

A close-up photograph of a rhinoceros's head, showing its thick, wrinkled skin and a large, textured horn. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the skin and the horn.

# The Rhino who climbed Kilimanjaro and other tales

Save the Rhino International  
reports on five years'  
achievements 1990-1995





Save the Rhino International thanks the companies who have covered the production costs of the Rhino Climb and 5th Anniversary Brochure: FINA, Citibank, Apple Computers, Motorola, NAMCO, Federation of Zoos

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# MOTOROLA

## RHINOS AND TWO-WAY RADIOS

**THE RHINO THAT CLIMBED MOUNT KILIMANJARO** When David Stirling first approached Motorola with descriptions of Save the Rhino's ambitions for two-way radio communications in Kenya and in Namibia, there was no mention of Mombasa to Kilimanjaro. That was to come later. However, the conviction of David's arguments enabled Motorola to reach a swift decision - that we were and are very keen to offer our communications solutions to SRI in as broad an application as possible. Save the Rhino in Namibia have a Motorola system up and running; Gamewardens in Tsavo East and Tsavo West Parks will be the first users of an additional fifty Motorola two-way portable radios available to this valuable conservation project - our commitment continues.



Radio Products Group  
Europe, Middle East, Africa Division  
Victory House  
3 Fleetwood Park  
Barkley Way  
Fleet, Hampshire

**RHINOS INTO THE NEXT MILLENNIUM...** Motorola will remain involved with Save the Rhino well into the next millenium, and we hope that our concern and contribution to their effort will grow as they do.

**...AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY!** It remains for us to offer our congratulations and very best wishes on this celebratory occasion, and simply to look forward to working together on forthcoming projects.





PATRON

Douglas Adams

TRUSTEES

Hon. Peregrine Moncreiffe

Lord Torrington

Gerald Beard

FOUNDER DIRECTORS

Johnny Roberts

David Stirling

# SAVE THE RHINO INTERNATIONAL

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## CHAIRMAN OF TRUSTEES' STATEMENT

Save the Rhino International has evolved into the world's leading rhinoceros charity, having played a central role in relating the tragic plight of the rhino to a worldwide audience over the past five years.

In this time the charity has laid a solid foundation for its ambition to secure a long-term future for the five extant rhino species that struggle for survival in isolated pockets of Africa and Asia.

For every 100 rhinos living twenty years ago, less than three remain today. This represents a terrible 97 per cent population decline in one generation.

The only answer to the ruthless criminal syndicates who control the poaching is direct, effective action in the field. Johnny Roberts and David Stirling, SRI's Founder Directors, place great emphasis on fund expenditure in the field, wringing every ounce of benefit from donations. Projects supported by SRI demonstrate that dedicated wildlife managers, with the appropriate conservation policies, can succeed in protecting the rhinoceros.

A unique approach to fund-raising has succeeded in winning the admiration, and donations, of many individuals and companies. Few people forget their involvement in an SRI event, whether it be a wild rhino party or a 26-mile marathon in a rhino costume.

Companies have been amazed by the PR benefits and goodwill an association with a young, dynamic charity can bring. SRI devoted time and energy into making sponsorship ties work to the benefit of all.

SRI has achieved a great deal in a short space of time. The section on Rhinos Into the Next Millennium summarizes the charity's 1995-2000 plan, and outlines an action-packed future. SRI hopes that vision and commitment will continue to catch the attention, and support, of all concerned with wildlife conservation and the future of our planet.

Hon Peregrine Moncreiffe  
SRI CHAIRMAN OF TRUSTEES, APRIL 95

## FOUNDERS' STATEMENT

1995 marks the fifth anniversary of our work for wildlife conservation. During that time we have founded Save the Rhino International (SRI), and believe that we have made a significant impact in three crucial areas:

1. Raised worldwide awareness of the rhino's plight.
2. Refocused attention on field projects and examined the causes of wildlife and wilderness devastation.
3. Created a profile and platform that will enable Save the Rhino International to make a significant contribution to worldwide rhino conservation in the future.

SRI has from the outset adopted a fresh, honest approach to the raising and distributing of funds. We work hard for every penny earned and place great emphasis on how funds are spent in the field. We back successful projects by relying on the right wildlife managers, with extensive experience and sensible policies. We aim to gain a real understanding of each project through regular visits.

The goodwill and support of many individuals and organizations has been translated into direct, effective action in the field. They have helped Save the Rhino succeed, and project a positive message to a donor-weary public intimidated by gloom and doom appeals.

Over the next five years, SRI will do all it can to unite wildlife conservation organizations behind one universally accepted set of policies. Leading conservationists from all over the world have contributed to a document that offers the human race its only hope for a long-term future.

The World Conservation Union's Caring for the Earth strategy lays guidelines for sustainable or wise use of the Earth's resources. This approach to living is relevant to all cultures and societies. As well as working towards reducing the impact of the Western world on the earth's fragile ecosystems, Caring for the Earth lays out the policies that can secure a future for endangered species - such as the rhino.

Johnny Roberts & David Stirling  
SRI FOUNDER DIRECTORS, APRIL 95

**G**reat wumps of equatorial heat are coming up at me from off the tarmac. It's the short rainy season in Kenya, but the sun burned off the morning dampness in minutes. I'm slathered in sunblock, the road stretches off into the distant heat haze and my legs are settling in nicely. Dooned along the road ahead and behind me are other walkers, some striding vigorously, others appearing just to amble, but all in fact moving at the same speed. One of them is wearing a large grey sculptural edifice, made out of a painted woven plastic fabric stretched over a metal frame. A large horn bobs along in front of it. The thing is a grotesque but oddly beautiful caricature of a rhinoceros moving along with swift, busy strides. The sun beats down. Lopsided lorries grind their way dangerously past us. The drivers shout and grin at our rhinoceros. When we pass, as we frequently do, lorries that have clearly just rolled over and collapsed on the side of the road, we wonder if it was anything to do with us.

The other walkers have been walking for several days now, from the shore at Mombasa along the main highway to the truck stop at Vii, the local centre of the universe. I joined them here last night, rattling in by Land Rover from Nairobi with my sister Jane who's been doing some work for Save the Rhino International, which is what we are all here to support. From here we will follow the road on as the tarmac gradually peters out towards the Tanzanian border. Over the border lies Mount Kilimanjaro, base to apex the tallest mountain in the world. It is to the peak of Kilimanjaro that the expedition is intending to climb – a small bunch of Englishmen out walking miles a day in the midday sun and taking turns wearing a large rhino costume. Mad dogs have thrown in the towel long ago.

This crackpot idea was first put to me months earlier by the founders of Save the Rhino International, David Stirling and Johnny Roberts, and I didn't realize at first that they meant it. They raved on for a bit about having acquired a whole set of

rhino costumes that Gerald Scarfe had designed for an opera, and they would be just the thing for making the ascent of Kilimanjaro in. They had already been used, David told me by way of reassurance, for running in the New York marathon. "It'll have enormous impact," they said, "believe me, Really."

I began to realize the truth of this as we approached our first village of the day, and perhaps now would be a good point to explain what the purpose of the whole exhibition was: It was not, in fact, to raise money directly for rhino conservation. Rhinos, which used to be plentiful on the plains of East Africa, are now hideously rare, but in Kenya they are about as well conserved as they can be anywhere in Africa. Richard Leakey's Kenya Wildlife Service consists of 8,000 well-trained, well-equipped, well-armed, highly motivated soldiers, a formidable force. Too formidable, some of his opponents feel. Poaching in Kenya is, officially, "no longer a problem". But conservation is a continually evolving business and we have begun to realize that just wading in to Africa and telling the local people that they mustn't do to their wildlife what we've done to ours and that we are there to make sure they don't, is an attitude that, to say the least, needs a little refining.

