



Sea Turtle FOUNDATION



Green sea turtle in 'flight'.

Newsletter
2010

Volume 3, Issue 2

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The Many Ways YOU Can Protect Sea Turtles

David Roe

There are many ways you can protect sea turtles by supporting Sea Turtle Foundation. From memberships to donations, volunteering to fundraising, or raising awareness through social networking sites, and many more. From simple contributions to sweeping gestures there is a way for everyone to make a difference.

Becoming a Sea Turtle Foundation member is a great way to support our sea turtle conservation work on many levels. Through membership fees we fund

projects that increase survival rates for sea turtles.

But an income is not the sole reason we seek members, as is indicated by the low cost of membership. The real importance of our members is that they give our voice weight when speaking to governments on issues that impact on sea turtles and their habitats. Governments are obliged to listen to us because we represent our members, and the more members we represent the stronger our voice becomes.

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Please send questions, comments, and ideas for the newsletter to our editor Kristen Weiss at:

**newsletter@
seaturtlefoundation.org**

**For all other enquiries, please email us at:
info@**

seaturtlefoundation.org.

Special Offer on Memberships

We are often told “don’t look a gift horse in the mouth”, and we also know the old adage “if it looks too good to be true, it probably is”. But here is an offer that really is as good as it looks and does not require you to gaze into a horse’s mouth!

At the AGM later this year, Sea Turtle Foundation will put a constitutional change to the vote that will prevent existing memberships from expiring annually. We will propose Perpetual Membership status that will remove concern over our legal obligation to maintain a minimum of 50 members at all times.

In preparation for this change, Sea Turtle Foundation will shortly cease to actively seek new Members and in future invite people who want to help our sea turtle conservation work to become Partners or Supporters. We believe this change will better enable people to protect sea turtles through their support of Sea Turtle Foundation.

When this change takes place all our current Members will be given the option to transfer to an elite Perpetual Membership status for no extra charge. So now is a great time to take out a \$30 Individual Membership or a \$50 Family Membership. Apply before the change takes place and you will automatically become a member for life at no additional cost.

We encourage you to support Sea Turtle Foundation by becoming a Member. Our Members - like shareholders of a listed company - play an active role in the decisions the company makes. They lend weight to our voice when defending sea turtles from impacts and strengthen our resolve to succeed.

Follow this link to learn more about Sea Turtle Foundation membership and our Member Benefits package: www.seaturtlefoundation.org/support-us/membership/

Meet Volunteer Julie Traweek



Julie is our new volunteer office coordinator. Julie has a background in environmental planning and project administration, and is currently completing a master's degree at James Cook University in Protected Area Management, specialising in marine protected areas. Julie is excited to have the opportunity to work with Sea Turtle Foundation to make a difference and help protect our endangered sea turtles.

Movie Review: The Silent One

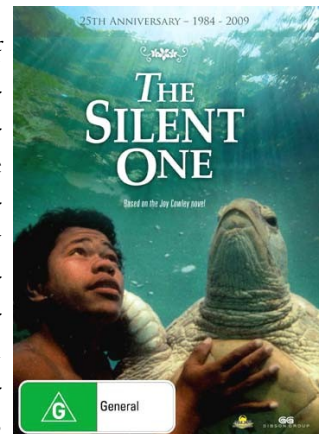
Kristen Weiss

The Silent One is a mythological children's drama about the relationship between a deaf mute boy and a rare white turtle. The boy's differences lead to suspicion from his Rarotongan village. When the village suffers drought, and then a devastating storm, the boy is blamed. A turtle, also considered an ill omen, befriends the boy. They are hunted and ultimately ostracised. Adapted by Ian Mune from a Joy Cowley story, the film was the first New Zealand dramatic feature to be directed by a woman (Yvonne Mackay).

Despite the often cheesy (for lack of a better word) acting and sound effects, the film *does* have a little bit of everything—beautiful scenery, a few laughs, full-on action and drama, and of course some heart-warming turtle scenes.

