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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH



"From what mysterious realm she had drawn the notes of her song, we never knew."

Song of Death

By A. W. CALDER

Over the ether waves rode an alluring and sensuous song that carried death to those who listened to it—a unique weird-scientific story of radio broadcasting

CHARLIE CORLISS was one of the least psychic or superstitious persons I have ever known, but it was on his program that the terrible thing started and spread across the continent like a plague. Perhaps he could have stopped it if he had acted early enough, but it wasn't until the second death that we realized the horrible strength of the menace.

Everybody who listened to radio knew Charlie. He was a trumpeter and he conducted his own orchestra on one of the most popular twice-weekly programs. The real reason why Charlie's trumpet calls on the radio were hushed so suddenly has never been told.

"If you want to hear something magnificent, get into the control room in C studio tonight," he told me on the day

that marked the beginning of the horror.

I remember how enthusiastic he looked that morning as he came down from rehearsal, his crisp hair more curly than ever and his eyes gleaming.

"What's all the excitement about?" I asked him.

"I have a new number that will lift you out of your seat." Then his eyes clouded slightly. "Don't understand her myself, as a matter of fact. Her name is Alwa and she brought a new song for audition that we're letting her sing over the wire tonight. Queer thing about it, I can't seem to remember the words, but the tune buzzes in my head like a mosquito. Don't miss the program!"

Charlie was often enthusiastic, but his bewilderment was something strange. When I found I would have to be around the station that evening, I decided I would look over his "find".

Involved in routing several programs and checking on some new transmitting-equipment, I almost forgot Charlie's date. As a matter of fact, his hour had already started when I remembered his promise of excitement. When I stepped into the control room it was in the split-second pause before station announcement. There are hardly more than three men in our whole broadcasting-station, except the operators on duty, who can get into a control room during a program, but it is there that one hears radio in its perfection. With rendition truer than any home set can achieve, one can still watch the artists through a double plate-glass window.

Charlie introduced his protégée to his radio audience perhaps a shade too profusely, but I recognized that his words were making millions of people throughout the country bend closer to their sets. If they could have watched the girl who stood beside Charlie Corliss, they would have been doubly interested. I have seen

a lot of beauty during my days and nights around the radio studios, but I have never seen anything so vibrantly alluring as Alwa. Sensitive, shimmering and yet somehow purposeful, the impact of her personality was so strong that even from the distance of the control room I marveled at her lively beauty.

Then Alwa began to sing. To this day I don't know one of the words of her song. The tune began on a weird minor key. Like a flame in the wind, Alwa swayed with her music. Little choppy words, they were, like a bird calling its young. They enticed me and I leaned closer, deaf to everything else. To deep, soothing notes the tune dropped, and Alwa quieted with them, breathing hush and relaxation. My body eased and my mind smoothed out in peace. Then a little tripping overtone crept into the music. Half hypnotized, I could feel the tugging of its call. Alwa's singing had become soft pleading to the microphone, yearning and yielding.

The song came to an end and Alwa grasped the microphone to steady her trembling body. Deaf to the noisy applause from the studio audience, she turned back to the microphone. Only we in the control room could hear her soft notes as she sang again those beautiful last notes. Then her body crumpled and she dropped to the floor.

"She's fainted!" we all thought.

But Alwa was dead.

THE radio audience wrote us letters that night, praising the new song but complaining over the confusion which followed it. Next day they read in their newspapers that the talented young singer had dropped dead at the end of her performance, due to a heart attack induced by emotional tension, according to the doctor.

We were all satisfied to accept the doc-

tor's verdict at the time. It wasn't until three days later, on Charlie's next broadcast, that we knew something was terribly wrong. Meanwhile music publishers were clamoring for the rights to the new song, but of course that had to wait until we could find Alwa's relatives. Charlie's orchestra had rehearsed from the copies they had made of Alwa's own hand-written manuscript.

"Who was she?" I asked Charlie as soon as I had the chance.

"I don't know anything about her, actually. Her address was only a local hotel. They're going through her things to find out if she had any relatives."

To me, one of the strangest parts of a strange story is that we never discovered anything about Alwa, even whether her queer single name was surname or Christian. From what mysterious realm she had drawn the notes of her song, we never knew, though we were to have a glimpse of the fascination that had drawn her from this world.

