of the Enigmatic Little Fireface

*Prescillia Rindang Putri, Research Fellow, Little Fireface Project
(Oxford Brookes University, UK) and University of Jakarta, Indonesia*

It had never occurred to me before that trekking through fields and plantations all night long in wet, muddy conditions could be so entertaining. With the aid of radio telemetry, I monitor the nocturnal activities of the Javan slow loris at a new field site, at the village of Cipaganti in Garut, West Java, as part of the final project for my undergraduate degree.



Photo © Little Fireface Project

Slow lorises are small, nocturnal primates, native to South and Southeast Asia. They have been decimated by the illegal pet trade and gone viral on YouTube, yet they have seldom been studied in the wild.

I was first introduced to slow lorises during a month of practical fieldwork at International Animal Rescue, Indonesia. While doing a study of slow loris social behavior in captivity, I met Professor Anna Nekaris, Director of the Little Fireface Project (part of the Oxford Brookes University Nocturnal Primate Research Group), who encouraged me to continue working on slow lorises and offered me a position with her newly-established project. I accepted. The Little Fireface Project is a long-term study of Javan slow loris ecology, behavior, and conservation.



Photo © Little Fireface Project

Prescillia has learned to love the enigmatic loris.

Can lorises cope with village life?

The Javan slow loris (*Nycticebus javanicus*) is native only to Java and is one of the “World’s Top 25 Most Endangered Primates.” It is currently threatened by habitat loss and the illegal pet trade. The island of Java, part of the Sundaland Biodiversity Hotspot region, is currently experiencing massive human population growth and extensive deforestation.

With an estimated 20 percent of their original habitat remaining (only 17 percent of which is located in protected areas), Javan slow lorises are increasingly found in disturbed forests in proximity to human settlements, providing easy targets for hunters. Cipaganti, with its high density of Javan slow lorises, is an ideal site to study how this little-known species is adapting to a habitat that has been extremely disturbed by human activity.

We have successfully captured and radio-collared 12 lorises at Cipaganti and are currently monitoring them daily, in the first study of this species in the wild. Some areas in the village still have enough tree connectivity and bamboo patches to support the lorises’ predominantly arboreal travel during the night, but some areas are also very open and separated by plantations, meaning that occasional terrestrial travel is a necessity.

I have witnessed lorises walking on the ground or using unnatural substrates such as water pipes, power lines, and

wires to travel from one tree to another. Terrestrial travel and travel in more open areas no doubt leaves the lorises more vulnerable to predators and human hunters.

Despite a constant human presence, the absence of natural food, and much noise pollution, this environment appears to be able to support a viable population. My study will hopefully highlight whether the currently observed high densities of lorises are sustainable in such an environment or whether there is likely to be a population crash in the near future.

Loris folklore

Across Indonesia there are interesting folk tales about the slow loris. For example, in Ujung Kulon, people believe that a single drop of loris blood can cause nearby plants to wither immediately and that the soil will remain unproductive for a long time. Similarly, the people of Cipaganti also speak of their belief that if a loris enters a home, or if one's house is accidentally splashed by loris blood, then huge misfortune will come to the people who live there and their fields will become barren.

These beliefs might be unscientific, but they are strong among the local people and seem to help prevent locals from wanting to catch and keep the animals as pets. In



Gunther the loris, one of Prescillia's study animals, makes his careful way down a hose pipe.

Photo © Little Fireface Project

addition, local people do not seem to see the slow loris as a pest in their plantations.

Through a Little Fireface Project education workshop that was held in the village hall on June 29, 2012, we reinforced the positive side of having lorises present in the community. We spoke to the local people about how slow lorises can possibly help to reduce insects within the plantations and therefore reduce the damage to the people's crops. We also tried to encourage the people

to be proud of their village, as home to one of the most beautiful yet endangered primates in the world.

Sharing with other students

This past July, some enthusiastic freshmen from the University of Indonesia and the Open University came to visit my field site, where I have been running some short training sessions on observing lorises. It was a great opportunity to encourage students to conduct such exciting fieldwork themselves.

They spent four days learning how radio-telemetry works, how to do behavioral monitoring, and how to use GPS devices to track loris movements. On the first night, they were amazed by the field site and how relatively easy it was to find lorises with the help of the radio-tracking equipment. While on the trail of our lorises, we also spotted a Javan kingfisher, common palm civets, and a baby leopard cat, which made the night even more interesting.