The communities that live along the margins of the great national parks have a tough time. They are poor, undernourished, their lands are restricted by the parks, and when from time to time the odd lion or elephant breaks out of the park, they are the ones who suffer. Arguments about preserving the genetic diversity of the planet can seem a little abstract to someone who has just lost the crops he needs to feed his family or, worse, just lost one of his family. In the long run, conservation can't be imposed by outsiders, overriding the needs of local people. If anyone is going to take care of the wildlife then, in the end, it must be the local people – and someone must take care of them.

Our route took us alongside and sometimes through the



# The rhino that climbed



great national parks of Tsavo East and Tsavo West, and it was the people who lived on these perimeters that we had come to visit, and also to help. The £100,000 we were hoping to raise from the walk would be spent on building school classrooms, stocking libraries and paying for other community projects. We wanted to encourage them to see that whatever problems the wildlife may pose to them, it was of benefit to them as well.

As we were approaching our first village of the day, the rhino, with Todd Jones inside it, was in the lead. All the walkers took turns wearing the thing for one hour, and you quickly learned to tell who was in it at any moment from the way in which it moved. If the rhino sauntered, then it was Giles inside. Giles was an ex-Gordonstoun Hugh Grant lookalike who had spent the last few years hitchhiking languidly around Africa with his own parachute. His technique was to turn up at airfields with this parachute, find someone who was flying in the general direction he wanted to go, hitch a lift and then, when the fancy took him, just jump out of the plane. Apparently his girlfriend was a top supermodel who, every few months, would find out where he was, fly out there, then (I'm guessing here) have him washed and sent up to her hotel room.

If the rhino ambled along in a genial way, then it was Tom inside. Tom was a tall, Wodehousian man with exactly the wrong complexion for Africa. He had the amiable air of a member of the landed gentry, and when I asked him where he lived he said, in a vague kind of way, "Shropshire."

If the rhino bustled along busily, it was Todd inside. Todd was not a mad Englishman because he was Welsh. He was in charge of the rhino costumes, had worn them originally in the opera for which they had been designed, during which he had had to carry enormously heavy sopranos on his back. He told me that he had originally wanted to be a vet but had ended up instead being a succession of animals. Any time you see

a film or TV show or an ad which features someone dressed up as an animal it's probably Todd inside. "I was in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*", he told me. "Guess," he added, "which one I was." One evening he showed me pictures of his family. Here was a beautiful picture of his wife, another of his young daughter, a sweet picture of his baby son, and here was one of Todd himself - done up, very convincingly, as a bright blue centaur.

As Todd/rhino bustled along, suddenly huge crowds of children erupted on to the road ahead of us, and hurried towards us, singing and dancing and chanting "Rhino! Rhino! Rhino!" We were quickly surrounded and escorted the last few hundred yards to where they had prepared a reception for us in the village square. The whole village had turned out to greet us with enormous enthusiasm. We sat and watched, panting in the heat and slūicing ourselves down with bottled water, as the children of the village put on a display of dancing and choral singing that was, frankly, amazing. They had written a song about rhinos, which they then sang for us. In the background Giles had quietly taken over from Todd in the rhino suit, and after a while he joined in the dancing, lolloping and swaying around, chasing and playing with the children before finally dodging off behind a tree for a quick ciggy. We then, with slightly less enthusiasm, sat through a series of speeches that some local dignitaries had turned up to deliver. Wherever we went, there were local dignitaries keen to be seen to be associated with us.

Gradually the whole point of the rhino suit was beginning to dawn on me. The arrival of the rhino and the Rhino Climb



...for why DOUGLAS ADAMS, author of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, walked up the highest mountain in Africa dressed as a rhinoceros.

# KILIMANJARO

team was something that the village had been looking forward to and preparing for for months. It was the biggest event of the year, a carnival, a festival, a holiday. Being visited by a rhino was something that would be remembered by the villagers, and particularly the children, for years in a way that being visited by a bunch of English toffs in hats would not.

We were then taken to see the village school. Like most of the village, it was made of breezeblocks, and was half-finished. The doors and windows were empty holes, the furniture was just a few rickety benches and some trestle tables, and laid out on these were dozens of pictures of the local wildlife which the children had drawn, and which we were to judge and give prizes for. The prizes were Rhino Climb baseball hats and, whoever won the prizes, we had to make sure that every member of the village actually got a hat. Once we have collected our sponsorship money, we will be able to complete the building of their schoolroom for them.

The following day is my first stint in the rhino suit. I'm much too big for it and my legs stick out absurdly from the



From top: enthusiastic young rhino fans; rhino and team approaching the summit of Kilimanjaro (19,340 ft).

### FUTURE PROJECTS

The 1994 Rhino Climb success has convinced our Kenyan Patron Michael Werikha that we must continue our community conservation support in the Tsavo area. Therefore it has been decided that SRI will put forward a conservation education action plan which will incorporate 250 schools in the Tsavo ecosystem.

An application for funds to the Overseas Development Administration under their joint funding scheme will, if successful, allow us to start work on this project in 1996. SRI strongly believes that conservation education aimed at primary school children in Africa will ensure the long-term future for rhinos and other endangered species.

We plan to build classrooms and wildlife libraries for five primary schools along the walk route, and supply protection and monitoring equipment for Mkomazi Rhino Sanctuary, the Taranian section of the Tsavo ecosystem.



bottom, so that I look more like a giant prawn tempura than a rhinoceros. Inside, the heat and the stench of stale sweat and old Dettol are almost overpowering until you get into the swing of things. Todd walks along beside me, determinedly keeping me in conversation. After a while I realize that he's monitoring me to make sure I don't faint. Todd's a good man and I like him a lot. He takes good care of people and takes even better care of his beloved rhino suit.

### RHINO MYTH

It is not true that tourism is the saviour of wildlife. Mass tourism destroys cultures and environments and few benefits ever percolate down to local communities.

### RHINO FACT

The rural people of Africa will determine the future of their wildlife. Only by realizing tangible benefits from wildlife will they be encouraged to conserve over the long term.

I stop for a moment to pour some water onto and over my face and catch a glimpse of myself in the window of the Land Rover. I look unimaginably stupid, and I reflect that there is something very odd about this sponsored walking business. It's always undertaken for good causes: cancer research, famine relief, wildlife conservation and so on, but the deal seems to be this: "OK, you are trying to raise funds for this very worthwhile cause, and I can see that it's an important and crucial matter and that lives or indeed whole species are at stake and something needs to be done as a matter of urgency; but, well... I don't know... Tell you what - do something really pointless and stupid and maybe a bit dangerous, then I'll give you some money."

I only spent a week on the walk. I didn't get to climb Kilimanjaro, though I did see it. I was very sorry. I did get to see one rhino, briefly, out of the thousands that used to roam



in this area, and I wondered if it had any sense at all that all was not right with its world. Human beings have been on this planet for a million years or so, and in that time we have faced all sorts of threats to our survival: famine, plague, warfare, AIDS.