Charlie plunged into the rehearsals for his next program. His companions noticed that Alwa's death upset him much more than an accident should, although I learned from one of his musicians that he would not rehearse Alwa's song again. Musicians are as superstitious as actors. Obviously they disliked touching a song so fatal.

I arranged to be in the control room for Charlie's next broadcast. I didn't like the grim lines which had grown around his mouth in three days. Only in a control room can one see and hear a complete program. In modern broadcasting, often the orchestra players cannot hear the soloist. They play at full volume, perhaps even with their backs to the single instrumentalist or singer. He is placed at another microphone and it is the job of the control room operators to

regulate the mixing from the two microphones so that the orchestra is greatly subdued. This will help explain something of what followed.

CHARLIE'S routine got off to a good start that night. First came the full orchestra in a couple of popular pieces, followed by a team of comedians. Then it was Charlie's turn to do one of his trumpet solos.

I watched the control-room operator twist the knobs which toned down the orchestra and spotted Charlie's trumpet. From the first note we knew something was wrong. His music faltered and wavered. Through the double glass I saw him scowl and screw up his eyes.

Suddenly I heard the first weird notes of Alwa's song. Subdued, the orchestra continued with its soft accompaniment, *but it was playing a different tune than Charlie!* His trumpet was calling—calling those queer little off-key chords with which Alwa had started her tragic solo.

Charlie Corliss was struggling with his trumpet. It swerved closer and closer to the microphone. I could see sweat on his forehead. His lips were glued to the mouthpiece, but he seemed to be fighting to break away. The hands which held the trumpet looked as though they were trying to throw the instrument from them.

I saw most of this through a half-daze. Our control operator was gazing raptly at Charlie. Softly through the loudspeaker poured the muted orchestral accompaniment. Stabbing through it, making horrible disharmonies, blared the trumpet. Now it dropped to those deep, soothing notes which marked the second part of Alwa's fascinating song.

Charlie's struggles with his trumpet were terrible to watch. As though the brass had found life of its own, it pos-

sessed him. Visibly, he was losing in the conflict. We heard the music growing stronger, more confident.

Suddenly the trumpet stopped. Only the subdued orchestra music was heard. Impatiently the operator stepped to his controls to build up their volume. Amazed, I saw Charlie still had his trumpet to his lips. Though no sound came from it, he was still fighting his instrument.

Waving to his violin player, Charlie stumbled from the microphone and through the door to the dressing-room. Later I heard that his tongue was jammed so firmly in the mouthpiece that he had to get the doctor's help. Meanwhile, the violinist took over the orchestra.

Puzzled and worried over the inexplicable events, I watched the program continue. Another accident and this hour would be yanked off the air. Nor was the other accident long delayed.

The orchestra continued its routine. I was satisfied to see that the substitute leader was watching the clock and getting the program on the second. The sponsor's message was put over, then the station announcement, followed by the comedians again. The orchestra snapped into its third number. Plainly the musicians showed their worry, but they kept on with the show. That is a bravado boasted by the profession.

It did not surprize me, when the time came for Charlie's scheduled second solo, to see the violinist move to the other microphone. He was a good baritone. He planned to sing Charlie's number. It was a special swing arrangement, with some trick effects for a trumpet, but the voice of the violinist would carry it through. He saw a big chance to show his ability and he leaped at the opportunity.

Again the control operator reached for his dials to tune the orchestra down to a

mere accompaniment. The voice came in confident and strong.

After half a dozen bars of powerful singing, the voice suddenly wavered. Hesitantly it tried again, weakened and lost time with the music. To my horror, I heard the minor notes of that fatal song again. In the background, the orchestra continued steadily with the swing arrangement. Almost drowning out that misplaced accompaniment roared the violinist, gaining strength as he voiced those incredible, quick-vanishing words. I saw him sway to the music, his eyes half closed as though he watched the microphone in a dream. To the slower, soothing notes he dropped as I gazed spellbound.

"My God, he's got it, too!" breathed the operator, fumbling forward to bring up the orchestra.

But he didn't cut out the singer quickly enough. As the voice was tuned down, I heard those pleading, yielding harmonies of the song's end. I saw the soloist lean to the microphone as though he were beseeching it. Abruptly, he toppled to the floor.

"That's the end of this orchestra on the air!" I said bitterly, shaking the fog from my brain.

