TRADER HORN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

presents

the Great Epic of the Dark Continent

"TRADER HORN"

The Price of This Book Is

25¢
THE CAST

TRADER HORN . HARRY CAREY
NINA . . EDWINA BOOTH
PERU . . DUNCAN RENALDO
RENCHERO . MUTIA OMOOLO
EDITH TREND . OLIVE GOLDEN

Director W. S. VAN DYKE
Adaptation by: DALE VAN EVERY and JOHN THOMAS NEVILLE
Screen Play by: RICHARD SCHAYER
Dialogue by: CYRIL HUME
Photographed by: CLYDE DE VINNA
Film Editor: BEN LEWIS


ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is indebted to the government officials of—
The Territory of Tanganyika The Protectorate of Uganda
The Colony of Kenya The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan
The Belgian Congo

whose cooperation made this picture possible.

And to the white hunters—
Major W. V. D. Dickinson J. H. Barnes, Esq.
A. S. Waller, Esq. H. R. Stanton, Esq.
for their valorous services through 14,000 miles of African veldt and jungles.

Also to the chiefs and the members of the tribes:
Kavirondas; Wacambas; Masai; Swahili; Bugandas; Nandis; Langos; Wakikutus; Giriames; Merus; M'nyamwizis; Wakevirondo; and Waswahili. Also to the chief and tribe of the strange pigmy race, seldom seen even by other natives, and who have no tribal names.
A Synopsis of "TRADER HORN"

A LOYSIUS HORN, veteran trader along the rivers of Africa, has set out on a perilous jungle trip, accompanied by Peru, the young son of a South American who years before was Horn's friend. They proceed up the river, amid a menacing array of crocodiles and hippos, the youngster looking on the trip as a lark, until the discovery of skeletons shows that the natives are not peaceful and docile, but are deadly cannibals.

The white adventurers begin trading with friendly tribes when the drums in the forest, which signal from tribe to tribe, warn that a "juju," or fanatical gathering of the tribes for the purpose of indulging in savage magic dances and rites, is imminent.

They are proceeding up the river to safety and camp, when they meet the safari of Edith Trend, a widowed missionary who tells them that she is on her way to the village of the bloodthirsty Isorgi. Twenty years before she had lost her husband and baby girl in a native raid, and had always clung to the idea that the baby was still alive. Now she had heard that a white girl occupied the position of tribal goddess in the Isorgi village.

Horn warns her of the danger, as no white people had ever penetrated the Isorgi village, and these warlike Africans are feared even by other black tribes. When she insists on going on, he offers to accompany her, but she refuses, stating that a woman, unarmed, might get through, while men with guns would incite the black tribe to battle. Horn promises, however, to follow her up within a few days in case anything goes amiss.

The trader and Peru, with their safari, headed by his giant gun-bearer Renchero, follow the woman's trail, and find her dead at the foot of the falls, apparently deserted by her native retain, which feared to penetrate the Isorgi country. They go on over the falls, meeting all forms of wild life, and having narrow escapes from leopards, rhinoceroses, and other beasts.

Finally, they come to the Isorgi village. They are captured, and the chief orders them tortured, as the "white goddess" appears. She is curious about the courageous white invaders, and Peru thinks she will try to save them. He places his hand on hers, pleadingly, but she only becomes angry and lashes him with a whip. He stands firm, and something stirs within the heart of this

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woman, as savage as that of any black in the tribe.

The wild "juju" begins, and Horn, Renchero and Peru are taken out to the center of the black camp to be tortured. Then the girl, moved by impulse, decides to save them; she tells the priests that the time has not yet come for their deaths, and insists that she be allowed to transport them in a canoe across the lake. The priests protest and for a time seem about to turn on her, but their superstitions and their fear of her result in a victory for the girl. The "white goddess" and her three prisoners row across the lake. Then Horn sets the canoe adrift, and the girl accompanies them as they flee into the jungle.

