

The Shadow
"The Isle of Fear"
Original Broadcast Date: October 30, 1938

CAST

Shadow/Cranston
Announcer
Margot Lane
Monsieur Dupre (pronounced Du-pray)
Cayonne (pronounced Kay-on)
Prince Henry
Slave to Cayonne
Mother (Planter's Wife)
Father (a Planter)
Priest (Catholic)
Voodoo Tribesman
Juan Dupre (Dupre young son)
Old Gayo (pronounced Gay-o)
Anthony Lavotti (Assistant DA, Queens County)

SHADOW THEME MUSIC

SHADOW: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows.
(SHADOW LAUGH)

MUSIC UP and OUT

ANNOUNCER: Your local Blue Coal dealer presents The Shadow. These half-hour dramatizations are designed to forcibly demonstrate to old and young alike that crime does not pay. Before the Shadow's thrilling adventure begins, here's a money saving suggestion for every homeowner. When you go to Anthracite, be sure and insist on Blue Coal. Unlike many other anthracites, Blue Coal is a medium free burning hard coal. It's square fracture permits more draft, causes it to burn steadily down to a fine, powdery ash, and give you more useful heat with less chimney and ash pit loss. You'll find that Blue Coal banks better, gives you longer firing period, and requires less attention. So order your supply tomorrow, insist on Blue Coal for better heating results at less cost this winter. And be sure to listen at the close of today's program. We're fortunate in having a very distinguished guest in our audience this afternoon, whom we wish to introduce to you.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: The Shadow, whose life is devoted to protecting the innocent, is in reality Lamont Cranston. Wealthy young bachelor, amateur criminologist. Master of

other people's minds. Only his friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, knows that Cranston and the Shadow are one and the same. Today's story, "The Isle of Fear."

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: STORM IN DISTANCE under dialog

LAMONT: Mr. Dupre I'm certainly glad you persuaded Miss Lane and me to leave the cruise ship at Port o' Prince, and spend a few days here on your plantation. I don't know when I've had such a wonderful dinner.

MARGOT: It's been grand, Monsieur Dupre, and I had no idea Haiti was so beautiful.

DUPRE: I am delighted you could break your Caribbean Cruise and allow me to return the hospitality that you both extended me when I visited New York. I must apologize for this storm, Mademoiselle Lane. May I offer you more wine, Mr. Cranston?

LAMONT: Thank you. By the way, Monsieur Dupre....

DUPRE: Yes?

LAMONT: While we were driving up from Port o' Prince, I thought I heard drums in the hills. Drums strangely like the old drums of African voodoo.

DUPRE: You did, Monsieur. I had hoped you had not noticed.

MARGOT: But why, Monsieur Dupre?

DUPRE: Mademoiselle, Haiti is beautiful, but it's people in spite of centuries of French, English and American influence. In spite of the untiring efforts of educators, and ceaseless devotion of ministers and priests, they remain at heart -- African. Their bodies are free, but their minds remain the slaves of voodoo.

LAMONT: But I thought that voodooism had been stomped out of the West Indies.

DUPRE: Voodoo does not die, Monsieur Cranston. Its followers may think they have forgotten the old gods. They may wear civilized clothes, go to school and to the many Christian churches of the island, but voodoo is always there -- in their primitive minds and souls, waiting.

MARGOT: When was the last outbreak?

DUPRE: Only ten years ago, Mademoiselle Margot. It was on a night very much like this. For days the drums had been calling from the hills. Where in the grottos of San Suci, the mad Prince Henry was paying his customary visit to Cayonne, the high priest of

voodoo. (START TO FADE UNDER DRUMS) Cayonne needed human victims for his ritual of the blood moon. And on this . . .

F/X: Voodoo drums

SLAVE: Cayonne, Cayonne! The Prince Henry pretender has come to the grotto of San Suci.

CAYONNE: What does he want? This fool who thinks the blood of the emperor Henry Christoff courses his shriveled veins.

SLAVE: He comes to offer victims for the festival of the blood moon. Children of his political enemies.

CAYONNE: Let him enter.

SLAVE: Enter Prince Henry. Cayonne, Great Priest of Voodoo will hear you.

PRINCE HENRY: Cayonne, in three days the festival of the blood moon begins. Where are your victims, Cayonne? Where are the blood sacrifices you must offer the snake gods of voodoo?

