

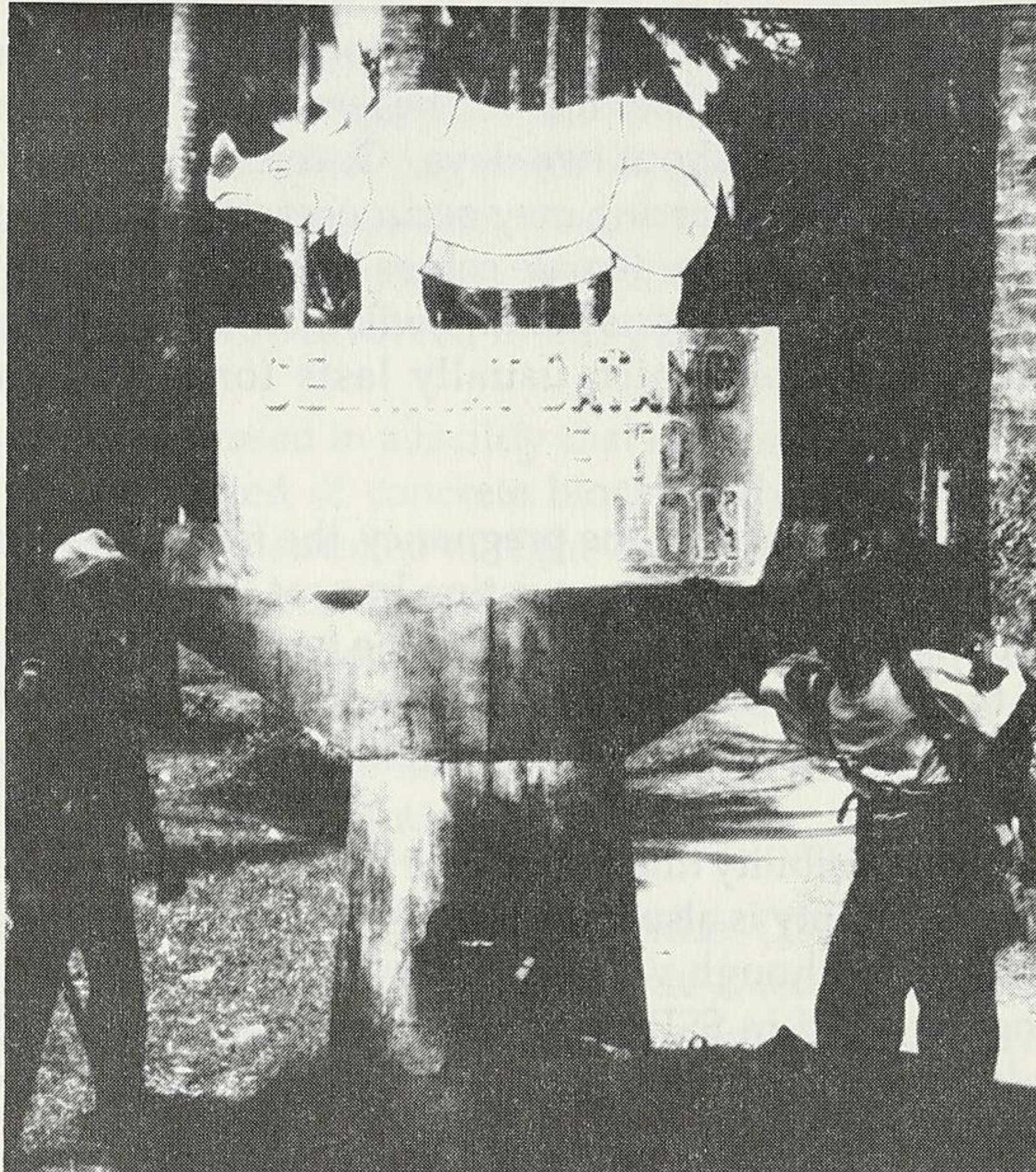
Ujung Kulon

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Our land rover lurched from left to right and then quickly back to the left again, as Mr. Gatot tried to avoid the gaping holes on the road's surface. He managed to miss two out of every three. I had previously about journey to the Pearthree of the Zoo had told me it road she had ever I'd already seen having traveled remote areas of Tanzania, Peru, Zaire, but Patty this one beat them which runs from small fishing Sunda Strait, to the headquarters Kulon Park, is say that the route, constructed by the a complete understatement. thinks they should and start over). At bad, and progressively turns into worse, horrible, and just plain unbelievable. Ruts, potholes, sections of asphalt gone, and entire pieces of the roadway missing; all were frequent features. It took three and one-half hours to travel the thirty kilometers to Taman Jaya.

been warned this part of the park; Patty Indianapolis was the worst seen. I thought the worst, through Madagascar, and Eastern was right—all. This road Citeureup, a village on the Taman Jaya, of Ujung dreadful. To originally Dutch, needs overhaul is an (Mr. Gatot just scrap it its best it's



Ujung Kulon may be known to many readers of AKF. It is the park in Indonesia that will be the recipient of extra monies raised by "Bowling for Rhinos"; money that will be used to protect the reserve's population of the Javan rhinoceros. My purpose in coming here was to get a first-hand look at the Minnesota Zoo's "Adopt a Park" program. This innovative project provides funds needed to upgrade the Ujung Kulon's infrastructure. The Philadelphia Zoo, my institution, would like to start a similar type of aid program for Sapo National Park in the West African nation of Liberia. Bill Konstant, Vice President of the Zoo's Conservation Department, thought it would be a good idea to get someone from the zoo's staff to see how "Adopt a Park" looks on the ground to a visitor to Ujung Kulon. He knew that such a visit could provide insights that could be useful when Philadelphia's Sapo program was ready to start. So, in late September 1994, I found myself in Java.

Our land rover carried five people. Only three of us, Benny the guide, Munif the cook, and myself, would travel into the park. My outfitter, Mr. Gatot, and his driver would return to Citeureup.

We finally arrived at park headquarters. It comprised some new and well-constructed buildings with an adjacent satellite dish. This piece of equipment extends the range of the park's radio network; radios which were recently put into place by the Minnesota Zoo. Inside the headquarters building were some great photos of the elusive Javan rhino, along with park information, maps, and regulations. It was here that two other members were assigned to our party: a porter and Zaikam, the ranger. All visitors entering the park must be escorted by a ranger and Zaikam turned out to be an excellent choice on Mr. Gatot's part.

