

THE SHADOW

HOT FROM RADIO



The Shadow, mysterious character who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs. Today's drama . . .



THE GREAT RADIO SHOWS



Brett Morrison as Lamont Cranston, "distinguished young man about town."

The invisible man whose adventures enthralled radio listeners for twenty-four years began on CBS on August 31, 1930, on "Detective Story Hour." At first, The Shadow only hosted the program. The original role was played for the first few weeks by Jack LaCurto, who left to do a Broadway play, and Frank Readick took over. From September 6, 1931 to June 5, 1932, the show was called "Blue Coal Musical Revue." Blue Coal sponsored the program for most of the time it was on the air, and in later years featured their "distinguished heating expert," announcer John Barclay, in the commercials. "The Shadow" moved to NBC for the 1932-33 season and then returned to CBS where it stayed until March 27, 1935, when it went over to the Mutual Broadcasting Company. For most of its time on the air the program was heard over Mutual in the late afternoon on Sundays. It ran thirty minutes.

notice this magazine is not to be sold it is to be distributed free to radio buffs.

THE Shadow



By 1935 The Shadow had emerged as the chief character in all the scripts. He was handsome, well educated, independently wealthy, and possessed what today would be called "cool." The radio character derived from the hero of the Walter Gibson novels—283 written under the name of Maxwell Grant. Gibson's publisher, Street and Smith, for years did a brisk business with The Shadow in the comics and the magazine of that name. In the comic books the character was always depicted in a large black hat and a high-collared cape. Although it was a well-kept secret at the time, Arch Oboler (now a Los Angeles resident) wrote many of the radio scripts under a pen name, and for less than his usual fee.

At the outset, the announcer would give the origin of The Shadow's powers—that during a trip to the Orient, Lamont Cranston, alias The Shadow, had learned "the power to cloud men's minds so that they could not see him." Featured in all the stories was The Shadow's "friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane." The first actress to play the part of Margot, the only person who knew The Shadow's true identity, was Agnes Moorehead; Leslie Woods was the last actress in the role. Keenan Wynn originated the role of Shrevie. The third actor to play the title role was Robert Hardy Andrews, replaced by Orson Welles, replaced by Bill Johnstone. Bret Morrison, who got the part after doing a cold reading, stepped in as The Shadow in 1944 and stayed with it to the last broadcast at the close of December 1954. Even occasional listeners still remember Bret's opening lines (spoken through a filter): "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows! [*sinister sustained laugh*]," accompanied by Saint-Saëns's "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" on the organ. The tune also closed the program.

During the final decade of its run, "The Shadow" was broadcast before a live audience at the Longacre Theatre in New York City,

THE GREAT RADIO SHOWS 4

Note: "The Shadow" was a popular radio mystery series broadcast 1936-54. Millions used to thrill weekly to the Shadow's menacing laugh and shudder as his ever-present girl friend, Margot Lane, came within inches of losing her life in a hideous manner, only to be rescued at the last minute by the Shadow.



CAST
The Shadow (Lamont Cranston)
Margot Lane
Rusty
Lafferty
Windsor
Jane Archer
Ben Falkenberg
Announcer

(music)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows! (*He laughs. Music up and out*)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Years ago, in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret—the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs. Today's drama—"The House That Death Built."

(sounds of blizzard howling)

Annr.: In a lonely cemetery in New England, three men work furiously in a swirling blizzard, opening a new grave. The headstone lies on one side and reads: "Ben Falkenberg, born 1878, died 1948." The grave is a black pit in the white snow and reveals a cheap, shabby coffin.

Lafferty (tense): Come on! Come on! What are you stalling for? Get that coffin cleared! (*pause while work continues*) Well? Well?

(sound of shovel on wood)

Rusty (panting): All set, Lafferty.

Lafferty: Get it open, Rusty.

Rusty: Yeah.

Lafferty: Give him a hand, Windsor.

Windsor: Right. (*sound of wood being pried open*)

Lafferty (almost frantic): He's got to be in there. He's got to! But we've got to make sure. (*yells*) Will you hurry up? Do you want to freeze out here? Get it open! Get it open!

(*sound of planks ripped open*)

Windsor: It's open.

Lafferty: Well?

Rusty: He's in here, all right.

Lafferty: Let me see! Let me see him!

Rusty: Go ahead and look.

Lafferty (chuckling after a tense pause): Yes... yes. So old Ben Falkenberg finally died. Good! Splendid! All right. Let's go.

Windsor: What's your hurry, Lafferty?

Lafferty: Don't be a fool, Windsor. We've got to get to Falkenberg's house before dark. There's a hundred thousand dollars waiting in there, and nothing can stop us now!

(*music and sounds of car in motion*)

Margot: Lamont?

Cranston: Hmmm?