CAYONNE: They will be found, Prince Henry.

PRINCE HENRY: You are sure, Cayonne?

CAYONNE: Yes. I know you have come as always to offer me the families of your enemies. And your enemies are many. Aye, like the trees of the jungle, and the stalks of cane in the valley of San Suci. You will find the sacrifices for me, Prince Henry. You will find them.

F/X: Voodoo drums

F/X: Crying baby

MOTHER: Hush, my baby, hush. Or Cayonne Diable will take you away to the grotto.

FATHER: Be quiet woman. In two days the festival begins. And no one knows who Cayonne shall choose.

F/X: KNOCKING at door

MOTHER: Oh.

FATHER: Who's there?

TRIBESMAN: Open your door.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

TRIBESMAN: Give me that child!

MOTHER: Nooo!

FATHER: Nooo!

TRIBESMAN: Here is the child! Cayonne has chosen!

F/X: Voodoo drums

FARMER: Francois, you read me last month's report of shipment from the plantation warehouse.

FRANCOIS: Yes, Monsieur. 200 casts of lamb, 40,000 pounds of raw sugar, 20 tons . . .

SERVANT: Master, master the mistress! Cayonne has taken her! Taken her to the hills at San Suci.

F/X: Voodoo drums

F/X: Bell tolls in B/G

CATH. PRIEST: (LATIN) Nee see dominus ruse-kla. See kay patrius see dayus novus. Merciful God, in thy power and wisdom give me strength against the powers of evil. Help me o Lord to protect my innocent flock. Lead the erring from the paths to the hills where the devils disciples of voodoo consecrate their worship of heathen gods with human blood.

F/X: Door breaking down

F/X: Crowd walla

TRIBESMAN: Stand back priest! Stand back fairest chosen!

CATH. PRIEST: Nay. Thou shalt take no child from this house of God.

TRIBESMEN: Stand back priest! Stand back!

CATH. PRIEST: Nay! Nay!

F/X: 3 GUNSHOTS

F/X: Excited crowd walla

MAN: Wait Jacob the priest is dead!

F/X: more GUNSHOTS

F/X: Crowd Walla fades

F/X: Resume STORM in B/G

DUPRE: That, Mademoiselle Lane, Monsieur Cranston, happened only ten years ago, but very sad. Very sad.

MARGOT: Oh, how horrible, Monsieur Dupre. Did the voodoo priest actually murder those children and that planter's wife?

DUPRE: They and many more were sacrificed to the snake gods of voodoo, Mademoiselle Lane.

MARGOT: Oh, how horrible!

LAMONT: Can't the authorities do anything?

DUPRE: They are helpless, Monsieur Cranston. Do you hear that drum? It is sundown. They're starting again. It may mean nothing. The drums often beat in the hills. But we live in constant dread of another orgy of blood. Such as we had ten years ago.

MARGOT: There is something sinister about it. Unearthly.

DUPRE: Quite, Mademoiselle Margot. To follow the sound of that drum would be to turn back the hands of time and civilization a thousand years.

JUAN: Mon Pere?

DUPRE: Ah.

JUAN: I've come to say goodnight.

DUPRE: Well, goodnight my son. Oh, but wait. Mademoiselle Lane, Monsieur Cranston, this is my son.

LAMONT: Well, how do you do.

MARGOT: Hello, Juan.

JUAN: How do you do, Mademoiselle Lane. I'm glad to know you, Monsieur Cranston. My father has spoken of you. You are staying a few days?

LAMONT: Yes. Only a few days. We must hurry back to New York.

JUAN: Oh, but you will be here tomorrow? The storm will appear and we can ride. I have a fine horse for you, Miss Lane.

MARGOT: Oh, thank you Juan, I'd love to ride with you.

JUAN: Then goodnight, Mademoiselle, Monsieur. See you tomorrow.

MARGOT: Goodnight, Juan.

LAMONT: Goodnight, Juan.

JUAN: Goodnight, Mon Pere.

DUPRE: Goodnight, my son. You tell Francois to make sure the garden gates are locked and the doors barred.

JUAN: (off mic) Oui, Mon Pere.

F/X: Door closing

DUPRE: Some more wine, Monsieur Cranston?

LAMONT: No, thank you. Mr. Dupre?

DUPRE: Yes.

