

1157-50 #7  
RUTHRAUFF & RYAN, INC. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: D. L. & W. COAL COMPANY

BROADCAST: #7

PROGRAM: "THE SHADO" 'blue coal'

DATE: Nov. 5, 1937

NETWORK: WOR

THE SHADOW

DEATH RIDES THE SKYWAY

Syracuse University Libraries

(OPENING COMMERCIAL FOR ALL SHOWS)

SHADOW:

(STANDARD INTRODUCTION)

ANNR:

'blue coal' presents the SHADOW! The Man of Mystery who strikes terror in the very souls of sharpsters .. lawbreakers and criminals ... today - Death Rides the Skyway!

(MUSIC UP .... FADE OUT)

ANNR:

Friends, when you're ordering this winter's supply of fuel ... remember there's one fuel you can always depend on for plenty of clean, healthful, troublefree heat. It's 'BLUE COAL' ... Pennsylvania's finest anthracite. You'll know at a glance that you're getting the best - for 'blue coal' is colored a harmless blue at the mines - and only America's highest quality anthracite is given this easily identified color. So take the guess work out of your fuel buying. Always ask for 'BLUE COAL' .... BY NAME. Order your supply tomorrow.

(MUSIC)

(HUM OF SMALL DYNAMO)

REX:

(AGE 42 - FOREIGN ACCENT) Watch Glenda - I show you now, on this small experimenting maching.

GLEND:

(DECIDED ENGLISH ACCENT - AGE 38) Don't point the sound machine at me, you fool!

REX:

There is no danger. I would not try to kill you my firend.

GLEND:

I'm not so sure. You seem to have a mania for killing lately.

REX:

This machine has only a little power, Glenda. If It works I can be certain my sound detector works. Because today, for the first time, we destroy a moving object. Now! Hold the string high - let the bottle

swing back and forth so the marbles I put in it will make a noise.

GLEENDA:

There - it's swinging.

REX:

Now - I stand here, across the room. I tune the right pitch on the machine - the vibrating note of the bottle.

(BLEND SINGLE ORGAN NOTE WITH NUM OF DYNAMO - UP AND DOWN A NOTE THEN HOLD)

So! Now watch, Glenda! See how the sound detector follows the swinging glass. The bottle feels the vibration sent through the air by a special small radio beam - and --

(SHARP SPLINTERING OF GLASS)

See - it breaks in a thousand pieces! Destroyed by the waves of noiseless sound - by vibration!

GLEENDA:

Yes, it works well, Rex, and you'd better start now.

REX:

With this power of mine, Glend, I could destroy the world!

GLEENDA:

In another six months, America will be helpless, thanks to us - unable to defend herself - doomed! But the farther we go, the more cautious we must be, Rex.

REX:

Don't worry my sweet Glenda. I have a very good way to divert any suspicion. After it is done today I send a message - signed by The Shadow.

GLEENDA:

The Shadow? Rex, what a marvelous idea to let the Shadow get the blame.  
(THEY LAUGH)

But hurry, the flight is to be at noon.

REX:

I know and - Rex Kaliban - the great scientist wizard of the new death!

GLEENDA:

Assisted by Glenda Tammer - the great artist - the great spy!

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

(MUSIC)

(SOUND OF AUTO HORN)

CRANSTON:

There's the Flying Field just ahead, Margot. I guess we're just about



in time for the test flight.

MARGOT: What is it - a new Army bombing plane, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Yes - biggest thing of its kind ever flown. As an amateur flyer I'm naturally interested. And I understand they're trying out several secret military devices on it too. Let's see - it's a little after eleven.

MARGOT: We'll be able to get back to town in time for lunch.

CRANSTON: Yes, easily. (MEANFULLY) And this afternoon I'm meeting the famous Glenda Tammer at your apartment.

MARGOT: Yes, she very graciously accepted my invitation. She's really a marvelous pianist, Lamont - and quite the rage since her recent recital.

CRANSTON: I know. The pictures of her are vaguely familiar - though I can't quite place her. She reminds me of an International spy -- or a Phillips Oppenheim type I met abroad somewhere. Well, here we are at the flying field.

(DOOR OPENS)

I'll leave the car by the gate here.

(DOOR SHUTS)

Let's hurry Margot - they seem to be getting ready for the take-off.

(DEEP-THROATED MOTORS OF BOMBER DISTANT)

(WARMING UP - UP AND DOWN)

CORPORAL: No one allowed on the field, sir.

