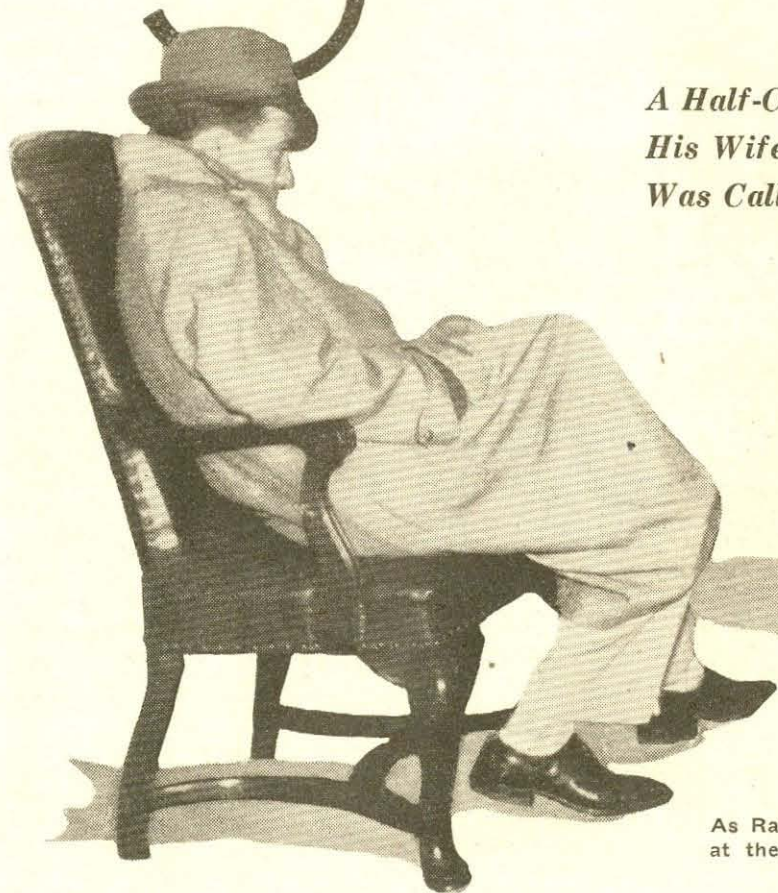


SACRIFICE

A Half-Crazed Man Sought to Kill His Wife. Then the Radio Patrol Was Called. One Died So That—



As Radio Patrolman Pritchett fell, he jerked his own gun free, slowly aimed at the murderer hunched in the chair. It was a terrible and tragic sight

THIS is the sort of story that ought to have a happy ending. But Truth, being a lady, can be very perverse. The scene is Hollywood. The time, Monday, February 17, 1936. The place, the offices of an investment corporation, on Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Into this office a young man steps quietly. He is tall, slim, well dressed. But there is a mad and somber look in his brooding eyes. He is wearing a low-pulled slouch hat. The collar of his expensive overcoat is turned up. He keeps his hands jammed tight in his coat pockets.

He looks a little like John Wilkes Booth, the man who shot Abraham Lincoln.

The switchboard operator, Dorothy Hammarstrom, looks up at this apparition of woe. But she doesn't start. For Dorothy's employers are investment counselors for movie stars, and she is used to faces full of anxiety.

"Please tell Mrs. Weil that her husband is here to see her," says the young man quietly. In a moment, a bell rings in an inner office, behind frosted-glass panels.

"Mrs. Weil? Oh, Doris, your husband is here . . ." says Dorothy.

Doris Mae Weil slowly put down the telephone. Stark fear made her eyes glassy. They were beautiful eyes, set far apart in a dark and lovely face. Doris Mae began to pace the carpeted floor of the office, tugging nervously at a tiny lace handkerchief. Her trim figure moved jerkily.

Doris had far more than the share of beauty which an office-worker needs. But Hollywood is full of lovely girls

who come there, movie-struck, and remain to work in all sorts of jobs.

Perhaps Doris Mae Weil was one of these.

Suddenly she paused in her pacing. She picked up the telephone again. Her hand shook.

"Tell him to wait," she said, then hung up again.

With more determination in her stride, Doris Mae quietly walked to a door on which were neatly lettered the words: "MR. COLE."

Her employer, a suave and handsome gentleman, looked up as she entered.

"Mr. Cole," said Doris Mae, as she still twisted that little bit of lace handkerchief. "I'm sorry to bother you with my personal troubles but—"

"Go ahead, Mrs. Weil," Cole invited with courteous interest. "No trouble at all."