Margot: Don't tell me our ski trip wore you out that much, darling. You haven't said a thing for the last ten minutes.

Cranston: I was just wondering, Margot. Wouldn't it be smart to stop somewhere along here for awhile until this storm lets up?

Margot: This is pretty lonely country...

Cranston: There's a house at the top of this hill. There... you can make out the entrance to the driveway now.

Margot: Yes. Look, there's someone standing out there by the entrance.

Cranston: We are in luck.

(Car stops. Horn honks.)

Cranston *(calls)*: Hey there.

Margot: Could you give us a hand?

Windsor: What d'you want?

Cranston: Look, it seems like we'll never make it back to town in this blizzard. Could the people in the house put us up for a few hours?

Windsor: No.

Cranston: What?

Windsor: If you know what's good for you, you'll stay away from that house.

Margot: But . . .

Windsor: Keeping driving. Get as far away as you can, even if it means getting lost on the road. Get out. Get out! Don't ever come back.

Cranston: The devil you say.

Windsor *(laughs bitterly)*: That's exactly what I do say. The devil's loose in that heap of rotten wood. Get out of here!

Cranston: OK. *(starts car)*

Margot: What'll we do, Lamont?

Cranston: Drive to the house, Margot. *(smiles)* I don't think it can be quite as dangerous as our young friend thinks. And it certainly can't be worse than a night in a blizzard.

Margot: It isn't a very pleasant looking place, is it?

Cranston: No.

Margot: It's all twisty and . . . well, it looks like an insane architect built it.

Cranston: If it will give us shelter for a while, that's the main thing.

(Car stops, door opens.)

Cranston: Here's the garage. Let's see. There must be a side entrance.

Margot: *(gasps)*

Cranston: What's the matter?

Margot: Coming out of the garage. See? It looks like a big snowman.

Lafferty: Good afternoon. I suppose you know you're trespassing.. What can I do for you?

Cranston: Brush the snow off your clothes and stop scaring Miss Lane.

Lafferty: You want shelter in this house? The answer is no. Most decidedly no. Get back in your car and leave.

Cranston: But that's impossible!

Lafferty: This house has been closed. It will remain closed until it is burned.

Margot: Until it is burned?

Lafferty: I am Lafferty, the butler of the house, madam. I have been instructed by the owner to burn it, because fire is the only thing that will destroy the death and horror in it. Will you please leave?

Cranston: Do you have a telephone? Oh, of course you have; I see the wires. Come on, Margot.

(steps on gravel)

Lafferty: Stop!

Cranston *(fading)*: If I'm to get out of here, I've got to phone for a tow car to haul me.

Lafferty: Don't be a fool! Don't go into that house, sir! If you value your life, don't! *(Doors open and close offstage.)*

Lafferty *(mutters impatiently, then calls)*: Rusty! Rusty!

Rusty: Comin' right up, Lafferty.

(Rusty approaches with gun.)

Lafferty: What are you doing with that gun, fool? Put it away!

Rusty: Coverin' that Cranston guy just in case.

Lafferty: You know him?

Rusty: Who don't? Lamont Cranston, playboy. Pal of the Police Commissioner. The dame's his girl, Margot Lane. We got to get 'em outa here.

Lafferty: Not with a gun, idiot.

Rusty: But how?

Lafferty: Leave that to me, Rusty! Leave that to me.

(Music, steps on stairs)

Cranston: I think these stairs ought



to lead to the main floor, Margot. Watch your step.

Margot: It's so dark I wouldn't know the floor if I could see it. What is going on in this house?

Cranston: Not very much from the looks of it.

Margot: That butler... Lafferty... and the young man at the gate.... Wh-what were they trying to warn us about?

Cranston: I don't know, Margot. Wait.... Let's try that door.

(Door opens. sound of steps)

Cranston: Maybe this room leads to—

Jane Archer *(offstage, sharply):* Who're you?

(Cut steps.)

Margot: *(gasps)*

Cranston: I beg your pardon.

Jane: Hands up and don't move. *(fading on)* I asked you what you're doing in my house. Speak up.

Cranston: Your house?

Margot: Wh-why the butler outside said it was empty. He s-said....

Jane: The butler?

Cranston: Yes. Lafferty.

Jane: Who else is outside? Quick!

Cranston: My dear Miss...?

Jane: The name doesn't matter.

Lafferty *(offstage):* I think it does, my dear.

Jane: Who's that?

(shots onstage)

Cranston: Hey!

Margot: *(gasps)*

Jane: Speak up! Who is that?

Lafferty *(chuckles):* Don't try to shoot again, my dear. You can't see in the dark. I can. If you raise that revolver, I'll blast your hand off.

Cranston: If you don't mind, I think I'll light a match. I'd like to know who's murdering who.

(scratch of match)

Cranston: Well.... Charming situation. Margot, there's a candle on the table.