It took us an hour to gather our supplies and gear and set off for our first destination, the ranger post at Kalejetan. We started off walking through the villages of Taman Jaya and Cikawung.

The area surrounding this part of the park is densely settled. There are houses grouped tightly together along both sides of the road. It was a particularly long, dry season. The rice paddies were nothing more than a brown, dried stubble. Scattered small groups of domestic water buffalo were grazing the remnants. Very little green was evident on the ground, and what little color there was was provided by coconut trees scattered around the dwellings or in clustered groves of trees.

The people, mostly of Sundanese origin, appeared healthy and cautiously friendly. Benny explained that each village or "kampung", has its own school and dispensary. The schools dressed their students in clean, neat uniforms, with each institution having a different color. Having grown up in Philadelphia, it reminded me of how the parochial schools within the city followed the same practice. The children were most curious about me, this "orang asing" (white foreigner), walking through their villages. When they saw me they would stop what they were doing, point me out to their classmates, and speak the only English most of them knew, "Hello, mister".

A kilometer south of Cikawung the dwellings and rice paddies petered out and changed to scrub as we passed the park entrance demarcated by a sculpture of a Javan rhino on the column. Short, thick sunlit brush changed quickly into tall, dark, shaded forest. Some of the trees started showing the thick buttresses indicative of more mature growth. We were now past the buffer zone and well within the park. A few times we heard a crashing noise as groups of wild pigs fled from our small party. A break for lunch gave us the opportunity to find two long-tailed macaques who hurried off in the trees 40 feet above our heads. We would come across the pigs and the macaques often during my six-day visit to the park. Ujung Kulon was quickly showing me why many consider it one of Asia's finest wildlife preserves.

The air temperature was hot and it was humid. However, the paths in this part of the park were level and easily traversed. About six kilometers into the journey I could hear the distant murmur of waves hitting a shore. At each bend in the trail the level of noise increased. We stopped to take a short break along a ravine.

Munif, Benny and Zaikam started puffing away on cigarettes. Indonesian men smoke like chimneys; although I'm sure if I would have asked them not to they would reluctantly have agreed. It seemed unfair of me to ask them to stop, so I didn't. These smoke breaks would be a frequent feature of my dealings with Indonesians.

As we sat a greater racket-tailed drongo with its long, thin tail feathers flew slowly at eye

level through the ravine. Back lit by sunlight filtering through the forest canopy, it appeared like an apparition.

The break was interrupted by the sudden appearance of four men walking towards us along the trail. Zaikam recognized them immediately and invited them to join us. Cigarettes were passed around. Benny explained that these men were the rangers who staffed the Kalejetan post and were en route to the park headquarters for a meeting. While sitting with us they told Benny and Zaikam that a rhino had been seen by the post a few days before. As we all got ready to leave for our respective destinations the lead ranger gave Zaikam the key to the station. That meant that we would sleep under a roof that night.

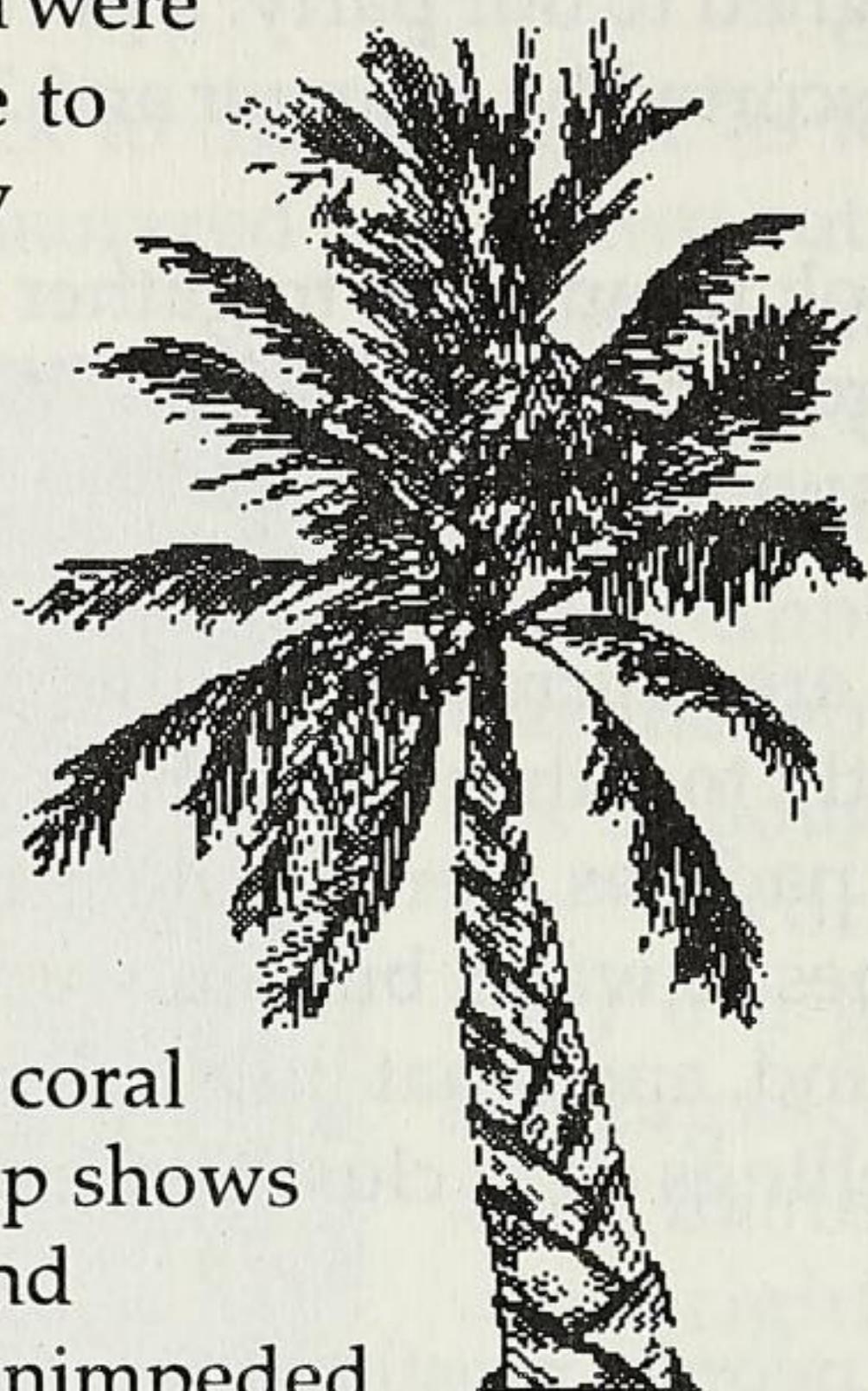
As we traveled closer to our destination the sound of the waves increased until it became a loud crescendo. The forest thinned out and changed into a Pandan tree thicket. The sea was now in view. Large waves crashed into seaweed-covered coral reefs. The noise was nearly deafening. A look at a world map shows that except for Christmas and the Cocos Islands, there is no land between Antarctica and southwest Java. A wave could travel unimpeded from one shore to the other, which helped explain both the size of the waves and the noise that they created on this wild south coast of the park.