"—but my ex-husband is waiting outside to kill me—"

"What?" Cole exclaimed, sitting straight up in his chair.

"—Please help me!" she pleaded.

"You see, we were divorced six months ago. He's a studio-set director. I had to leave him because of his insane jealousy. The man is mad! Why, he—"

"THERE, there!" soothed Cole, picking up the telephone. "Give me police headquarters, please—and don't let anyone in the office know about it," he told the switchboard girl. "I'm sorry about your troubles," he said to Doris Mae, "but don't you worry."

And so, within a few seconds, this call was blanketing Hollywood, over the police radio:

"Calling Car 42 . . . Car 42 . . . Man

causing a disturbance in Room 519 at 6253 Hollywood Boulevard . . . Car 42 . . . Investigate . . ."

And Radio Patrolman Clyde Pritchett and N. A. Pounds, cruising in Car 42, began to speed towards the office in which love, jealousy and frustration were setting the stage for drama.

Meanwhile, the young man who looked a little like John Wilkes Booth had fastened upon the frightened switchboard girl a glance that burned with impatience.

WHAT'S the matter?" he finally asked harshly. "Didn't you tell her I'm waiting here? You tell her she might just as well come out and see me because I want to see her! And I'm going to see her if I have to force my way into that office!" By now Dorothy Hammarstrom, at the board, was almost as frightened as Doris Mae. Weil's voice rose again.

"And don't try to get any policemen to stop me!" he shouted, "because I'll kill them if they try!"

At that moment, the inner door opened and Weil half rose. But it was Cole, not Mrs. Weil who came out. Giving the mad young man only a casual glance which betrayed no interest, the manager calmly walked past him and out of the front door.

But, once in the hall, he sprinted to the elevator. A few swift words to the excited operator and the car shot to the ground floor.

At the entrance to the building, Cole met Policeman Earl Reed, famous in filmdom as the traffic officer at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. And at the same time, he

heard the siren of approaching Radio Car 42, containing Pritchett and Pounds.

"Earl, there's a man upstairs annoying one of my employees," Cole told Patrolman Reed. "And I guess—yes, here are the officers I called on the phone."

The radio car drew up to the curb. And in a moment Pritchett, Pounds, Cole and Reed all were whisked back to the fifth floor.

"We must hurry!" Cole said breathlessly. "When I left the office, he was threatening to go in after Mrs. Weil. And he said he'd shoot any policeman who interfered!"

The officers dashed down the hall from the elevator, guns drawn. Had Weil made good his threat to go in after his wife?

No. They found him sitting and glowering in the same place, hands thrust deep into his coat pockets.

"Your name Weil?" Cole asked.

"No!" he grunted.

"All right!" Cole turned to the policemen. "You fellows watch him and I'll get Mrs. Weil to identify him."

He started for her office.

A SHOT rang out dully. Cole wheeled. Blood was spurt- ing from Patrolman Reed's right shoulder. A second shot smashed through Reed's left hand. There was a smell of burning cloth.

Crazy Weil was shooting through his coat pocket!

Reed, both arms useless, wisely leaped out of the line of fire. This enabled his two fellow policemen to get into action, and a gun-battle was

(Continued on Page 14)

Get the LATEST NEWS AND REVIEWS FIRST IN Screen Guide

IN SEPTEMBER
ISSUE READ:

WHAT BOB TAYLOR WANTS FROM MARRIAGE—The new idol of the screen opens his heart on this taboo subject. Thrilling!

HEARTBREAK IN JOEL McCREA'S LIFE—An amazing, moving story, never before told.

LORETTA YOUNG'S MOTHER TALKS—and speaks out frankly on girls' vital problems.

COULD YOU BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN IN HOLLYWOOD? An unusual feature by America's star novelist—Faith Baldwin.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES AT THIRTY—The lowdown on the recent nuptials of Myrna Loy.

GIANT-GRAVURE portrait of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. You'll want to frame this!

THE BIGGER,
BETTER
MOVIE
MONTHLY

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

10c

CALLING ALL CARS: SACRIFICE

(Continued from Page 11)

on. The office rang with shots and the hysterical screams of the switchboard girl and a waiting female client.

Radio Patrolman Pritchett, surprised by the suddenness of this attack, had his gun halfway out of his holster when he jerked to the left just as if he had been punched. And blood began to stain his coat.