During the day, we put together materials for free English language classes for the village children. I appreciated the students' help in preparing for these classes, which run every Sunday. I hope their experiences will inspire many more students to come here and carry on the study of lorises—or even of the other fascinating nocturnal wildlife we have in this part of Java.



Prescillia teaches an English class to the local kids.

Photo © Little Fireface Project

Laboratory Chimpanzees at Center of Controversy

Shirley McGreal, IPPL Founder and Executive Director

The *Washington Post* reported on September 21 that the U.S. National Institutes of Health (NIH) is planning to “retire” 110 of its 563 research chimpanzees over the next year. The plan was announced by NIH Director Francis S. Collins. Collins commented:

This is a significant step in winding down NIH's investment in chimpanzee research based on the way science has evolved and our great sensitivity to the special nature of these remarkable animals, our closest relatives.

The animals are currently living at the New Iberia Primate Center, which is associated with the University of Louisiana at Lafayette. New Iberia has been found to be in violation of the Animal Welfare Act on numerous occasions.

Ten of the chimpanzees are to leave New Iberia for Chimp Haven, a sanctuary based in Keithville, Louisiana. The other 100 are to be transferred to the Texas Biomedical Research Institute in San Antonio. New Iberia owns an additional 240 chimpanzees who are not part of the planned transfer. They are used in pharmaceutical testing.

But is it really retirement?

While Chimp Haven is a legitimate

sanctuary for chimpanzees who will never again be forced into research, many animal protection groups have serious reservations about 100 chimpanzees going to the Texas Biomedical Research Institute, formerly known as the Southwest Foundation for Biomedical Research. The facility houses over 6,000 primates, including 160 chimpanzees (many of whom are used in experiments), as well as over 2,000 baboons and large groups of macaques, marmosets, and tamarins.

Many of these primates are used in the Institute's Infectious Diseases and Biodefense Focus Group, where horrific experiments with highly lethal pathogens take place. According to the Institute's Web site:

The Texas Biomed is the only institution in the country that has both a National Primate Research Center and a Biocontainment Level 4 laboratory. With the addition of newly developed ABSL3 facilities we are now conducting primate research at Animal Biocontainment Level 3 and 4. The combination of primate expertise with expertise in maximum biocontainment poises the SNPRC to play a critical role in studies of select agents and emerging pathogens.

On learning that 100 additional chimpanzees would be sent to this facility, many U.S. animal protection groups felt distrustful of the NIH's assurances that they would never again be used in research. Michael Budkie, of Stop Animal Exploitation NOW! (SAEN), commented to Dr. Collins:

I fear that you may have dumped the chimps out of the frying pan and into the fire by sending them to the Texas facility. The record of care at the Texas Biomedical Research Institute is no better than that at the New Iberia facility of ULL. It would be preferable to choose another location, such as a sanctuary.

John Pippin, director of Academic Affairs at the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, stated:

All 110 chimpanzees the NIH says it is retiring should be truly retired, and that means sending them to sanctuaries. Making the chimpanzees ineligible for experimentation is an excellent start, but it makes no sense to send 100 of them to a controversial research lab.

IPPL agrees that the 100 chimpanzees would be better off in sanctuaries and has contacted Dr. Collins with our perspective.

What You Can Do To Help Chimps Really Retire

Write a letter to Dr. Francis Collins at the NIH. State that you are pleased that 110 chimpanzees will be released from research but that you are concerned that 100 of them will be going to a facility that conducts invasive research on chimpanzees and has had problems with Animal Welfare Act compliance. Express your preference that the chimpanzees be sent to sanctuary homes.

*Dr. Francis Collins, Director
National Institutes of Health
9000 Rockville Pike
Bethesda, MD 20892*

Or contact Dr. Collins via e-mail or phone:

E-mail: francis.collins@nih.gov
Phone: 301-496-2433

The Gibbons of Summer

Blair St. Ledger-Olson, IPPL Summer Intern

On the morning of Sunday, July 8, 2012, I piled a month's worth of clothing into my trusty Volvo, hugged my parents and pets goodbye, and headed south on I-95 towards quiet Summerville, South Carolina. I was due to start my new internship at the International Primate Protection League the next morning.