LAMONT: You spoke of those drums as if there were some particular significance.

DUPRE: There is, Monsieur. Tonight of all nights. It is the eve of the Festival of the Blood Moon.

MARGOT: You, you mean voodoo?

DUPRE: Yes, Mademoiselle. Voodoo is like a plague. For years it may lie dormant, but sooner or later the priests of voodoo recall their own. And they slip into the jungles like ghosts. And the drums begin.

MARGOT: But surely there'll be no human sacrifices, not now.

DUPRE: Voodoo does not change, Mademoiselle Margot. That is why my gates are locked, the doors barred. Ah, but come my friends, you have not interrupted your short holiday in the Caribbean to listen to tales of horror and death.

LAMONT: On the contrary. I'd like to get your first hand opinion on the actual powers of these fanatic priests.

DUPRE: Forgive me, Monsieur Cranston. I can not speak of voodoo as an academic thing. It is too close.

MARGOT: Has this man, Cayonne, ever chosen anyone from your plantation?

DUPRE: Mademoiselle Margot, I think you will understand when I tell you that the planter's wife who was taken into the hills of San Suci ten years ago tonight, was the mother of the boy you met a few moments ago. My son, Juan.

MARGOT: Oh, forgive me.

DUPRE: You could not know.

LAMONT: Forgive us, Monsieur Dupre. If we'd only stopped to think.

DUPRE: Oh, please. It was I who first spoke of voodoo. It is I who cannot forget Cayonne. Cannot rest until one day I find that murderers devil, and kill him as he killed my beloved wife. The drums! Listen to them! Carrying a message into the hills. Another victim. Another human sacrifice to the snake gods of voodoo.

SERVANT: Mr. Dupre! Monsieur.

DUPRE: What ? Oh, Francois, you are bleeding!

SERVANT: They sprang up on me at the gates! Juan has been chosen!

DUPRE: Oh, my son! Where is he?

SERVANT: Cayonne's men have taken him to the grottos of San Suci!

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Horse HOOVES as MARGOT catches up with LAMONT

MARGOT: Lamont!

LAMONT: Whoa.

MARGOT: Lamont!

LAMONT: Margot, you shouldn't be outside the gates.

MARGOT: Any news of Juan?

LAMONT: No. We've ridden all through the valleys the whole day. Even into the hills.

MARGOT: Where is Monsieur Dupre?

LAMONT: In the hills. He wouldn't come back.

MARGOT: Oh.

LAMONT: He hopes to follow the signal fires after sun down, but I'm afraid it's madness. They'd kill him. Where are all the servants Margot?

MARGOT: Gone. The native quarters are deserted. Where have you been Lamont?

LAMONT: We've been everywhere. It's like riding through the land of the dead. I'm afraid it's hopeless Margot.

MARGOT: No, Lamont. There's one chance. One chance!

LAMONT: What do you mean, Margot?

MARGOT: About an hour ago an old woman came out of the cane breaks and spoke to me. She said she would take me to see Cayonne and the festival of the blood moon if I would give her my diamond ring.

LAMONT: It's a trick to get you into the jungle!

MARGOT: I know it's a trap, but I told her I would meet her on the jungle trail an hour after sundown.

LAMONT: Are you mad, Margot?

MARGOT: But, Lamont, it's a chance. A slim chance of finding poor little Juan.

LAMONT: What good would it do you to find him, Margot? You'd only die with him in the hidden grottos of San Suci.

MARGOT: I'll risk it to save Juan. I'll risk it if you'll come with me. As the Shadow.

LAMONT: As the Shadow?

MARGOT: If the shadow could humble those priests, they'd listen to you. Let me meet the old woman in the jungle. Let the shadow follow us to the grottos. If you don't poor Juan will be murdered just as they murdered his mother. Oh please. Please, Lamont.

LAMONT: It's madness Margot. Shear madness. But we'll try it.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Drums in B/G

MARGOT: Lamont, this jungle is like a black pit.

LAMONT: This is nothing Margot. What lies ahead. Do you want to go back?

MARGOT: More than anything in this world Lamont, but we can't.

LAMONT: I know. Be careful Margot. The old woman may be near here.

MARGOT: What are you going to do when we meet her?

LAMONT: I'm going to make her fear you more then she fears Cayonne. I'm going to...shh, quiet Margot.