"It's the end of the studio," added the operator. "You'll never get musicians in here again. Not me! It's haunted!"

I RUSHED around to the dressing-room. The doctor stood over the violinist, stethoscope still in his ears. He looked at me sourly.

"Yes, he's dead," the doctor grunted. "Dead from heart-failure, I suppose, for the certificate. Yet he had a mighty strong heart, I know for a fact. Something queer about this. I'd like an autopsy."

Charlie Corliss came into the room. His lips were puffed from his trumpet, his hands shaking.

"Oh no!" he cried when he saw the body of his violinist. "Not another one!"

Turning to me savagely, he demanded, "Why did you let him do it?"

"Do it? I could hardly prevent him dying, could I?"

"You could keep him from a solo! What happened?"

"He started singing with the orchestra, switched off to that mad song of Alwa's, then crumpled up."

"Yes, yes, I know," Charlie nodded his head wearily. "It almost got me out there."

"But what happened, Charlie? Are we all going crazy? Why did you play that tune?"

Charlie looked at me gravely. "Because I couldn't help myself," he answered quietly. "That microphone hypnotized my lips and my lungs. It sounds horrible to say it, but there was nothing I wanted more than to play that song. I wanted to wrap myself in its music, to dance with it, to leap out of my skin with it. I mean that literally! I wanted to get out of my body and let my soul blend with that song."

"Most of my mind wanted all that, but part of me struggled. That little atom of consciousness had strength enough to enable me to force my tongue down the mouthpiece of my trumpet so that I couldn't play any more." Nodding to the body, Charlie added, "He didn't have a chance to stop."

I felt the power of all these unbelievable things, but I couldn't admit it then.

"Come down to my office for a few minutes, Charlie," I urged him. "We both need a drink. Perhaps we can talk this through to sense."

"There's some sense in what he's saying," put in the doctor. "It's not in medical books, but every doctor sees a lot of mysterious things that he can't explain with his science."

IN MY office Charlie accepted a stiff drink of whisky, even lit a cigarette, but his gravity didn't relax. Although I could feel the alcohol warming my stomach, my brain couldn't escape that clammy touch of fear.

"What's it all about, Charlie?" I prompted him. I didn't dare voice the panic which trembled inside me.

Charlie didn't answer immediately. Instead, he looked at me—looked through me—soberly collecting his thoughts.

"You've known me six years, George," he said finally. "You know that I don't get up in the air over nothing." His look was almost pleading.

I had to admit that he was usually very level-headed.

"This thing has got me!" he exclaimed. "It's horrible! It's something from outside of life, but it's damnably fascinating. I can't pretend to explain how that music allures and soothes and calls. I couldn't play that tune again without giving myself entirely to its smothering power. You know what that means? It means death to my body. What it would mean to my soul, I don't know, but it promises enchanting things!"

"But what did it all come from?"

"Who can tell? Maybe it's the song that the sirens sang thousands of years ago."

Charlie paused and looked at the burning point of his cigarette. As though summoning courage, he went on:

"You know I am no hand about supernatural things, George. And I don't begin to understand all the technical parts of this radio with which we broadcast so freely. For that matter, I suppose nobody really understands much about it in spite of the knowledge of working-details. The human mind is too finite to cope with the things which go on in the unseen world around us.

"What I am trying to say is this: For

a dozen years now, we have been putting the invisible wings of electricity on our music and shooting it into the unknown. Who can begin to guess where it goes? Remember there have always been folktales about certain people who could call up outside spirits by singing or playing music? If we have been shooting our music out broadcast, with hundreds of thousands of kilowatts energy behind it, why shouldn't it impinge on that other world? Your radio waves go through stone walls and around the earth. Perhaps they leap that other dimension which separates the seen from the unseen."

"You mean radio is summoning up evil spirits?"

"No, not that. Perhaps what you call a spirit is nothing but music. I have often felt that music itself was a living thing. It's been called living by writers throughout history. In some other world, music may be as normal a form of life as animals in the world we know."

"But music is nothing but sound!"

"Yes, and sound is vibrations. And you, George, are nothing but a harmonious group of vibrations, if we believe the scientists. In another life, your physical shape may be a chord of music, or a song, endowed with a conscious mind. Believe me, when you think about it, you'll see it is just as logical as your radio, about which we really know nothing. Your body is material, matter made up of infinitesimal atoms of energy. Because that energy is given another shape, can it not still have a soul?"