Rhinoceroses have been here for 40 million years and just one threat has brought them to the brink of extinction: human beings. We are not the only species to have caused devastation to the rest of the world and it must be said in our favour that we are the only one that has become aware of the consequences of its behaviour and tried to do something about it. However, I reflect as I shift the costume back into a comfortable walking posture and squint forward over its bobbing plastic horn, we do go about it in some odd ways. ■

# Relationships *throughout* AFRICA



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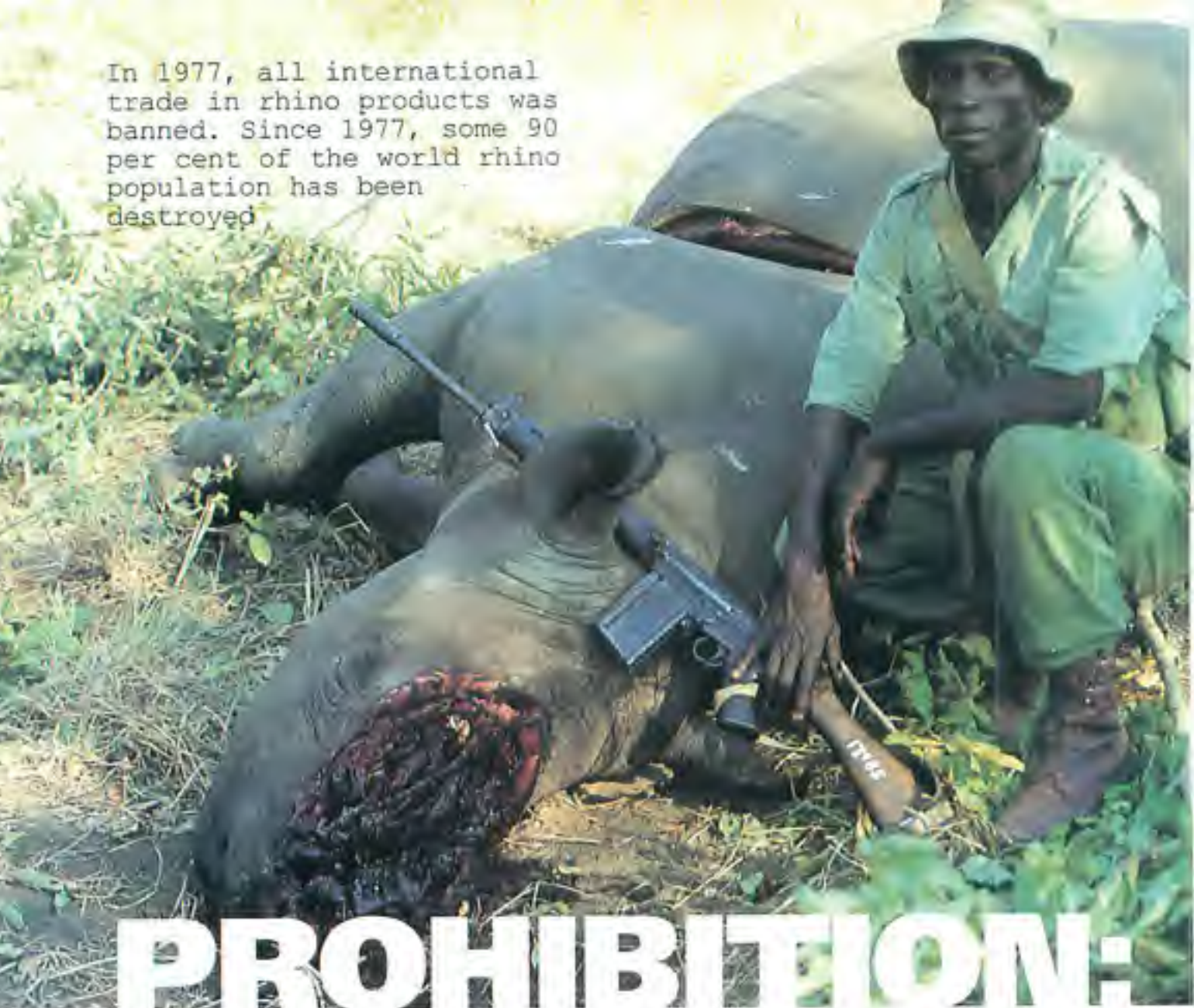
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In 1977, all international trade in rhino products was banned. Since 1977, some 90 per cent of the world rhino population has been destroyed.



**S**eated in huge semicircular rows, 30 desks deep, was an unlikely combination of bureaucrats, field conservationists and donors. They were faced by a podium lined with conference experts, the UNEP delegates. I had stepped off a plane from London into a full blown United Nations Conference.

After much searching I located my seat, as marked with a neatly engraved plaque bearing the name of our charity, SAVE THE RHINO INTERNATIONAL. I settled down, opened my briefcase and, like everyone else, shuffled papers around my desk in a self-important fashion. When the proceedings commenced my initial alarm at the grandness of the venue was replaced by a thirst for knowledge. As each delegate spoke I scribbled excitedly with my smart new United Nations pencil.

For the first two days African and Asian countries presented their conservation action plans. Before long donor countries were given details of proposals for funds, and a figure of \$60 million was put forward as the minimum amount needed to help save the rhino in the wild. Donors shifted uneasily in their seats and mumbled something about \$10 million being rather more realistic at this time.

The \$50 million shortfall in field project funds was skated

over. The conference moved on to the juicy main course of the agenda - the rhino-horn trade. The trade is responsible for the ongoing loss of wild populations of all five extant rhino species. Rhinos are killed by poachers to supply existing consumer markets with horn. Rhino horn is used for ornamental purposes in the Middle East and as an ingredient in traditional Chinese medicines.

Major rhino horn consumer countries - Yemen, Taiwan, Korea, China - were all present and each delegate was given a chance to speak. In fast Oriental tongues, reassurances were given; that their governments were making every effort to stop the illegal trade, that substitutes for rhino horn were being reviewed... to all those who were not sound asleep it was quite plain that representatives were spinning the official line. There was no evidence to suggest that these governments had any control over the trade of rhino horns in their own countries. They were telling the conference what it wanted to hear.

Since 1977 CITES, the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species, has listed all rhino species on its Appendix I, thereby banning the international trade in rhino products. To date, none of the attempted measures has led to the successful reduction of

#### RHINO MYTH

It is naive to blame poverty-stricken poachers, Asian pharmacists or their patients for the demise of rhinos. They are unwitting participants in an illegal trade that has been driven into the murky criminal underworld by ill-conceived campaigns to enforce the trade ban.

#### RHINO FACT

Rhino horn trade market conditions are being manipulated by powerful criminal syndicates who are probably actively pursuing the rhino's extinction to raise the value of their horn stockpiles.



**Above,** a Yemeni prince with his fine array of rhino-horn daggers. **Left,** too late to save this rhino from the poachers and their kind of de-horning

# Does it work?

poaching to sustainable levels. For every 100 rhinos around at the time of the ban, less than three remain today. There has been a 97 per cent population decline over the last twenty years.

History has shown that prohibition is ineffective when the demand for a banned product is substantial. Trade bans simply cause the concentration of supply in the illegal sector, and well organized criminal syndicates are formed. By controlling supply, these syndicates can make substantial profits. These factors have resulted in certain bans (such as alcohol prohibition) becoming unenforceable.

The rhino-horn trade debate became very heated as the conference wore on. South Africa, custodian to 90 per cent of the black rhino of Africa and 74 per cent of all the world's rhino populations, proposed that a partial resumption in trade would allow them to earn revenue for the conservation of their existing rhino populations. The move was blocked and, sadly, so was a compromise which urgently called for studies to be carried out on the

potential impact of a resumption of legal trade in rhino horn.

Two years have passed since that ill-fated conference. In 1994, SRI co-funded a project with WWF International on the economics of the rhino horn trade. The report concluded

that there were two possible alternatives for future policy.

The first was to intensify efforts to reduce demand for rhino horn and the second, to establish an appropriately regulated legal trade in the horn.