I'll be honest, I was pretty nervous. I had never worked with primates before, and I had no idea what I was getting myself into. It was going to be a brand new experience.

"Exhausted but unscathed"

My first day started at 7:30 A.M. in the Animal Care office. I was so excited to get to know the gibbons, otters, dogs, and people I would be working with. I had been told that the gibbons would quickly decide whether they liked me or not.

I was constantly amazed by their strong personalities and preferences. Gibby, Tong, and Elizabeth seemed to take to me rather quickly, while the others needed more convincing. Day One was relatively easy. I was exhausted, but I made it unscathed.

A typical day

On a typical day, my tasks included letting the gibbons out of their indoor enclosures in the morning, cleaning said indoor enclosures, making and feeding breakfast for both gibbons and otters (vegetables for the gibbons, and otter cake—a mix of eggs, cat food, and wheat bran—for the otters), cleaning an otter pond, and hosing outdoor enclosures.

Then, around 11:30 A.M., we would start working on our next set of responsibilities. The otters got fed first, and then the gibbons' lunch (primarily fruit) was prepared and served by 1:30. I will never again underestimate how hard

it is to cut up a mango... or a pineapple, for that matter. After lunch, the Animal Care staff members and I would generally hose out any unfinished outdoor enclosures, and then have bonding time with all of the gibbons. I especially liked to spend extra time with Igor and Peppy.

At nighttime, we brought all of the gibbons into their indoor enclosures and fed the otters and the gibbons their dinner. It could be quite a long day, but I loved every minute of it. An atypical day could include any number of additional tasks, including picking figs and grapes, restocking the refrigerator, giving North (our black Newfoundland dog) his bath, and other occasional jobs, such as fixing doors or working in the office.

A musical investigation

Outside of my IPPL duties, I also carried out a research project to help me gain fieldwork experience. I wanted to examine if there were any behavioral differences between wild-caught and captive-born gibbons, and musical preference seemed like the least invasive thing I could evaluate. I set out to observe whether there was a difference in genre preference between the two types of gibbons. I eliminated certain gibbons based on their behavior or past experience, as I wanted my project to be completely harmless.

To perform the research, I chose to examine five different genres of music: pop, rap, country, rock, and classical. I then selected three songs per genre that I thought best represented the entire range of each musical category. That was honestly the hardest part of the project, but I think, all in all, there were a good variety of songs. Each gibbon heard a sample of roughly 30 seconds of each song, and their preference was rated on a scale of 1 to 5 based on any changes in their behavior.



At the end of my experiment, it seemed that most of the gibbons preferred classical music to anything else. They would generally get very quiet and come straight towards the source of the music. The explanation for this preference could be any number of things, such as the similarity of the music to certain high-pitched calls that would be heard in the wild. In addition, Robbie seemed to be a fan of Van Halen's *Hot for Teacher*!

"The best experience"

While we must always remember that the 33 gibbons that call IPPL their home are wild animals, they are some of the sweetest creatures I have ever had the pleasure to work with. By the end of my time in South Carolina, Gibby would give me hugs and Tong would pick through my hair looking for bugs.

I arrived at IPPL having no idea what I was getting myself into, and I left with the best experience I could have ever asked for. I hope to return to IPPL regularly, and I encourage other people to get involved. I will always be grateful to the people at IPPL for trusting me to work with their animals and for teaching me on a daily basis.

Life is GOOG

Dr. Sara Bennett, Fundación Maikuchiga Founder

This piece isn't another one about the good guys against the bad guys. It's more an illustration from the Colombian Amazon of Kermit-the-Frog's blues riff "*it ain't easy bein' green*," in which too many cooks spoil the broth and throw the baby out with the bathwater, and then a hundred monkeys at a hundred typewriters reinvent the bathtub. Is that clear?

My (good!) intention is simply to share with you—Gentle Reader who likes primates enough to have started reading this—a glimpse of the messy, challenging ambiguities of trying to save a small piece of the world and its hundred monkeys in the midst of a highly complex system, in which it's every man for himself and faraway bureaucrats with good intentions are doing their darndest to herd the cats, count the beans, make rules about the Right Way to do a Chinese fire drill, and then change the rules. Goes like this:

A little backstory

Once upon a time, in the little peninsula of Colombia that juts south to the Amazon River between Brazil and Peru, there was a national park called Amacayacu. And there were a handful of indigenous communities with some issues about joint jurisdiction over an area where the park's mandate is to protect biodiversity and cultural diversity, where the people in the communities were trying to get by (like anyone else) and also figure out what it means to be indigenous in the 21st century.

