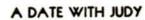


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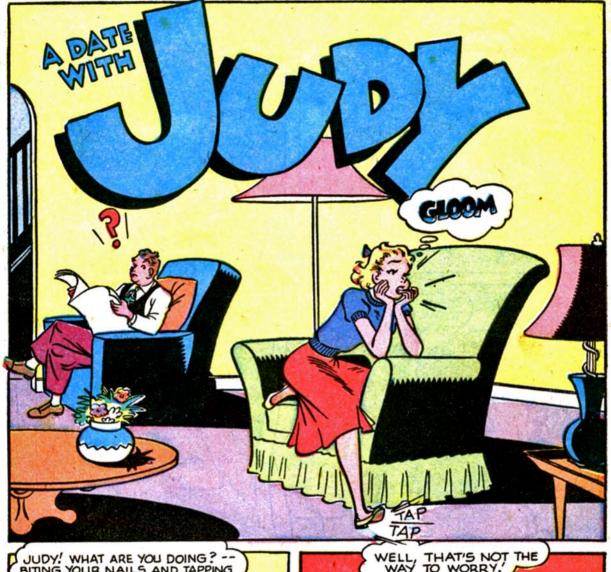
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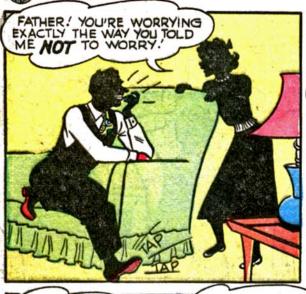