The future for the rhino looks bleak. With only southern African states maintaining viable populations of black and white rhinos, radical economic solutions which can harness basic market forces for the benefit of rhino conservation must be considered. Whether or not these solutions are workable will only be known if they are put to the test - and this will require an

unprecedented measure of multinational cooperation.

These issues of the rhino-horn trade can only be resolved through open-minded dialogue. Ultimately, everyone shares the same principal concern; to prevent the extinction of an

## FUTURE PROJECTS

The trade in rhino horn is here to stay. It is the responsibility of all wildlife conservationists to examine the available facts, then decide which policy to follow - it is vital that conservation groups don't get bogged down in dogma and history. Conservation is a constantly evolving discipline, and recent developments must be brought into the equation. Human populations have grown, wildlife areas have shrunk, protecting isolated islands of wildlife is becoming ever more difficult. Many people involved with the protection of rhinos are looking at the possibility of farming horn. SRI will continue to debate the idea in a practical way, including approaching pharmaceutical companies to host out and plan the steps necessary to reduce consumer demand. De Beers have been approached to advise on the establishment of a regulated trade.

This, the only known photo of the elusive hairy Sumatran Rhino in the wild, was taken by a game warden in Malaya in the 1930s. Below, Sumatran Rhino in captivity.



#### FUTURE PROJECTS

Phillip has finished the Sumatran Survey Report, which makes disturbing reading. The population of Sumatran Rhinos, widely believed to be between 250 and 350, is around 80. The world Sumatran Rhino population may be less than 100. Phillip is closely involved in a million-pound project to protect the Sumatran Rhino and its habitat in the Kerinci Seblat Park. Where possible we will support Phillip and the project. In the longer term, SHI aims to establish an International Sumatran Rhino Fund (see Rhinos into the Next Millennium).

#### RHINO FACTFILE

**Refs:** Sumatran Rhinoceros (*Dicerorhinus sumatrensis*).

**Distribution:** isolated pockets of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Malaysia and Thailand.

**Status:** less than 500 in fragmented groups.

**Habitat:** impenetrable rainforest.

**Behaviour:** shy, elusive and rarely seen. Behavioural clues come from footprints and wallows.

**Appearance:** small, two-horned with a thick covering of body hair.

.....  
**Name:** Javan Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros sondaicus*).

**Habitat:** coastal rainforest.

**Status:** less than 50 in Java, possibly 10-15 in Vietnam.

**Range:** Ujung Kulon Park in Java and a small area in Vietnam.

**Behaviour:** bathes in slow-running river channels that run into the sea.

**Appearance:** one-horned, large with heavy folds of skin.

# Drowned & OUT

A trip to the home of the Sumatran Rhino nearly costs the lives of SRI's founder directors...

Phillip's burning desire to help the Sumatran Rhino was entirely appropriate – he himself was a rare species, an accountant who enjoyed the hardship inflicted on the human body by rainforests. He planned to spend two years in the Kerinci Seblat National Park, one of the last protected rainforest tracts in Sumatra, hoping to discover how many animals still survived, and look at ways of protecting them.

I never doubted his ability or his determination, but set him a final test: to complete the London Marathon with our rhino runner. I wanted to make sure he'd turned his back on accountancy, and fully embraced the helter-skelter world of wildlife conservation. We needed to raise some money as well.

When our rhino crossed the finish line after fifty 45mins of hell, most people had gone home. Todd, the poor sufferer in the rhino suit, might disagree, but it was all worthwhile. With the help of twenty Save the Rhino runners' sponsors there was enough money to start the project, and Phillip left for Sumatra where, despite a year of red-tape tangles, he got his Rhino Survey off the ground.

An invitation to visit came with dire warnings of ceaseless rain, leeches, tropical diseases and foot rot. We were met at Jakarta airport by a sweet-smelling skeleton who only vaguely resembled Phillip Wells. Conditions in Indonesia had turned him into a string. The overpowering herbal smell came from his clove cigarettes, a popular local brand called Garam. They were strong and relaxing, said Phillip, the best antidote to Jakarta's frenzied pace of life. I had one immediately.

Before our excursion in Sumatra, David Stirling and I travelled to the Ujon Kulon Park on the northwest tip of Java. Apart from a population recent-

ly discovered in Vietnam, Ujon Kulon is home to the world's last 50 or so Javan rhinos. A draining walk left us wiser about the rigours of life in a coastal rainforest, but we saw no Javan rhinos. Suffering from Deby's Itch, a condition caused by high humidity and mosquito bites, I struggled back to Jakarta.

Setting out on the main trip back in Sumatra, we spent three tortuous days walking up the Bantial Kiri river to Phillip's camp.

## RHINO MYTH

It is untrue that the horns of Asian or African rhinos are used as an aphrodisiac.



## RHINO FACT

Rhino horn is used in herbal medicines in Asia, and carved into handles for ornamental daggers in the Yemen.

The only consolation to be drawn from the leaky plastic sheets of this dismal shelter was that no rhino funds were wasted on luxuries.

We spent the next three days exploring the forest for rhino wallows, tracks or footprints. An acclaimed expert on Sumatran rhinos, Van Strein, had spent four years researching this elusive, secretive animal, finding just one. I could see why. Here every ounce of concentration is devoted to staying upright, hacking a path through thick, spiky forest and repelling hordes of bloodsucking leeches. Incessant tropical rain and foot rot makes double sure game-watching is out of the question. Staying alive is the priority.

After these further deprivations, base camp seemed like a posh hotel. No leeches, a square meal (always dried fish and rice) and a chance to dry off painfully rotting feet. At least Dave and I didn't have to walk three days out of the forest, we had had the foresight to bring two old tractor-tyre tubes from the plantation to make a crude raft. As the rain hammered onto our plastic roof, thoughts drifted to a relaxed, floating exit from one of the toughest experiences I'd ever endured.

We progressed peacefully for the first couple of hundred yards, then spent

the next five hours fighting rapids, rocks and powerful undercurrents as our flimsy raft repeatedly overturned. Each capsize was energy-sapping and nerve-racking, a fight to stay afloat in fast currents among concealed rocks. Soggy clothes and boots dragged us down. Something very bad was about to happen.

The raft wedged against a rock in the neck of a boiling rapid, gradually overturning until I was sucked down. I grabbed a gasp of air before dropping over the lip of a small waterfall and disappearing into a churning back current which refused to release me. I had time to think, with curious calm, that I was close to drowning. I expended the last ounce of strength my legs possessed fighting to the surface, to be grabbed anew by the current. I was whisked, semi-submerged, down the river.

Dave, who had stayed with the raft, came close enough to reach me and get a hold. The raft swept away. The current was carrying us both inexorably towards the next rapids. Dave was trying to swim for the edge. I clung on with one enfeebled hand to his T-shirt. A fallen tree, lying halfway across the river, was our lucky escape. Dave grabbed a hold and helped me to drape my body over the trunk, where I hung, unable to move. The rapids twenty yards farther down were ferocious white water. I'd have sunk like a stone.

The raft had disintegrated, our belongings had washed away and the daylight was fading. The daily rains had raised the river height and the danger of a flash flood was imminent. We were on the wrong side of the river and had to swim across. It was the most terrifying moment of my life, one that destroyed any remaining nerve I had for water. My pathetic breast-stroke to the other side is a blurred memory, the five-hour walk out of the forest with a badly bruised leg all too vivid.