Margot: Right.

Cranston: We're all strangers, aren't we? Mr. Lafferty claims to be butler of this crazy house, but he's unacquainted with this young lady who claims to own it.

Lafferty: Mr. Cranston—

Cranston *(sharp):* How d'you know my name?

Windsor: Look, mister...

Cranston: The guardian of the gate. What's your name?

Windsor: Windsor.

Cranston: And you, young lady?

Jane: Jane Archer.

Cranston: So we have a spook house and three lying strangers. Suppose you all cover each other with your guns while I phone for a tow car and the local police. There must be a phone...

Lafferty: Don't look for it, Mr. Cranston.

Jane: Don't move.

Margot: Lamont!

Cranston: Very interesting. A united front against the police, eh? What are you people up to in this mad-house?

Rusty *(screams offstage):* The Green Ghost! The Green Ghost! Windsor! Lafferty! The Green Ghoooo—
(screams, rattle of gunshots)

Windsor: That was Rusty!

Lafferty: Rusty! What the...?

Cranston: That came from the hall. Put away your guns and come on, all of you.

Music.

Cranston: Hold the light a little closer, Margot.

Margot: All right.

Cranston: Well, this *is* a mess. This man—Rusty, you called him?

Windsor: Yes.

Cranston: He's been shot six times.

Lafferty: So I see.

Jane: But by what? Who shot him?

Cranston (after a pause): Well, look at this. There's a trap in the side of the hall with six guns set there like a firing line. There's a treadle attachment to the triggers. Rusty stepped on it, and the guns in the wall blasted the life out of him.

Margot: B-but what was he screaming? Something about the Green Ghost?

Cranston: I don't know, Margot. Now listen, all of you, and get this straight. We're all of us trapped in this twisted house, and some of you've declared war.

Lafferty: My dear Mr. Cran ...

Cranston: Margot and I are going back to the living room to call the police. And I wouldn't try any gun-power persuasion, Lafferty.

Lafferty: Really, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: Really. I took the liberty of borrowing Rusty's gun while I was examining him. You wouldn't like to trade shots with me, would you, Mr. Lafferty? *(pause)* I see you wouldn't. Let's go, Margot.

(music)

Cranston: Hello? Hello? Hello!

(Rattles phone. Puts phone down.)

Cranston: No use, Margot. Line's dead. The blizzard must have knocked the wires down.

Margot: Then we're stuck here.

Cranston: Right. In a house without light, without a phone, and with three maniacs who apparently dislike each other as much as us.

Margot: I want to get out of here, Lamont. That man—Lafferty—he was

right. This house *is* filled with death and terror. Let's leave!

Cranston: Not yet, Margot. There's been a murder committed, and we've got to find out who's responsible.

Margot: But what can we do?

Cranston: You can sit tight and wait here for me, darling. The Shadow's going to pay a visit.

(music)

Lafferty: Windsor.

Windsor: Yes?

Lafferty: Step into this alcove a moment. *(sound of steps)*

Windsor: Well?

Lafferty: Congratulations, my dear boy.

Windsor: For what?

Lafferty: Don't be modest. You were magnificent. How did you manage to make Rusty scream that gibberish about ghosts before you killed him?

Windsor: Before I...? You're crazy. You killed Rusty.

Lafferty: My dear boy ...

Windsor: You killed Rusty for his share of the money. You want to split two ways instead of three. Maybe you only want to split one way... after you've killed me.

Lafferty: Windsor, that's ridiculous. I swear that I never killed ...

Shadow: *(laughs)*

Lafferty: Who's that?

Shadow: Someone who laughs at two modest killers with poison in their hearts and doubt in their minds.

Lafferty: But there isn't anybody I can see. There ...

Shadow: This is the Shadow. *(laugh)*

Windsor: The Shadow?

Shadow: What money brought you to this house, Lafferty? Answer with the truth.

Lafferty: Well I... I...



Windsor: One hundred thousand dollars.

Shadow: Whose money is it?

Windsor: It belonged to Jerry Crane.

Shadow: You lie! Jerry Crane was a thief executed for murder ten years ago.

Windsor: Jerry Crane tried to bribe the state's executioner with that money to fix the execution so he would live.

Shadow: No man can live through an execution, Windsor.

Windsor: Well Jerry thought he could. He bribed the executioner, a man named Ben Falkenberg. Falkenberg was caught and dismissed. He built this house and lived here with the money for ten years. He died about a month ago.

Lafferty: No one found the money, Shadow. No one! It must be here! It's got to be here. Now look... look, Shadow, if you know where it is, we'll split with you—three ways.

Shadow: You cannot buy truth, Lafferty. You cannot buy justice. And you cannot buy the Shadow. *(laughs)*
Music.

Cranston: Margot...