CRANSTON: That's all right Corporal - we have passes. Here ---

CORPORAL: All right, Mr. Cranston - go right ahead.

CRANSTON: Come Margot.

(BOMBERS MOTORS CRESCENDO INTO ROAD AS PLANE TAKES OFF)

CRANSTON: SHE's off.

(FADE BUT CONTINUE DIM DIAPASON OF SOUND BEHIND THE SCENE)

MARGOT: My, what a huge plane.

CRANSTON: Do you mind if I go over with the operations officer, Margot, Colonel Every.



MARGOT: No go right ahead, I'll watch it from here

(FADE IN FEW MENS VOICES)

CRANSTON: Well it seems I'm just in time Colonel Every.

EVERY: (MAN OF 50) Well - Cranston! Glad to see you. She's in the air and flying beautifully!

CRANSTON: Not that I know much about bombers - but she's certainly a formidable-looking thing.

(MOTORS CRESCENDO A BIT AND FADE BACK AGAIN)

EVERY: Carrying her full complement of six men - Captain Bradley at the controls, four gunners, and the wireless operator.

OPERATOR: (OFF) Hello - hello. Hello, hello field.

CRANSTON: The ground operator seems to be contacting them now.

OPERATOR: (FADE IN) .... you're coming in strong, Jim. How is she riding?

JIM: (FILTER FROM PLANE)....her nose seems heavy....we're at five thousand feet now ... Duncans head sticking out of the rear gun-turret - looks about a mile away.

(SPUTTER OF INTERFERENCE)

OPERATOR: Hello - hello - what's the matter, Jim? I'm getting some bad interference.

JIM: (BLURRED BUT UNDERSTANDABLE) We're getting a strong beam here of some kind. Radio carrier probably - wait! Something's wrong - stand by, Pete!

EVERY: What's the matter? What's wrong?

OPERATOR: I don't know, sir. There's a strong electrical interference developing.

JIM: ... calling the field - answer Pete!

OPERATOR: Go ahead, Jim.

JIM: We're in trouble -- the whole plane is vibrating ..

CROWD UP: Look!

CRANSTON: What's the matter?

JIM: (VIBRATIONS SHOW IN VOICE) ... hello Pete - the propellers have smashed - something is shaking us - shaking us to pieces - we're diving -- Ohhh

CRANSTON: Come on, they're going to crash.

(CHATTER OF STATIC)

(GROANS AND EXCLAMATIONS FROM MEN ON FIELD)

That's a ninety degree dive! He'll never pull her out of it!

MARGOT: (FADE IN) Lamont - this is terrible.

EVERY: She's going to crash.

(DISTANT RUMBLING EXPLOSION REVERBERATES)

CROWD: SHOUTING OF DISTANT ORDERS - SIRENS START BLOWING - AMBULANCE BELL CLANGS  
AND FADES QUICKLY AWAY)

CORPORAL: Colonel Every - a note for you.

EVERY: WHAT? What's this?

CORPORAL: A man left it at the gate, sir.

EVERY: (TEARS IT OPEN) What the devil --

CRANSTON: What is it, Colonel?

EVERY: Look a black cross in the center and underneath it says - "America is  
doomed - signed, The Shadow!"

CRANSTON: The Shadow! Colonel Every, will you do something for me and it's very  
important?

COLONEL: What?

CRANSTON: Don't tell it too the press. I have a reason but I can't explain now.

COLONEL: Very well - I have more important things to worry about just at the  
moment.

CRANSTON: Come, Margot.

MARGOT: What in the world does it mean, Lamont? You didn't send that note signed  
The Shadow. And you are the Shadow.

CRANSTON: Someone is using my familiar title, Margot - and for no good reason,  
apparently. But I think they may regret it. I'll stand for a lot but  
that is the one thing I cannot and won't allow!

MARGOT: You think it's someone responsible for this tragedy?



CRANSTON:

Yes.

MARGOT:

Under the circumstances perhaps you won't care about meeting Glenda Tammer this afternoon.

CRANSTON:

Well, maybe a little later than you had planned. You keep your appointment at any rate, Margot. That wireless man's last words keep repeating in my mind - "the whole plane is vibrating - something is shaking us." Vibrating! vibrating! There must have been some outside force that caused this accident. There's a connection with his words somewhere but I can't quite piece it together.

(MUSIC) (PIANO IN CONCLUSION OF SHOWY CLASSICAL NUMBER)

MARGOT:

Oh, that's lovely, Miss Tammer. You play beautifully!

