



## THE IMMATURE HOUR By BUD LANDIS

**B**UD: Our first contestant is Tom Foolery. Step up to the "mike," Tom—don't be nervous.

Amateur: I'm kind of upset because I heard they're going to cut out amateur hours.

Bud: Nonsense. Amateurs are one of the country's leading industries.

Amateur: Just the same, they tell me the Noise Abatement commission has cracked down on the idea.

Bud: Set yourself at ease. The N. A. C. has been declared unconstitutional—it had to abolish itself.

Amateur: No sound value, eh?

Bud: 'At's the stuff!—now you're beginning to get amateurish. Keep up those snappy come-backs.

Amateur: That one wasn't in the script. I made it up out of my own head...

Bud: Maybe you'll have enough left over to make a wooden rocker.

Amateur: Wait a minute, now. Let me take them comedy lines. But why was the noise abating movement done away with?

Bud: Because noise actually drowns out sound. Amateur: You mean, the quieter it is the better you can hear?

Bud: Exactly. Let me demonstrate. We'll transfer controls down to the street. Listen...

Sound: (Street noises... car bells... horns... newsboys shouting... etc.)

Bud: There—did you hear it?

Amateur: Hear what?

Bud: That baby crying down there on the curb. Amateur: No, but I heard a lot of other hubbub.

Bud: That's just the point. I'll have the youngster brought up here to do his stuff again, but this time without the background noises. Now Baby, if you please—

Sound: (Kid yelling at the top of its lungs).

Bud: Hear it?

Amateur: Hear it! Boy, that's enough to drive you nuts!

Bud: Well, this is election year. You don't think they're going to cut out harmless amateur chatter and let a lot of political acoustics clutter up the air, do you?

Amateur: I guess not. Can I go ahead with my number then?

Bud: Sure—what'll it be?

Amateur: The amateur's voting song: "I'm going to sit right down and write myself a letter."

## How Do You Explain This

**N**OT IN ONE instance, but several, have great wheels of light appeared below the surface of the sea. In 1909, in the Straits of Malacca, reported by the steamer *Bintang*; and in the South China Sea, 1901, reported by the *Valentijn*.

The tremendous wheels radiated a bright light—like Neon illumination on a black night. One of them was so large that only half of it could be observed at once—its hub touching the horizon. The wheels rotated, moving forward—not away from, but toward the ships.

The center, the spokes, the entire wheel was like a huge whirling body that had sunk into the ocean. It seemed to touch bottom. In one case the display lasted for 35 minutes, in the other about 15 minutes.

Reports estimated the speed of movement to be about 80 miles an hour—that is, the velocity of the spokes.

Samples of water were drawn up, but showed no phosphorescence. In each case the sky was clear, with no electrical disturbance to account for the weird manifestations.

Have you a reasonable explanation for this phenomenon?



An Eskimo might be expected to feel slightly out of place in the South Seas—and Mala certainly did! Particularly when a movie script called for him to do a hula. Upper left is Mala with Lotus Long, leading lady in the South Seas film; upper right, Mala as he appeared in "Igloo," a picture in which he was quite at home. Below, typical scene on a tropical isle where Mala made his debut as a hula dancer.

## South Seas Movie Forced Mala To Do Hot Hula—Now He's Tame Eskimo!

Whole Polynesian Village Had The Laugh Of It's Life At His Efforts To Solve Mysteries Of The Shimmy; Now He's Anxious To Get Back To Arctic Home!

**M**ALA, a 21-year-old Eskimo, who, only a year ago herded reindeer over the cheerless barren wastes of the Arctic, pulled fish from the icy waters of the Bering Sea and joyously swirled the lash over the furry backs of his sturdy malamutes, is back in Hollywood from the tropical, hibiscus-laden islands of the South Seas, a thoroughly subdued and chastened young man.

His tropical adventure, which began with so much promise, almost became his undoing. And all because his employers, M-G-M Studios, required Mala to do a hula dance in a grass skirt in Papeete while a whole village of Polynesians looked on—and laughed until the tears came to their eyes!

"And that," confided the black-haired Eskimo, without a glimmer of a smile, "took what you call 'the starch' out of me."

**T**HE youthful brave, dark skinned, proud and inscrutable, is taking his "downfall" seriously.

"We Eskimos do not dance, as a rule," he related. "We are a suppressed people. We do not show our emotions in any way, because we are of the red-skinned tribes. We have little laughter and little song in our lives."

"I don't recall, as a youngster, ever dancing or seeing a dance in my home village, Kotzebue, Alaska, which is 50 miles north of the Arctic Circle. I only know what it means to wear clothes of reindeer skins, a parka that smells of stale fur and hard, high boots of hide."

"I am familiar only with the crunch of snow and ice under my feet. The swish of the sea in Bering Straits lulled me to sleep. The fights of my husky dogs furnished me with excitement, and the habits of the reindeer as they searched for feed on the barren plains claimed my entire attention."

"So, when I went down to Tahiti and was required to make love to a young girl in my picture, 'The Last of the Pagans'; to beat a tom-tom; to doll my hair in ribbons; don a grass skirt and wiggle my hips before hundreds of laughing Polynesians—the very people who originated the South Sea dances—I tell you, it took something out of me. I just can't explain what I mean. But I feel different—that's all."

**M**ALA sat quietly, his face impassive. It was apparent he considered his dance unbecoming to a man of the Arctic. He who had battled whales with his sharpened spear and who conquered the icy North in his stride—in a grass skirt, dancing the hula!

