

# —And They Stole A Squad Car! "Calling All Cars"

By Arthur Kent

**"Only Chumps Work," Said This Trio of Baby Bandits. And in Denver, Colorado, They Stole a Police Patrol Car to Support Their Contention. But —**

THE LITTLE sedan was going so fast that it fairly danced along the highway. And the trio inside sang gaily. The driver was a youth about 20; next to him sat a dark, pretty girl a couple of years younger. And on the other side of her was a lad of sixteen or so.

They looked like three kids on a spree.

"Wally! Wall-ee!" the girl shrieked above the vibration and the voices. "We'll be coming to a town soon."

"Uh-huh," returned the driver, slowing the car. The lad on the right said nothing. From beneath his coat he pulled a revolver and squinted solemnly down the barrel.

"Quit playin' with that thing!" the driver yelled. "It might go off sooner'n we want it to."

The kid gave him a Bronx cheer, but he put the gun away.

A mile or so down the road the car, slowed to cruising speed now, rolled through a little town.

"What about this?" asked the kid, jerking his head toward a fair-sized restaurant.

"Looks all right," the driver said, and pulled the



One of the most remarkable photographs of its kind ever taken: Two newspaper reporters and a cameraman on hand for a pistol-point capture. Ledford, at left, is raising his arms at the order of Motorcycle Policeman Jack Field, while Talbot and Mrs. Renn are being held by John Feeney, reporter

stood at the end of the long counter, near the door. "This is a stickup," he said all of a sudden. He moved his right hand very quickly, and a revolver pointed at the man behind the counter. "Put up your hands!"

"Yeah!" snapped the kid, pulling his own gun. "Put 'em up, bo!" But by that time the frightened man in

their guns out, and keeping a sharp watch on the restaurateur now hopeful for his life—slipped out the door.

They climbed into the car, and the girl let in the clutch.

"Everything oke, Rose," said Wally, "but we didn't get much." Picking up speed, the car began once again to dance on the road.

"How far to the next town?" demanded young Billy.

"About 25 miles, I think it said on the road map," the girl called.

"Well," commented Wally, peering into the rear-vision mirror, "maybe we'll do better there."

No pursuit was evident.

"Anyway, this is lots better than working," Billy shrilled. "Only chumps work."

Rose and Wally laughed at this.

SO," SAID Officer J. F. Stuchlik of the Denver police, as he guided radio patrol car Number 7 along a suburban street, "that's the town where they stuck up a restaurant. Two days ago it was. Anyhow, the police bulletin says they're heading this way all right."

"We better keep on the main drag then," said his buddy, Officer F. M. Cooney. "Maybe we'll run into 'em. Baby bandits, eh? Have they killed anybody?"

"No," Stuchlik said. "They've had mighty good luck that way. They've been running wild, poking their guns at guys in restaurants, filling stations, stores, beer places—anywhere that spells money to 'em. But nobody's put up a fight. The bulletin says they been going through Kansas like a cyclone, leaving a trail of holdups behind 'em. Then they crossed into Colorado, doing the same thing. And now they're headed straight for Denver."

"Fool kids," commented Cooney.

And just at that moment a third voice joined in the conversation. The police radio in their car spoke:

"Calling all cars . . . Calling all cars . . . Be on the lookout for a small sedan bearing a Kansas license and containing two . . ."

(Continued on Page 29)



Wallace Ledford, aged 21; Mrs. Rose Renn, aged 17; and William Talbot, aged 15—the Baby Bandits who left a trail of holdups across two states—and who didn't reckon on the full power of radio as the defender of law and order

car to a skillful stop at the curb. The youths got out; the girl moved over behind the wheel.

"Don't let anybody park ahead of you," the older man warned, looking back over his shoulder. "It's getting cold," he remarked to the youngster.

It was mid-afternoon of an October day in 1934! "Okay, Wally," the girl called. Reaching down inside her low-cut blouse, she drew forth a heavy automatic pistol and placed it in her lap.

The two young men went into the restaurant.

It was a very ordinary place, with a long counter and a row of little tables and chairs, opening out to a wider dining room toward the rear. On a ledge behind the counter a couple of nickle-plated coffee urns steamed. A man in a white coat glanced up as the two entered.

"d day," he offered.

"Howdy," said the kid breezily. The one called Wally looked appraisingly at the cash register that

the white coat had his hands high above his head.

In leisurely fashion Wally motioned towards the cash register with his gun.

"Open it," he commanded. "And watch your step."

"If he don't," piped up the higher voice of the kid in boyish braggadocio, "remember it's my turn to bump this one off."

With trembling hands White Coat poked at the keys of the cash register and the drawer sprang open with a sharp ding!