GLEENDA:

I am very fond of that particular music. It has dramatic dissonance - discords that make harmony. Take a chord like this -

(SHE HITS AN UNHARMONIC CHORD A COUPLE OF TIMES)

It seems to stir the emotions - to set up a tingling vibration.

MARGOT:

Yes, I notice when you play it the chandelier seems to shake. Play it again - (CHORD) \* I seem to feel the sound as much as I hear it.

GLEENDA:

Yew I know -- everything in this world has its responsive chord. Remember how the trumpet's notes shook down the walls of Jericho. If this chord were amplified and sustained the chandelier would break in the same way.

MARGOT:

How interesting!

SHADOW:

Yes, very.

GLEENDA:

What is that? Who spoke then?

MARGOT:

But I --

SHADOW:

The Shadow - the Shadow speaks!

GLEENDA:

The Shadow!

SHADOW:

You're a very scientific musician aren't you, Glenda Tammer?

GLEENDA:

If this is some trick Miss Lane - ;



SHADOW: No, no! Calm yourself, Miss Tammer. The Shadow comes and goes where he chooses. I merely thought we should be acquainted, you and I.

GLEENDA: Really?

SHADOW: And you have no cause to be alarmed. Or - have you?

GLEENDA: Don't think you can intimidate me with your mysterious presence. I know who you are! You're the one who was responsible for that terrible airplane wreck this morning!

SHADOW: Oh - how do you know that, Glenda?

GLEENDA: (GROWING HYSTERICAL) How? What do you mean - how? A note you left at the scene. It was in the newspapers - people talked of it!

SHADOW: No - it was not in the newspapers - and no one talked of it, Glenda.

GLEENDA: You lie!

SHADOW: Nobody knew of it.

GLEENDA: It's a lie - Miss Lane may I have my wraps?

MARGOT: But, Miss Tammer -

GLEENDA: (FADE) (GRABS THEM) Let me out of here. (DOOR OPENS) Let me out -- (DOOR BANGS SHUT)

SHADOW: (LAUGHS (FADES INTO CRANSTON'S VOICE)

MARGOT: Where are you?

CRANSTON: Here I am, Margot!

MARGOT: But - Lamont you startled me so. Why in the world did you do it?

CRANSTON: I had a purpose, Margot. Coming back in the car from the airfield I recalled where I had seen Glenda Tammer before. In the south of France, quite a few years ago. She wasn't the international social figure I told you I thought she was. She and a young man named King - or Rex - or something of the sort were partners in a vaudeville act.

MARGOT: Vaudeville act?

CRANSTON: Yes, they were sensational. They had an instrument which played tunes on colored glasses by means of vibrations.

MARGOT: Vibrations? And she knew about that note!

CRANSTON: Yes. Remember what the wireless said: "The whole plane is vibrating - something is shaking us."

MARGOT: Are you're going to follow her and investigate, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Yes. I think it's time- that the Shadow got to work.

(MUSIC)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ANNR: While we're waiting for the Shadow to return, ladies and gentlemen, I want to take this opportunity of reminding all home owners just how easy it is to have complete heating satisfaction. There's no trick to it ... it's simple as the a b c's. Just do as many thrifty and wise folks are doing .... order 'BLUE COAL'. Its blue color tells you immediately that it's America's finest anthracite .... the ideal fuel for home use. First, because it is the fuel furnaces space heaters and cook stoves here in this part of the country were designed to burn. Second, anthracite is not a quick burning fuel that requires frequent firing. Anthracite burns slowly and steadily for hours at a time without attention. That's why anthracite is such a great money-saver. No other fuel can give the same, clean even heat at such a low cost. So always burn anthracite. Make sure its the best though ... insist on 'blue coal' ... that good, clean, carefully prepared Pennsylvania hard coal, mined by the Glen Alden Company. It is laboratory tested and colored 'BLUE' for your protection. If you haven't tried 'blue coal' order your first trial ton tomorrow. You'll find the name of your nearest 'blue coal' dealer listed in the "where-to-but-it" section of your classified telephone directory under the name 'blue coal'.

(MUSIC)

GLENDA: I tell you we must hurry, Rex O no matter if we leave half our work undone. This Shadow knows about us!



REX:\* Shadow! Must we return to Europe and tell the Master that International corporation has failed - because of a Shadow?

GLENDA: Isn't that better than being caught and our secrets revealed?