After a silence, he continued.

"They are a marvelous people, those Polynesians. They are exactly opposite in nature from the Eskimos. We live within ourselves. They live without. They are laughing, dancing, singing all the time. We are reserved and cold."

"They tell us what they are thinking. The Eskimo says nothing. Those Polynesian girls down there are lovely, but—" He stopped. A look of apprehension flashed across his impassive countenance. "No, no, I almost got into trouble... please

say nothing about me and the girls, please..."

Mala appeared so distressed, the promise was given.

But if the girls were a matter of—er—consequence, so was the food Mala had to eat.

"I am accustomed to eating fish," he went on, "and in fact I have taken fish out of the Bering Sea ever since I was 4 years old."

"But when in Tahiti they served me raw fish in coconut milk, it almost made me sick. Bananas, too, were given us every meal. We had bananas boiled, bananas fried in butter made of goat's milk, and bananas raw. After the second week I skipped them and lived on mangoes."

**F**OR five long months Mala lived in the Islands.

When he wasn't working and making love before the camera to Lotus Long, a California actress, who is said to be Chinese, French and American, he was playing in the surf with his new-found friends, the Island natives.

The Polynesians were delighted with the Eskimo's skill at handling a boat, but were somewhat disappointed because he could not swim as fast under water as they could.

At the termination of his stay, a great feast was tendered to the entire M-G-M company. Wild boar was served and the hula maidens were turned loose in force to do their best.

Now that he is back and "at leisure" in Hollywood, Mala plans on going back to his native Alaskan village, Kotzebue, some time this summer to tell his folks of his experiences.

His village holds 2000 inhabitants in the summer. Because it affords grazing for the reindeer herds which the U. S. government presented to the village, as it did to other villages in the Arctic Circle area, only 300 people reside there in winter.

**M**ALA'S home folks—his father's name is Wise—live on reindeer meat, whale meat and fish. The squaws make the clothing for the household out of reindeer hides, and while some of Mala's neighbors still live in igloos, his own family, he says, lives in a frame dwelling.

He attended a government school, but by venturing beyond the confines of his own village, he learned to speak the dialect of 17 different tribes.

Because of his skill as an interpreter, Mala was taken by Knud Rasmussen, Arctic explorer, to Siberia for the purpose of obtaining data on a little-known tribe of Eskimos.

There, the explorer and his guide fell under the suspicions of the Russians and were jailed. It was not until some internal trouble broke out in the Siberian village in which they were interned, thus giving Russian officials more trouble than they could handle, that Mala and his companion were released.

The two left Siberia in the explorer's boat, making their way to Nome. It was at Nome that Mala got the urge to expand his adventures to the States. Landing at San Francisco with his scanty savings, the Eskimo found his money did not last long in civilization.

With his last few dollars he boarded a bus for

## MYSTERY SHIPS

The U. S. S. *Cyclops*  
Naval Collier That  
Vanished During War

**U**NCLE SAM'S Navy would like to know what happened to the U. S. S. *Cyclops*—sometime in March, 1918. Today she is counted another obscure mystery of the sea. One of the growing list of complete marine disappearances which leave no vestige of evidence behind.

A naval collier, the *Cyclops* was not an ordinary cargo vessel. She was a unit of the United States Navy, used to bring manganese from Brazil—a big ship of 19,000 tons carrying capacity. She was sturdy, well constructed—fulfilling an unromantic routine of service, of "orders carried out" with no undue incidents. Her officers and men were highly trained, as efficient and experienced as any in the fleet.

Her last voyage was brief—too short to leave anything but the riddle of incomprehensible disaster.

On March 4, she anchored at Barbados, British West Indies, to take on coal. On the 13th she was due home. She topped the gray horizon, disappeared in the morning mist—was never seen again. The



personnel represented 20 officers, 57 passengers, a crew of 213. All were lost.

**B**ECAUSE one of her engines was injured, the *Cyclops* was traveling at reduced speed. This did not incapacitate her, but she was forced to make slower time. Once out of Barbados, no radio message suggested that she was in trouble. No information could be obtained from her by wireless. Silence had swallowed her, blotted out her SOS—if she sent one.

The entire region was searched for months without result. The big collier, with officers, passengers and crew, was set down among the vanished ships. It was noted at the time that it was in these waters that the Navy lost the frigate *Insurgente*, a prize taken from the French a century before. This vessel, too, was lost in the same mysterious fashion.

It was more than strange that the *Cyclops* did not communicate by wireless, if she was in distress. Some tremendous explosion may have destroyed the wireless outfit at once. Yet—an explosion from a bomb would have certainly left wreckage on the sea.

After the war, rumor said that German spies had smuggled an infernal machine aboard. But nothing has been proved. The end of the U. S. S. *Cyclops* is still unknown.

Hollywood. There for several weeks he lived on money obtained from pawning his fur clothing—clothing, he discovered, utterly useless in the sunshine of California.

At the casting office of M-G-M, Mala was brought to the attention of some of the studio officials. Later he was signed for his first picture, "Igloo."

Assured of success, he went into court at Los Angeles and secured permission to change his name from Wise to Mala.

"The court said I had to have a given name, also," the Eskimo explained, "so I took the name of Ray, although I never use it."

Mala is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and is single.

"And when I want a wife," he added, "I'll go back to the Arctic to get her."