"Scoop it out, Billy," said the older youth, half turning towards the kid. "I'll keep this—covered."

Young Billy reached greedy hands for bills and a fistful of silver. Swiftly he glanced over the booty, and scowled.

"A lousy twelve bucks!" he said, sneering. "Better let him have it, Wally." The victim turned glassy-eyed with terror, but the older Wally merely said:

"Come on, kid," and the two of them—still with



Patrolman James Stuchlik (from left) whose car was hijacked; Policeman John A. Field, who made the sensational capture; and Patrolman F. M. Cooney, who brought home the bandit bus



# -And They Stole a Squad Car

(Continued from Page 11)

youths and a girl... Be careful... They are armed... These are the Baby Bandits named in the last police bulletin... Calling all Cars...

Stuchlik turned to Cooney. "See?" he said. "What did I tell you?" Cooney didn't answer. He was busy watching the cars that passed, for a Kansas license.

Later on that afternoon they found one on a small sedan. The sedan passed them. Two youths and a dark girl sat in the front seat.

"Let's go," said Stuchlik, swinging the radio patrol car around in the middle of the block and stepping on the gas.

The light, speedy police car swooped level with the sedan—nosed a little ahead. Then while Cooney held a gun on the trio in the front seat, Stuchlik crowded the other car to the curb.

Guns in their hands, both policemen leaped to the road.

## Cowed Babies

"Come out!" rapped Cooney. "With your hands up!" Stuchlik added. Billy, Rose and Wally climbed out of the sedan, meek as lambs. While a few

pedestrians gaped and began to approach cautiously, the three lined up, hands above their heads.

"Baby Bandits, eh?" said Stuchlik, as they took a .32 revolver from each of the youths. "Well, you're behaving swell so far. Keep it up, babies. Keep it up, or papa spank. Get in the police car. You two guys in the front seat where I can watch you. Girlie, you sit in the back."

Cooney said: "I'll drive their car in." "Oke," said Stuchlik, laying his gun on the seat beside him, where he could snatch it in a hurry. And the drive to headquarters began.

The Baby Bandits didn't sing or laugh now. They were very quiet. Young Billy looked frightened. But Rose, in the back seat, was tense and watchful. Every once in awhile Officer Stuchlik would take a look at her in the car's mirror. She seemed utterly subdued.

"Have you got a match, Wally?" was all she said during the entire ride.

"Sure," said the older youth, when this occurred. He reached into his pocket. The policeman gave him a sharp look, but said nothing. After all, he had just searched the boys and disarmed them.

Wally reached down behind the front seat, and the dark girl leaned forward and

took the matches. She lighted a cigarette.

"Thanks," she said. In a few minutes, the swift patrol car drew up before police headquarters.

"Get out!" said Stuchlik.

The Baby Bandits had behaved like naughty little children who have been scolded. Now the jail's mouth yawned for them. Captives in a police car, the two youths' guns in Stuchlik's pockets, they now were commanded, by the armed cop, to leave the police car and walk into that building full of armed men who, at a whistle from Stuchlik, would pour out with weapons in their hands.

Never did criminals seem more utterly cowed—more completely captured. Then—"Get out yourself," snapped Wally, the older youth. And into Stuchlik's ribs he jammed a big .45 calibre pistol.

The policeman's mouth flew open in paralyzing amazement. Where had the youth kept this gun? At the expression on Stuchlik's face, Wally laughed.

"What a frisker you turned out to be!" he jeered. "You got my other gun, yes. But this rod was in my sock. Get out!"

Reluctantly the policeman obeyed. "In a couple of minutes," roared Wally,

(Continued on Next Page)



I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C...

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

## Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way

—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 100,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes.

And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
Organ Ukulele  
Tenor Banjo  
Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
or any other instrument

**EASY AS A-B-C**  
The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove it yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—enjoy good times—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 4331 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

### U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

4331 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Instrument ..... Have you Instrument? .....

## PAY LESS

LIFE INSURANCE PREMIUMS IF YOU ARE A "PREFERRED RISK"

Your loved ones are entitled to the maximum protection for every dollar you invest in life insurance. And now, if you are a preferred risk... if you are in sound health and a safe occupation you may obtain standard "Old-Line" LEGAL RESERVE life insurance at exceptionally low no-agent rates—substantially lower than "Ordinary Whole Life".

### Exclusive Postal Features

The policy pays two dividends (one of which is guaranteed), and may be matured as an Endowment (or paid up) at a guaranteed date. It carries standard policy provisions—cash loan values, paid-up and extended insurance privileges. Available only in amounts of \$5000 or more.