Pritchett fell, but—as he fell—he jerked his own gun free. It was a terrible and tragic sight to see the fierce, dogged determination on that policeman's face as he slowly raised his pistol. From his deliberate movements, from the sweat that stood on his brow, it seemed the gun must be made of lead. But up—up it came, and trained on Weil.

And, at the same time, Weil, with a strange, mad calmness, leveled his gun again at the policeman. For an instant each was covering the other.

But now it was Pritchett's gun that spoke first. And Weil winced with pain as his pistol arm went limp. Again came the policeman's fire. And by now Pounds was firing, too.

Weil's gun clattered to the floor. Slowly, like a sack of meal tumbling off a shelf, his limp body began to lean forward. Gathering momentum, it fell on the floor beside Pritchett.

"I got him," gasped Pritchett. "But he got me, too!"

Pounds snatched up Weil's gun. Then he leaned over his buddy, and shouted to Cole to phone for an ambulance.

The ambulance came. But too late. Pritchett was dead. He had died keeping the faith of the radio patrol, had died protecting a lovely young girl from certain death.

Reed and the gravely-wounded killer, Weil, were rushed to the hospital.

"If she wouldn't come back to me, I was going to kill her and then commit suicide," Weil moaned as death hovered over him.

But the radio police had frustrated his mad plan—sacrificing one of their own to save an innocent girl.

THE COVER PORTRAIT

WANTED—one prima donna! An odd sort of advertisement to start a body on the way to fame, but when chorus girl Margaret Speaks read it, she tucked her newspaper under her arm and grabbed off the job.

Now there are plenty of radio agents and sponsors who would gladly hang out a sign reading: "Wanted, more prima donnas like Margaret Speaks." And that's why **RADIO GUIDE** presents the lovely star of the Firestone Summer series on the cover of this week's issue.

Born in a small town near Columbus, Ohio, into a family so steeped in music that it almost hurt, Margaret Speaks began to sing the songs of her famous uncle before most children learn to talk. "Sylvia," "The Road to Mandalay," "Morning," and "Hymn of Thanksgiving" are a few of the well-known works of Oley Speaks that Margaret used to warble in her childhood.

Like most Ohioans with academic ambitions, Margaret matriculated at Ohio State University, and was busy in a hundred ways. Her professional singing career began immediately after leaving school, when she returned to her home town and sang her uncle's songs at the local movie houses. From there it was not a long trip to New York and the chorus of a Shubert musical comedy. It was then that she saw the "Wanted" squib in the personal columns of a metropolitan paper.

In her moments away from the microphone, Margaret Speaks answers to the name of Mrs. Leslie S. Pearl, and lives in one of New York's fashionable Westchester County suburbs.

ON SHORT WAVES

By Charles A. Morrison

President, International DX-er's Alliance

Figures in Parentheses Denote Megacycles, or Thousands of Kilocycles

THE world's outstanding sports event, the Olympic games, staged every four years, will take place this Summer in Berlin, Germany, from August 1 to August 15, inclusive.

The largest outdoor stadium ever constructed is in readiness for the games and the German authorities have spared no pains in planning to make this the greatest Olympic show ever staged.

Almost constant short-wave transmissions will relay eye-witness accounts of the games to over thirty countries and in almost as many different languages. At the main arena there will be twenty announcers' cabins, and in addition five to ten microphones in the enclosed lobby commanding a view of the 100-meter winning-post.

Swimming, hockey, basketball, football, handball, cycling, rowing, boxing, flying and yacht racing will all be described in short-wave broadcasts in addition to the regular field events.

American radio networks will carry rebroadcasts of short-wave pickups of the most important events, as well as daily summaries of the games. NBC commentator William Slater will present a daily resume direct from Berlin, starting July 29, for the red network at 5 p.m. EST (4 CST), and for the blue network at 6:15 p.m. EST (5:15 CST). On July 28, at 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST), the NBC red network will carry a short-wave pickup from Berlin, describing the American athletes taking possession of their quarters in Olympia Village. On July 30, at 5:15 p.m. EST (4:15 CST) the NBC red network will carry an international short-wave relay from Prague, Czechoslovakia, describing the marathon race as the runners pass through that city.

Leading events of the games will also be transmitted over the Davenport, England, short-wave stations. On Friday, July 31, at 7:05 p.m. EST (6:05 CST), Davenport stations GSC (9.58), GSF (15.14) and GSP (15.31) will transmit a broadcast describing the scene of the Olympic grounds on the eve before the start of activities. On Saturday, August 1, the opening ceremony of the Olympic games will be broadcast by stations GSF (15.14), GSG (17.79) and GSH (21.47).