Some of the special effects are surprisingly impressive, although the obvious paint job to make the turtle appear albino is not one of them. A note during the credits states that the turtle died soon after filming ended—I couldn't help wondering whether all of that paint could be implicated.

Nevertheless, *The Silent One* is a kitschy classic which manages to explore serious concepts such as loyalty, faith, and acceptance—all while featuring a sea turtle in a lead role!



The many ways YOU can protect sea turtles, cont.

(Continued from page 1)

Our members are so important that we recently launched a Member Benefits program. This program will grow in the coming months in terms of the benefits available and the geographic range where benefits can be used. You don't have to live in Australia to be a Sea Turtle Foundation member or take advantage of our Member Benefits.

Our work is also greatly supported by our donors. Sea Turtle Foundation is a non-profit organisation so any money you donate goes solely to caring for sea turtles. Donations of any size make a difference, so whether your donation funds a major project or buys a handful of sea turtle tags, you have helped the sea turtles and encouraged us with your support for our work.

Financial planning is tough for organisations like Sea Turtle Foundation so our Partners provide us with increased financial security by agreeing to make a monthly donation direct from their bank account or credit card. By doing so even small amounts enable us to forecast our future income and plan our future sea turtle conservation work.

Not in a position to support us financially? No worries, there are many other ways to care for sea turtles.

One way is to spread the word about our work to protect them. A great way to do this is by joining the Support Sea Turtle Foundation Facebook cause. You can pin our cause to your

Facebook profile and then invite all your friends to join. You have the potential to spread the word all around the globe, and who knows, you may start the chain that leads to a major donation or corporate sponsorship! Read about our cause on page 2 and learn how you could win a free membership!

Sea Turtle Foundation would be lost if not for our dedicated volunteers. We have volunteers that join us for turtle nesting monitoring and other turtle conservation activities like beach clean ups. Through their work we are improving knowledge of sea turtles and removing threats.

Our Directors are all volunteers, as is our Treasurer and Secretary. We also have volunteers who come into our office every week to help with admin and other organisational activities. Our volunteer Education Officer delivers our school talks program and our volunteer Community Liaison Officer organises our participation at Environmental Fairs and other shows. Even this newsletter is edited and compiled by volunteers!

Other great work is being completed by students who need to

complete a major project with an industry partner as part of their degree. We have several projects of this kind at the moment waiting for a suitable student.

There are plenty of other ways you can help. Perhaps you would like to run a fundraising event, or maybe you work for a business that sponsors environmental organisations if a staff member is involved. Maybe your organisation can offer a service such as IT support, legal advice or promotion. Or maybe you have a novel idea that we haven't thought of!

So you can see there are many ways for you to protect sea turtles. And every action you take lends weight to our voice, strengthens our resolve and drives us to succeed.

Read more about how you can protect sea turtles on the **Support Us** page of our website: seaturtlefoundation.org/support-us/ or contact Dave Roe, Project Manager to discuss: david.roe@seaturtlefoundation.org, +61 (0)7 4721 2699.



Sea Turtle
FOUNDATION

**Become a member to protect
and conserve sea turtles**

Our members:

- Protect and conserve sea turtles
- Make governments listen to our advice
- Strengthen our resolve to succeed
- Join our activities
- Access our Member Benefits program

Or give a friend the gift of Membership

www.seaturtlefoundation.org/support-us/membership/



Striving for Sustainability - A blend of education, inspiration and implementation

Sea Turtle Foundation is developing a Sea Turtle and Dugong Education program for Western Province communities in Papua New Guinea. Sally McPhee is developing educational resources for this project as part of her Masters in Education (Sustainability) at James Cook University.

Contributed by Sally McPhee

Sustainability is the buzzword of the moment, although as a concept it has been around for centuries. These days it seems everyone wants to be more sustainable—governments promote sustainable development initiatives, schools implement sustainability into their curriculums and more people have an environmental conscience. But how do we actually reach the sustainability goals that we strive for individually? More importantly, how do we inspire and educate others to do so?