The Postal Life Insurance Company has been known for 29 years for its unique position.

We have no agents. Our policyholders have investigated—and compared—and made their own decisions within the privacy of their homes. Company operates under supervision of State of New York Insurance Department. More than \$40,000,000 paid to policyholders and beneficiaries.

### SEND THE COUPON

today for a booklet which gives

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 511 Fifth Ave. Dept. A New York, N. Y.

Please mail me your booklet describing your Special Full Life policy which costs less than "Ordinary Whole Life" policies—and pays two dividends and guarantees an Endowment date.

EXACT DATE & YEAR BORN .....  
OCCUPATION .....  
NAME .....  
FULL ADDRESS .....

full particulars. See for yourself WHY the rates are so low... investigate in your own way... then decide without a salesman.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Postal Life Building Fifth Avenue, New York

**TELL US YOUR SECRET—HOW DID YOU GAIN WEIGHT SO FAST?**

**NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS**

**—in a few weeks!**

**STOP** being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

**Concentrated 7 times**

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

**Results guaranteed**

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

**Special FREE offer!**

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 791, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by Professional Models





## This Week the "GEORGIA" Spoon MAIL THE COUPON!

**ATTENTION Radio Guide Readers!** Another gorgeous spoon—the "Georgia"—is offered this week to add to your collection of State Seal Souvenir Spoons. Get it at once by clipping the coupon below and mailing it as directed.

Through this sensational offer, Radio Guide makes it possible for you to get a complete set of magnificent, full-size teaspoons of extra-heavy, durable, quality silverware, at an unheard of low price—only 15c with the coupon in Radio Guide! A new spoon is offered each week. Each spoon is stunningly ensigned with the Official Seal of a State. To date twelve spoons have been issued, including—Illinois, New York, California, New Jersey, Michigan, Texas, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Massachusetts and Georgia. If you already have the first eleven spoons, you'll certainly want to add the "Georgia" to round out the first full

dozen spoons of your collection. If not, send for the first 12 spoons today.

These spoons are Original Rogers Silverware made by the International Silver Company of Meriden, Connecticut, oldest and largest makers of silverware in the world. They are AA quality—66 pennyweights of PURE SILVER to the gross. Regular teaspoon size with plain bowls, easy to clean. Collect the entire set and have a lifetime set of silverware—patriotic as well as useful.

If you have not already started your collection of these handsome State Seal Teaspoons, do so at once! The supply is limited! Clip the coupon below, indicate which spoons you want and mail it with 15 cents—plus 3 cents for postage and packing—for each spoon desired. Spoons will be sent by mail—prepaid. Then get the coupon in next week's Radio Guide for the next spoon.

### COUPON

**RADIO GUIDE, SOUVENIR SPOON BUREAU  
731 PLYMOUTH COURT, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Please mail me \_\_\_\_\_ Original Rogers AA Quality State Seal Spoons as checked below. I am enclosing 15 cents for each spoon plus 3 cents each for postage and packing.

Total amount \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY and STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Check Spoons ☐ ILL. ☐ CAL. ☐ MICH. ☐ D. C. ☐ WIS. ☐ MASS.  
Wanted ☐ N. Y. ☐ N. J. ☐ TEX. ☐ PA. ☐ NEB. ☐ GA.

# They Stole a Squad Car

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"we'll ditch this thing and pick up another heap."

And presently the voice of authority spoke directly to those three outlaws. The girl gave a little gasp as the police broadcaster's tones sounded in the loudspeaker, right in the car:

"Calling all cars... Calling all cars... Squad car number 7 has been stolen... Number 7 has been stolen by the Baby Bandits... All cars and motorcycles be on the lookout for squad car number 7..."

And then the inexorable voice went on commanding and directing in detail a complete block-off of the city of Denver—a blockade of highways leading out of town—an immediate special patrol of main streets—a call to all policemen off duty to report immediately.

"Wow!" exclaimed Wally. "We better ditch this car—fast!"

He swung to the curb. Across the street—a business street—three persons were just getting into an automobile.

"Come on!" shouted Wally. "We'll take that car!"

Rose and Billy tumbled out after their leader. The trio were well armed now. In the squad car they had found pistols and a riot gun. The three ran across the street, guns in hand.

"Get out!" Wally snarled at the young man and two women in the car.

Amazed, frightened, they climbed out. "Snap into it!" Wally rapped at Billy and Rose. "We've gotta get out of here—fast!"

And that was the very moment Officer Field arrived on his roaring motorcycle.

Field jumped clear of his mechanical steed. The two youths stood there with pistols in their hands, but Field had his gun out, too. He came at them crouching, with slitted eyes and a steady gun-hand.