We settled in for our first night in the park. The Kalejetan ranger post was a tiny ramshackle structure. The cabin steps and front deck were completely rotted away. The metal roof had several large gaping holes. The Indonesian word for station or post is "resort" and "Resort Kalejetan" was painted on this broken, worn, dilapidated structure. I was amused by the use of the word, "resort" on such a shack since it was far from a resort as far as I was concerned. Next to this disaster, the New Zealand Park Service had laid the foundation and wall for a more modern and comfortable structure. This would be the future guard post.

To me this was the essence of the "Adopt a Park" and other aid programs. How can we imagine that rangers, who live in conditions of such deprivation like Kalejetan, could properly perform their duties? If this assistance did not exist, should we expect that these men would be motivated to protect this park and the rhinos which we so cherish? I think any one of us would be hard pressed to carry on in such difficult living conditions.

Near dusk Zaikam took Benny and me for a walk in the forest. We saw a black giant squirrel, a draco flying lizard, and some large black bats with long, narrow wings. One of them had whitish wings which I eventually identified as a pouched tomb bat. Benny spotted the squirrel. He eventually turned out to be a good animal spotter, much to his own surprise. Munif had dinner ready when we returned. After the meal we washed up using fresh water drawn from a nearby well.

Before we retired to sleep a band of seaweed collectors crowded around the post. Benny suggested that I gather my gear and take it inside. He gave me no real reason, just the rather cryptic response that, "we are not alone now". Our party would come across these groups of men and, on occasion women, throughout this part of Ujung Kulon. They supposedly have permits to be here in the park to collect seaweed. The seaweed is gathered and dried on the beaches of the south coast. The dried seaweed is carried out of the park in



sacks and eventually processed to be used as a food additive. Except for some limited tourist income, it is probably the only source of real cash that local people can realize from Ujung Park. I have to question, however, whether a reserve whose main purpose is to protect such rare and easily poached species as the Javan rhino needs dozens of unsupervised individuals moving through its, "protected" environs. Throughout my travels in the south of the reserve the only ranger on patrol I saw was Zaikam. He diligently approached every group of seaweed collectors we came across. Zaikam would blow his whistle, which would sometimes scatter the collectors, then gather them together, check their papers, and either nod in acceptance or complain with obvious displeasure.

My night in Resort Kalejetan consisted of interrupted sleep. Four of us— Benny, Munif, Zaikam and I— were packed tight together on the wooden floor of the "resort". Several times throughout the night I awoke with the weight of some type of animal across my covers on my ankles. Whether it was geckos or rats, I don't know since I wasn't up to viewing my protagonist with a flashlight. I raised my feet under the covers and shook them. The weight would disappear and I would go back to sleep until I awoke to the next round of pressure on my ankles. The next day several welts appeared elsewhere on my body where some small creature had bitten me during the night.

We awoke at six, washed, ate breakfast, and headed down the trail to our next destination. Zaikam started pointing out animals almost immediately. There were more macaques and giant squirrels and a new species, the lutung- the Javan black langur. The langur was once considered by primatologists to be a subspecies of the silver langur, but has since been granted full species status. It is a graceful, agile creature, which moves through the forest quietly like other members of its genus. Langurs take long, almost noiseless leaps from tree to tree. The macaques, in comparison, give many clues to their whereabouts by their clumsy movements through the forest and frequent vocalizations.

We came upon several strangler figs, large vine-like trees which twist around a hollow center. This gap is the only evidence of the vanished tree that was used by the fig as a trellis to support its growth. This process causes the strangulation death and quick decay of its victim. On many of these fig trees were bird nest ferns, which are epiphytes. Epiphytes employ a tree as a support to reach sunlight, an important survival technique in a tropical forest. Its extended leaves collect rain and falling detritus from the forest canopy to be used as a source of water and nutrition. It was here that Zaikam pointed out a sapling that had been pushed over by a rhino —most likely the deed of the animal which had been spotted a few days ago.

The trail crossed open beach and I was able to identify Pacific reef-egret, Pacific golden-plover, and collared kingfishers. Getting an accurate ID of the birds throughout this trip proved to be a difficult undertaking. I consider myself to be a decent birder and I know the avifauna of South America, Africa, and North America fairly well. Learning to "bird" in a new region, Southeast Asia, was as difficult for me as attempting to learn a new language.

Within two hours we arrived at the ranger post Karang Ranjang. In contrast to Kalejetan this was a real "resort". This post had been recently built with the construction financed by the "Adopt a Park" program. It was a stark but sturdy concrete structure, able to survive the relentless onslaught of tropical termites. Concrete is also easy to keep clean and it is hard for vermin, such as those that inhabit Kalejetan, to get established. We slept on beds and mattresses. Bed linen was not provided, but I had brought my own.

The forest around the post held a wealth of wildlife. There were more giant squirrels, large water monitors, skinks, geckos, and small Indian civets that visited at night. On the beach I found fresh bantang track, white-bellied fish-eagles, and a blue colored sea snake. The snake appeared to be in distress. Since sea snakes are very poisonous, I carefully picked it up with a long stick and placed it in some shade. I came back a few hours later, but it had died.