GAYO: (CACKLING) Don't be afraid, Mamselle. Old Gayo will not hurt you. Give me the flashing white stone and I will show you things which no white woman has ever looked upon before – and lived!

MARGOT: Here, here's the ring.

GAYO: Ah. Even in the dark it flashes like the fires of the blood moon which comes soon to the hills. Hurry! Follow! You must not be late.

LAMONT: (SHADOW) Wait, Gayo! Wait!

GAYO: Who laughs, who speaks. Oh dog of a woman, you have not come alone.

MARGOT: I, I am alone Gayo.

GAYO: You lie! I heard the voice, the voice of a man.

MARGOT: No, Gayo. I am alone.

LAMONT: Alone, Gayo. But in the darkness beside her walks -- a shadow.

GAYO: A shadow!

LAMONT: Yes. A shadow stronger than the voodoo of Cayonne, your master.

GAYO: Nah, it's a trick, a lie. For that you'll die.

MARGOT: Oh.

LAMONT: Don't move Gayo!

GAYO: Wha.

LAMONT: Don't raise that knife. Let it fall to the ground, Gayo. Your fingers can not hold it. Can not hold the knife. Let it fall to the ground.

GAYO: Mamselle, Mamselle, forgive. You are a priestess, a priestess of many voices, ah. Ah! Take back your ring. Forgive, have mercy, forgive.

LAMONT: Get up, Gayo. Lead the way to the grotto of Cayonne.

GAYO: Yes.

LAMONT: Go.

GAYO: Yes.

LAMONT: Or you will stand forever like a stone image in the jungle, and the snake gods will burn your soul in the fires of the mountains. (SHADOW LAUGH)

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Before we continue the second part of The Shadow's exciting adventure, here's a question for every homeowner. When you buy a vacuum cleaner or any other household product, you always make sure it's trademarked, and therefore guaranteed by a responsible company. Then why not take the same precautions when you're ordering your supply of anthracite? Don't order just any coal. Insist on Blue Coal, the only trademarked anthracite. Then you'll be sure of getting better, more economical heat from a coal which actually is better in quality. For Blue Coal is a guaranteed product of America's largest anthracite producer, The Glen Alden Coal Company. Their mines are located in the heart of northern Pennsylvania's richest anthracite deposit. And their coal is screened and rescreened many times for proper sizing. Then carefully tested for any possible impurities by inspectors. Only upon passing that thorough laboratory test is Blue Coal accepted for shipment to the Blue Coal dealers. Remember, furnaces in this part of the country were especially designed to burn anthracite. And the finest anthracite money can buy is Blue Coal. Call your dealer tomorrow. His name is listed in the "Where to Buy It" section of your classified telephone directory under the name Blue Coal. And ask him about Blue Coal's automatic heat regulator. This thermostat controls your furnace dampers and enables you to keep your home at a steadier more even heat, with a minimum of effort

and furnace attention. A Blue Coal heat regulator costs but eighteen dollars and ninety-nine cents, plus a nominal installation charge. And it will pay for itself in time and fuel savings for you.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Voodoo CHANTING

GAYO: (Cackle) Look the flames, the flames. See, I have not disobeyed you. You hear the native chant? I have brought you to the grotto.

MARGOT: Where is Cayonne? Where are the victims who are to be sacrificed to the snake gods?

GAYO: Come along the great ledge beyond the altar of sacrifice. Cayonne is there with the victims bound in chains. Ah, but wait, Mademoiselle wait!

MARGOT: Be careful, Gayo. You've been warned.

GAYO: Oh, Mamselle, you go alone. Do not make me take you to Cayonne. If your power is not greater than his he will slay you and he will slay me. Oh mercy, Mamselle, mercy! No, no!

MARGOT: Shadow! Shadow what shall I do?

GAYO: Eh? Mamselle? Why don't the voice answer you, huh? Where is this power of darkness? Has it fled in terror before the fires of Cayonne? It has! It has! Cayonne! Cayonne! I have brought you another victim, a beautiful woman.

MARGOT: Lamont! Lamont!

LAMONT: Steady, Margot! The time has come. Don't show fear or they'll kill you.

GAYO: Look, Cayonne, look! A beautiful woman with skin like ivory.