James Cook University is addressing these questions with their Masters in Education (Sustainability) course which was inspired by the principles and practice of education for sustainable development currently being implemented through

the United Nation's Decade of Sustainable Development 2005-2014.

The course explores local, regional, national and international issues of sustainability and stewardship of national resources. Students are exposed to issues associated with ecosystems such as the Great Barrier Reef and Wet Tropics World Heritage Areas, and gain an appreciation of these outstanding regional natural assets within a global context, as well as the roles that local communities may have in contributing to stewardship.

Currently completing this course is Sally McPhee, a qualified marine biologist, science teacher and all-round conservation crusader. Sally has worked in amazing and inspiring places for turtle conservation including; a pristine scientific research zone in the Coral Sea, the middle of the biodiversity triangle in Sulawesi, Indonesia and most recently in Costa Rica, running a program on one of the last remaining areas where the rainforest meets the Pacific Ocean.

Her real passion is educating and engaging people in meaningful conservation, helping to preserve species and ecosystems for the future. "It means that I can draw on my

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Sally at her previous project site in Costa Rica. Photo courtesy of Sally McPhee.

Volunteer with Sea Turtle Foundation

Volunteering brings amazing experiences and at the same time you are helping to protect sea turtles. Our volunteers gain valuable career experience, build networks in the conservation field and gain a useful referee. Contact Dave for info: david.roe@seaturtlefoundation.org

Education Officer: Reach the next generation of land users with a conservation message.

School talks assistant: Gain experience with presenting to primary school children under the guidance of our Education officer.

Treasurer – With experience with an unlisted public company and of the Corporations Act 2001. Ideally you live in the Townsville, Australia region.

Office Coordinator – Take care of general administration in our office for a few hours a week and free our staff to concentrate on turtle conservation projects.

Educational Resource Development: Develop workshop materials such as workbooks and drawing sheets, or write lesson plans and presentations.

Graphic Designer: give us a professional look or make our educational resources stand out!

Fund Raise: Sponsored swims, sausage sizzles, garage sales, school events – there are many ways you can help us raise funds to protect and conserve sea turtles.

Social Media Coordinator: If you understand the mysteries of Facebook and Twitter come and take control of our social networking sites!

A journey to Iama Island

How a trip to film sea turtles turned into a cultural and spiritual awakening

Kristen Weiss

On a warm and breezy tropical May afternoon, I am riding in an eight-seater twin engine plane on my way to Iama Island in the heart of Torres Strait. The shallow sea below me is an opaque turquoise dotted with white caps. Once in awhile I can just make out the torpedo shape of a dugong breaking the surface to take a breath, or the round dome of a turtle's shell with thin flippers jutting out, paddling along with the current.

I am on my way to Iama Island to help Land and Sea Ranger Charles David create a film about his community's dugong and sea turtle management program. As the little plane rattles along over pockets of foamy white clouds and long, winding reef flats, I finally start to think about what I'm getting myself into. Can I handle this project on my own and pull it all together? How will people in a remote indigenous community react to me, a young white female, visiting their island to film them and their land? And what about Charles, my 'island chaperone'? What would it be like working with a Traditional Owner of the community, a young male at that?

The pilot steers the plane in a semi-circle as we begin our descent, and I can see the entire island, small enough that you could walk across it in the leisurely span of an hour. On one side of the runway, a single dirt road leads to a cluster of square tin-roofed buildings nestled between a hill and the shoreline. On the other



A view from above—Iama Island is barely larger than the airstrip that bisects its centre. Photo courtesy of: John Burton

side of the runway is another road leading to a large playing field and an oversized mobile phone tower, dead ending at a cluster of rocks on the opposite shore. The rest of the island is covered in mangroves, tidal mudflats, and pockets of hibiscus and coconut palms. One last dip and we touch down on the runway. There's no going back now.

Charles is waiting for me at the airstrip when I land. He looks the same as he did when I first met him the previous year. He wears his hair in thick tawny brown dreadlocks that bounce around his shoulders even when his body is still. His dark golden skin reflects a mixed ethnic background, and although he appears fit, the slight bulge under his t-shirt hints at his weak spot for beer. His exact age is hard to place—he is unimposing, carefree even. Yet he has a vast knowledge of his land, of the fisheries business, and of the government policies affecting both, which I'd seen him exhibit. He must be in his mid-thirties, although his jittery energy reminds me more of an adolescent boy.