Margot: Oh... Lamont! I've been sitting here in this creepy room getting the shakes.... Well?

Cranston: Windsor and Lafferty accuse each other of murdering Rusty.

Margot: What are they after?

Cranston: Money—a fortune hidden somewhere in this house by a former executioner named Ben Falkenberg.

Margot: What's Jane Archer after? Maybe she killed Rusty.

Cranston: Maybe. That's going to be the Shadow's next visit. Where is she?

Margot: Why... I thought she was...

Jane *(screams offstage):* Help! Help! Somebody... Help!

Cranston: Oh! that's Jane! She's somewhere down that hall.... Come on! *(quick steps)*

Margot: Wh-what's the matter?

Cranston: I don't know if she's in trouble or this is another phony spook trap.

(Jane continues to scream for help.)

Margot: She must be further down the hall.

Cranston: Yes, that same long winding hall where Rusty was killed.

Margot: Lamont, I wonder....

(sound of fists pounding on door)

Cranston: Look up! Look up ahead. Margot! See that tiny window? In the door.

Margot: That's Jane Archer behind it. She's caught in there.

(cut steps... rattle of doorknob)

Jane *(muffled):* Somebody get me out! *(coughs)* Get me out of here!

Margot: Lamont! That room... It... It looks like a gas chamber! Like an executioner's gas chamber!

Cranston *(calls):* Hold your breath, Jane! Get away from the door! I'll have to shoot the lock. Get back from the door and hold your breath!

Slow evenly spaced shots; music.

Cranston: Look out now, Margot... I've got to use my shoulder.

(quick steps)

Windsor: Cranston! What's up? Who's doing the shooting?

Cranston: Give me a hand, Windsor, quick! Get this door knocked in.

Windsor: Right.

(thuds of shoulders against door)

Cranston: Once more does it...

(Door smashes in.)

Windsor *(coughs):* Hold your breath. Gas chamber. Help me get the girl out....



Windsor: It's Jane Archer.

Cranston: Almost killed. Take her arm... steady...

Margot: Is she all right, Lamont?

Cranston: Get that door closed, Margot.

Margot: Right. (*slams door*)

Cranston: Jane. Jane.

Jane: (*gasps and gags*)

Windsor: Miss Archer! Don't stand there, Cranston. We've got to...

Cranston: Easy, Windsor. She's all right. Just a touch of methane. Lucky it wasn't cyanide. That kills like a thunderbolt.

Jane: I...I...

Windsor: What happened, Miss Archer?

Jane: I...was l-looking...and...walked into the room. Door started to close...Couldn't stop it.

Cranston: Looking for what, Miss Archer?

Jane: What?

Cranston: You said you were looking. Looking for what?

Jane: I...don't know. I...

Cranston: This isn't the time for secrets, Miss Archer.

Windsor: Let her alone.

Cranston: Well, I thought you two were enemies. You were pointing guns at each other a while ago.

Windsor: I wasn't pointing any gun. Lafferty was doing all the...

Cranston: Lafferty!

Margot: What's the matter?

Cranston: Where *is* Lafferty? You heard shots and came running, Windsor. Why didn't Lafferty?

Windsor: Maybe because he set this trap too.

Cranston: Where did you leave him?

Windsor: Wandering around this rotten honeycomb of a house.

Cranston: Wait a minute.

Windsor: What's the matter?

Cranston: Listen.

Margot (*after a pause*): Funny. Sounds almost like drums.

Jane: Yes, it does.

Cranston: Come on, Margot.

sound of steps and drumming of heels)

Margot: But wh-who's pounding? Why?

Windsor: And where is it coming from?

Cranston: It's coming from this room. (*door opens*)

Cranston: I've found Lafferty! Swinging in the air...his heels banging on the wall. He's been hanged.

Windsor: He's dead, eh?

Cranston: Very much dead. Lafferty wandered into this room, stepped on that trap, and a spring noose caught him at the neck and whipped him into the air...

Jane: Ohh...(*breaks*) Oh...

Cranston: What's the matter, Miss Archer?

Jane: Wh-what?

Cranston: Don't like murder, eh?

Margot: Lamont, please.

Cranston: Who are you, Miss Archer? Why're you in this house?

Jane: I can't tell you.

Cranston: Can't you understand, Miss Archer, that Lafferty was right? This house *is* filled with death and terror. This is the time for truth. Now, who are you?

Jane: Jane...Crane.

Windsor: Crane!