A walk in the forest in late afternoon produced more langurs, macaques, pigs, and two new mammals- the black banded and striped ground squirrels. This stroll took us to the north shore of the reserve. The sheltered bay of this sector did not have the noise and turmoil of the south. The shore was packed with driftwood and huge fallen trees were strewn across the beach. We saw whimbrel and striated heron here.

The next morning the five of us set out for a trek to the Cibandawoh shelter, about six kilometers to the west. The route passed through an area that reportedly has a few families of the Javan gibbon. Although Zaikam tried diligently and we spent a few hours of hard walking through dense forest, we did not see or hear any gibbons. We saw more giant squirrels and macaques, and I got a good look at a tree shrew. Birds included a group of immature white-bellied fish-eagles, grey-headed fish-eagles, great crested terns, banded kingfishers, greater racket-tailed drongos, slender-billed crows, rufus woodpeckers, and scarlet minivets.

Again the scenery was spectacular. Wide sandy beaches, coral reefs offshore, and beautiful forest surrounded us. There was the wreckage of several fishing boats scattered along the beach, along with the more common flotsam of nets, buoys, and plastic containers.

The most engaging sight was two sets of cat tracks which traversed parallel to each other, for about two hundred yards up the beach until they disappeared into the forest. Zaikam identified the smaller of the two sets of tracks as the prints of a leopard. The larger set he identified as tiger. Tigers were reported to have become extinct in Ujung Kulon sometime during the 1960's. I took photos of the tracks with a ruler next to them. When I returned to the States I examined my slides, compared them to sketches of leopard prints from Africa, and found that both sets fell within the track size range of that species. It's unlikely that the larger prints were of a tiger; however, the issue continues to intrigue me.

We returned to Karang after lunch. A walk in the forest near dusk turned up more squirrels, tree shrews, and lesser mouse deer. Off in the distance we heard the vocalization of a barking deer. On our return, a walk to the post well gave me an excellent look at a hollow-faced bat and a water monitor that ran off quickly at our approach.

My porter told me that he had seen three bantang near the well that morning. He asked if I would be interested should he see others. I quickly said yes. At 6:30 p.m. I heard a slight knock at my door. I opened it and found the porter excitedly saying "Mister, bantang like morning". I grabbed my flashlight and followed him towards the well. Just before we reached the well I heard a snort, and a female bantang bolted back into the forest. The size of the animal (as large as a Cape buffalo yet leaner) and its rapid departure startled me. I turned my flashlight into the forest and quickly picked up the white legged and impressive black body of a male bantang moving away from us. Seeing such big animals on foot and in such close proximity is an intense experience. Later that night two more civets returned to the station hoping to find some food scraps to eat.

Ujung Kulon is an incredible place to observe wildlife. Some of my luck had to do with having a good ranger— Zaikam. It was also a very long dry season which may have caused the animals to move about at a greater pace and therefore be more easily seen. The reserve is also primarily secondary tropical forest. This is a habitat that attracts a greater concentration of mammals than climax vegetation. Whatever the cause, I saw more wildlife here than I had observed during my visits to the Amazon forests of Peru and Ecuador.

At dinner Benny told me how frustrated Zaikam was in not finding gibbons that day. He told Benny that gibbons and the surili, the Javan gray langur, could be found within a fifteen minute walk from his house in Taman Jaya. This was a very interesting bit of news. From my previous discussions with people who had visited Ujung Kulon I knew that these endemic Javan primates were difficult to spot. Since we were heading back to Taman Jaya the next afternoon, Benny suggested a change in plans. We would now hike back to Zaikam's house first thing in the morning.

My fourth day in Ujung Kulon started at dawn. I was more charged up than usual, anticipating the day ahead so much that I ate breakfast while standing. Benny asked me twice to sit down and eat, and I was somewhat aware of the rest of the party and the post personnel looking at me oddly. Benny took me by the arms and sat me down on a bench in front of the building. He asked me to please understand that the Sundanese have lots of superstitions about the forest; one of which involves sitting while eating. It is considered an omen of bad luck if an individual stands while taking food.



Benny had already told me about another local superstition, the Nyl Loro Kidul, queen of the South Sea. This goddess allegedly lures male swimmers wearing green while bathing on the south coast of Java and Bali to her underwater realm, never to be seen again. This legend seemed to me to have a grain of truth though not from the intervention of any goddess. I mentioned previously how rough the waves are on this shore of Java. It seems conceivable that the bodies of drowning victims could easily be swept out to sea without a trace in such turbulent water.

By 7:00 a.m. we were on our way to Taman Jaya. We walked to the north coast and along the beach. The only wildlife we saw were a pair of macaques, but Zaikam pointed out the tracks of bantang, rusa deer, leopard, and a smaller cat that could have been a fishing or leopard cat. Both are the only small cats found on Java.

The distribution of mammal species throughout the Indonesian archipelago is a bit of a biological puzzle. For example, why does Java have two endemic species of langur and its own gibbon; while southern Sumatra, which is just a 20-mile distance across the Sunda Straits, share the agile gibbon and the silver langur with southern Borneo which is 300 miles to the east? The most puzzling to me is why the leopard is found only on Java and not elsewhere in Indonesia, while the tiger is still found in Sumatra and once ranged through Java to Bali?

Our walk through the north beach was blocked by a small brackish stream. Benny gave me the option of crossing the ankle-high water or using a nearby log bridge. My feet were showing the effects of three days of hiking by the appearance of some painful water blisters. I did not relish having to spend the rest of the day with wet and blistered feet, so I opted for

the foot bridge. The bridge consisted of two 30-foot logs with a thin wooden handrail laid across the banks of the stream about three feet above the water. Even though the mouth of the creek was ankle deep, this section was obviously of greater depth.

I started across confident of my ability to traverse this obstacle. After all, I had crossed more difficult and shaky structures in the Ecuadorian Amazon just last year. I was two-thirds across when I heard Benny asking me to be careful. I remember thinking that I was using my left hand to hold the railing, and that the left hand is considered unclean in this part of the world. At that exact moment the railing snapped. I staggered for a second, lost my balance, and plunged face first into the water. I went under, put my feet down, found the bottom, and stood up. Fortunately, the stream was only waist deep. All of a sudden it hit me. I was carrying all of my film and camera gear in my day pack and both it and I were soaking wet!