Making speed, knowing the Isorgi will follow, they encounter the most severe hardships and perils. They have only sharpened sticks for weapons, but finally obtain food by driving some lions, fighting over a freshly killed antelope, away from the kill. Then they find a water hole, fested by wild elephants, and drink after the elephants have left.

Finally the Isorgi, who travel rapidly in pursuit, are upon them. Horn sends Peru and the girl in one direction, instructing Renchero to guard them, and starts in another direction to draw the Isorgi off the trail. Both men are by this time in love with the white girl, who, Horn tells Peru, was named Nina by her dead mother. They are almost ready to fight over her, but the overwhelming danger prevents this foolhardiness. They separate.

Renchero leaves his charges and goes after Horn, insisting that he will die with his master. They light a fire, attract the Isorgi, then cross a river full of crocodiles by swinging on vines. The Isorgi camp for the night, planning to smoke them out in the morning. Renchero and Horn take logs, lie on them, cover themselves with brush and float away, but not before the spear of a native has pierced the black gun-bearer's side. The native dies in Horn's arms, whispering: "My brother—he good gun-boy."

Peru and the girl come upon a tribe of strange African pigmies who, hating the Isorgi, protect them and get them to the white settlement, where Horn arrives and finds them. He has decided that love is for young people, and knows that the boy and girl love each other, so sends them on to civilization on the steamer. Peru wants him to come too, but he smiles wistfully and insists that he cannot leave his beloved Africa. The last we see of him he is starting up the river again, with Renchero's young brother as his new gun-boy, again invading the perils of the Dark Continent he loves so well.
The Man Responsible for the Story

Trader Horn’s various vocations would require a separate book for discussion. During the course of his remarkably adventurous life, since he left England in 1871 on his first trip to the west coast of Africa, he has, according to his own admission, been a dealer in all kinds of tropical goods; a hunter of elephants, lions and leopards; a Scotland Yard detective as well as a private sleuth; a painter of animal pictures; a prospector for gold and copper; a fighter with “Kitchener’s cattle thieves”; a peddler of household wares, and has been involved in many other odd occupations. He has probably had more direct contact with savage African tribes over a period of years than any other white man.

When he came to America the Trader, rugged and bright-eyed in spite of his age, captivated everyone he met by his friendliness and his simple charm. He was always ready with a new story ransacked from the vivid storehouse of his memory and everything he said bore the stamp of veracity. Trader Horn found it unnecessary to enlarge on his own adventures because the actual happenings had been so amazing.

Trader Horn has travelled all the way around the globe during the past three years. A couple of years ago he made a special trip to England just to see his newest grandchild. His married daughter in England has several times unsuccessfully tried to persuade him to settle down there, but he insists on keeping “on the go,” and says that he wants to make at least one or two more trips into the centre of Africa, to renew old acquaintances.

There is probably no more romantic incident in literary history than the story of how “Trader Horn” came to be written. One quiet afternoon Ethelreda Lewis, the South African novelist, was sitting on her front steps in Johannesburg, when an old man came up her garden path, a pack strapped to his back. He tried to sell her a gridiron but she didn’t want anything, and was about to send him away when something in his striking appearance aroused her curiosity. She began to question him, and out of that chance meeting sprang the vivid and thrilling adventures of “Trader Horn” which were incorporated in book form by Miss Lewis, and which scored a tremendous international success.

The fact that six months after Trader Horn had been peddling kitchen utensils from door to door he became a great literary figure did not change his personality in the slightest degree. Alfred Aloysius Horn, known simply as Trader Horn to his legion of black friends in the heart of Africa, was first and last a great adventurer and story teller. Fame had no injurious effect on him. When he finally decided to come to the United States and meet his admirers here, despite the fact that he was in his late seventies, he insisted on traveling as he had always traveled, wrapped up in a blanket and sitting in a day coach or a steamer chair, rather than a Pullman or a ship’s berth. Old habits, he remarked with a whimsical smile, were hard to change.
Thrilling Episodes

A NATIVE BREAD-MIXING OPERATION

FORGING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH

TRADER HORN AND HIS FALLEN GUN-BEAKER

THE PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT FORWARD
in the Photoplay

*AMID A THOUSAND PERILS*

CROCODILES AND CANNIBALS AHEAD

THE PIGMIES PREPARE FOR A BOW-AND-ARROW RAID

(Left)
THE "WHITE GODDESS" INFATUATES PERU
How the Picture Was Made

In bringing "Trader Horn," famed story of African adventure, to the talking screen, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recruited the biggest photoplay expedition to go abroad since the filming of "Ben-Hur" in Italy.

