CROCODILE SAFARI

STARRING

RICHARD de H. BURTON  JOHN BUDGET  MALCOLM SCOTT

Directed by MALCOLM J. FANCEY  Music Composed by CY PAYNE

EASTMAN COLOUR

* ADVERTISING ACCESSORIES

TRAILERS

QUAD CROWN POSTERS
illustrated in full colour

STILLS: Set of 8, Black & White 10"x 8"

ADVERTISING BLOCKS: 4" D/C

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STORY

John Budget and Richard de Burton are bored with the hum-drums monotony of town life in England, together with two friends, they decide to seek adventure and go to Africa on a Crocodile Shooting Safari.

On arrival they start collecting the necessary equipment for this dangerous sport, together with the native boys who will act as porters on their journey. Early one morning, high above the Victoria Falls they set off for the swamp lands far up in the Okavange Basin in the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

On their way they pass through many villages situated on the river banks and are amazed at the unconcern of the natives, constantly in danger of attack from crocodiles, as they fish, bathe and play in the water.

They reach the swamp lands, set up camp and start hunting the crocodiles.

The film shows their daily encounters during the following eight weeks, highlighting some of their more daring escapades from the untamed wild life. Waist deep in muddy rivers, the lair of the crocodiles, they come within inches of death as they film and shoot. They chase Elephants, Fauna and Rhino and are in turn pursued by Wild Boar, one of the most dangerous of all animals when angered. Burton and his friend Malcolm who came to Africa to film wild life, travelled over 5,000 miles from Livingstone to Salisbury, visiting en route Bulawayo, Lobatsi, up to Maun then on again to the Morami and Wankie game reserves.

This film portrays how small an impression the White man and the visit of the two hunters and photographer make on Age Old Africa where the animals know only FREEDOM . . . .
Crocodiles for sale

BOB WILMOT, famous Botswana white hunter, has been given four years to wind up his R48,000-a-year crocodile-shooting business in the Okavango Swamps.

When the axe falls—at the end of 1971—seven of Wilmot's crocodile hunters will be out of a job. This will be a big blow to Wilmot, the hunter they call the "swamp man." For before crocodiles began to bring him money 12 years ago, he struggled to keep him on a pauper income from jobs and a dud venture.