Benny and Munif quickly worked their way along the bridge and I handed them my pack. I slugged across the creek's muddy bottom and used some mangrove roots to pull myself out of the water. I was a wet and muddy mess, but my film and lens cleaning gear were wrapped in plastic sandwich bags. (I had always been taught to protect my equipment and clothes this way while traveling in tropical forests. You can bet that I'll continue to do so in the future). My camera and lens were not covered but they remained water tight. I had forgotten about my binoculars strapped to my waist, and they took some water in the right lens. Two days of drying in the sun cleaned the lens except for a few small water spots. Unfortunately however, they were useless that day. The value of carrying an extra pair, which I had lent to Benny to use, would now pay off.

Everyone was very helpful and worried about my welfare and the state of my gear. I was somewhat angry at myself at first, but I realized that the results could have been much worse. Zaikam and I started towards Taman Jaya. Ben, Munif, and the porter looked at each other and ran ahead of us. I could hear them laughing off in the distance. I knew that they had gotten an excellent view of my fall. It must have been an amusing sight, seeing my large body sway and topple into the water. I asked Benny about the incident later. He apologized sincerely and said that he

"I staggered for a second, lost my balance, and plunged face first into the water."

hoped I was not angry. He said that once they realized I was fine and my camera was safe, the humor of the incident took hold. He said that the three of them looked at each other and, realizing they could not control their laughter, ran up ahead so I would not be embarrassed. I told him that if I was in their place I probably would have laughed as well.

I later told Benny that I thought that it was a coincidence the bridge railing broke at the exact moment I was thinking about using my left hand. Benny disagreed, convinced my fall was caused by not sitting while I ate my breakfast. He then related an incident that he witnessed when he was undergoing his training as a tour guide.

Benny's class was visiting a Hindu temple on the island of Bali. One of his female classmates was boasting that she was going to enter the temple even though she was menstruating. I have seen notices in front of temples in Bali (written in English as well as Indonesian and Sanskrit), asking

women not to go in when they are in this condition. Benny said that after she crossed the temple doorway, she was on the floor within seconds having seizures. The others in the group carried her outside. The local Balinese insisted that a priest would have to exorcise her, this being the only way she could ever "return to normal". Sure enough, a priest arrived and after a few chants the seizures stopped and the woman recovered. Most Westerners would say that her dilemma was caused by a psychosomatic reaction to the poster warning. That incident, and my own on the bridge, not only make interesting stories but also give the skeptic (myself, for example) something to ponder.

On the rest of our walk through the mangroves the only wildlife I saw were a great-billed heron, banded kingfisher, and tiny fiddler crabs who waved their enlarged fighting claws at us when we ventured too close. They would then disappear into their burrows in the mud.

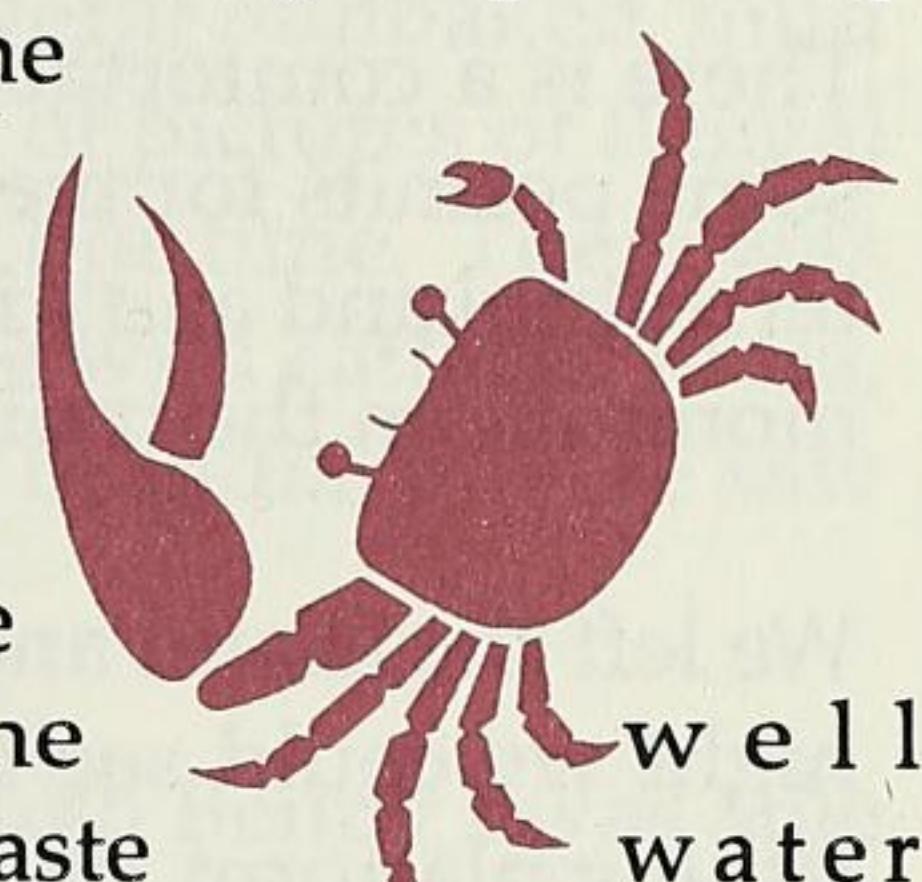
We trooped past the rhino statue at the park entrance and left the buffer zone. Zaikam invited us to stop for a short break at a house on the edge of the park. The occupants were getting prepared for a wedding the next day. They offered us candied rice cakes to eat and boiled water to drink. I asked if I could photograph the women and young girls of the house while they prepared rice for the wedding feast. They shyly agreed. It has been my experience that Indonesians like to have their pictures taken and seem to be flattered by the attention.

It was a short walk from here to Zaikam's house. It was here that the porter, who guided me to the bantang, parted company with us. He had shown me kindness throughout our trek as well, so I gave him a good tip. Ten U.S. dollars might not seem like a lot of money to us, but to an average Indonesian earning only \$2.00 per day it is quite considerable.

Zaikam's house was a stark but clean, comfortable structure made of wood and bamboo. The house sat on small concrete supports to raise it above ground level. The first thing I noticed upon entering was that in spite of the heat and humidity outside, the interior was dark and cool. I suspect that the materials used in its construction allowed a cooling exchange of air. The dwelling was shaded by a grove of coconut trees which probably helped keep the inside temperature low. The coconuts were used for food and the husks provided a source of fuel.