After dropping off my bags at the island guest house, Charles and I walk down a narrow street that ends at the community boat ramp. Beside it is a picturesque wooden wharf built out over the half-moon shaped lagoon in front of town. Half a dozen dinghies are tied up to the wharf's pillars, and crayfish pots bob in the shallow water a few feet beyond.

We walk out along the wooden pathway to the last pillars, where we have a full view of the town on our left, and the open ocean dotted with distant islands on our right. The azure water directly below is clear enough to reveal a community of colourful fish darting about between a few larger fish and meandering nurse sharks. Red and blue spotted crabs peak out from among the cracks in the wood when they think no one is looking. Families sit calmly along the wharf and on nearby rock walls fishing with hand lines, buckets of fish heads and bread dough beside them for bait.

We stand facing the ocean, mostly silent, and watch the sun sink lower and lower until it melts into the horizon, leaving behind a streak of faint stars bathed in shades of orange and purple. I can hear a reggae beat somewhere in the distance, some children laughing, a boat engine humming. A soft breeze plays with my loose hair, and I take a deep breath, realizing that I hadn't thought about school, work, or anything else outside the present

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moment since I had arrived. All my worries have dissipated. I look around me, and it seems as if everyone else, from small child to grizzled elder, was in the same peaceful state of mind, satisfied to spend their afternoon lounging beside the sea, perhaps collecting a few small fish for dinner. I sigh deeply, taking in the scene before the sky goes dark.

The next morning, Charles takes me to a nearby island, Mukar, to show me turtle nesting sites. His friend Francis comes along for the ride. As we pull up to the island, the swells subside and we enter a cove protected by fringing reef, where we pull the boat up onto the beach. I follow Charles up the steep slope of sand until he pauses at the top. He turns toward the centre of the island and begins speaking softly, half in English and half in 'broken'.

I catch only some of what he says, but I hear enough to understand that he is introducing me to the spirits of the island, explaining to them why I am here with him. I look down while he talks, not sure how best to express my respect. Charles' typically feisty nature is more subdued here, I notice; more serious and pensive.

Satisfied, he turns back to me and starts pointing out various features of the island. I follow him with my camera as he treads across the beach, here and there collecting little red seeds off the ground—"I make instruments with them," he tells me. "Shakers for traditional dance". He talks about the island in a low voice, as if not wanting to disturb the residential spirits. We traverse mounds of trochus and

giant clam shells, which Charles proudly claims as the middens of his ancestors, built up over hundreds of years. He also shows me the widespread erosion that has ripped away at the coastline and flooded the turtle nests lay all over the island.

We come across a pile of sand with several turtle hatchling carcasses littered around it, shrivelled and stiff. Charles is stricken, and stumbles around the



Charles tags a green turtle off of Tudu Island, Torres Strait.
Photo courtesy of: Kristen Weiss

nest as if looking for an answer to the deaths. Perhaps a goanna dug up the nest, and then was scared off; or the hatchlings may have emerged during the day and expired under the unforgiving heat of the sun. Only the island spirits know for sure. We mourn the little creatures for several minutes, and I record it on film. Silently, we head back to the boat to find Francis sprawled out on the bow smoking a cigarette. Charles pushes the dinghy off the beach and we head back out through the maze of fringing reefs.

"Well, are ya ready to tag some turtles?" Charles winks, shifting back to his jovial self. My heart leaps. Francis stands at the bow as a

spotter. In no time he catches sight of a juvenile green turtle, and the chase begins—he points left, and Charles turns left. The next instant he points right, and we jerkily change directions. I'm amazed at how he can take every jolt and wrench in stride without being thrown off the front of the boat. He balances with the ease a tight-rope walker, with nothing to hold on to save a rope he loosely grips with one hand, while he points or shades his eyes with the other. It's the same technique used to hunt both turtles and dugongs, and I imagine that Francis' skills make him an expert hunter.