So Phillip is definitely one up on the marathon/rainforest challenge stakes. But, I am plotting the Comrades double marathon race in South Africa for our next joint fund-raiser, a 52-mile horror. That should begin to even things out a bit. *Johnny Roberts*

# Rhinos and APPLES

Multi-media communication systems are proving to be an invaluable tool for the protection of endangered species and threatened environments

Every wildlife conservation organization has one – a graveyard for the reports of field-based wildlife managers. It masquerades under the title of library, and houses row upon row of chunky, well-bound A4 documents. A closer inspection of one dusty dissertation reveals 150 pages of dusty, rambling text with the odd graph and diagram interspersed. Prehistoric type and rough, low quality paper dredges up alarming memories of the most dreary school text books. Who reads these reports? No one, except the authors and the occasional boffin.

But these reports contain valuable information, and the wildlife managers who compile them are dedicated conservationists who have spent years of their lives observing and reporting the impact of man on the environment. Their findings lend substance to a universal concern: that man is destroying the life-support systems on which future generations will rely. The warnings contained in these writings should alert all of us to the danger, and guide us through the necessary changes. A way must be found to connect the eyes and ears of wildlife managers working in the field to a worldwide audience.

Douglas Adams has no doubt that multi-media technology holds the answer to this communications problem, saying: "There is no such thing as dull information, only dull presentation, and multi-media is poised to revolutionize the way the world presents, and absorbs, information. These developments have extra significance in the case of wildlife conservation, where information contains such life, colour and value.

Multi-media communication systems could prove to be an invaluable tool for the protection of endangered species and threatened environments. Wildlife managers have to tackle the deep-rooted causes of environmental degradation, such as overpopulation, overstocking, poverty and

starvation, and the task of balancing people, wildlife and environments in far-flung regions is stretching many of the managers almost to breaking-point. They are badly paid, underfunded and, to many people in a material world, of little importance. Multi-media can provide the necessary means to help them get to grips with an increasingly complex job, and help provide funds for their work.

Apple, the Body Shop and Save the Rhino International are developing a blueprint system to build a brighter future. Rhinos and Apples is a multi-media package that creates a fast, effective flow of information from field projects to a worldwide audience. Laptop computers allow wildlife managers to spend more time in the field, and generate visual, stimulating reports. Findings are quickly channelled to the Save the Rhino International head office in London for editing and storage. The end product, rendered in an entertaining, informative format, reaches a worldwide audience at a speed which leaves viewers with a sense of immediacy almost equivalent to being there.

Wildlife managers will no longer find project-funding levels decided by the length of their proposals and reports. They will earn their funding with a real, valuable commodity, information. And that value, derived from the endangered species and threatened environments, will return, through wildlife managers and local communities, to source, forming a value circle that can help prevent extinction and avoid environmental degradation.

Rhinos and Apples will make report graveyards a thing of the past, and reduce the growing divide between rural and urban life. *Johnny Roberts*

**Rhino-spotters in the field: multi-media is the best tool for publishing their research**







Rhinos in  
captivity  
form a key  
element in  
the battle  
to save the  
species

It was in 1960 that I met my first captive rhino. She was a six-month-old female white rhino of the northern race known as Abongi, and she was an orphan, her mother having succumbed to injuries she received during a translocation operation which moved rhinos at risk from the West Nile district of Uganda to Murchison Falls national park. She was a delightfully comely animal, reintroduced to the wild at four years of age, who lived to produce a calf of her own but died on the spears of a poacher. Her calf survived that tragedy but died, along with all the other black and white rhino in Uganda, from the bullets of the Kalashnikov rifles of the army of Idi Amin Dada. In just 30 years the northern race of the white rhino has been cruelly reduced, from a population numbering over 5,000 to a mere 33 carefully protected animals in the Garamba national park in eastern Zaire.

The echo of rifle fire has been heard almost everywhere that rhino occur. The carnage has taken place throughout Africa, often in locations once thought to be safe havens for these splendid creatures. The greed of a few hunters, in just a whisper of time, has destroyed an evolutionary success story which had lasted millions of years.

In February this year I was looking at a group of black rhino in the Western Plains Zoo at Dubbo, New South Wales, Australia. Captive yes, but safe from the marauding poachers, part of the worldwide co-operative programme of captive breeding which may prove to be a lifeline for future generations of rhinoceros. Although such relocations of rhino can prove costly, both in financial terms and occasionally through accidental death, yet those animals that were successfully moved are alive and snorting now – not bones being bleached white in the African, Indian or South-east Asian sunshine.

We all agree that the best place to save species is in their wild habitat, but the fact is that the rhino in managed populations in captivity are, sadly perhaps, an increasingly important element in the battle to save the species for the future, a battle which continues in protecting animals in their wild state in national parks and similar reserves, or in specially protected reserves in the lands of their occurrence.

It is probable that, where rhinos have disappeared from countries such as Uganda, their eventual return will have to be from one of these sources. It is more than probable, for example, that in the national parks of Uganda the northern race of the white rhino will be replaced by the southern and that these will come from captive or semi-captive sources, from zoos and wildlife parks.

Zoos and wildlife parks worldwide are committed to playing their part in rhino conservation through captive breeding, research and environmental education, as well as support for in-situ activities.

All people of goodwill know that the world will be much diminished if this fascinating family of animals is lost.

## A Zoologist SPEAKS

By Professor Roger Wheeler, director of Edinburgh Zoo

## A Rhino's-eye view of the London

# MARATHON

**7.30** am Put ourselves and our 30lb costumes into taxis and head for the the race. As we get closer to Blackheath Common the roads get increasingly congested with cars whose occupants look very nervous.

**8.30** Make final adaptations and repairs to the rhino costumes... people shake their heads in disbelief. Does this separate the men from the boys? No, just the runs from the fruitcakes.

**9.00** Safety-pin on our running numbers and grease all the areas that are likely to chafe... particularly one sensitive area. Take a last dose of cough medicine.

**9.20** Along with about 30,000 other people we go for a last minute pee (I have passed the place since and the grass has not recovered).

**9.30** The first ranks of runners are off... the race has started; casually, we don the rhinos. Because of the numbers competing it will be a good ten minutes before we make any forward motion.

**9.50** Ed rhino, Johnny rhino, Todd rhino (myself) and John minder pass the one-mile marker, already ten minutes over time if we are to complete within five hours.

**10.11** Walk 100 yards, run 100 yards, walk 100 yards, run 100 yards... three miles done.

**10.22** Another mile done... we are back on schedule.

**11.00** 7½ miles and no blisters, farther than I have run since this time last year.

**11.30** My Achilles' tendon has been giving me trouble for the last three weeks. The physiotherapist said that it would hurt... it does.

**12 noon** Three rhinos cross Tower Bridge in an affirmative row... Cameras are clicking at us, people are cheering, women are crying and a small child waves a plastic flag. The rate picks up.

**12.17** A tie has broken loose in my costume and the head is swinging drunkenly from side to side. As it swings a split enlarges. John has carpet tape, this is where it comes in handy. Walk stick, walk stick, walk stick... run.

Thirteen miles and it is apparent that I am slowing down again. Each time we walk I fall farther behind which means

that I have to catch up on each of the runs, which for some reason my leg finds easier.

**1.00** I see that I am closing on Johnny, something is wrong. Ed has struck out, though I hear from John that all is not well with him either. Heat and exertion take their toll. The five-hour barrier will stand for rhinos beyond today. Johnny's legs are cramping... time for our first painkillers.

All along the race route, in discreet little corners, puddles are left by runners caught short... Johnny left a huge one behind some shrubs by the Docklands Light Railway, to the astonishment of a couple who were having a quiet afternoon snog back

there. I wonder how much did it do for their ardour, to have a rhino come charging through their romantic afternoon and unceremoniously mark its territory? We've lost track of time now... all that matters is passing the mile markers, and the delivery of encouragement and drinks by John to Johnny and me.