The family had its own well located at the rear of the structure. The water could be used for washing but had to be boiled for drinking. Indonesians were always sure to tell you that the water they were offering you was boiled and therefore safe to consume. Next to the well was an enclosure where the family bathed and did its toilet. The waste was washed down a stone slab to fertilize a small vegetable garden. A small chicken coop was located in the back and the birds were fed leftovers scraps from the family's meals. The entire complex appeared to stress simplicity and self-sufficiency as much as possible.

Zaikam's wife cooked a tasty lunch of rice and fried eggs. After our meal I had Benny ask Zaikam how he had become a ranger. It seems that when Ujung Kulon was established, Zaikam's father was employed as a park laborer. He helped open up some of the original trails into the park and helped build the first ranger posts and bridges. Zaikam said that his father always impressed upon him the importance of the park and that he should respect the forest and the wildlife of the reserve. He was so moved by his father's dedication he



well
water

decided to become a ranger, and has been one for over 20 years.

At 1:00 p.m. we set off for Cibiuk, a hot spring just north of Zaikam's house. We walked through villages and then rice fields with grazing water buffalo until we reached a wooden fence that marked the boundary of the park. Crossing through a gate we entered a dry, almost leafless forest. We came to a small stream and Benny told me to place my hand in the water and take a swallow. The water was warm to the touch and had a slight sulfur flavor and odor. The temperature, odor, and taste of the water were an indication of volcanic activity in the area. Java, as well as most of Indonesia, is located on the so-called Pacific "Ring of Fire". The region is seismically active and is therefore prone to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The lack of human settlement of the Ujung Kulon peninsula is partially due to the eruption of one such volcano, the infamous Krakatau, in 1883. The eruption, one of the most violent in recent human history, devastated this region of Western Java.

After taking our leave of the hot springs I saw a form brachiating through the forest. It was a Javan gray gibbon. This species looks very much like the blond form of the white-handed gibbon. We counted three of them. I glanced at my watch. Fifteen minutes had passed since we had left Zaikam's house. The gibbons did not seem to be afraid of us, but they moved so quickly that they were difficult to photograph. While trying to do so I blundered into a nest of fire ants; a few of which landed on the back of my neck. They bit me several times before I could brush them off. While following the gibbons we found the surili, or Javan gray langur. This was the third of Java's endemic primate species. Satisfied, we left the forest and retraced our route back. While crossing the rice paddies, I heard the sharp screech of a raptor. I looked up and saw a black eagle, one of Indonesia's largest birds of prey, soaring overhead.

We continued our walk back through the villages to the Taman Jaya dock. It was here that I met Yanto and Iman, the captain and mate of our cabin cruiser. My next three nights in Ujung Kulon would be spent on this boat. We set out across Welcome Bay for a ten kilometer trip to Handeuleum Island, passing through a large flock of feeding lesser crested-terns.

Handeuleum is part of a small group of coral islands located off the north shore of the park. There is a comfortable guest house here along with a hiking trail. While Benny arranged some permits for me, I took a walk with Zaikam. There is a wealth of wildlife about, both terrestrial and aquatic. I saw rusa deer including several stags, long-tailed macaques, water monitors on the trail, and mudskippers, sea slugs, and sea cucumbers along the shore.

We left the island and anchored off the mainland near the mouth of the Cigenter River. At night we could see numerous kerosene lamps from fishing boats and bagangs, a type of fishing platform, off in the distance. There were so many they could almost be mistaken for distant stars low in the night sky. The lamps are used to attract fish which are either hooked, netted by hand or on the platforms, or scooped up by large underwater nets.

The Cigenter River is the best place to spot the Javan rhino. I knew that seeing one was going to be a matter of luck. For example, Zaikam, despite all the time he has spent in the park, has seen rhinos only 22 times. He has observed four of them while canoeing the Cigenter.

The next day Benny, Yanto, and Zaikam paddled a canoe up the river while I sat up front hoping to be one of the few to actually see this creature. While we saw no sign of rhinos, we did see a wealth of other animal life. Due to the extended dry season we had to do more

walking than usual, and had to hike to the rock terraces upstream that form the falls of the Cigenter. We spotted a common palm civet, giant squirrels, a tree shrew, more macaques, and lutungs. There were water monitors and the others saw crocodiles and pythons. (I was either slow to turn to look or trying too hard not to lose my balance so I missed them). Bird life was prolific; I identified crested serpent-eagle, pink-necked green-pigeon, hill myna, rhinoceros hornbills, and blue-eared and banded kingfishers.

Near dusk we returned to an open grassland near the mouth of the river. Here we saw blue-tailed bee-eater, green jungle fowl, and several magnificent green peafowl. The males were particularly wary and ran or flew off quickly when they spotted us. A walk through the forest turned up plantain and black-banded squirrels.