He motions for Charles to speed up, then slow down. I try desperately to keep my balance while I stand behind Francis filming his every move, expecting to fly over the edge myself at any moment. After several more zig zags, Francis suddenly throws off his sunnies and leaps into the water. He disappears for a few seconds, then pops up behind us with the exhausted turtle in his grasp, its flippers flailing lethargically and a clump of seagrass still locked stubbornly in its jaw.

It all happens in a flash, and I don't know whether I even remembered to keep the camera focused on the action. I never imagined catching sea turtles would be so exhilarating. Charles and Francis together heave the turtle into the boat as I try to keep my balance, and film them as they place a tag on the front left flipper, then measure the turtle's shell. After everything has been recorded in a little notebook Charles keeps in his front shirt pocket, he heaves the

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turtle up onto the side of the boat.

“Esso (thank you) little one,” he whispers as he gives it a pat, then helps it over the side and into the water.

“Your turn!” Charles turns to me, and we start scouting for our next catch. My heart starts beating more rapidly. I want to try it, but I feel too self-conscious. I shrug my shoulders, but the guys give me a look that says, ‘Nonsense—you give it a go’. Francis takes the bow again, helping me spot. He finds one, and we go through the several minute chase. Right, now left, now right again. He’s behind us! Turn around, speed up—there it is! I see the turtle begin to tire and slow its pace.

“Now!” Charles and Francis shout in unison. Before I can think, I spring off the left side of the boat, aiming just ahead of the turtle as Charles had told me to. Once I hit the water, I see nothing, I just feel ahead of me with my arms. I touch something hard and smooth, and grip. It’s the shell! I pull it towards me and push off the sandy bottom to get back to the surface. When I emerge, I hear whoops and clapping behind me, and turn to see Charles using my camera to take a picture. I shriek with delight, like a child in the spotlight.

For the rest of the afternoon, we meander through coral bommies while Francis intermittently catches turtles for tagging and spears crayfish for dinner. In all directions, the shimmering blue of water blends with the creamy blue of sky. I lay back and feel as if I am floating in an endless blanket of cerulean warmth where time no longer exists. I marvel at the relaxed, carefree pace of life the islanders lead. The people of Lama seem filled with an ageless

wisdom of savouring every moment rather than worrying about the next. It’s a tantalizing way to live.

After a long while, we pass a particularly large reef and Charles suggests I go for a snorkel. I lazily pick myself up and throw on a mask and fins. When I plunge into the water, I am surrounded by a new paradise. On all sides of me swim fish large and small, in all colours, darting in and out amongst the shelving reef. I drift along, inches above giant purple lipped clams and orange spotted corals. I notice a white tipped reef shark a few feet ahead, so I follow it along as it wanders along the reef edge. I’ve never seen such a diverse, vibrant habitat, even on the Great Barrier Reef. I pop up to the surface and give Charles a thumbs up. It’s a humble way to express my utter amazement at such a magical place. But somehow it seems right to understate my wonder, to accept this moment for what it is without forcing meaning upon it.

I slowly kick my fins in the direction of the boat, reluctant to leave the underwater world behind. It is not my world, but for a few moments I belong to it. Out here I do not need to search for myself, for who I am spiritually or intellectually. I just am. Maybe Charles and Francis aren’t consciously aware of it, but their unassuming ease of existence embodies a spirituality that most of us seek for the better part of our lives. I realize that the moment I cease worrying about who I am or where I am going, the past and future blur while the present moment becomes crystal clear, and is all that matters. With a last kick I reach the boat, and Charles takes me by the arm to lift me up and over the side.



Catching my first ever sea turtle via ‘turtle rodeo’. Photo: Kristen Weiss

“Ready to head back?” He asks. “We gonna cook up a feast for kai kai!” He waves his hand over the stack of fish and crays piled in the front of the boat, our dinner for tonight.

“Sounds good,” I say with a smile. I take my seat at the back and brace myself for the bumpy ride back. The sun, now orange as it stretches far to the west, basks everything in a warm glow.