In other words, Colombian indigenous law and environmental law are progressive and visionary, and they implicitly assume that "*protecting* natural resources" and "*using* natural resources according to tradition" are equivalent and sustainable, or at least not mutually exclusive.

The theory is terrific. The devil is in the details, especially for the large vertebrates that are the preferred traditional game species. These animal populations can't withstand the increased hunting pressure from more humans than there used to be—humans who are, moreover, now armed with modern technology (shotguns,

chainsaws, outboard motors). Woolly monkeys, the largest primate species in the region, are especially sensitive to human activities and typically go extinct for a radius of at least six to 10 kilometers (3.5 to six miles) of any human settlement.

A little progress...

A little over a year ago, it looked and felt as if we (Amacayacu National Park, the Mocagua Indigenous Reserve, and Fundación Maikuchiga) had made some significant progress. Our micro-project was effective and coherent—socially, politically, and biologically.

In 2004, the local indigenous community had decided to stop hunting threatened species, with a special emphasis on protecting woolly monkeys. This was the basis for creating Fundación Maikuchiga, which means "the monkeys' story" in the local language and is a tiny, community-based non-governmental organization.

This was also the basis for creating a small-scale rescue center for primate orphans confiscated from illegal wildlife trafficking. "*The Animals' House*," as it came to be known, was located in the Amacayacu National Park relatively near the Visitors' Center, funded by the regional natural resources government agency, and administered by Maikuchiga. Gradually, we developed an activity for eco-tourists focused on the biology and conservation of primates, with a group of people from Mocagua as guides, and a mechanism for devoting 10 percent of the earnings to buy school supplies for all the kids in town. Win-win.

It all made sense and was, moreover, viable. It was a grassroots system that had evolved organically from the national park's policies and community activities. It was a place for confiscated animals that needed a forest—in a forest that not only needed monkeys, but where the animals themselves wouldn't be in constant danger from human hunters. It was an institutional system that encouraged local authorities to enforce the laws against wildlife trafficking.

This was an example of a community that had made a responsible and mature decision to protect their fauna and got highly visible and significant benefits as a result. And the tourists got an unforgettable experience in which they could clearly be part of the solution. It was on the way to becoming a self-sustaining and a regional model for development.

...and a little regress

Until the Ministry of the Environment blew us out of the water from Bogotá. A new resolution designed to regulate the management of impounded wildlife (such as animals, timber, and orchids) includes not only detailed specifications for how big the parking lot should be, but an article that makes it illegal to release confiscated animals into protected areas.

This seems perverse and contradictory at first sight, but the intention and logic is to safeguard protected areas from: 1) the uncontrolled introduction of invasive species, 2) the potential exposure of the wild animals to pathogens, and 3) the possible "genetic contamination" of wild populations. This is appropriate.

Where the baby goes out with the bathwater is that there is no provision for considering the potential *benefits* to a protected area of a controlled reintroduction of rescued animals in order to increase the genetic variability and numbers of a locally extinct or small/fragmented wild population. Nor is there a protocol for evaluating the trade-off between potential risks and potential benefits. Not to mention the ethically-challenged and minimalist approach to the plight of the confiscated animals: the rescue centers envisioned by this regulation are urban warehouses, with state-of-the-art veterinary care, carefully-designed parking lots, and life imprisonment. Not to mention the absence of any strategy to prevent wildlife trafficking in the first place.

In any case, it looked like *The End* for the Animals' House experiment.

Now it's a little over a year later, and what didn't kill us has made us stronger.

This year (besides taking care of the animals still dependent on us, though we haven't been able to receive more) our focus has been to support and advise the park in the updating of its management plan.

As a result, the woolly monkey has been officially recognized as an indicator species for the ecological integrity of the protected area. In this context, we have designed (as part of the overall Strategy for Wildlife in Protected Areas of the Colombian National Park System) a conservation program for woolly monkeys and a community monitoring program for the populations in the southern part of the Amacayacu park.