The troupe of sixty players, staff officials and technicians that sailed from New York for Africa represented a new departure in picture production. Never before had a sound-equipped unit gone out on such an ambitious venture. Never before had such a large body of persons attempted to penetrate Africa to film a screen story.

Under the leadership of Director W. S. VanDyke, Harry Carey, Edwin Booth, Duncan Renaldo and the big staff of the picture reached Mombasa, British North Africa, after an arduous journey of twenty-five days. There the cinema brigade joined an advance unit and made preparations to invade the jungle.

It is difficult for the average person to realize the tremendous difficulties confronting the VanDyke party. In the first place, more than eighty tons of equipment had to be moved through a territory that was at times almost impenetrable. The camera adventurers took with them a complete miniature studio, with every facility for housing and feeding the troupe, and the most up-to-date sound recording apparatus.

Among the accessories carried by the VanDyke party into the heart of Africa were a nine-ton portable generator truck, an iceless refrigerator, a complete wireless and radio outfit, and more than several thousand individual items that ranged from chicken wire and cosmetics to insect exterminator. Members of the expedition were inoculated against fever and sleeping sickness before starting from Mombasa inland toward Nairobi, and a British staff physician accompanied the party.

When the "Trader Horn" brigade had reached Nairobi and set up camp there to make camera sequences the adventure had barely begun. Diplomatic negotiations with governmental officials—Belgian, English, French—had to be completed. Interpreters, native boys, hunters and divers had to be obtained and further preparations made to protect the health and well-being of the travelers. Travel had been comparatively easy so far, but now it was necessary to discard the railroad in favor of ox-teams and native wagons, boats and foot trails.

Director VanDyke, who made both "The Pagan" and "White Shadows in the South Seas" in the south Pacific, was familiar with some of the discomforts and dangers of the tropics, but none that he had experienced compared with those prevailing in east-central Africa.

From Nairobi and the shores of beautiful Lake Victoria, the "Trader Horn" adventurers struck out for the dangerous fastnesses of Tanganyika Territory, with its bizarre pageant of wild animals. From there the itinerary called for trips to the wildest parts of the Uganda country and to the heart of the Belgian Congo, with its famous tribes of African pigmies.

Needless of physical discomforts, the terrific heat and the peril to be found amid wild animals and tropical diseases, the M-G-M expedition that was transporting eighty tons of equipment devoted months of tireless effort to a picturization of the greatest of all African stories in the centre of the Dark Continent.

Twenty-year-old Edwin Booth, who was selected from hundreds of aspirants to play the part of the blonde White Goddess in "Trader Horn," roamed the wilds of the Uganda forest, climbed the trees clad in a native grass costume and proved herself fearless in the face of hardships and dangers that would have terrified most other girls. As the White Goddess who had been reared by black tribesmen, she appeared in charming contrast to the encompassing jungle, and it was to her indomitable spirit no less than to her grace and personal magnetism that the troupe owed much of the success of its hazardous journey.

Hundreds of thousands of feet of motion picture sound film were brought back from
the jungles of Africa. In battling the menace of fever, tropical storms and wild beasts, the screen squadron always placed the safety of its celluloid cargo ahead of everything else. Camped near the Uganda Falls one night, a terrific storm broke loose and the flood that followed swept away many of the supplies of the camp. Everyone made a simultaneous rush for the stored motion picture film, and even though some personal baggage was lost in the river, not a single can of movie film was destroyed.