The Roundabout. You enter Canary Wharf on its north side and about four miles later, you leave its south. Those four miles are the most depressing in the world since you know that it is just one vast circuit of a huge building site. Hear voices, saying, "Wouldn't it be easier simply to go round the roundabout and join all those already heading west? Who in their right minds would consider that you'll *doe wrong?*" Ignore voices. Told to wait, the BBC want a live interview; I'm frightened to stop in case I can't get going again, though the young lady in the blue shorts is certainly incentive to stick around... We have a chance to speak directly to millions and fortunately, don't blow it.

**18 miles** We are in amongst the buildings, they act as perfect wind funnels. On several occasions we turn corners and find ourselves hit by gusts that seem to stop us dead. The costumes balloon like sails. Pigs don't fly - rhinos might.

The south side of the roundabout... I am glad to be heading west... feel sorry for the



Right, crossing the finishing line, rhino-fashion: at 30lbs this must be the heaviest look in the London Marathon. Above, in training, Policeman thinks up funny one about directions for Regent's Park Zoo





From Blackheath Common to Westminster Bridge no one hoofs it harder

poor sods still heading east on its north side. I know what they are about to face.

Under Tower Bridge and past hundreds of bemused tourists. Struggling now to stay ahead of the police van. It officially marks the tail end of the race. Behind it the roads are opening to traffic. If we don't make it to the underpass ahead of this van we will have to leave the road and move onto the pavement for the last miles. We force the pace. The mouth of the underpass looms larger. I can feel the blood pumping through the veins that stand proud on my temples.

But the van overtakes us, and we hear ahead the megaphoned announcement that the underpass is about to be reopened to normal traffic. Then something wonderful... the policemen charged with the duty of redirecting runners decide not to hear the megaphone. Instead they cheer us on. They say "Come on Rhinos, Come on."

We are the last through the underpass.

2.30 The five-hour mark passes and we still have three miles to go... damn. But our regime is paying off, we are now overtaking scores of people who peaked too soon. Complete a mile in ten minutes.

They say the course of this marathon is the best for sights: St Paul's, Nelson's Column, Buckingham Palace... pity we can't see out of our nylon, aluminium and foam shells.

Running down The Mall, Johnny has got the smell of the finish and the sound of the crowds spurring him on, as I try to go with him the bug that has had a hold of my lungs for the last couple of days decides to flex its muscles and puts my chest in a vice grip. My temperature begins to soar, dizziness and nausea flood my senses, my legs are starting to go: "Slow down, slow down." They do.

3.00 We're on Birdcage Walk... but we're not walking; water poured over my head, a last painkiller and the sight of my wife and daughter in the crowd get me going again.

3.04 Now it's Johnny's turn, the cramps in his legs return with a vengeance. He pops a painkiller.

3.10 Westminster Bridge is so very beautiful.

3.11 Running hand-in-hand (paw-in-paw?) we cross the finishing line.

The medals are placed around our horns by a lady who has run out of tissues, she has cried so much this afternoon. We give her cause for a few more tears.

Ed is waiting. He crossed the line ten minutes before us, but won't take off the suit until we are all home. We crash horns and hope we've made some difference to the odds on the rhino's survival. *Todd Jones* ■

To thousands of party-lovers, musical nights out in the company of Pink Rhino are known for high excitement levels, a relaxed dress code, contributions to wildlife and lots of heavy stompin'

# Pink Rhino ROCKS



Party animals: SRF's Johnny Roberts and David Stirling, blowing their reputation in the name of commitment.



Gods of Glam let it all hang out at Victoria's SW1 club.

**W**e arrived at the Africa Centre in Covent Garden one hour late. There was no sign of Nsimba Foguis, lead singer of West African band De Taxi Pata Pata. Surely he couldn't have lost patience and left? We had presumed he'd be on African time, and what's an hour between friends? Midway through a beer and a nyama choma (meat barbecued African-style) a man wandered over calmly and introduced himself as Nsimba. He was two hours late. Nsimba's timekeeping never improved, he was late for every gig the band played at. A last-minute arrival was followed by demands for a cup of hot tea to loosen his vocal chords, then an insistence on a lengthy warm-up.

A packed club became delirious when De Taxi took the stage, until their cheers were drowned by the screeching of instruments being tuned. But, when the band did at last get their act together, it was definitely very well worth the wait. De Taxi drove the crowd wild with uplifting African beat music, suffused with an unforgettable dance energy.

The success of the African rhino parties helped us to fulfil an early commitment to help fund a project called Rhino Ark, an urgent attempt to fence in the Aberdares National Park in Central Kenya. The heavily forested mountains that make up the Aberdares Park have come under increasing pressure from surrounding communities, desperate for land to farm. In turn, these expanding communities lose crops and lives to dangerous animals such as elephant and buffalo. Fencing the wildlife in and the people out appears to be the only solution that can save the park - and its 40 rhinos - in the short term. To date around 80 kilometres of what will become a line of fencing 280 kilometres long has been laid.

David first heard the Gods of Glam in a dingy basement club in Edinburgh, hammering out a succession of Seventies

classics. They were brilliant. Lead singer Steve possesses an imposing stage presence, and also an outrageous collection of Seventies outfits which adds to the visual impact (and helps to disguise vocals which, perhaps, were never destined for greatness). Every year the band came down for the annual "Rhino Thang" Christmas party, to glammed-up crowds of a thousand or more at the SWI Club in Victoria. The success of the Seventies party formula raised funds for a variety of projects, one to help Black Rhino in Zimbabwe.

A visit to Zimbabwe in 1992 had hinted at the disaster in store for the country's 1,500 Black Rhino. We spent a week with wildlife vets Mark Atkinson and Mike Koch and wildlife department director Glen Tatham in the Chewore area of the Zambezi valley. Suspecting uncontrolled poaching and internal corruption, Zimbabwe Parks had decided to de-horn the remaining rhinos in a last-ditch effort to deter poachers. Our trip to Chewore proved they were too late. There were virtually no animals left at the park.

When corruption in a wildlife ministry runs out of control, outside funding has little impact and is often misappropriated. At that stage, we decided to help Mike and Mark with their need for basic veterinary equipment to enable them to collect blood samples from tranquilized rhinos for future research.

Sadly, our initial assessment was correct, and nothing could

De Taxi Pata Pata; uplifting African beats.



have prevented a poaching frenzy that cut the rhino population of Zimbabwe to less than 300.

But now, poaching and corruption are being brought under control and opportunities exist to fund projects which have a real chance of success. Mike and Mark's de-horning programme is showing very promising signs: five pairs of rhino de-horned in 1992 now have calves. De-horning is combining with traditional anti-poaching efforts to try to save the lives of rhinos.

The most recent musical extravaganza from SRI took even our staunchest supporters by surprise. SWI club-owners David Phelps and Piers Adam, high-profile Seventies groovers, were nowhere to be seen. A radical reformed band called Shooglenifty introduced a whole new dimension to fiddle-playing, before giving way to a raving bagpiper and hard house. Another triumphant night and more pennies for rhinos in the field. JR & DS



**INDIAN RHINO**

Species: Indian Rhino (*Rhinoceros unicornis*)

Distribution: Isolated areas in India and Nepal.

Status: Approximately 1,000.

Habitat: dense and semi-thickets in forests and marshlands.

Behaviour: observed in "rushing" of up to eight rhinos in a wallow.