And then the flood

In December and January in this part of the world, the Amazon River starts to flood, then recedes a bit, and then floods seriously from March to the beginning

of June. This is a normal and necessary part of the system's large-scale ecology, inundating countless square kilometers of forest. This year, though, while we were busy designing the theoretical road map to woolly monkey utopia on paper, the river started coming up in December and kept rising to the highest levels in anyone's memory.

We could have renamed the Animal's House *A River Runs Through It*. What a mess! Water up to the counters for over two months. *The End* (again).

This logistical nightmare unexpectedly has been strategically transformative. Thanks to the intervention of concerned and proactive friends (Angélica Martínez, Xyomara Carretero of the Colombian Association of Primatology, and Angela Maldonado of Fundación Entropika), IPPL has provided the funding that is enabling us not only to rebuild, but to

relocate to an area that is on higher ground and in the neighboring Mocagua Indigenous Reserve, where we can legally resume our function as a rescue and rehabilitation center.

Life is good—er, “goog”

I'm getting it that things don't usually come out perfect or according to plan and that, with a little attitude, this can be a feature and not a defect—like the T-shirts that a volunteer printed for us. They were intended to say “*Life is good!*” Only they came out as “*Life is goog!*” (Oops.)

And the very first orphan that has shown up in this new chapter is... NOT a woolly monkey, NOT even a monkey, NOT even a bird (which we consider to be honorary monkeys). It's a baby white-lipped peccary with a hurt foot who got left behind by his herd. The monkeys think it's a hoot to steal his milk and make him



Fundación Maikuchiga rescues orphaned woolly monkeys like this youngster and works with indigenous communities in the Colombian Amazon to protect these and other threatened primate species.

Photo © Angélica Martínez / Fundación Maikuchiga

bleat. Not exactly what we'd been visualizing, but what the heck, "life is goog" for little pigs, too.

When we've got a roof again, the next chapter will be about starting up our wild woolly monitoring program. This means following up on the rehabilitated woollies who have been on their own since January and are beginning the most difficult time of year, since there's hardly any ripe fruit in the forest until mid-December. We'll also begin to round up and take care of the orphaned woolly monkeys and others who inevitably appear, standing on our heads to convince neighboring communities to cease hunting threatened



Photo © Angélica Martínez/
Fundación Maikuchiga

Maikuchiga is building a new Animals' House. This work is being carried out with the help of an IPPL Small Grant.

species (read "woolly monkeys"), too. And we'll be generally supporting collective efforts to put an end to animal trafficking in the region.

Jon, one of the Maikuchiga team, was paddling home to Mocagua recently and heard scuffling and giggling in the woods along the creek. It was a bunch of kids with slingshots trying to kill timacuris (nunbirds, which are black with bright red beaks). He called to the kids and suggested, *Why not set up a can for a target and have at that instead?* (Like, it doesn't hurt the can.)

A little later, he heard laughing and general hilariousness happening near the school. It was the same bunch of kids shooting at a can with their slingshots. This is how it works. No bad guys.

Life's goog.

Special Gifts to IPPL Given by:

- **Judith B. Anderson**, in memory of Bullet
- **Rebecca Austin**, in memory of Bullet and Pepper Snow
- **Paul Axelband**, in memory of Blacklips
- **Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Barber**, in honor of Ms. Zara
- **Ann Barone**, in honor of Cathy Liss's birthday
- **Miriam Bisbing**, in memory of Kay and Charles Clausing
- **Victoria Brademan and Robert Enholm**, in memory of Bullet
- **Joan Brooks**, in memory of Bullet
- **Adele Carney**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **David Cohn**, in honor of Sarah Star
- **Mary Collins**, in memory of Bullet
- **Brien Comerford**, in honor of all God's creatures
- **Elizabeth Cook**, in honor of Cindy Renkas
- **Steven Dalich**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Pamela Dauphin**, in memory of Rita Miljo
- **Douglas De Camella**, in memory of Blackie
- **Ruth Stone Feldman**, in honor of Tippy, Morie, Maggie, and Stump
- **Gary Galbreath**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Helene Gay**, in memory of Frances Kley
- **Patricia Greiss**, in memory of Carol A. Christy
- **Nancy Hall**, in memory of Jacob Alexander-Lee Gagnon (Jake)
- **Chester Hansen**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Joan Hero**, in memory of Elinor Hero
- **Charlene Inglis**, in memory of Bullet
- **Mr. and Mrs. Merlyn E. Javens**, in memory of Merlyn Eugene Javens
- **John Jaye**, on behalf of Gaylynn Speas, for Sophie and Charlotte's birthday
- **Constance Kagan**, in honor of Shirley McGreal
- **Barbara B. Kirman**, in memory of Bullet
- **Dr. Irene R. Kitzman**, in honor of Terri Ullrich
- **Ann and Bill Koros**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Richard Leonard**, in memory of Casey and Riley
- **Christa Lyons**, in memory of Rita Miljo
- **Landine Manigault**, in memory of Gibby, her childhood pet gibbon
- **James and Sidney Martin**, in memory of Sam Martin
- **Yvonne Martin**, in memory of her beloved horse Skeeter
- **Shirley McGreal**, in memory of Pepper Snow, Bullet, and Rita Miljo
- **Sy Montgomery**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Charles and Pattie Reber**, in memory of "Mac" McManus
- **Lorraine Setaro**, in memory of Rambo
- **Pat Svetaka**, in honor of Pharanee Deters
- **Thomas Taylor**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Dianne Taylor-Snow**, in memory of her late husband Pepper Snow
- **Carol Torrens**, in memory of Bunty
- **Ann Van Nes**, in honor of Pharanee Deters and her staff
- **Marilyn Weaver**, in honor of Kim Bartlett
- **Grace Wegman**, in memory of Journey
- **Judy Winfrey**, in memory of Miss Brunny
- **Lawrence Wittenberg**, in memory of Pepper Snow
- **Eleanora Worth**, in memory of Bullet
- **Eleanor Ziegler**, in memory of Roy R. Ferrin



Pharanee cradles young Valentijn, who had been kept as a pet. When she found him, he had a broken leg and a big gash on his belly from a rope that was tied tightly around his waist. She brought him to the Highland Farm sanctuary on July 16 this year.

Pharanee Deters is the co-founder of the Highland Farm gibbon sanctuary. She survived the brutal murder of her husband over 10 years ago and continues to take in gibbons (and even a few monkeys) in dire need of a home.

In June she sent us a desperate e-mail, in which she told us that two of her three vehicles had died within the last six months. Reliable transportation is essential in this remote, rugged area of Thailand, not far from the Burmese border.

This past August, IPPL sent out a fundraising appeal to most of our U.S. and Canadian supporters. Our loyal supporters have by now donated over \$40,000 to this effort. And Pharanee wanted to tell you how grateful she is.

THANK YOU NOTE TO IPPL'S MEMBERS

September 19, 2012

Dear All Members of IPPL,

We, the Gibbons and everyone at Highland Farm are very overwhelming to receive the generous donation from all of you. This is beyond our dream to get a new replacing pickup truck. As you already know that we have the trouble of our 2 old vehicles since last November 2011 and can't turn our burdensome to anyone. Until one day I can't stand anymore and cry out loud to dearest Dr. McGreal for help. Suddenly we received so many supporters to help us to take this trouble mountain off from me. We appreciated very very much for this matter.

Love You All,

Pharanee Deters

Remember the World's Primates – In Your Will

Ever since I founded the International Primate Protection League in 1973, IPPL has benefited from many caring supporters who have remembered IPPL in their wills.

You, too, can help us ensure that future generations of apes and monkeys will live in a world where primates will have IPPL working tirelessly on their behalf—working to ensure that primates in the wild are free from fear of human abuse and that those in captivity have access to loving care.

Thanks to the foresight of many of our departed supporters, IPPL has been able to accomplish many wonderful things to improve the lives of the primates we cherish:

- ◆ Providing the best possible care for the special gibbons at our Headquarters Sanctuary.
- ◆ Giving support to primate rescue centers in countries where primates are native.
- ◆ Assisting grassroots wildlife groups in their efforts to promote concern for primates.
- ◆ Carrying out investigations of primate trafficking and abuse worldwide.
- ◆ Doing outreach to make others aware of the plight of the world's monkeys and apes.

By including IPPL in your estate plans, you will ensure that primates in need will have our hard-working and experienced organization to stand by them in the future.