REX: But the Carlton Tower Building that we planned to demolish next week - the Headquarters of their Army Ordnance. We must destroy it, Glenda! I want to see its twenty floors shake and crumble and crash to the earth! More magnificent than any airplane - and more difficult., and we can do it!

GLENDA: Yes - but what about the lives that will be lost?

REX: Pah! What are a few lives? Bundles of bones and organs that eventually wither and fall apart. You know way? Because the body loses its resistance to the all-prevading vibration of the cosmos. That is the real secret of age, my dear - and of death.

GLENDA: You are very convincing, Rex. Where is Chito - bringing the machine in from the flying field?

REX: Yes, and putting it in our building downtown, ready for action.

GLENDA: The beam is diverted on the Carlton Tower Building?

REX: But, of course! The vibro-transmitter must bear direct on its objective. It is like the television beam - it will not bend with the curve of the earth.

GLENDA: If we only knew who this Shadow is - how powerful he is - how much he really knows - what are you staring at?

REX: (SLOWLY) There - on the wall by the door - Red letters - slowly appearing -

GLENDA: Ah! (READS SLOWLY) "THE SHADOW - SEES AND - KNOWS ALL"

SHADOW: (FILTER) Period. (QUIET LAUGH)

GLENDA: You!

REX: Glenda, is it - the Shadow?

SHADOW: Yes - Rex Kaliban - I am the Shadow.

REX: (ASTONISHED) What! You know my name?



SHADOW:

Yes, yours and Glenda's - and your evil intentions. Goodbye, until we meet again.

(FADE) (LAUGHS)

(CUT IT OFF)

GLEENDA:

You see. He knows what shall we do, ReX?

REX:

Do? We are going to destroy the Carlton Building - now! At once! We'll do it before this ridiculous Shadow even has time to laugh.

(MUSIC)

EVERY:

(FADE IN) ... and so far, that is all our investigations have revealed. I am working with Commissioner Weston and will report any further developments to Washington. Sign it Colonel Every, Ordnance Department, Carlton Tower Building, City. What time is it Corporal?

CORPORAL:

It's five o'clock, sir.

EVERY:

Then you may leave after you get that letter out. You want to dictate something, Commissioner Weston?

WESTON:

No thanks, Colonel.

CORPORAL:

Thank you, sir.

EVERY:

Very well, you may go Corporal. (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.

WESTON:

You think this airplane wreck is just one of a series of jobs in a diabolical plot Colonel?

EVERY:

It begins to look that way - the recent crippling of those new destroyers in the Navy Yard - blowing up the city Arsenal - the damage to the Government Wireless Station -- some sort of directed action I think. And if this Shadow is at the bottom of it, he's the most dangerous criminal in America today. What have you done about him.

WESTON:

Well - there's nothing much we can do about the Shadow, Colonel. He's been giving us the willies for sometime, though personally, I don't think he's against us.

EVERY:

Did Lamont Cranston speak to you? He asked me to hold up that note signed by The Shadow.

WESTON: (SHORT LAUGH) Cranston's one of these society club-fellows who'd like to be a scientific detective, that's all, Colonel.

(FADE IN LOW WHINE)

Gosh, sounds as if it was blowin' up outside.

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

EVERY: Who's that?

SHADOW: Commissioner Weston knows who I am.

WESTON: You here again?

EVERY: Who is it, Commissioner?

WESTON: The voice of the Shadow coming from heaven's knows where. On a radio beam I think.

EVERY: The Shadow!

SHADOW: Commissioner - for your information that wasn't my signature on the note delivered to Colonel Every at the flying field.

WESTON: Is that all you want to tell us?

SHADOW: No, Commissioner - the Carlton Tower Building - where you are sitting now - is going to be destroyed any minute!

WESTON: Oh yeah? Say listen - do you think you can bluff --

SHADOW: This isn't a bluff, Commissioner!

WESTON: All right - if anything happens we'll know who to blame!

SHADOW: Don't be a fool! If I were responsible would I be warning you?

WESTON: I don't know - I -

SHADOW: Have the building evacuated and leave it at once, or there is no telling the lives that will be lost.

EVERY: This is preposterous! What's it all about - can't the police do something about it Commissioner.

SHADOW: I tried to warn headquarters in your absence, Commissioner. They laughed at me. What do they know of the infinite realm of Science!

(LOW RUMBLING SOUND)

Did you hear that, Commissioner?