"But Charlie, what are we going to do? All very well to talk far-fetched metaphysics, but what's to be done about our programs?"

"I wonder if it matters?" Charlie gazed at me dreamily. "When I play that beautiful, inviting song, I think it much better to let it take me from this world to its own fascinating plane."

This would never do. "Do you realize," I shouted at him, "that two people have died in our studio? That your whole program is ruined? That your musicians are thrown out of work? We have to *do* something!"

Charlie shook himself awake.

"I suppose so, George, but you don't recognize the stupendous, hidden forces we have aroused. Remember you have seen only the first signs of its power. I am afraid that your big broadcasting company is going to find itself woefully puny against Alwa's song."

"What shall I do, Charlie?"

"Get everything away from association with that song. My orchestra will be disbanded now, so they won't come near the studios. Make sure that every copy of the music is burned. Watch every broadcast from Studio C. The song didn't bother us in rehearsals, I noticed, nor in groups. Somehow its power must be drawn from the transmitting, and even then it is strong enough to attack only a soloist. Be warned, George, if you would fight!"

NEXT day I began to understand his warning. In the morning no musician would rehearse in the studio which had proved so fatal to two. A week earlier I would have called it superstition, but now I wouldn't argue. During broadcasts, the soloists were so restless before the microphones that every program was ruined.

Worse news came with the evening.

Charlie was in my office, pacing the floor in nervousness, when I came back down from the studios about five o'clock. I was tired with the day's worry, the pleading with musicians and engineers, hour after hour, while over my head was black foreboding.

"Seen the papers?" Charlie flung at me.

I snatched up the evening editions. "Oh, nothing you might notice, George,"

Charlie interrupted. "Just an obscure little musician who dropped dead last night from heart-failure! The thing is, he was listening to his radio and died the same moment as my violinist."

"But Charlie!" I cried. "It can't be——"

"Oh, yes, it is," he answered grimly. "It's Alwa's song, right enough. Even you felt the pull of it in the control room. This other man simply let himself sink completely into that uncanny snare of music."

"No! No! It's impossible!"

"But it happened. For the love of humanity, don't let that song get on the air again! It's mass murder!"

"I won't!" I swore. "Not if I have to blow out the entire electric system."

During the evening the police visited us, in the person of a plainclothes man, bringing his own electrician. I had to conduct them to the studio where the two musicians had died.

The electrician tested all cables and controls for possible fatal short-circuits. "Nothing here," he grunted when he was through.

"Would it be possible for anyone in the control room to electrocute a person touching a microphone?" asked the detective.

"Not a chance!" snorted the electrician.

The detective stepped to the microphone. "Now show me just how they were standing when they died," he asked. To make it more realistic, he hummed a couple of bars of music.

To my horror I saw him suddenly relax. His humming mounted louder, jumped off-key. Those too-familiar minor notes!

"Shut up!" I roared at him. "For the love of heaven, stop singing!"

The detective didn't seem to hear me. The electrician gazed at him in fearful amazement.

Louder soared the singing. Hadn't Charlie said that nothing could happen unless the mike was plugged in? I dashed for the control room.

Yes, the microphone was connected. It was switched on and turned to full volume. The loudspeaker poured out deep, soothing melody, already the second part of the song. My senses slipped as I felt the music hypnotizing me, rocking me into lassitude. Stumbling, I reached for a switch and pulled it.

"Did you touch these switches?" I yelled at the electrician.

"Not a thing!" he answered.

In the studio, the detective straightened. He glared at the microphone, puzzled as though it had stung him.

"What kind of spirits have ye got here?" The shock emphasized the brogue of his native tongue. "The place is haunted!"

"Will you lock and seal it for me?" I asked eagerly.

"It's not in me line of orders," the detective hesitated. He was as much bewildered and shaken as the rest of us. "But the place is unholy. You can't lock the banshee into a room," he apologized.

Too soon I was to learn that he was right.

As I anxiously checked other programs, I saw the courage-shattering panic spreading through the nervous groups of performers. My jumping in and out of their acts increased their tremulous alarm. They peered sideways at the microphones, missed cues, forgot timing and ruined their programs. They shivered when addressed or touched, as though they were cowering from some nebulous horror whose attack might come from any unguarded shadow.