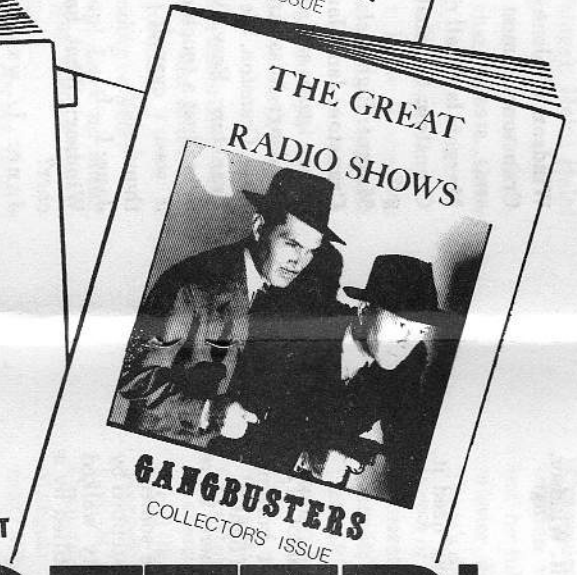
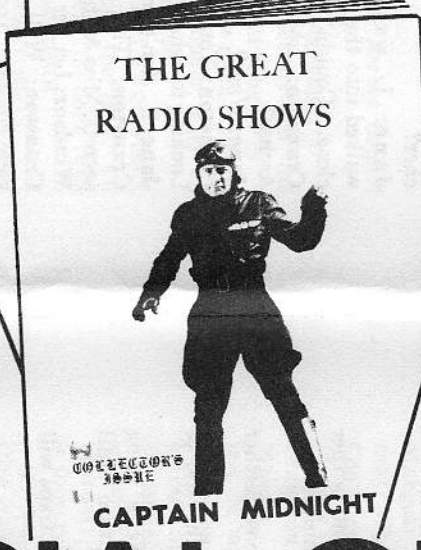
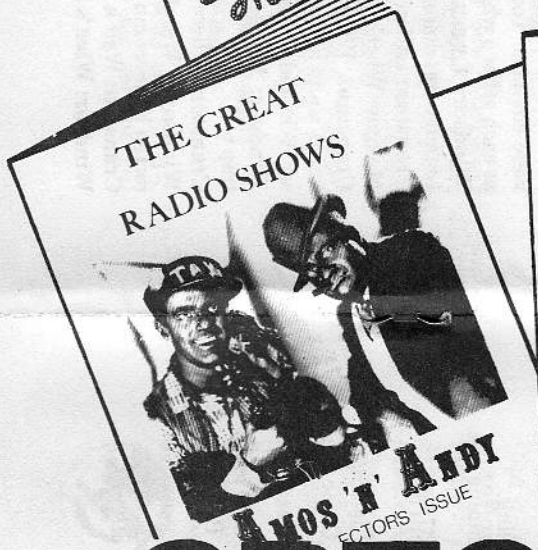
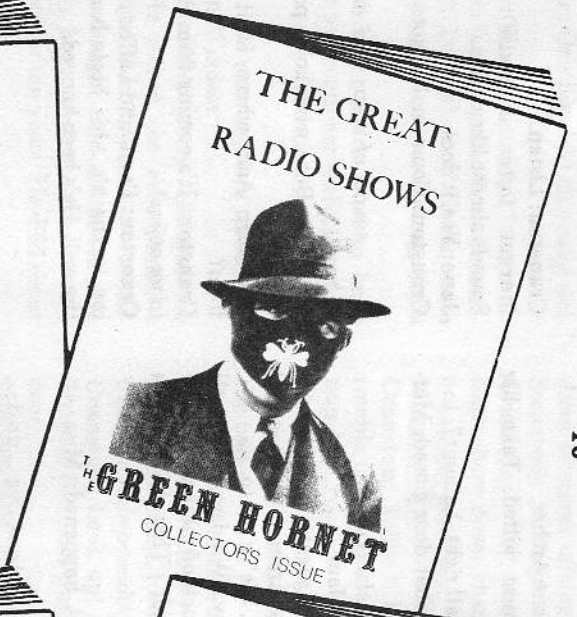
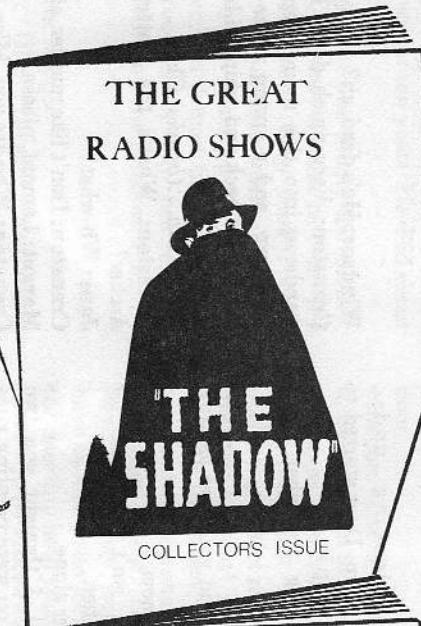
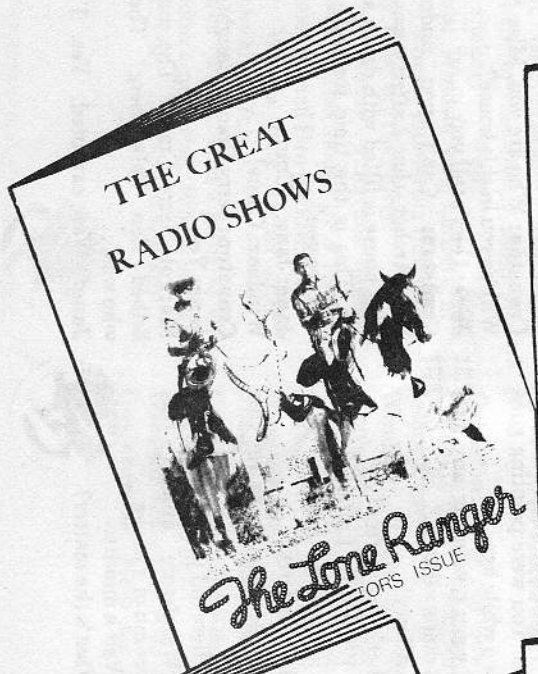
Cranston: Jerry Crane's daughter?