Best transmissions of the games direct from Berlin will probably reach short-wave listeners over Zeesen, Germany, stations DJD (11.77) and DJB (15.2).

A NEW Cuban short-wave station, **COCQ**, located in Havana and relaying broadcast station **CMQ**, is being heard with very strong signals on a frequency of about 9.75 megacycles. The station makes use of frequent identifying signals, such as train whistles, train bells and sirens. Carl E. Whitehouse of Normal, Illinois, was the first to call this new station to my attention.

WOEH, the portable short-wave transmitter of NBC, which was first used in the gondola of the stratosphere balloon, has now been installed aboard Douglas airplane **NC-223-Y**, which will be piloted by Howard Hughes in a flight from Los Angeles to Nome, Alaska, then to Siberia and return to California via Nome. An NBC announcer accompanying Mr. Hughes will describe for the NBC network a word-scene of the thrilling trip. Frequencies to be used by **WOEH** will be 1606, 2020, 2102, 2760, 4797.5, 6.425, 8.655 and 12.862 megacycles.

A COMMUNICATION just received gives the latest schedule of the Rome, Italy, short-wave station as follows: **2RO4** (11.81), 6:43 a.m. EST (5:43 CST) to Mediterranean coun-

tries; 9 a.m. EST (8 CST) to Near and Far East; 11:30 a.m. EST (10:30 CST) to Italian East Africa; daily except Sunday and Friday, 12:40 p.m. EST (11:40 a.m. CST) to Arabian countries; Monday, 5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST) to Argentine; daily except Sunday, English news, 6 p.m. EST (5 CST); Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6:20 p.m. EST (5:20 CST) to North America. **2RO3** (9.635) Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6:20 p.m. EST (5:20 CST) to Latin America.

According to Frank Andrews of Los Angeles, California, the latest date for the completion of **VK6ME**, Perth, West Australia, has been set for September 1; however, the station may conduct preliminary tests prior to this date on its authorized frequency of 9.58 megacycles.

The frequency of short-wave station **ZEC**, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, is still announced as 6 megacycles, but recently it has been transmitting on a frequency of 5.8 megacycles, according to word received from G. P. Burdett of Monze, Northern Rhodesia.

GEORGE DIAMOND of Jamaica, Long Island, writes that **GBTT**, the S. S. *Queen Mary*, can often be heard testing with **WOO**, Ocean Gate, New Jersey, on 8.2, 8.77, 8.8, 12.78, 13.3, 17.6 or 17.74 megacycles. The *Queen Mary* can utilize simultaneously one or more of these frequencies for broadcasting. Mr. Diamond believes that the failure of some of our readers to hear certain short-wave stations is because the antenna in use is set at an angle against the incoming signals. He eliminated his own trouble in this respect by trying antennas set at various angles until the best angle of reception was found.

The petition of the Advertiser Publishing Company, Ltd., of Honolulu, Hawaii, to the Federal Communications Commission for a permit to erect a short-wave relay station again has been denied.

RADIO GUIDE Reception Post observer Joseph Miller of Brooklyn suggests listening for Australian amateur phone stations on the 20-meter band. The best heard at present are **VK2UC** (14.14), **VK4JX** (14.29), **VK3EG** (14.33), **VK3KX** (14.38 and 14.045) and **VK5JC** (14.14). Listen for European amateur phone stations. They are best near dusk. The outstanding European amateur phones heard at present are **CT1BY** (14.26), **PAORP** (14.065), **F8MG** (14.025), **F8DW** (14) and Spanish stations **EA2BT** (14.015 and 14.1), **EA4BM** (14.14), **EA3DQ** (14.03) and **EA7AI** (14.3). South American phone stations often come in well during hot spells. You will probably hear Argentine stations **LU8AB** (14.14), **LU6AP** (14.38), **LU4BH** (14.43), Brazilian stations **PY2CK** (14.045), **PY1DK** (14.05) and **PY2ET** (14.08), Venezuelan stations **YV5AA** (14.14) and **YV5AM** (14.08), as well as **CE1BC** (14.02) of Chile and **CX1AA** (14.26) of Uruguay. The amateur thrill bands are alive with numerous foreign signals such as the above.

In a letter to Russell Ballard of Brooklyn, New York, S. Mobach, Superintendent of Government radio service, states that **PZH**, located at Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, is a 25-watt phone transmitter owned by the city, which transmits every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on the 7 megacycle amateur band, pending permission to shift to one of the short-wave broadcast bands.

For short-wave programs for the week see pages 29 to 41 inclusive.