F/X: Voodoo crowd walla/cheering

CAYONNE: The hour has come. The old gods await the hot blood of this woman. Hear me! By all the powers of Cayonne, this flower shall be the first sacrifice.

F/X: Excited CHEERING

CAYONNE: Bring the woman to the altar. Let the mountain hear, and the dead stones of the grotto see her die.

GAYO: Beware, Cayonne. That girl is not afraid, in the darkness of the jungle I heard a voice. A voice of the shadow.

CAYONNE: Be still old woman.

MARGOT: Gayo speaks the truth, Cayonne. Listen to her. She's right. I am not afraid of your voodoo gods. I have come to guide one who is stronger than all your powers of voodoo.

[THE FOLLOWING IS GREGORIAN-STYLE CHANTING]

PRIEST: Where Cayonne walks, the earth is forever barren.

ALL: Barren.

PRIEST: Cayonne is the ageless one.

ALL: Ageless one

PRIEST: Cayonne is nothing of the earth, the sea or sky.

ALL: Sea or sky.

CAYONNE: Where is this voice woman? Let Cayonne hear it speak. Call it from the shadows. Let it try its strength against Cayonne. Against the gods of voodoo who cry for blood.

SHADOW: (SHADOW LAUGH) I am here, Cayonne.

GAYO: The voice, Cayonne!

CAYONNE: What! What white devil's magic have you brought to this hidden place, Gayo?

SHADOW: (LAUGHING) Take care, Cayonne. You have challenged me, and I am here. Show sign of fear in this savage rabble would turn upon you like beasts of prey.

GAYO: Slay, Cayonne. Show though are stronger than this voice of the shadow's, take the sword of Christoff and slay the girl. Her blood upon the altar stone will prove thy power. Take the sword! Look, her white blood gleams in the light of the fires. Strike!

SHADOW: (LAUGHING) Yes. Prove your strength, Cayonne. Try to raise the sword of Christoff from the altar. Try to kill this girl who has come to take your victims from you. Strike her if you can.

[CAYONNE BEGINS SINGING A SHORT CHANT]

CAYONNE: Ugh, ugh. My arms!

GAYO: Lift it from the rock!

CAYONNE: It will not move. It feels as if chains held it to the rock. What power is this that takes all strength from the body of Cayonne? Like water from a broken gourd.

SHADOW: A power as old as voodoo, Cayone. The power of the mind. The power white men call hypnosis. The power you call the evil eye.

CAYONNE: The evil eye. Alema Kemasaba! Voice! Voice of the shadows, what angry god of voodoo sends you?

SHADOW: I am more than a voice Cayonne. I am here in the shadows. Tough you can not see me, because I wear it. Watch Cayonne! I will prove to your murderess slaves the white man's magic is stronger than all your voodoo sorcery. Watch the sword of Christoff. I will raise the sword you could not move. Watch!

F/X: Crowd walla

GAYO: Cayonne look! The sword rises form the rock with no hands lift it. What people have seen. They no longer fear you. Kill the girl or they will murder you.

CAYONNE: Murder me? Oh, voice of the shadows, who are you?

SHADOW:: I will answer your question, Cayonne. I am the Shadow. And here is the answer to your challenge Cayonne.

F/X: Sword breaking in two.

SHADOW: The broken sword of Christoff.

F/X: Crowd walla in amazement .

F/X: Sword hitting the ground.

SHADOW: Margot, they believe you are a sorceress with greater powers than Cayonne. Pretend you are Margot. Tell them the snake gods are angry, and want no more human sacrifice.

MARGOT: I'll try. I'll try.

SHADOW: They're closing in on Cayonne. Don't try to stop them! Don't move Margot! Watch and wait.

MAN: The old gods have sent this white priestess to destroy Cayonne!

F/X: EVIL EXCITED CROWD WALLA

MARGOT: Lamont! I can't stand it! I can't!

SHADOW: You must! They've slain Cayonne and his murderess, now they'll turn to you. Command them to go back to the valleys to their Christian churches. Tell them no harm must come to Juan Dupre or any of the prisoners or this grotto will become a furnace of fire. They'll believe you now.

MAN: (Shouting) Cayonne is dead! Great white priestess let the sacrifice begin. If blood wound glows pale in the sky beyond the mouth of the grotto.