In "Trader Horn" the screen receives for the first time a gripping and graphic narrative picture of the Dark Continent — the Africa of Livingstone and Conrad and Andre Gide. Other expeditions have selected bits of locale and detached shots of wild animals, but never before has any group of camera adventurers attempted to depict the true majesty and terror of the "Heart of Darkness." The amazing pictorial sequences that the VanDyke party brought back from the other side of the globe were obtained only by unfailing patience and the same intrepid defiance of the jungle that characterized all the great African explorers. Although these scenes present a picture of the Congo and the forest that is more bizarre in some respects than most persons imagine, it is a pictorial record that is authentic and indelible to the last detail of sound and color.

The wild animal sequences in "Trader Horn," which were the most difficult of all scenes to obtain, show giant gorillas drumming on the trees in the mountain retreats above Lake Nigeria, snorting hippos sticking their bodies out of the water, charging rhinos in the Nile country making a furious foray, maddened elephants tearing through the jungle and dozens of other sights and sounds that bring all the sinister lure of the African wilds to the audible screen.

Various narrow escapes enlivened the shooting of these remarkable sequences, many of which were obtained with the use of an electrically-operated sound camera and telescopic lens. Once Duncan Renaldo sprained an ankle in a wild rush to get away from thirty-eight panicky elephants, after shaking a pole at them for the benefit of the cameras.

Once a British "white hunter" accompanying the party broke an arm by tumbling into a donga (bed of a stream) while running to rescue Edwina Booth from a threatened attack by some enraged baboons. Duncan Renaldo and Harry Carey sat in a tree while a mother leopard sprang onto the adjoining branch to recover her cub, tied there by native boys for a camera scene. At another time a big crocodile tipped over a canoe which Edwina Booth was paddling, and almost plunged her into the deadly swirling waters. A week later, a boatload of cameramen was upset when a female hippo rose unexpectedly from below; fortunately they got out of the water without losing any limbs. Cast and cameramen disregarded Hollywood instructions to be cautious, in obtaining scenes of jungle lions, and even "shoed" three lions away from a "kill" of antelope. Hunters stood by ready to shoot, but a single leap by one of the big beasts might have resulted fatally.

The "Trader Horn" troupe, which mobilized thousands of extras to use throughout the picture, narrowly averted a pitched battle with the blacks when a native chief who had developed Kleig-eye from looking at the big arc lights used in the jungle accused the movie company of witchcraft. It required infinite patience and tact to control the blacks, but VanDyke and his assistants proved equal to every emergency.

Arrangements were made for one of the Congo's pigmy tribes to appear before the camera. When the tribesmen caught sight of the black cables leading across the grass from the cameras to the sound truck they mistook these for dens of the black mamba (deadliest snake in the world) and fled to their houses in the tree tops. It required days of entreaty and many pounds of salt—the great jungle delicacy—to placate them.

This is the story of a trip unparalleled in motion picture records. The dauntless members of the "Trader Horn" troupe traveled a total distance of more than 35,000 miles and confronted every kind of tropical danger to make this photoplay not only the greatest African story ever conceived and filmed, but the adventure epic of the screen.
Selecting a Cast

ALTHOUGH the wilds of Africa supplied Director W. S. Van Dyke with all the two-footed and four-footed extras he could possibly want for the filming of "Trader Horn," the selection of principal players for the roles in the photoplay was a most difficult and painstaking task.

In the first place, it was necessary for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials to be absolutely sure they had made the best choice for the parts before the "Trader Horn" troupe sailed for Africa. Once landed in the Dark Continent, shifting and substitution would cause tremendous expense and delay. Then too, the players chosen not only had to be willing to take the voluntary risk attendant on months of privation and peril in the jungle, but must also be in A-1 physical condition at the start. Many candidates for the large technical staff of "Trader Horn" were turned down because of the studio's rigid physical requirements.

Company executives and the director of the picture spent weeks giving the most careful consideration to the problem of the feminine lead in the story. A new screen personality was desirable for this part, yet this must be a girl displaying exceptional natural talent . . . and she had to be a blonde, to conform with the character in the book. Scores of blonde aspirants for the role of Nina, undaunted by the idea of traveling to the other side of the globe, asked for a screen test for the part and the most likely ones were weeded out. Finally, after perhaps the most extensive canvass of feminine players on record in Hollywood, Edwina Booth was awarded the coveted assignment.