I had flown all this way to help Charles make an educational film for his community. In the end, it was his people who educated me; about life, about myself. I realize that spirituality is not some goal you can work to attain; it is immersion in the present, and respect for the past. In the end it was by falling into the rhythm of the land and sea, as these two men sitting with me did, which led me a step closer to the inner peace I had long searched for. As the engine roars to life and we pick up speed, I look behind me and give silent thanks to the spirits of this place for revealing one of their special secrets to me.



The Aquarium

By Jenna Gersie



Jenna Gersie ventured far from her studies at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, New York, in April 2009 to participate in a study abroad program in Cairns. Jenna interviewed researchers, divers, fishermen, tourists, aquarium staff and Indigenous Australians, and used the information she collected to write 8 short stories about green sea turtles. She is especially interested in the use of stories as an educational tool to tell readers about ecological and conservation issues. Sea Turtle Foundation will feature each of Jenna's stories in future newsletters. We hope you enjoy them as much as we do.

For her fifth birthday, Emily's parents took her to the Coral Ocean Aquarium. The outside of the building was bright blue, like the ocean, and murals of corals, reef fish, sting rays, dolphins, sharks, sea turtles, and octopi were painted on each wall. Emily's favorite painting was of the butterfly fish. She loved the way its yellow scales stood out so brightly against the blue water.

Inside the aquarium, Emily's mother paid their admission while the receptionist put a stamp on Emily's hand. The stamp was of a sea turtle, and Emily pretended that the turtle was swimming up her arm.

The first tank that the family visited contained several leopard sharks. Emily wasn't scared of the sharks; they were young, so they were small. Her pet cat at home was more frightening than these animals. But Emily wondered where all of the reef fish were. She hoped the sharks hadn't eaten them. At the bottom of the tank, a large red starfish clung to the sandy bottom. The sharks swam over it without noticing it. Emily wondered why they weren't as excited to see the starfish as she was. She tugged on her father's hand, pointing her tiny finger against the glass of the tank: "Look!" she told him. Her father didn't know what she was pointing at, so he just smiled, took Emily's hand, and walked to the next tank.

This tank held the corals and fishes that Emily had been looking for. She stood, wide-eyed, hands and face pressed against the tank. Her mouth was slightly open, and the wonder in her expression was reflected in the glass. She watched the anemone fish swim in and out of their anemone homes, trying to hide, but she thought their orange bodies were much too bright to ever be completely hidden. The butterfly fish swam regally past all the other fish. Emily thought they were the most beautiful of all, and she wondered if the other fish were jealous.

There, at the surface of the water, was a green sea turtle. The turtle must have been very hungry, because he was eating everything he saw. He even grabbed a squid right out from under a shark's nose!

Emily and her family stopped to look at several more tanks. They saw many reef fishes, freshwater turtles, frogs, sea cucumbers, catfish, sea snakes, an octopus, sting rays, and much larger sharks.

The tank with the large sharks held adult leopard sharks, shovel-nosed rays, freshwater sawfish, and a tawny nurse shark. Emily still wasn't scared of these sharks, though they were much larger, but she was happy that they were on one side of the glass and she was on the other. She and her parents watched the sharks being fed. The tawny nurse shark, who was sleeping on the sand when they arrived, was suddenly awake and active, finding food to eat. Emily heard the aquarium guide talking about the predators and their behavior, but she wasn't listening, because she had noticed something much more exciting.

There, at the surface of the water, was a green sea turtle. The turtle must have been very hungry, because he was eating everything he saw. He even grabbed a squid right out from under a shark's nose! Emily watched his feeding frenzy. The turtle could swim very quickly with his strong, fin-shaped flippers, and he probably ate more than his fair share of the food being thrown into the tank. This turtle was much larger than the freshwater turtles Emily had seen in a smaller tank earlier, and he was a much better swimmer. His shell was a beautiful mottled-brown and gold. Emily compared the stamp on her hand to the turtle swimming above, and she was happy that she had a chance to watch the sea turtle.