WESTON: You can't frighten me! I tell you, I ---

SHADOW: This is my last word! Get everybody out of this building before it's too late. (FADE) The Shadow does not warn in vain!

(CRASH OF PLASTER)

EVERY: Good Heavens! The walls are giving way!

WESTON: The whole place is shaking! Vibrating! The Shadow was right.

(DISTANT CRIES)

EVERY: Quick! Run for your life, Commissioner!

(HEAVY CRASH - CRIES AND SCREAMS)

(MUSIC UP FAST - HOLD - FADE BEHIND)

(WIRELESS)

SHADOW: Margot Lane - stand by for orders. This is difficult but important. Get help if you need it. Check recent rentals of space in all buildings having a direct and unimpeded view of the Carlton Towers. Look for the name International Corporation. Then have Electric Company immediately trace any heavy current drainage from their main cables in that locality. Report.

(WIRELESS OUT)

(MUSIC UP AND CONCLUDE)

(TOWN CLOCK STARTS STRIKING EIGHT)

(SOUND OF STEPS)

(DOOR SHUTS)

REX: Here we are, Glenda. You saw no one prowling around since we used the machine, Chito?

CHITO: No, master.

GLENDA: Can you dismantle it without turning on the light, Rex?

REX: Yes, then we take it down and put it in the car. Wait! What is that?

GLENDA: What --?

REX: I thought I heard footsteps.

CHITO: No hear, master.

Syracuse University Libraries



REX: All right. Glenda see the sides of the window where the beam went through?

GLEND A: Yes, all broken.

REX: We had to project such a heavy current from the vibro-transmitter.

GLEND A: But you only half destroyed the Carlton Building. I suppose they'll lay the trouble to faulty construction and ....

REX: From the fifteen th floor to the top the Carlton Building is all smashed and the rest cracked and useless.

CHITO: Maybe we try one time more, master?

REX: No, Chito! We've got to get out of here as quickly and quietly as we can. The beam has been successful again but it is still only the beginning.

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) You are wrong, Glenda. It is the ending.

GLEND A: (SHARP CRY) Rex! He has come! The Shadow!

CHITO: (SCARED) Who?

SHADOW: Sorry to cause such consternation, but I think your little game is up my friends.

REX: No, I don't think so - not yet, Mister Shadow! Glenda - Chito - go outside.

CHITO: Yes, master.

GLEND A: (FADE) Rex - what are you going to do? (DORR OPEN)

REX: You'll see - go.

(DOOR SHUTS AND LOCKS)

Now - where are you, Mister Shadow?

SHADOW: Right here, Rex Kaliban -- no, no, over here in this corner. You're looking the wrong way.

REX: I can see nothing in that corner -- nothing but a shadow.

SHADOW: What did you expect?

REX: Hm. Interesting. It would seem that we are both scientists.

SHADOW:

Of course my powers are - shall we say - more portable than yours. That machine is very formidable-looking, but it must be a nuisance to drag around.

REX:

Yes, but that is its only drawback. But you my friend - you have a remarkable trick of hypnotism. You put a film over my eyes - and I cannot see you. Remarkable.

SHADOW:

Very clever of you to have fathomed my little deception. Now if you had spent your time in India instead of your laboratory you would, perhaps, have learned the ancient Hindu secret.

REX:

But this machine of mine is just as effective. But come - we are wasting time. We must get down to business, my friend.

SHADOW:

Oh - do we have business?

REX:

Of course - I cannot see you - no. But I know you are only a man. You are in this room. And this machine will find you. You see this small sound-detector on top? Would you like to know how it works?

SHADOW:

Very much.

REX:

When I start the Vibro-Transmitter, it sends a radio beam -- not much, only enough to shake a man to pieces. The delicate sound detector waits and listens - whenever it hears the slightest sound it automatically aims the radio beam. You cannot escape it, Shadow.

SHADOW:

It does sound rather deadly, doesn't it.

REX:

So - now I start the Vibro-Transmitter -

(SPARK AND HUM OF DYNAMO)

And now - to catch your slightest movement -- the sound detector.

(ADD ANOTHER THIN NOTE TO DYNAMO)

(A PAUSE ... THE MACHINE SOUNDS FADES AND INCREASE SLIGHTLY, AS BEAM WAVES BACK AND FORTH)

(THEN SHARP THUD AND SPLINTER OF WATCH CRYSTAL)

(THE BEAM CONCENTRATES AND HUMS TO A HIGHER PITCH)



REX: Stop! No, no!