MARGOT: No! There must be no more human sacrifice. The old gods are sick of blood. They command you to go back to your homes. Back to the churches of the one God. Hear me! If harm comes to one of Cayonne's victims, or to the boy Juan Dupre, this grotto will be filled with fire. The rocks will melt, the earth will tremble.

F/X: Crowd walla questioning her words.

SHADOW: They're wavering, Margot. Quick! Take the broken sword. Slash the Great Drum it is the heart of voodoo. Hurry! Then they will obey you.

MARGOT: Get out! Get out of the grotto! Voodoo is dead!

MAN: The white priestess has destroyed the Great Drum! Run for your lives!

F/X: Crowd walla in panic.

SHADOW: Margot, you're free! Don't faint! Hold on to the altar! Hold on! Don't let them see you fall!

MARGOT: Lamont! Oh Lamont.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Airplane motor flying

LAMONT: Well Margot, its good bye to Haiti. In twelve hours this plane will be in New York. How do you feel, priestess?

MARGOT: I don't think I'll ever be the same, Lamont. But I don't regret it. Taking those children back to their parents, and Juan back to his father. It was worth it even if I have nightmares for the rest of my life.

LAMONT: Hey look Margot! Carpecian. And the ruins of King Christoff's citadel. From here it look like a tropical paradise.

MARGOT: Maybe it will be, Lamont, now that that the Shadow has broken the spell of voodoo.

LAMONT: No, Margot. No one man can dispel the power of voodoo. Education, the Christian churches are doing all in their power, but Dupre was right. Voodoo doesn't die, it merely slumbers. We have found once more, that one of the greatest causes of human misery is ignorance.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, you will hear from our surprise guest. But first John Barkley, Blue Coal's heating expert has some timely advice for householders.

JOHN: Thank you, Ken Roberts, and good evening friends. Many householders when firing their furnaces shovel in what they think is the right amount of coal. Then close the door and leave the fire. This is by no means the most economical way to fire a furnace. To get the most satisfactory results, follow these simple rules. First shake the grates gently when it's necessary to make room for fresh coal. Stop shaking as soon as you see the first red glow in the ash pit. Next with a shovel or a hoe, pull the live coal forward so that the fire bed is level with the fire door in front and sloped downward towards the back of the furnace. Be careful not to stir up the layer of ash underneath the coal. Put the first charge of coal into the hollow thus formed filling it up to the level of the fire door. Always leave a spot of live coals directly in front of the fire door. This hot spot will ignite the gases rising from the fresh coal, and prevent them from escaping into the chimney unconsumed. I thank you.

ANNOUNCER: And now ladies and gentlemen. The Shadow program has the honor to present a man who has spent his life bringing criminals to justice. It's with great pleasure that I introduce to you the assistant district attorney of queens county New York, Mr. Anthony Lavotti.

ANTHONY: Thank you, Mr. Roberts. I don't know anything about crime in Haiti, but there are times when we could use a fellow like the Shadow here in New York. You couldn't lend him to us by any chance could you?

ANNOUNCER: Well, I'm not so sure that you really need him, Mr. Lavotti. Law enforcement has made such marvelous strides here in the past few years. However, I'll ask the Shadow if he's available.

ANTHONY: Do that. But seriously, Mr. Roberts. I'm grateful for this opportunity to congratulate Blue Coal and it's dealers for sponsoring this Shadow program. They're doing really a great job. Not only in entertaining the public, but in showing people the folly and absolute uselessness of crime. In fact Mr. Roberts, all of us in the business of law enforcement appreciate the splendid cooperation we've been getting from The Shadow broadcast.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. Lavotti. It's very gratifying to know that our efforts to show that crime doesn't pay meet with the approval of you and your associates. And I'm sure our listening audience joins me in congratulating you on the successful war your department is waging on crime in New York. It's been a real privilege to have you in our audience this afternoon, and I hope you'll stop in again.

ANTHONY: Thank you, I shall.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: This program has been a dramatized version of one of the many copyrighted stories which appear in The Shadow magazine now on sale at your local news stands. All the characters, and all the incidents named are fictitious. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

SHADOW: (SHADOW LAUGH) The weed of crime bears bigger fruit. Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. (SHADOW LAUGH OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Next week, same time, same station, Blue Coal, America's finest anthracite, will again present another thrilling adventure of The Shadow. Be sure to listen, and be sure to burn Blue Coal, the solid fuel for solid comfort.