

FOREWORD

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There is a saying that “To Hear is to Know; to See is to Believe, and to Do is to Understand”. Martin Anderson, essentially professional and entrepreneurial in all he undertakes, knows this all too well, having worked in Africa, close to Nature and all animals, both domestic and wild, but also having to deal with the realities of corruption, cronyism, and envy. Yet, throughout his Galana experiment, Martin never crossed the boundaries of honesty, fairness, and integrity. The Galana experiment was, in fact, a blue print of how to manage marginal land sustainably, efficiently, and profitably, and, but for bureaucratic human failings, could have been the example for others to follow. Adventurous and brave, Martin proved himself an expert rancher and leader of men as well as a caring conservationist sensitive to the natural environment and its wild inhabitants. His 1.6 million acre Galana Ranch was a model worthy of celebration that should have been welcomed and nurtured by officialdom rather than envied and rejected.

Said Confucius—“If you would foretell the future, study the Past”. Now in the twilight years of our lives, and with the benefit of hindsight, Martin and I both understand this ancient saying to be so true. The problems that beset Galana Ranch during Martin’s tenure were similar to those in neighbouring Tsavo National Park, the only difference being that our “cattle” were the iconic elephant herds of the day whom we fiercely protected against proposed “culling” for reasons that are obvious to all who know the politics and history of Kenya’s elephants and their ivory tusks. Today, the poaching problem is still with us, and perhaps even more serious than it was then, because the elephants that remain are fewer. Added to the Somali incursion is that of the Chinese, now present throughout every Elephant Range State in Africa, and whose populous

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and wealthy homeland fuels the demand for ivory. Yet, in a country like Kenya where the sun shines every day and where there are still magic wild corners to enjoy where the natural world remains intact, there *is* hope—the hope that Martin’s Galana example will one day be emulated by a more enlightened generation of young Kenyans in the corridors of power, who will nurture, protect, and care for the irreplaceable natural legacy with which their country has been blessed and which is the envy of the world. This hope is reflected in the Kenyans who diligently care for the elephant orphans of poaching now under the care of The David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust, established in memory of my late husband, and who do so with dedication and a sincere empathy and love, shedding tears at the death of every orphan that succumbs to the trauma of losing their beloved Elephant Family.

Martin and Illie Anderson were more than just neighbours to us in Tsavo, with whom we shared many magic moments, as well as many of the same headaches and problems. They were our closest friends whose counsel was always understanding, immensely wise, and, above all, genuinely compassionate and sincere. Like us, they worked out of a sense of dedication and in a way they knew was right. And they were there for me in my darkest hour when I lost my husband very suddenly at a young age and did not know how I would be able to cope. They quietly and unobtrusively ensured that my 13-year-old daughter, Angela, could return from school in South Africa to be with me during the holidays, and also ensured that her innate artistic talent could be further honed at Capetown University when she graduated from high school. Today, Angela runs The David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust and I know her father would be immensely proud of her achievements, but seldom a day passes that I am not endlessly grateful for the enduring and special friendship of Martin and Illie Anderson just when it was needed most. I know how deeply Martin must miss Illie, just as I still miss David, and I admire Martin for bravely penning such an accurate account of the unpredictable and insurmountable hurdles that cost him his African dream.