Loggerhead swimming in aquarium. Photo by Ukanda via Flickr

The aquarium guide pointed at the sea turtle and began to speak about it. Emily listened to the guide intently now, but she didn't take her eyes off the magical animal.

"This green sea turtle is four years old. He's much larger than many turtles his age, because he is fed so well here," the guide said. "He was found at Palm Island and brought to us just about a year ago. Right now, he will eat almost anything—he'll even try to eat the hair of the scuba divers when they go in the tank!—but as he gets older, he'll become a vegetarian and start to eat what's good for him: mainly sea grasses and algae."

Emily continued to watch the turtle swimming at the surface, eating whatever he could find. Many damselfish crowded around him to eat the debris that was shed from the food as he bit into it. When the aquarium guide was finished speaking, Emily dragged her parents to her side with her small hands as she gathered up courage to speak.

"What is the turtle's name?" she finally asked softly, but with determination, pointing to the sea turtle and looking expectantly at the aquarium guide.

The guide smiled down at Emily. "His name is Wayamba," she told her. "It's an Aboriginal word for 'turtle.'"

"Wa—yamba," Emily repeated, satisfied.

When Emily and her parents left the aquarium, Emily waved goodbye to Wayamba. She thought she saw him wave his flipper back at her, and she hoped to see him again.

Emily's parents surprised her with an ice cream on the way to the car. She finished it in a few hasty bites, almost as quickly as the sea turtle gobbled up the food thrown to him. Her mind swam with thoughts of the many colorful creatures she had discovered that day; but most of all they focused on Wayamba and his graceful swoops and dives, the playful way he grabbed at food with his beak-like mouth, and the way his large shell glistened in the golden sunshine near the top of the tank.

"What was your favorite animal to see?" her mother asked with a chuckle as she wiped the chocolate from Emily's face with a napkin.

"Wayamba, the sea turtle," Emily answered decisively, looking down at the stamp on her sticky hand and smiling. Today she had discovered a new friend, and she knew that she would come back some day to visit him again.



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scientific knowledge and apply it on the ground to achieve real and meaningful outcomes. All too often important scientific discoveries are lost because no one knows about them or how to act upon them – I provide that link,” Sally says.

This is exactly what Sally hopes to do for the Sea Turtle Foundation in PNG. She has begun developing ideas that are culturally relevant and combine the best scientific information with her knowledge on education principles and practices. “I like to share my knowledge and my passion in a way that can move and inspire other people,” she explains, “But more than that, I strive to ensure that the changes that occur are not just effective for the conservation of species and ecosystems, but are also relevant and viable for the communities implementing the changes.”

This means that the programs and

initiatives have a real chance to create meaningful change both for the species and for the attitudes and actions of communities. It also means that if education can be included as a key component of the change, then the change is more likely to last.

As the famous Indian conservationist Baba Dioum states, ‘In the end we will conserve only what we love. We will love only what we understand. We will understand only what we are taught.’



NEW! Sea Turtle Foundation Caps

High quality 100% cotton cap with embroidered Sea Turtle Foundation logo and diving turtle

Pick up from our Townsville office for AUD \$22, add AUD \$8 to include postage anywhere in the world.

stay cool, look cool!

<http://www.seaturtlefoundation.org/support-us/gifts/>



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**Phone: +61 7 4721 2699
E-mail: info@seaturtlefoundation.org**

Check us out on the web:

www.seaturtlefoundation.org.au

Sea Turtle Foundation is a non-profit, non-government organisation that works for the protection and conservation of sea turtles. We achieve this objective through research, education, awareness and action.

Sea Turtle Foundation has an involved membership and active volunteers. Help us help sea turtles by taking action today!

Want to make a difference? Here's a few ways you can help:

- Become a Sea Turtle Foundation member
- Volunteer to help Sea Turtle Foundation
- Make a donation to Sea Turtle Foundation
- Sign up for our newsletter
- Join our campaigns by writing letters to your minister and signing petitions
- Oppose developments that threaten nesting beaches