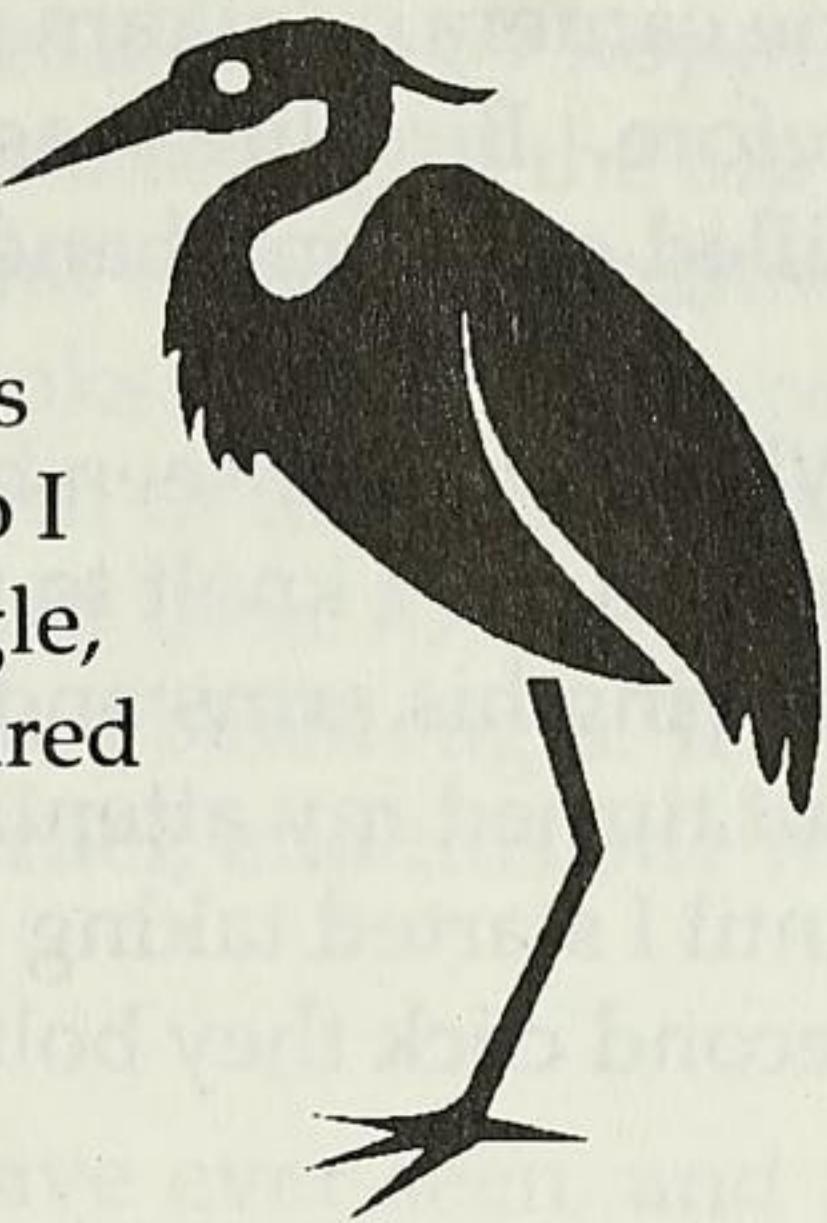
Zaikam also found rhino tracks that were about a week old. The prints were the size of a large pie plate with two clefts that differentiated the toes. He also pointed out some small saplings that the rhino had pushed over. I am not sure if the animal does this to browse on the leaves of the trees. Whatever the reason, it does make a distinctive sign. I can see why biologists, rangers, or poachers for that matter, find rhinoceros so easy to track.

A recent photographic survey of the Javan rhino in the park estimated that 40-50 individuals survive. The researcher believes that Ujung Kulon's carrying capacity is 80 animals. He recommended that the park needs more effective patrolling. To accomplish that aim, the reserve's rangers will need to be better trained, motivated, and equipped. The value of "Adopt a Park" and "Bowling for Rhinos" funds to support Ujung Kulon now becomes apparent. However, it is up to the Indonesian Park Service and Government to develop the policies necessary to make this endeavor succeed. No amount of aid can influence the situation unless these agencies are ready to make the effort.

Our goal on this walk in the forest was to reach the alang-alang, 12-foot high grass at the rear of the savannah. The alang-alang was scattered amongst several sunbaked mud wallows. Though I have never been to India, the scene reminded me of pictures of Bengal tiger habitat. This reserve must have been wonderful tiger country at one time. There was lots of cover and water with a plentiful prey base. Instead of gaur, the wild cattle of India, we found three female and two young male bantang. No sambar, as in India, but we saw the tracks of the closely related rusa deer.

Back on board the boat we bathed in the ocean and had dinner. Through Benny I was able to follow the conversation. I got Zaikam talking about tigers and he related that he has seen three in his lifetime. Yanto, the boat captain, said that while acting as a beater in a wild pig hunt in Baluran Reserve in East Java, he saw a tiger run past him. This incident occurred in 1977. It was a convincing story, and Yanto described very clearly the difference between a tiger and a leopard. Although upon my return to the States I came upon a reference that stated that the last tiger sighting in Baluran occurred in 1964; Yanto's story makes that reference doubtful.

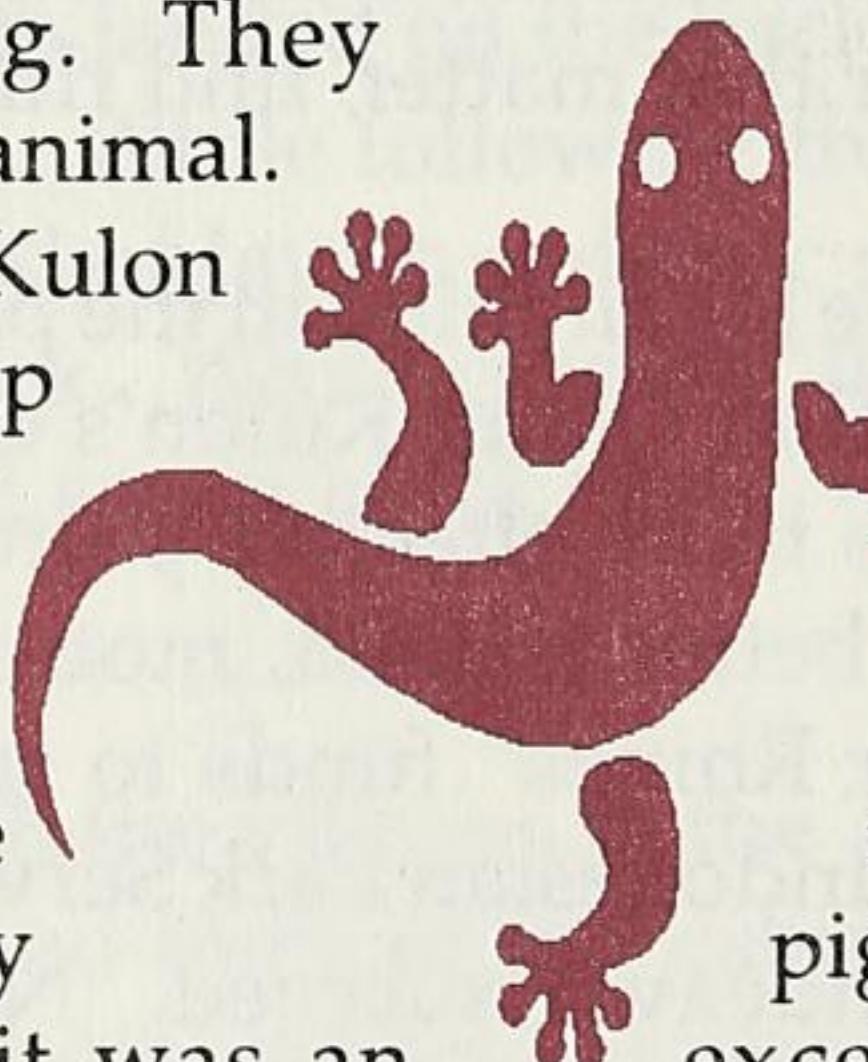
Early the next morning we returned to the savannah. Zaikam led me to a small clump of trees and we watched two bantang and their calves come close enough for photographs. Nearby were more peacocks and jungle fowl which proved to be too distant or elusive for