Jane: Yes.

Margot: Jerry Crane? The man who bribed Ben Falkenberg? The man who was...

Jane: Was executed. Yes. I'm his





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daughter. I came here to see if I could find that money...the money he stole from the Chase Bond Company the night he—he murdered the guard. (*Voice begins to break.*) I had a crazy idea it...it might help clear his name...

Windsor: (*laughs*)

Cranston: What's the matter with you?

Windsor: You're right, Cranston. It is time for truth. You'll get a kick out of this confession. I work for the Chase people. I'm a detective assigned to recover that money.

Jane: What?

Windsor: Yeah, I was playing along with Lafferty and his stooge to find the money. Of course, I figured this house would be harmless after Ben Falkenberg died...but...

Jane: I don't think he's dead.

Cranston: What?

Jane: I'm sure Ben is alive and somewhere in this house.

Cranston: Then he could have been the Green Ghost Rusty saw before he was killed!

Windsor: But wait a second. Lafferty and Rusty and I saw his body.

Margot: It might have been someone else's body that Ben had buried.

Cranston: Well, if he's still alive and in this house setting death traps, none of us is going to be safe until he's caught.

Windsor: Yeah, that's right. We'd better start looking for him.

Cranston: Wait a second, Windsor.

Windsor: Look, Cranston, it's my job to...

Cranston: Your job was the money. Forget that. The big thing now is to find the killer, and that's my job. You'd better stay with Jane, Margot.

Margot: No, Lamont.

Cranston (*smiles*): All right, darling,

if that's the way you want it. Windsor, you and Jane stay here.

Windsor: OK, Cranston.

Jane: Good luck.

Cranston: Thanks—we may need it.

(*music, steps*)

Cranston: Careful now, Margot. This is our last candle. Keep it burning. We're going to need plenty of light.

Margot: Do you know where we're going?

Cranston: Well, every time someone went down this hall, he was stopped by an executioner's trap. Rusty walked down a little way and was killed by a firing line of guns.

Margot: Yes.

Cranston: Jane Archer went farther and was trapped by a gas chamber.

Margot: Th-that's right.

Cranston: Lafferty went even farther and was hung in a noose.

Margot: The money's at the end of this hall?

Cranston: It must be. We're going to follow every twist and turn until we reach the end.

Margot: H-how many more traps will there be?

Cranston: I wish I knew, darling.

Margot: It's like... like running the gauntlet. It's...

Cranston: Around this corner... Shield the flame.

Margot: St-stay close to me, darling.

Cranston: It's all right. Come on. Slowly.

(*Continue steps.*)

Cranston (*after pause*): That looks like a flight of steps ahead. Better let me go first.

Margot: All right.

Cranston: Careful.

(*Start steps on stairs.*)



Cranston: Lafferty was trying to frighten us off with his spook talk, but he told the truth. This house has murder and terror in every corner. There's death in—

(swish of descending blade)

Cranston: Back, Margot!

Margot: Lamont!

("chunk" of guillotine blade)

Cranston *(lets out breath)*: That was close.

Margot: Wh-what was it?

Cranston: A 3-foot guillotine knife . . . sharp as a razor. We'd have been sliced like butter.

Margot: Lamont! We're not going to keep on? *(start steps)*

Cranston: We've got to, Margot.

Margot: But Lamont, What'll be next? What'll be next?

Cranston: I don't know, darling.

Margot *(pause)*: Lamont.

Cranston: Yes?

Margot: There isn't much candle left. M-my fingers are getting burned.

Cranston: Try to hold out a little longer, Margot. This is the head of the stairs . . .