CHARLIE was in my office when I went there for a big drink of whisky during that soul-searing evening. He gazed

at me vacantly as a glass trembled in my hand.

"That stuff won't help." He nodded at the bottle. His eyes were haggard. His cheeks had sunken and his whole face was pinched. The mouth that had been delicately sensitive was now quivering and fighting for control.

"Nothing will help!" I answered, the glass poised in the air. "Charlie, if we live through this unearthly night and don't go raving insane, I am going to take this station off the air even if I have to dynamite it!"

"If we live! No musician can escape long while that seductive song is quivering somewhere in the night! I don't know whether its pulsing call leads to heaven or hell, but it's irresistible. It's stronger, now, than just this station!"

"Charlie," I asked, leaning forward and forgetting the whisky, "Charlie, do you think there is a life in that invisible other world for the soul captured by this siren melody? We can't fight it in this world. If I thought it possible, I would let its fascination draw me from my body to fight it in its own dimension."

"Do you really mean that?" Charlie eagerly questioned. His eyes shone for a moment with his old enthusiasm. "You mean you would give your life to confront this spirit in death? I had thought of it for myself."

"What is left?" I countered. "Doomed by an overhanging terror, life would mean only an endless cringing from this song. Murderer's blood would be on my hands every time I heard of another singer's death."

But the enthusiasm had faded from Charlie's face.

"That will do no good," he muttered. "This siren has sucked more strength with each conquest. Your vitality would add to its own gruesome power."

"Charlie, neither you nor I can live if this song remains."

"I know that. It's not my life, nor your life, that matters. All I want is assurance that my death will also mean the death of Alwa's song. I am ready to die. So are you. But our sacrifice must destroy this monster! When the station signs off, come back and we'll plan our deaths."

Charlie's laugh echoed eerily down the corridor as I opened the door.

The inhuman vampire was hungry for more souls. Our station had only another half-hour's broadcasting before it usually signed off for the night, and I tried to forestall any further accident.

"Only orchestra numbers from now on!" I roared in each studio I visited. "No soloists of any kind! The bigger the orchestra, the better."

In the third studio I reached I was too late to stop one of our popular sopranos. She was already singing to the microphone. Easily she went through her song to the refrain. I jumped into the control room.

With the refrain, the soprano's voice quavered. Piteously, she gazed at the microphone. Over the speaker, I heard those fatal minor notes. Into my blood crept the numbing lassitude.

"It's loose again!" I moaned. Growing strength had carried it beyond the first tragic studio.

With a tremendous straining of will, I lifted one numb hand. The operator stared hypnotically at the singer. Squeezing all my consciousness into one thought, I stretched my hand forward. My fingers touched the switch. I pulled it open.

We were off the air.

"And we stay off!" I yelled to the operator.

Rapidly, I phoned to the main transmitting control and shut down the whole station. Alwa's song had supernaturally grown too powerful for us. I wondered

how soon it would turn to other radio stations.

Hurriedly the musicians packed out of the cursed building, desperate to flee from the unknown peril. Even the operators and mechanics looked fearfully at their dials and left. In a very few minutes I was alone in that big, silent building. Alone, I knew, except for a ghostly song and Charlie.

I turned to my office where Charlie and Death awaited me.

I DON'T know what mad thoughts I had expected of Charlie, but his activity in my office amazed me. He was scribbling notes of music on sheets of manuscript.

"There's Alwa's song." He pointed to a pencil-marked page.

Timidly, my eyes ran over the music. I shut my mind against its involuntary attempt to read the seductive, fatal chords.

Charlie was pencilling other notes, although I could not understand their inspiration. He seemed to be writing music that was drawn from heavy reference books at his elbow. Scientific volumes they were, with tables of harmonics, frequencies and chords.

Like an ancient alchemist, Charlie Corliss pored over the big books and scribbled. Sweat ran from his forehead, his hair was plastered with moisture and his eyes held horror and desperate haste.

"Are you ready?" he asked me.

"Yes," I answered simply.

"I know you can play a violin." Bitterly, he added, "You'll have little trouble carrying the tune!"