the camera. Zaikam took me back into the forest to retrace the route we had taken the day before. Bird life was more active at this time of day. I identified black drongo, slender-billed crow, and banded pitta.

Where we had seen bantang the day before, there was now a group of six rusa deer, hinds and fawn. I knelt to take pictures and Zaikam took his pack off. Still standing, he started moving his arms and swaying his body back and forth. I thought his behavior a bit odd, but turned my attention to getting pictures of the deer. The entire group stared at Zaikam until I started taking photos. At the first click of my camera the deer looked at me. At the second click they bolted deeper into the alang-alang and out of sight.

Zaikam and I walked further back in the high grass and we came to another small mud-caked clearing. I heard some movement to my left, and ducked low to see under some bushes. A group of wild pigs ran off before I could get a good look at them. Turning to my right I saw two large striking pigs. My first thought was to wonder what warthogs were doing here in Java. These pigs had tusks and some small growths coming from the sides of their faces. I raised my camera to take a picture, but the animals ran off before I could click the shutter. I realized then that I had most likely seen the Javan warty pig. Later, Benny asked Zaikam what it was and he identified it as the "new pig", the name local people have given the warty pig. They believe that this species is, in reality, a forest spirit and not a real animal. This endangered wild swine was reported to be extinct in Ujung Kulon in a 1987 survey of the species and was not found on a camera trip survey of the park's rhinos in 1993. It is however, still listed as being found in the park by the visitor's guide published in 1993. I later got to observe and photograph the common wild pig on Sumatra and Rinca Island. These animals did not look like the two pigs I had seen that day. I feel almost certain that it was the warty high grass. If that is the case, it was an pig I had spotted that morning in the creature. excellent sighting of a rather rare



Zaikam and I walked back through the forest and found Benny. After questioning Zaikam, Benny started laughing and asked me if it was true that Zaikam danced for the deer. So that's what the ranger was doing when we spotted the rusa deer! We returned to the boat and Benny told the others about the deer dance. Yanto, Munif, and Iman thought it was rather amusing. Benny told me later that Zaikam said that he always dances when he finds rusa deer to keep them still. Zaikam's movements evidently mesmerize the animals and hold their attention so that others can see them better. It does seem to explain the actions of the deer I had seen that morning. A few days later back in the village of Citeureup, I met some men who were friends of Zaikam. They asked if he had danced for the deer in my presence. When I said he had, they laughed and told me that among the tour guides of the region Zaikam is well known for this particular antic.

We had to return to Taman Jaya a day sooner than expected because we had run low on fresh water. After docking the boat, Benny and I returned with Zaikam to his house. We ate an excellent lunch of chicken and rice and drank tea flavored with brown sugar. After a bath and a nap, the three of us headed back to Cibiuk hot spring.

We reached the forest by 3:00 p.m. and saw two surilis, the gray langur. At our approach they moved off quickly. There was no sign of the gibbons we had seen just a few days before. Zaikam led us to the east where we came upon a strip of green forest along the

Taman Jaya River. The river level was low and we were able to travel along it by hopping from rock to rock. The forest lined both sides of the banks and we could see up to the top of the canopy on either side. We soon found a group of five surilis and a pair of wreathed hornbills. Both species were active and not shy so we got excellent looks at them. This was an idyllic patch of forest. It was getting near dusk so we had to return to the boat. As we walked back along the river we heard several groups of gibbons start their round of late afternoon calls. On the way back to Zaikam's house we heard and saw a black eagle. It was near the same rice paddy at which we had spotted one a few days earlier, and this one was probably the same bird or its mate.

Ujung Kulon Park is one of the best areas for wildlife viewing I have ever seen, and its existence on the island of Java is indeed a surprise. Java is reputed to be the most heavily populated area for its size in the world. Agriculture and its accompanying pressures on wildlife has existed on the island for over 3,000 years. I find it remarkable that any wildlife can be found at all, much less in such numbers as in Ujung Kulon.

We returned to Zaikam's house and said our good byes. I would spend the night on the boat and leave the next morning by sea to Citeureup. Benny paid Zaikam his salary and I gave him a good tip. I also gave him a World Wildlife Fund T-shirt with a pygmy chimp on it that he had admired during one of our earlier hikes. In return, Zaikam handed me one of his hand-carved wooden Javan rhinos. It was a wonderful parting gift. Benny took a few pictures of us together, which I sent him prints of after I returned home.

Before I left, Zaikam asked me not to forget him. I know that I won't. Nor will I forget his country and its park, Ujung Kulon, which he works so hard to protect.



Please Help!

Even though C.I.T.E.S. (The Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species) has banned the international trade in rhino products, five countries still blatantly continue this bloody practice. The governments of these five countries, **Taiwan, China, South Korea, Thailand and Yemen** turn a blind eye to this trade and it is allowed to flourish. Help save the Rhino!

Please Boycott products made in these countries and consider writing a letter to their representatives at these addresses:

China

Ambassador Zhu Qizhen
2300 Connecticut Ave NW
Washington, DC 20008

Taiwan

Coordination Council for North American Affairs
4201 Wisconsin Ave NW
Washington, DC 20016

South Korea

Ambassador Hong-Choo Hyun
2320 Massachusetts Ave NW
Washington, DC 20008

Thailand

Ambassador ML Birabhongse Kasemsri
2300 Kalorama RD NW
Washington, DC 20008

Yemen

Ambassador Hohsin A Alaini
2600 Virginia Ave NW
Washington, DC 20037