(steps on level corridor)

Margot: Wh-what if one of the traps is solitary confinement for l-life? What—*(gasps)*

(Cut steps.)

Cranston: What happened to the candle?

Margot: It j-just blew out. There was a draft. A sudden gust . . .

Cranston: Sudden? Get back against the wall.

Margot: Wh-what's the matter now?

Cranston: A sudden gust could mean a door open somewhere. Maybe another trap starting . . . *(Steps fade.)*

Cranston *(fading)*: I'll have a look—as much as I can look in this pitch-dark . . .

Margot: No, Lamont! I don't want

to be left behind. Please! *(Steps on)*

Margot: Lamont! Lamont! I . . . I'm getting all mixed-up in the dark. Th-there are so many doors . . . and corners . . . and turns . . . Lamont! Lam . . .

(Gasps as door creaks open slowly.)

(Cut steps.)

Ben: Good evening, my dear. I've been waiting for you. Come in. Come in.

Margot: N-no . . . I . . .

Ben: Come in, please. Come in, my dear. *(light scuffle)*

Margot *(screams)*: Lamont! La—*(suddenly muffled)*

Ben: Don't scream, please. It's all right. Ben's your friend. Your dear friend . . . *(Door closes.)*

Ben: Now . . . isn't this nice? Isn't this lovely?

Margot: It . . . it's the D-Death House! Th-that's the electric chair!

Ben: That's right, my dear. That's right. Now come with Ben . . .

Margot: B-Ben? You're Ben Falkenberg!

Ben: I let them think old Ben was dead so there'd be company—friends looking for the money. I've had three today . . . they died well—very well indeed—but not as well as you will, my dear—now come along.

(Start steps.)

Margot: No! No!

Ben: Now trust me, my dear. Many's the one I've coaxed to my little chair in my time.

Margot: No, please! No!

(Cut steps.)

Ben: Just sit down, child. I'm doing you a kindness, a great kindness. All right—now if you're entirely ready?

Margot: No! Please! No! In heaven's name, no!

Shadow: Don't touch that switch, Falkenberg.

Ben: Who-who's that? Who spoke?

Shadow: This is the Shadow.

Ben: The Shadow? There's no shadow in this room. It's all bright light and beautiful current.

Shadow: (*laughs*)

Ben: Stop laughing.

Shadow: What a fool you are. Do you love death so dearly that you want to die?

Ben: Oh no. I don't want to die. I wouldn't be able to continue with my executions, you see.

Shadow: But you will die—for the murder of three people in this house.

Ben: No. . . not me. There'll be no one to tell. No one will know. After this pretty girl dies, no one will live to tell.

Shadow: The Shadow knows, Ben. The Shadow knows the truth. (*quick steps*)

Ben: Where are you? Come out and fight. . . .

Shadow: You will be brought to justice, Ben.

Ben: I will not.

Shadow: You will pay for your crimes, Ben. There is no escape.

Ben: If I could find you, I'd be safe. I would.

Shadow: There is no escape, Ben. You will burn for murder. You'll burn!

Ben: Burn, yes, yes, burn! I have my own switchboard.

(*steps*)

Shadow: Don't touch those wires!

Ben: This current has served me all my life. It will serve me in death.

Shadow: Stop!

Ben: (*big scream*)

(*music, sound of car*)

Cranston: How are you two back there—cold?

Windsor: We're fine, Cranston. Don't worry about Jane.

Margot: You seem to be doing all of that, Windsor.

Cranston: Too bad he hasn't got three arms. Looks like he's having trouble holding onto Jane and the money at the same time.

Jane: I've got the money.

Cranston: Ah-ha!

Windsor: I can't get over old Falkenberg hiding up in that execution chamber with a hundred thousand dollars all these years.

Jane: And faking his death so that people would be lured into his "death house."

Cranston: Well, the scandal of the bribe and his dismissal must have really snapped his mind.

Margot: I think the most ironic part was the way he died by electrocution himself.

Cranston: Oh, he wasn't electrocuted, Margot.

Margot: Wasn't electrocuted?

Cranston: No.

Margot: He was. I saw him die.

Cranston: Not from electrocution.

Margot: He was electrocuted. He staggered against the control panel, grabbed the live wires, and was killed instantly.

Cranston: Not by electricity. . . by shock.

Margot: What d'you mean?

Cranston: Remember the blizzard? The phone and power lines were down. There wasn't any current in the house. Those wires were dead.

Margot: But Lamont, he—

Cranston: He died from the shock of his own imagination, Margot. Ben Falkenberg was killed by his belief in his own death trap.

(*music*)

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. . . .

The Shadow knows. (*laughs*)

(*music up to end fadeout*)

first broadcast January 25, 1948.

