

"How about one more encore first?"  
Silence.

"Can you hear me?" Brad persisted.  
"I said, how about one more encore first?"

The leader of the orchestra spoke suavely: "Sure, I can hear you, buddy. Everybody else can, too. We all appreciate the compliment, but I'm afraid I'll have to be hard-boiled and tell you no can do. You see, we're on the air and we run by the clock." And then the leader lowered his voice. "Mac," he whispered, "go out in the back room and see what bright college boy is fooling with our extra mike."

That was all Brad needed. He had done it. He had talked back to a station more than three thousand miles away and he had put himself on their own air. He had accomplished what, up to now, no other man had been able to accomplish; hopefully what no other man had as yet even thought of accomplishing. He had made radio two way.

Laughing giddily with excitement, he stepped to his work bench, pulled out a sheet of drafting paper and began to draw. In the morning he would get

# WAY

this into the hands of Mr. Clarkson, the patent lawyer, and have him shoot it to Washington by air mail for a search.

Mr. Clarkson listened to Brad with care, examined his drawings with a sage eye. Then: "Mmm! Looks interesting. We'll start the search right now, and that gives you legal priority—unless, of course, somebody has beaten you to it. I'd like to see it work."

At five o'clock that afternoon, therefore, Mr. Clarkson's faded sedan turned into the driveway that led to Brad's workshop. Brad hooked up his machine and dialed at random. He got a mid-western station where a shrill soprano was singing "Trees." She reached her final up-and-down swoop. She keened it. She informed her listening world that only Gahd could-uh make-uh uh tree-e-ee.

Mr. Clarkson beamed at Brad. "Now may I say something?" he whispered urgently.

"Anything you like. Speak straight into the microphone."

The lawyer caught the instrument to him. He said one harsh word: "Rotten!"  
Brad heard the singer catch her

## TOWN COVER:

# MEMORIAL TOWER

## Mount Greylock

### NEAR DALTON, MASS.

Visible in five states, the lights of the beacon on Memorial Tower, at the top of Mount Greylock, can be seen on clear nights for a distance of seventy miles. Mount Greylock, near Dalton and Adams, is the highest point in Massachusetts, 3505 feet above sea level.

Memorial Tower is constructed of Quincy granite, is 100 feet high, and was dedicated in 1933. An astronomical time clock switch automatically turns on the lights just before sunset each day and turns them off at sunrise.

Thunderbolt Ski Trail, widely known for the official ski races of the Massachusetts State and New England ski club associations staged here, begins at Memorial Tower.

In the summer Mount Greylock is a mecca for thousands of tourists. Excellent foot trails for hiking and three fine highways go to the summit.

Mount Greylock is at the Massachusetts end of the Appalachian and the new Skyline Trails. Both continue on to Blackington, a half mile away, to join the Long Trail through Vermont.

breath. Then: "Who said that?" she demanded stridently. "If it's one of you cheap mutts in the control room I'll have your scalp."

Instantly Brad switched off his gadget. As soon as Brad got rid of Mr. Clarkson he telephoned to Sue. He hadn't called her for the past ten days.

SUE RECOGNIZED his voice at once. She asked him where he had been.

"Been? I've been working. Something swell. Tell you all about it. Million bucks. Me and Henry Ford. Me and a whole lot of people. How about this evening?"

"Er—why, sure," said Sue. Then she added hastily, "Of course."

"Mad at me or something?" Brad inquired.

"Do—do I sound mad?"

"Not exactly," said Brad. "You just sounded as if you couldn't make up your mind."

Sue laughed at him. "My mind's always made up."  
Brad cleaned himself up with more

than usual care and walked two miles to Sue's. Not till he saw a strange yellow roadster parked in front of her house did it occur to him that he would not have the evening alone with her.

He guessed at once whose roadster it was. His guess was confirmed by the person of Mr. Winthrop Throp, who was sitting beside Sue in the hammock.

Brad went into action. He said to Mr. Throp: "I've been working on something that ought to interest you a lot. Interest anybody who's in the radio game, I should think." He turned to Sue. "I can talk about it now because I have the patent machinery under way."

So Brad told them about his invention. At the end he paused, looked expectant. "Not a bad little idea, huh?"

"Frankly," said Mr. Throp, "I think it's unbelievably atrocious. Why, the whole idea of radio—"

"Sure," Brad said easily, "the whole idea of radio is one way. People can't talk back, so radio goes on and on. If you ask me, the main thing wrong with

radio is that nobody has ever sassed it back."

Mr. Throp glared at Brad. "Young man, if you ever attempt to turn your little machine on me, I assure you here and now that I shall take steps."

Sue said hastily: "Of course Brad won't use his machine on you." She jumped to her feet. "For goodness' sake, let's go out riding!"