Appearance: one-horned, a hide with folds and bumps that look like armour plating.

**FUTURE PROJECTS**

SRI hopes to develop further the Pink Rhino themed music section. The environment is a cause close to the hearts of many young people - who are, after all, the next generation who must live on this planet - and SRI aims to harness that concern for the benefit of rhinos. Bands such as De Taxi Pata Pata, The Gods of Glam and Shooglenifty have combined with DJs Ben the Bee, Paul Docherty and DJ G-String to bring the house down. We want to build on that success and attract a variety of talented artists and DJs to play for us.

**A** bike mechanic would have admired Ben Harbour's stubbly face, scraggy hair and oily clothes. The well-heeled drinkers at the bar of the Duke of Wellington pub in Marble Arch were not quite so sure. The African climate and roads had left deeply engrained oil and dirt which took weeks to remove. Ben had flown in from South Africa. He was buzzing with stories about the Classic Enfield expedition that had started a year ago in Calcutta and finished the day before in Cape Town.

Ben's bike trip for Save the Rhino International had dropped in on our Marble Arch offices six months ago, midway through his venture. Of the original team of seven, three remained at the halfway stage. Ultimately, only two riders reached Cape Town. A close inspection of his 1947 classic Enfield Bullet, a relic from Indian colonial times, convinced me that Ben had no hope of crossing the Sahara and Zaire, let alone reaching Cape Town. The motorbike in front of me was an overgrown bicycle, more used to cutting through the back streets of Delhi than fighting its way through some of the world's thickest mud, deepest sand, most

extreme climates. On his way south, Ben had crossed the Sahara desert along the West Coast of Africa, in a convoy threading its way through the mines and handits of that war-torn region. The convoy had deeply regretted the presence of the three Enfield Bullets, which spent most of their time being pushed out of deep sand.

Ben's appearance reminded me of the six-month, 18,000km Rhino Scramble bike expedition I completed with Johnny Roberts a few years ago, driving from Nairobi to London. Although equally uncomfortable and slow, at least the geriatric bikes that we used, Yamaha XT500s, Africa's off-roader of choice, were better cut out for this kind of terrain.

Driving north on the Rhino Scramble, the ferocious heat and Harmattan winds of the Saharan summer nearly did for Johnny and me. In the middle of the plains of Tidekelt, close to one of the hottest places on Earth, Johnny's drive-chain, weakened by the constant battle into the southerly winds, snapped clean off. A serious accident was avoided but it took most of the day, in a raging sandstorm, to fix the chain. Any longer and the 20 litres of water each of us drank every day in the desert would have been finished, followed shortly afterwards by us.

Zaire hardly has a road system, just a few barely accessible dirt tracks. Fallen trees, potholes that swallow whole trucks and oozing mud constitute the first wave of dangers. The second wave is due to the proximity of the forest to the edge of the road; adults, children, chickens and goats hurtle out of



#### RHINO MYTH

De-horned rhinos are not defanged for ever; there is no evidence that poachers without a horn are unable to protect their young or themselves, or that they suffer in any way.



#### RHINO FACT

The rhino's hair grows back at between 6-10cm a year. And a ton and a half of shedding rhino is a match for anyone, with or without horns.

the forests onto the road, paying no heed to oncoming traffic. Since yours is probably the only vehicle on the road that month, it is not really surprising.

Reaching Garamba in the isolated northeastern corner of Zaire is the biker's equivalent of climbing Everest, and the Garamba National Park was a key destination on both expeditions' itineraries. After months trekking through dark, damp rainforest, Garamba's treeless plains had me gazing open-mouthed into the distance, disoriented by the light and space.

Finding Garamba Park is one thing, chancing upon a Northern White Rhino quite another. Cousins of the more prolific Southern White rhino, this sub-species used to exist in a large swathe across central Africa. They have been wiped out everywhere except in this enormous park, where only 31 now remain.

Both bike teams encountered difficulties in finding a rhino in a park of 5,000sq kms - an area only slightly smaller than Wales. Ben had to search for his rhino on elephant-back, amongst the tall bush grass prevalent in the rainy season. Garamba has the only group of African elephants trained to carry people anywhere in Africa. Despite the height and view this mode of rhino spotting afforded, he was unlucky.

Johnny and I were driven around the park at a drier time of the year by Kes Hillman-Smith, the park's resident zoologist who, with her husband Fraser (he concentrates on the struggle against poachers) acts as the saviour of this small population of rhinos - as well as somehow finding time for research and bringing up two kids. When what appeared to be yet another termite mound moved, we had seen our first Northern White rhino. We walked to within 20 yards of a powerful sub-adult male, mindful that the isolated, busy-looking sausage trees provided our only safe haven if the rhino had had a bad day and decided to charge. Luckily, when alerted to our presence, he trotted briskly away from us.

Ben's experience at Garamba and his close look at the African way of life and culture had captured his heart and imagination as it had mine. A couple of months in England slowly erased the biker's grime and explorer's appearance. He ran a marathon for us in New York, and organized a fund-raising party at a club in London. More important than the money raised, Ben is now back in Cape Town setting up a Save the Rhino Office. *David Stirling*

Clockwise from top left: a pair of touring Enfield Bullets; potholes in Africa swallow lorries as well as bikes; famous conservationist Dr Richard Leakey flags off the Rhino Scramble; seasonal long grass makes it virtually impossible to discover a Northern White Rhino in a 5,000sq km park; rough-riding on the Zairean dirt roads; rhino taking a siesta during a hot African day





#### WHITE RHINO

**Name:** Northern White Rhinoceros (*Ceratotherium simum*).  
**Range:** Garamba National Park, Zaire.  
**Status:** With only 31 left in the wild, the Northern White Rhino is in immediate danger of extinction.  
**Habitat:** open grasslands, particularly short grass areas, with bushy areas for shade and cover.  
**Behaviour:** territorial and solitary.  
**Appearance:** large and bulky; has a broad, square muzzle and an elongated head which it carries low.



#### FUTURE PROJECTS

I recently returned to Garamba. Although happily the rhino population is growing, there is an increased poaching threat due to heavy fighting in the civil war in neighbouring Sudan. SWI will continue to support Garamba's anti-poaching activities. Ben Harbour of the Classic Entfield expedition is still working with SWI in Cape Town, raising funds throughout South Africa using the rhino costume.

# African TRIALS

Tales from two cross-country motorbike trips to Zaire's Garamba Park, home of the world's last 31 Northern White rhino.





# Rhinos on the

The lunar landscape of the Damaraland desert hides the last population of truly wild rhinos left in the world





# MOON



Spot the rhino. Above, the Doros plain at dawn, southern Damaraland. Below, a Bateleur eagle on the edge of the Etosha salt pan.

Lots of nothing, then a few buildings and an expanse of tarmac. Windhoek International is more like a space station than an airport. Inside the pace is relaxed, the people quietly efficient. Outside there are no hangers or fast-talking taxi-drivers, only the tinder-dry bush and rocks. During the hour-long drive to the capital city there is no sign of man. Windhoek is an isolated human settlement, small, traffic-free, well organized and friendly. If a visitor from outer space had to guess where Namibia was in the Galaxy, planet Earth wouldn't get a mention.

The highest sand-dunes in the world are in the Namib desert. The white dust on the floor of the Etosha salt-pan glows in a full moon. The desolate Skeleton Coast is a giant graveyard for wrecked ships and derelict mining platforms. Damaraland's lunar landscape is sprinkled with acidic euphorbia bushes and the ancient welwichia plant. This is a bizarre, unearthly landscape, and a suitable home for the equally remarkable African wildlife which lives here.