SHADOW: Sorry to play a trick on you, Kaliban!

REX: The machine! It's turned on me! (SCREAMS)

SHADOW: Yes - it was getting too close to me so I tossed my watch into the corner where you are standing. The noise attracted the beam -

REX: Help - ahhhh!

SHADOW: Quick - where's the switch to turn it off?

REX: It's -- it's -- (SCREAM OF AGONY ENDING IN CHOKING GASP, AS REX IS SHAKEN TO DEATH)

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

(DYNAMO STOPS)

SHADOW: (TO HIMSELF) I'm afraid our friend Rex is done for. Hm. Effective little machine. I'd better dispose of it before it does any more damage.

(CRASHING AND SMASHING OF METAL)

I don't believe even Rex could put that together again!

(POUNDING ON DOOR)

MAN: (OFF) Open in the name of the Law!

(PAUSE)

WESTON: (OFF) Break the door down!

(CRASH OF SPLINTERING DOOR)

(ON) Well, Colonel - this certainly looks like the outfit. With that man and that Tammer woman trying to make a getaway as we came in -

EVERY: What the blazes is this on the floor?

WESTON: The body of a man. Broken and twisted - almost disintegrated. Killed by that infernal machine I should say. And that must be the machine - or what's left of it? Now how do you suppose that got smashed.

EVERY: Well - it certainly beats me how you knew what to look for, and where



to look for it, Weston.

WESTON:

I hate to admit it, Colonel - but the Shadow called me again and gave me the tip - and here we are.

EVERY:

Hmph! You and your Shadow. Don't forget he's the one who sent me that threatening note! Personally, I believe this dead man here is your Shadow. Probably those accomplices knew the game was up - turned the machine on him.

SHADOW:

(LAUGHS) Sorry to disappoint you, Colonel.

WESTON:

What - you here?

EVERY:

Then who is the man on the floor?

SHADOW:

He is the one who signed the note, but he is not the real Shadow. The real Shadow is the one who talks to you, Commissioner.

WESTON:

I'd give a lot to know how you get your information?

SHADOW:

Well you see, Commissioner, nowadays you have to be not only scientific - but - clever -

(LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL FOR ALL SHOWS)

ANNR:

And now, before today's thrilling episode in the life of the SHADOW comes to a close, John Barclay, 'blue coal's' own heating expert has another of his practical talks on automatic heating for us. Ladies and Gentlemen ... Mr. Barclay.

BARCLAY:

Good evening, friends. For the past several Sunday evenings I've been telling you about the tremendous advantages of 'blue coal reat regulators... how the demand for them has been growing by leaps and bounds. Now, tonight, I'm going to discuss another reason fro their ever-increasing popularity. We've already talked about the Economy of automatic heating ... how, by regulating heat ... keeping it at an even, uniform temperature ... the 'blue coal' Heat Regulator saves on

BARCLAY CONT. fuel costs. And we pointed out how much more healthful automatic heating is ... how this maintaining an even, steady temperature cuts down the number of colds and reduces doctor's bills. Now, tonight I was going to tell you a bit about the COMFORT every home owner can enjoy when the furnace is automatically controlled by the 'blue coal' heat regulator. You probably know by long experience what a job it is to tend the furnace .. by hand! Well, friends, the 'blue coal' automatic Heat Regulator puts an end to all that. Owners of 'blue coal's' Regulators have to attend to their furnaces only twice a day... once in the morning and once at night. All the rest of the day and night the regulator does the work for you. With a 'blue coal' Heat Regulator the temperature in your home is always the same ... not too hot ... one minute ... too cold the next. So friends - why not enjoy the convenience and comfort of a 'blue coal' automatic Heat Regulator? The cost is only eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents ... plus a small small charge for installation. Ask your 'blue coal' dealer to give you a demonstration. And at the same time, friends, if you have any heating problems take them up also with your 'blue coal' dealer. He's the best informed heating authority in your community and can - I'm sure - help you make your home more comfortable this winter... and what's more, do it with less expense to you. I thank you.

(MUSIC)

ANNR:

The story you have just heard is copyrighted by the Shadow Magazine. The characters in this story are entirely fictitious; and similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

(STANDARD CLOSE)

(MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

NEWSBOY:

EXTRA! EXTRA! Hear all about it! All about the Shadow next week ... same station ... same time. The Shadow returns .... in another thrilling adventure.... EXTRA!.....