I didn't want to die. Although life was only a horror to me since this specter had seized our radio channels, still I didn't want to give up uselessly. I shuddered at the thought of being sucked out into that trackless space, of fading into a soundless echo of a destroying song, for eternity to give terrible energy to a soul-

destroying tune. Then I remembered the three who had already died. Thousands of others were ready to sing before microphones. Millions would tune in their radios tomorrow and the next day, unaware of the cloying death ready to drag their souls from their helpless bodies.

"I am ready, Charlie," I said.

"Sure you want to go through with this?"

"If it's the only way, I am ready."

"George, we're in this together. I am clutching at a straw, something I have been working on here. We face something far worse than mere death, for the odds are we shall both be prey to that monstrous siren. Even to try it means risking our souls."

"Better to die fighting! We'll try it."

"Remember it is only a last hope. I have been trying to work out the opposite of each note in that song. Sound is only a vibration, you know. For each vibration, there is an opposite vibration. When the two meet, they cancel each other. I have been figuring out the opposite of each note and chord in Alwa's song. Listen!"

He picked up a violin and played from the manuscript he had prepared. I had never heard such discordant noises in my life. The violin cried shrilly, warningly. Its wail ran up to the limits of hearing, and beyond into higher pitches than the ear can follow. It tolled like a bell and then shrieked terrible disharmonies.

"That's awful!" I shuddered.

"Exactly! It's just as repellent as Alwa's song is enticing. It has the opposite notes and harmonies."

We took our violins up to the studio. I switched on the carrier wave and adjusted a microphone. At this hour there should be no listeners.

"Whenever you're ready, George," Charlie almost whispered. "Good-bye, if this doesn't work."

I took a last look around the studio. It was bare as an operating-room, with only a few empty chairs and the microphone cables on the floor. The air hung heavily, as though foreboding disaster. The double glass window of the vacant control room gleamed at us. For a second I thought of that window shining down on our dead bodies, motionless until someone found us in the morning.

SHRUGGING my shoulders resignedly, I turned to the manuscript of Alwa's song. Death had come painlessly to the other three. Where were their souls?

My arm went back. My bow drew out those first minor notes. Suddenly I was in another world. All control went from my fingers. They played with no guidance from me. Something else had stepped in between my brain and my hands, half blinding me. It used my muscles, my violin. I yearned to the enfolding, enticing darkness. I wanted to drift like a thistledown on the beautiful music. Some tiny part of my brain pounded alarm, but that was far away in another life. I floated on a soft cloud of lovely dreams.

Half consciously, I saw Charlie raise his violin. More fascinating it was to watch my own hand and listen.

Suddenly my music stopped. *My trance-like playing continued, but no sound came from my violin!* I could feel the wood under my chin tremble to the strings, but it was voiceless! Charlie was playing furiously, his eyes glued to his scribbled manuscript. My bow sawed back and forth over the strings, my fingers slid on the neck of the instrument, but I could hear nothing.

I was not deaf, for twice the violin lifted its pleading voice. Like stabs of lightning from black clouds, sudden notes broke out in flashes that instantly disappeared.

Then the power left my hands. I stopped playing. My mind reeled from the clash of superhuman elements.

"It worked!" Charlie gasped at me. He rubbed the sweat of his face against his arm.

"Quick, again!" he commanded.

This time I had to watch my music. The power seized my hands again, but not so powerfully. It begged my will to float away on the melody, but I could still think sluggishly as I played.

As before, I saw Charlie lift his bow, and all music ceased. Like a moving picture when the sound has gone wrong, we played furiously but in complete silence. Only in those two breaks where Charlie had failed to synchronize was there a sound in the studio.

Abruptly the end came. Near the last of the song, when I should have heard the pleading, yearning notes, the ghostly hands dropped from mine. So sudden was the release that my fingers fumbled with the strings. I missed several notes. Around my head crashed the discordances of Charlie's composition.

"Charlie!" I cried. "It's gone! I'm free!"

I turned to look at the manuscript of Alwa's song.

"Don't!" Charlie shouted. Jumping at me, he grabbed the paper. He struck a match and lit the manuscript.

"Did we kill it?" I asked anxiously, watching the paper curl and blacken.

"You can't kill an immortal spirit," he replied, "but we have driven it back to its own world."

Tapping his own manuscript of triumphant disharmonies, he warned:

"This will be mankind's armor against any future attack. Guard it well!"

To you millions of listeners who have missed Charlie's once-famous radio broadcasts, that is the reason he has never played for you again.