"Drop 'em!" he snapped, finger tense on trigger.

Upon the faces of the two kids was a funny, stupid look of uncertainty. Would-be gunmen who never had fired a gun—as developed later—they found themselves up against the real thing now.

At that moment two newspaper reporters and a photographer came out of a nearby establishment with swinging doors: John C. Feeney and Charles T. O'Brien—and cameraman Floyd H. McCall, all of the Denver Post!

## Action—Camera!

"Shoot! Shoot!" Feeney shouted. His cry was directed towards the cameraman, and he meant "shoot the picture."

But the young bandits, unfamiliar with newspaper slang, thought he meant to shoot them!

"Don't shoot, mister!" little Billy quavered. "Can't you see the cop's got the drop?"

At the same instant, Reporter Feeney grabbed young Billy, while Charles O'Brien caught Rose by the arms.

"Now!" said Field grimly, shaking the groggy Wally awake. "You three mugs stand up here." He searched them, but found no further weapons. While he did so, one of the reporters put in a call to headquarters. Soon police cars came and completed the capture of the Baby Bandits. And this time they made it stick.

Swiftly, police identified the trio—and checked up on their backgrounds. All three had come from Pittsburg, Kansas. Wally—Wallace Ledford—appeared to be less than his 21 years. But Billy—William Talbot, the son of a theater-owner—was only 15! Rose—Mrs. Rose Renn, estranged from her husband—was 17. Billy and Wally had police records. Young Billy had served 9 months in the reformatory for auto theft and parcel stealing. Wallace Ledford had done 17 months in the reformatory for theft.

Little Mrs. Renn tried to blame her plight on the two boys. She had been working in a soft-drink parlor when she met them.

"I told them that I wanted to go to Phoenix, Arizona, to live with my relations there," she sobbed, adding that her husband had left her a few months after

she married him at the age of 16. "The boys told me they'd take me in their car."

"I didn't realize that they were criminals," the weeping girl continued. "But when we had got far away from Pittsburg, they showed me their guns. They said they were stickup men, and that I had to be their moll. I didn't want to end up like Bonnie Parker down in Texas, all full of bullets, but what could I do? They wouldn't let me go! They said I had to string along with them—or else!"

It was a good story—but neither the witnesses in the holdups nor young Billy Talbot would stick to it. Victims of the Baby Bandits testified that Rose had had plenty of chance to escape, but had sat in the car holding a pistol.

"Aw, she was in it just as much as I was," was the boyish exclamation of young Talbot. "Why, say—where do you suppose Wally Ledford got that gat from—the one he stuck up the cop with, when we beat it with the squad car? You don't fall for his crack about pulling it out of his sock, do you? Rose had it. It was the gun she kept when we went in an' held a place up. She had it stuck inside her clothes. The cops never thought of searching a woman the way they'd have to search her to find it. She gave it to Wally when she asked him for a match, that time Wally and I were in the front seat with the copper, and she was alone in the back."

As for Wallace Ledford, he was utterly despondent about their arrest. He talked of suicide—and police promptly took away his belt, necktie, shirt and shoestrings to forestall any possible attempt on the part of the young man to hang himself.

"I wish I'd shot that cop," Wally said. "I wish I'd taken a chance on getting killed rather than go back to jail."

Many towns and villages where holdups had taken place, wanted to try the Baby Bandits—but Liberal, Kansas, got them. It was there they had staged their most daring raids and obtained their greatest haul—\$500 from a chain grocery store, while 20 persons were frightened into submission by the guns of the two youths.

All three pleaded not guilty, but they didn't have a chance; enough evidence was presented to convict them a dozen times over. The Baby Bandits were sentenced to reform-school terms. They'll be grown up when they get out—and Ledford blames it all on radio.

"If only I hadn't let that police radio alarm frighten us out of the squad car at that minute—if only I'd kept on for two or three minutes more—we could have got away before the motorcycle cop caught up with us," he moans.

In Next Week's Issue of

RADIO GUIDE:

## Firebugs on the Radio Spot

Hidden in a column of figures was the clew to a gigantic arson ring. Why was Chicago getting more than its share of small fires? That question was absolutely all the police had to go on, in tracking down one of the cleverest Master Minds in all criminal history—a man whose schemes caused millions of dollars worth of property to be burned! Yet never was there any trace of the causes of the fires! What a baffling problem for detectives! Then radio stepped in. Next week's RADIO GUIDE will tell the real inside story of this amazing feat of detective skill.

## MIKeroscope

Adele Ronson, MIKeroscope subject No. 37, will appear in RADIO GUIDE issue Week Ending January 19. Watch for it!