Mr. Throp smiled a sickly smile at Brad. "Sorry we can't take you with us, old man."

"But Brad's coming," said Sue, looking bleak.

Brad said: "Wait a minute. Did you have a date with Throp, Sue, when I called up?"

"We—well, yes. Yes, I did."

"That's simple, then. Keep it. Only—why did you tell me to come over?"

"Because—because I wanted you two to get to know each other. I mean I wanted you to like each other."

Mr. Winthrop Throp bowed formally. "It may interest you to know, Mr. Rogers, that I have done myself the honor of asking Miss Brown to be my wife."

Brad forced his features into the semblance of a smile. "Congratulations," he said. "That makes you a member of our club. When you've asked her a couple of half-dozen times, as I have, you get a leather medal. What did Sue say?"

"Sue," said Sue, "said she didn't know." She smiled at Brad.

"Unless my memory fails me," Brad murmured, "that's a long way from being yes."

Sue said quietly: "Maybe not such a long way this time, Brad. That's why I wanted you to like him."

Brad walked home. It was still two miles. It seemed like two hundred.

IT WAS ANOTHER ten days before Mr. Clarkson, the patent lawyer, called Brad on the telephone. It was the best possible news. The search had shown that the field was clear. The application for the patent was even now being prepared and filed.

"What's my next move?" asked Brad. "Get yourself on the air," said Mr. Clarkson. "Be a nuisance. Get yourself arrested. Matter of fact, I don't see how the federal people can touch you, because you won't be broadcasting. What we want is publicity and lots of it. I'm getting a better idea. I want to be there myself. Two of us can do it better. Wait for me."

"Let's go big time and interrupt one of the New York stations," proposed Mr. Clarkson. They interrupted three New York stations in quick succession. Each time Brad gave his name.

"Now let's try WPMY. We might get this Throp bird—"

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# TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST

CREDIT yourself 1 point for each question answered correctly. 12 is considered average, 14 good, and 15 or more excellent. Answers will be found on page 10.

1—If you were introduced to Harry von Zell, which of the following remarks would be appropriate?  
"I have heard you often on the radio."

"We have copies of several of your paintings at home."

"I am in sympathy with your liberal political views."

2—Chenille may be recognized by its . . .  
sweet taste      long hairs  
ridges              red colors

3—A spectroscope is used . . .  
By astronomers to determine the composition of stars.  
By doctors to listen to sounds in the chest and abdomen.  
By machinists to measure very fine dimensions.

4—The capital city of the Republic of Chile is . . .  
Sucre              Valparaiso  
Bogota             Santiago

5—The Latin quarter of London is called . . .  
Montmartre      Piccadilly  
Limehouse        Soho

6—Below are alphabet scrambles that can be made to spell the names of four big cities in the United States:  
LUFABOF          ROTIDET  
SONTOB            DANROPTL

7—Here are some words just as they are written by many people troubled with spelling. Which are incorrectly spelled?  
miscellaneous  
judgement  
rhetoric  
privelege

8—If an after-dinner speaker was introduced as a famed raconteur, you would know that he was . . .  
An expert racoon hunter.  
A person who relates anecdotes well.  
An expert tennis player

9—In operatic circles an impresario is . . .  
A distinguished male singer.  
Manager of an opera company.  
Conductor of the orchestra which plays in accompaniment.

10—Recent troubles in Europe have brought the word "pogrom" in the papers. It means . . .  
An arranged plan or course of proceedings.  
An organized massacre of a group or class.  
Bloodless invasion of a country by its enemy.

11—Fill in the blank spaces to complete the following proverbs:  
Haste makes \_\_\_\_\_  
Look before you \_\_\_\_\_  
He who hesitates is \_\_\_\_\_

12 Here is a famous quotation from David Everett. Can you supply the missing words?  
"Large streams from little fountains \_\_\_\_\_,  
Tall \_\_\_\_\_ from little \_\_\_\_\_ grow."

13—And speaking about quotations, who was it that wrote "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."  
Shakespeare      Wordsworth  
Tennyson           Lowell

14—Do you know how many degrees there are in a circle?  
90    180    360    500

15—Which of the following quotations are from the Bible?  
"Whither thou goest, I will go."  
"My punishment is greater than I can bear."  
"I have been a stranger in a strange land."

16—Texas is the largest state in the Union; the second largest is . . .  
California          Montana  
Oregon                Wyoming

17—The military leader of ancient times who crossed the Alps with the aid of elephants was . . .  
Caesar                Attila  
Mare Antony        Hannibal

18—The word "miscible" means . . .  
misty                opaque  
mixable              congenial

19—A person who has an insane desire to set fire to something is called a . . .  
kleptomaniac      pyromaniac  
monomaniac        arsomaniac

20—The largest city in the world in point of population is . . .  
Caire                Shanghai  
New York           London