By rights, the desert rhino of Damaraland shouldn't be there. Vegetation is almost non-existent, a square meal of, say, acacia bush, out of the question. Springs or dry river beds provide water for drinking, but never wallowing. Over millions of years, this population of black rhino has had to adapt to Damaraland's special conditions, becoming

accustomed to covering huge distances in search of food and water.

Tracking rhinos in such lush conditions requires patience and determination. There are around 100 animals, roaming around in an area larger than Wales. Rocky plains run up against mountains made of crumbling rock, some with conical peaks, others flat-topped. It is a miracle field rangers can find their way around, let alone follow a rhino's footprints across stone.

The distinctive three-toed spoor of the rhino is usually picked up around dusty water-holes and can then be followed by vehicle, and finally on foot. The approach must be stealthy and into the wind. Adrenaline races as the rhino is spotted, and each member of the group creeps into position behind the tracker, a mere 50 yards from the animal.

The rhino is surprisingly quick on his feet. A sixth sense has alerted him to a bee, Ear and head move, an effort to catch smell or sound, and our group freezes, knowing that only the animal's bad eyesight prevents instant detection.

#### RHINO MYTH

De-horning rhinos was never seen by conservationists as a black and white solution to the poaching problem. De-horning was another weapon in the war against poachers, designed to work alongside other poaching deterrents.

#### RHINO FACT

De-horning focuses attention on the rhino's plight, and at least helps prevent criminal syndicates building up their stockpiles and further manipulating market prices.

Everyone anxiously picks out a tree to climb or a bush to dive behind in the event of a charge. The animal trots in a tight semicircle into the wind, stops, snorts, then beats an agile, weaving retreat into the distance, leaving on-lookers relieved and ecstatic. For sheer exhilaration, nothing can surpass a personal encounter with a desert rhino, leaving vehicle-driven rhino-viewing in a well-stocked National Park some way off the pace.

Sights that are scarcely believable reward the observant, unreal moments that seem to freeze in time. What is an oryx doing in the middle of the Namib desert silhouetted against a richly coloured dune? Or the line of Zebra wandering into the shimmering expanse of the Etosha salt pan?

If Mars or the Moon is out of reach, then Namibia's dramatic scenery is the next best option, leaving visitors with a feeling for how the past on Earth must have been, and how our future on other planets might become.

#### SAVE THE RHINO SAFARIS

Even in a continent blessed with more than its fair share of beauty, Namibia stands out. The country also has a sound infrastructure, and there are a selection of luxury lodges in outstanding situations – perfect for visitors to the country, who can embark on the safari of a lifetime with Save the Rhino International. The Save the Rhino safari is a holiday and a unique adventure combined: tracking desert rhino is an unforgettable experience, and small groups are allowed into unspoilt areas with normally restricted access. Guides, lodge-owners and managers are friendly, entertaining, and committed to the conservation of nature in their country. The safari also directly benefits rhino conservation projects in Namibia, some of which feature on the itinerary. A limited number of groups travel each year. For further information contact SRI on 0171 409 7982.

#### FUTURE PROJECTS

SRI provides ongoing support for activity rhino projects in Namibia. Donations are sent straight from the charity or through the Namibian Black Rhino Fund (see Rhinos into the Next Millennium). Funds permitting, the charity hopes to establish a rhino sanctuary for desert rhino on the edge of Deopaland as an added security for the wild population. Preliminary research has been conducted, and a suitable site identified.

#### RHINO FACTFILE

**Name:** black rhino, *Diceros bicornis*.

**Distribution:** viable populations remain only in South Africa, Namibia, Zimbabwe and Kenya. Fragmented groups occur in former ranges: Angola, Botswana, Cameroon, Mozambique and Zambia.

**Status:** threatened with extinction; less than 2,000 remaining.

**Habitat:** they are browsers and prefer dense bush; only in Namibia are they to be found in semi-desert areas.

**Behaviour:** most active at night, they are shy and solitary animals who tend to be unpredictable, and occasionally hot-tempered.

**Appearance:** two-horned, 1.5 tonnes, compact and agile. A distinctive hooked (prehensile) lip.





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HOLDER  
OF  
MARINE  
DIAMOND  
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# Into the next MILLENNIUM



**SRI** has a clear sense of direction. We work tirelessly towards the completion of targets, carefully laid out in five-year business plans. The targets are needs-driven, reflecting what is required in the field. The generosity of individuals and companies helped us accomplish our 1990-1995 aims, and prove there is hope for the future. Support for SRI activities in the 1995-2000 Millennium business plan, summarized below, will consolidate these successes.

The core objective of SRI is to respond to the needs of wildlife managers and rangers, and to route the optimum level of funds to the field. This can only be achieved by a constant battle with costs and bureaucracy. SRI's international funds achieve those aims, with every effort being made to ensure that 100 per cent of every donation reaches its target – experienced field managers with appropriate policies for rhino and wildlife conservation in their areas. The international funds are structured to provide long-term support that fosters and secures a natural balance between the environment and the communities of distinct regions. The ultimate goal is to promote self-sufficiency, not to encourage dependency. Our blueprint fund, the Namibian Black Rhino Fund, is already up and running. Copies of the brochure are available at SRI's office.

As companies are beginning to discover, advertising and PR budgets invested through dynamic charities such as Save the Rhino can reap far greater rewards than those allocated to mainstream marketing and advertising channels. Companies which initially had reservations about sponsoring the environment have been astonished by the success of joint promotions with Save the Rhino: albeit by somewhat unorthodox means, SRI has gained major brand exposure in all sections of the national media, and of course this kind of sponsorship also portrays the sponsor in a most positive light. In the words of Bob Annibale, Citibank vice-president (Africa): "Imagine my surprise when I turned on GMTV and saw these guys climbing Mount Kilimanjaro in jackets with Citibank written on their backs." Interested parties are invited to call us, on 0171 409 7982.

## SRI Millennium Business Plan 1995-2000

### FUND-RAISING

#### *Inspirational Rhino Challenges*

- 1995 Lands End to John O'Groats Rhino Walk
- 1996-1997 Global Rhino Audit
- 1998 USA Rhino Walk
- 2000 Sea Level to Everest Rhino Climb

#### *Mainstream Events/Activities*

- Rhino Marathons
- The Rhino Club
- Save the Rhino Safaris
- Pink Rhino Records

### FUND DISTRIBUTION

#### *Ongoing Support*

- Tsavo Ecosystem
- Mkomazi Rhino Sanctuary
- Namibian Black Rhino
- White Rhino at Garamba Park
- African and Asian Rhino Projects

#### *International Funds*

- Namibian Black Rhino Fund
- Sumatran Rhino Fund
- Asian Rhino Fund
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If you would like further information on company sponsorship, our schools package slide and lecture show, tax-effective giving (gift aid and covenants), donations by direct debit or banker's order, or bequests, please write to the address above, ring 0171 409 7982, or fax 0171 409 7981

# ...Thank you

To all the companies and individuals who have given their invaluable support, including:

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*SMI would especially like to thank all marathon runners and Rhino party-goers for their continuing support.*

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*...securing species survival*



Natural habitats are seriously threatened by mankind and so is the wildlife they support. The Federation of Zoos congratulates and supports *Save the Rhino International* on their excellent and innovative fundraising for rhino conservation.

The best place to save animals is in the wild, but increasingly extra help is needed. Reputable zoos provide this essential conservation back-up in a number of ways:

- 🐾 supplementing and supporting work in the wild
- 🐾 developing relevant technology and professional training
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## **The Federation of Zoological Gardens of Great Britain and Ireland**

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