Miss Booth, who stepped from the ranks of extras to obtain one of the most eagerly-sought roles of recent years, was born in Provo, Utah, and at an early age came with her family to Los Angeles. She served as private secretary for a time. One day, while on the beach with her mother and sister, Director E. Mason Hopper noticed her, and gave her a chance for a bit in the picture she was then making. This led to several screen and stage bits, but nothing that brought her public recognition—until the time of "Trader Horn."

First rushes of Miss Booth sent back from African location were so favorable that the studio at once offered the young actress a long-term contract with a substantial advance in salary, even though her first contract had some time to run.

Harry Carey, who has the part of Trader Horn in the photoplay, had played Western parts on the screen for years before devoting himself more specifically to character roles. Years of roughing on his Western ranch and a rugged constitution, as well as a close physical resemblance to the Trader at the period of his most glamorous adventures, made him a logical choice for the part.

Carey was born on East 117th Street, New York, went west as a young man to join a group of ranch cowboys and while there wrote the play, "Montana," in which he starred on his return to Broadway, and for seven years on the road. His first screen role was in "The Unseen Enemy," with the Gish sisters and Lionel Barrymore, under D. W. Griffith's direction. Carey's roles preceding "Trader Horn" included "A Little Journey," "Slide, Kelly, Slide" and "The Trail of '98." He has a summer home at Great Neck, Long Island.

Duncan Renaldo, who has the role of Peru in "Trader Horn," is a young actor who, at first glance, appears to be of French ancestry, but is actually half Spanish and half Scotch. It was directly as a result of his striking characterization as Esteban in the screen version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" that he was given the opportunity to go to Africa with the "Trader Horn" unit.

Perhaps the French appearance of this young actor is the result of three years spent in the Latin quarter of Paris, attending preparatory school. It was after his return from Paris that Renaldo was given his first motion picture role, as the brother of Hope Hampton in "Fifty-Fifty." Then he wrote scenarios for Colorart Pictures, and played the lead in four of his own stories. He went to Los Angeles to appear in "Her Cardboard Lover." His friends know him not only as a most promising actor and writer, but also as a highly talented painter and amateur photographer.
Beans Start Riot

Canned beans are dangerous in African jungles. When W. S. VanDyke pitched camp near Murchison Falls, Uganda, where he filmed "Trader Horn" on African locales for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a case of canned American beans was opened up for supper.

Immediately the camp was invaded by crocodiles, attracted by the savory odor. As crocodiles are not vegetarians, the company took refuge in the hills until the big reptiles had been driven off and a fence built.

Anyone who has a little alligator in his home might try a canned-bean diet.

Self-Photographing Animals

Wild animals in the African jungles recorded their own voices for a talking picture during the course of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s "Trader Horn" expedition.

It was found feasible by animal photograph hunters to set flashlight traps that automatically take action pictures when the foregoing beasts step upon release springs during nightly prowls.

W. S. VanDyke, the director and his staff arranged sound-recording devices in the same manner in an attempt to obtain the shouts and screams of the jungle beasts as described in Horn’s narrative.

Native Xylophones

Ukuleles, it is claimed, were really first brought to Hawaii by a Harvard College boy, but there is no doubt about where the xylophone originated, according to members of the "Trader Horn" party.

Among the strange native instruments in the jungles, Director VanDyke discovered the father of all the xylophones and marimbas.

"The Matabeles," he said, "have, besides their tom-toms, a strange array of small logs, laid on thongs, which they strike with wooden clubs, each log giving a different tone.

"They say that as far back as mankind goes they have used these instruments, resembling xylophones. They figure in some of their folk tales, which would place them at least five hundred years back."

$1.25 a Gallon

Motorists who bewail the local price of gasoline would be reconciled to it if they ever visited Africa.