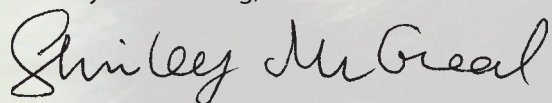
If you would like to discuss providing enduring help for primates around the globe through IPPL, please contact us:

IPPL
P.O. Box 766
Summerville, SC 29484
USA

Phone: 843-871-2280

IPPL's tax ID
number is:
51-0194013

Thank you for caring,



Dr. Shirley McGreal
IPPL Founder and Executive Director



Photo © Alison Spalter

IPPL Supporter's Donation Form



If you have received this magazine and are not currently an IPPL supporter, you can help sustain the important work of IPPL on behalf of the world's primates by making a financial contribution. By sending in a donation, you will be sure to continue receiving thrice-yearly issues of *IPPL News*. You may also donate online, if you wish, on IPPL's secure Web site (www.ippl.org). All donations are welcome!

Please accept my contribution to support the work of IPPL. I have enclosed the following donation:

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$20 regular dues | <input type="checkbox"/> \$50 sustaining dues | <input type="checkbox"/> Other amount: \$_____ (dues) |
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☐ I will be paying via a check or money order made payable to IPPL.

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Please mail form and payment to: IPPL ♦ P.O. Box 766 ♦ Summerville, SC 29484 ♦ USA. **Thank you!**

Primate Paraphernalia!



IPPL Baseball Cap:
100% cotton; khaki;
adjustable
Cost: US\$12 (US)/
US\$16 (overseas)



2013 Wall Calendar: Featuring beautiful images of monkeys and apes, including IPPL's own gibbon Courtney.
Cost: US\$20 (US)/US\$25 (overseas)



Orangutan Baby T-Shirt:
100% cotton; brown
Sizes: Adult M, L, XL, XXL;
Child S, M, L, XL
Cost: Adult US\$15 (US)/
US\$22 (overseas)
Child US\$12 (US)/
US\$16 (overseas)



Gibbon Notecards: 12 cards and envelopes, 3 each of 4 IPPL gibbons (Arun Rangsi, Courtney, Igor, and Tong)
Cost: US\$10 (US)/US\$14 (overseas)



Mountain Gorilla T-Shirt:
100% cotton; black
Sizes: Adult M, L, XL, XXL
Cost: US\$15 (US)/
US\$22 (overseas)

IPPL Gibbon T-Shirt: 100% cotton; green
Shirts feature 3 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 was blinded by illness.
Sizes: Adult M, L, XL; Child S, M, L
Cost: Adult US\$15 (US)/US\$22 (overseas)
Child US\$12 (US)/US\$16 (overseas)



You can also order IPPL merchandise using our secure server.
Go to **www.ippl.org** and select **How You Can Help > Shop at Our Store**.

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Questions? 843-871-2280 or info@ippl.org

Adopt an IPPL Gibbon!

Each of the many 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.
- An IPPL sanctuary fact sheet.
- A gibbon fact sheet.
- An IPPL window cling.
- A quarterly update on your gibbon.

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 **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 belongs to a different species from most of IPPL's gibbons. She is a yellow-cheeked crested 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 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 Founder Shirley McGreal, acting on a tip-off, rescued him from possible euthanasia. Once he arrived at IPPL's 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. To keep this sweet, gentle ape happy and healthy, we'd love for you to adopt him.



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 she is now mature, she has accepted a gibbon companion to share her life, our gentle lab gibbon Whoop-Whoop—but she still enjoys regular visits from her human friends. We hope you'll consider adopting this spunky and determined little ape.



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 in a special house within earshot of IPPL's other gibbons, he has not attacked himself once. Please think about adopting this wonderful, resilient fellow.



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Maynard came to us in October 2009. And at ten years of age, he is quite the rowdy young guy! He seems to get the biggest kick from outwitting our animal care staff. Our newest caregiver, Brandon, kept wondering who was releasing the special drop-gate we had installed to keep Maynard in his aerial runway, prior to coaxing him indoors for the night. Brandon finally realized that Maynard had figured out how to undo the mechanism. And we don't use that gate any more.

Maynard also loves to sneak up on our caregivers to see what he can swipe. One rainy day he even tore off a large piece of Donetta's raincoat. We found shreds of teal fabric inside his large plastic doggie-igloo for days—along with toys, food, and pieces of bamboo. He may have "hoarding" issues.

Maynard's neighbor Tong seems to have a crush on our bad boy, but he himself has shown no interest yet. Some day, when he's ready to settle down, who knows what may happen?

**Mischievous
Maynard**