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Buck Benny Loves Again

Recorded here for today's public and tomorrow's posterity is a rare bit of erotica: the famous Joan Crawford-Jack Benny love-scene. In this broadcast Benny consented to make public display of his amatory prowess, with Miss Crawford his none-too-willing victim.

BENNY: Joan, what I'm driving at is this: What is it that keeps me from being another Ronald Colman or a Clark Gable?

CRAWFORD: Well . . . that's a sort of . . . oh, I don't know . . .

BENNY: Come on, tell me, Joan. I can take it. Really.

CRAWFORD: Well, Jack, I could tell you what I think might be the reason, but I hate to say it in front of all these people.

BENNY: Oh, that's all right . . . I won't be offended, I promise you.

CRAWFORD: Take an oath?

BENNY: May I never live to see "Artists and Models Abroad," a Paramount picture playing at your favorite theater . . . so there.

CRAWFORD: All right, then. Here goes. Now, Jack, I think you're very clever . . . you're very talented . . . *but you lack the most essential thing that is necessary to be a success on the screen!*

BENNY: I do? . . . What is it?

CRAWFORD: Sex Appeal!

BENNY: Sex Appeal! You can't mean that I haven't got *enough!*

CRAWFORD (cutely): Oh yes, I can.

BENNY: That's funny, and I never even suspected it . . . gee, I do the rhumba, and I wear turtle-

neck sweaters, and I saw "Ecstasy" . . . Oh, I don't know . . .

CRAWFORD: Well, Jack, let me try to explain it to you. Suppose you weren't Jack Benny. Suppose you were Ronald Colman or Clark Gable . . . If you were Gable, do you think I could stand here so coldly . . . so calmly . . . just talking to you?

BENNY: Well—

CRAWFORD: No! Why, if you were Gable, I couldn't stay away from you . . . I'd want to get closer to you . . . like this . . . and caress your cheeks . . . like this . . . why I'd . . . I'd even want to . . . to kiss you . . . like this (kisses him lightly). You see? I didn't feel a thing.

BENNY: That's funny, and I need a shave . . . I see what you're driving at, Joan, but when you mention Gable, don't forget you only see him on the screen where he's acting, playing a part, giving a performance . . . why, it's all a matter of environment, surroundings, circumstances, music, dim lights—that's what it is.

CRAWFORD: Oh no, you're wrong about that, Jack.

BENNY: No, I'm not. It's all atmosphere. I can prove it to you, Joan.

CRAWFORD: How?

—Adapted from the "Screen Guild" program, Columbia Broadcasting System

BENNY: Now look . . . I want you to close your eyes and forget I'm Jack Benny . . . Close your eyes and think of me as Clark Gable . . . What can you lose?

CRAWFORD: You mean I should concentrate on it?

BENNY: Yes . . . I'm not Jack Benny . . . I'm Clark Gable . . . Clark Gable . . . Clark Gable—Got it?

CRAWFORD: Yes, Jack.

BENNY: All right, I'm Jack Gable . . . what's in a name? Now, we'll play a love-scene together . . . a real fervent love-scene. I'll show you that my kiss and Gable's . . . it's the same thing. Are you ready?

CRAWFORD: I'm ready.

BENNY: All right . . . Now close your eyes and we'll start . . . Dim the lights, please . . . dimmer . . . music.

BENNY: Joan . . . Oh, Joan.

CRAWFORD: Oh, Clark, it's really you . . . and I . . . I thought you were leaving without saying "good-by."

BENNY: Oh, my poor darling . . . my sweet . . . let me dry the tears that are brimming in your eyes.

CRAWFORD: My love!

BENNY: I should have told you

sooner, but I'll be back, darling . . . I don't know how or when, but my heart calling to yours will sing a rhapsody in your dreams, though years and a thousand miles shall separate us.

CRAWFORD: To meet and part with nothing left to cherish but the ecstasy of love's first kiss!

BENNY: Love's first kiss . . . kiss me, my sweet, and I shall ever be a man whose heart has plumbed the depths.

CRAWFORD: My beloved!

BENNY: Kiss me.

CRAWFORD: To think . . .

BENNY: Kiss me . . . for heaven's sake . . . kiss me.

CRAWFORD: My love!

(*Sound—heavy kiss*)

BENNY: Well, Joan, what did you think of that? Joan . . . Joan . . . help!

MURPHY: What's the matter, Jack . . . was there an accident?

BENNY: Accident (laughs derisively). Accident (laughs louder). Revive her, boys . . . I'm going out for a smoke . . .

MURPHY: Why, Jack! What happened?

BENNY: Sex Appeal . . . ha, ha, ha!

JACK: *Of course, Don, I don't want you to think for a minute that I'm comparing myself to Lincoln or Washington.*

PHIL: *Why not? Washington wore a wig, too.*

—Adapted from the Jell-O program, National Broadcasting Company

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