The motorist in the Belgian Congo pays no less than $1.25 a gallon for fuel for his car, according to members of the "Trader Horn" party who worked with a motorized caravan in the African jungles. Gasoline has to be shipped from Europe and the freight charge is very heavy.
A Director Extraordinary

W. S. VanDyke, whose adventures in directing the big African field expedition making "Trader Horn" might be more than sufficient for the average man's lifetime, is a specialist in making tropical adventure motion pictures. His success with "White Shadows in the South Seas" and "The Pagan," filmed in the Society Islands of the Pacific, led to his selection for the far more difficult task of taking the "Trader Horn" troupe to the Congo. At present VanDyke, never satisfied to loaf in sunny California, is off on another exciting South Seas expedition, directing the picturization of Peter B. Kyne's dramatic novel, "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

When VanDyke returned from Africa and was quizzed about his perilous journey, he was more ready to talk about the picturesque African scenery than to discuss tsetse flies, charging rhinos, pigmies, and wild elephants.

"Prettiest clouds in the world," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way. "Those African clouds are great billowy masses—and then all of a sudden comes a streak of lightning and you'd think the skies had turned loose a hundred fire hoses.

"The crocodiles were dangerous, but the big boa constrictors are a tougher lot—they look like dead branches. Harry Carey lassoed one, and 'snubbed' it with a tree trunk just as they 'snub' cattle. He measured about thirty feet. Harry shot a couple of lions, and Bob Roberts, the cameraman, and I also got a couple. But that was aside from the picture, of course.

"Using native actors was a problem, because the Kenya, Uganda, Swahili, Julu, Matebele and other tribes all have different languages. Half the natives had to be interpreters for the other half. Usually we rented a village full of natives from a native Sultan.

"We had to keep our natives clothed enough to satisfy the censors, and they didn't like it. Riano and Mutia, the two natives I brought back to America because we needed them in close-ups, never wore shoes or full suits of clothes until we loaded them on the steamer.

"It was comical in New York. Snow which they'd never seen before terrified them, elevators scared the lights out of them, and almost every strange noise had them worried. They're two of the toughest guys in Africa, but civilization had them licked."

The trip started at Mombasa, where the company embarked on the safari with a hundred motors and truck provided in advance by George Kann, business manager of the troupe. A small army of native labor accompanied the thirty white people in the party.

"We covered Uganda, the Kenya province, British East Africa and the Belgian Congo," related VanDyke. "Nairobi, the home of the British governor, was an odd mixture. We played golf there, and three miles away saw wild elephant herds. We saw houses that looked like Hollywood bungalows, and native traffic policemen who went barefooted. When we wanted to go up into the Murchison Falls country they told us there was danger of sleeping sickness and no white people went there. We took a chance, all of us were bitten, but of course only one fly in a great many carries the disease.

"Duncan Renaldo was initiated into the Swahili tribe with full ceremonies, and we got some movies of it. By the way, these so-called cannibal tribes are really very nice people. They are gentle and child-like except when they run amuck.

"The climate was tough in the daytime—very hot, but at night we had to sleep under blankets. It's funny how so hot a place can get so cold when the sun goes down."
NINA LEARNS BASKET-WEAVING

A Musical Check

The Los Angeles clearing-house recently handled the strangest check that ever came into its offices, one that was not only payable but playable. On one side it called for money, on the other side were little metal keys that play a tune.

The check was written by Harry Carey, in the native village of Narok, Uganda, in Central Africa. Carey, while on safari with the "Trader Horn" company, met two diamond miners who had gone broke, and offered to grubstake them. No stationery was handy, and he had to move on, so he wrote the check on a "kinanda" or native musical instrument. This was a small wooden affair with keys which, when plucked, vibrate. It resembled a cigar box used as a sounding board for a number of metal jews-harps.

The prospectors put the "check" through their bank in Uganda, and it arrived safely through the clearing-house in Los Angeles the same as any other Carey check does.
AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE PERILS OF THE WILD

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURE

This book sold only in theatres showing "TRADER HORN." It may be purchased in quantity from AL GREENSTONE, 1547 Broadway, New York.