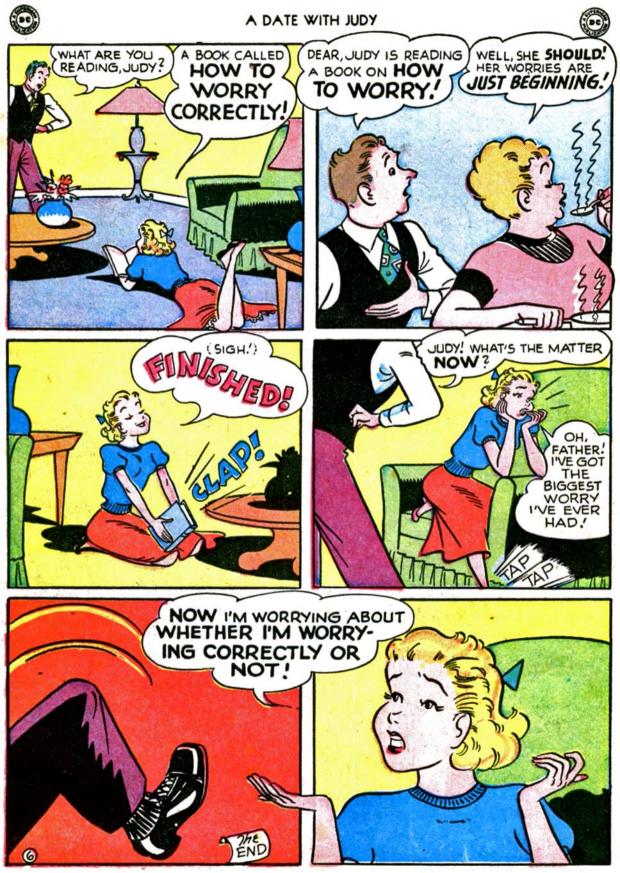


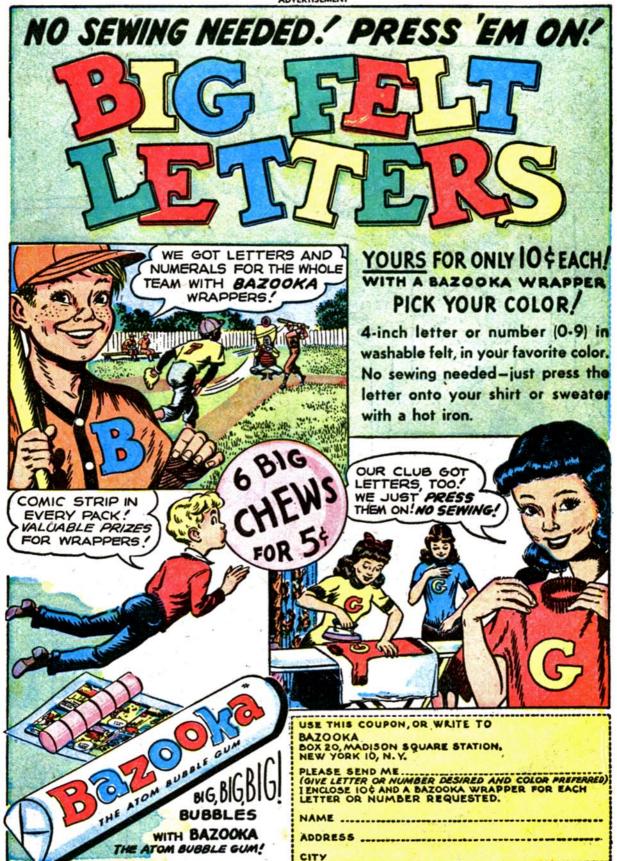


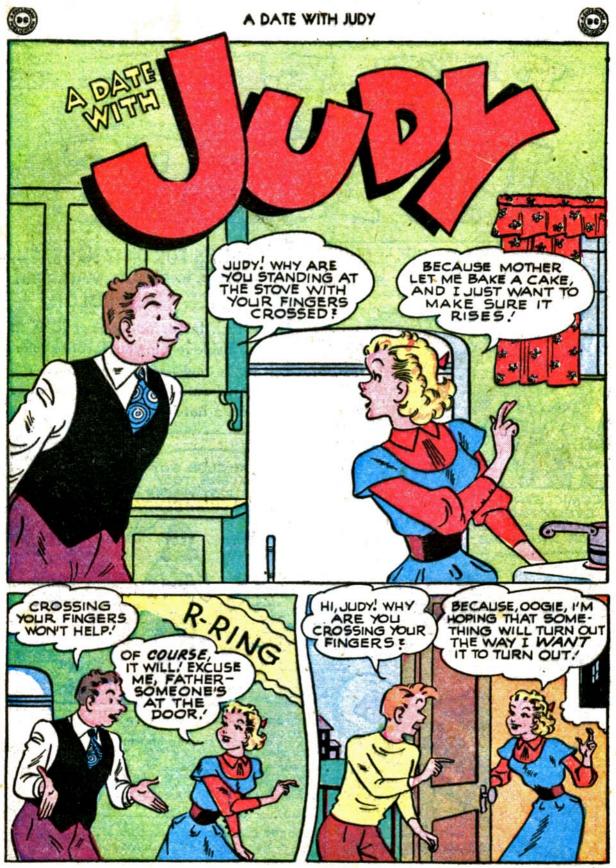














BECAUSE I'M GOING

OH, WELL-ALL





( GEE! IT WORKS!













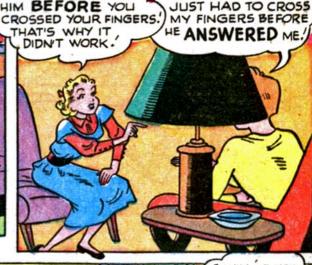






OH! I THOUGHT I







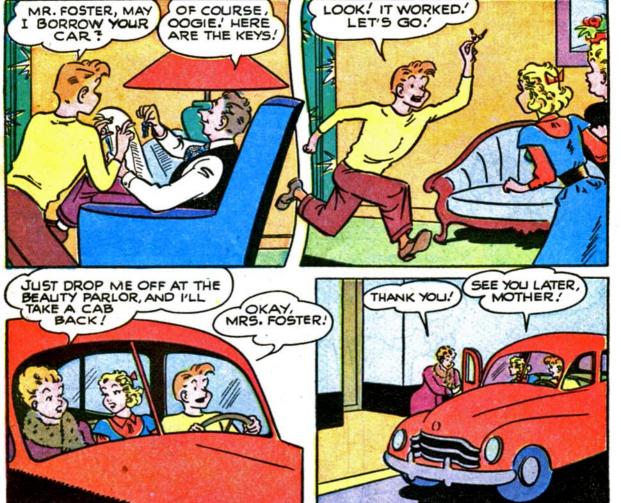












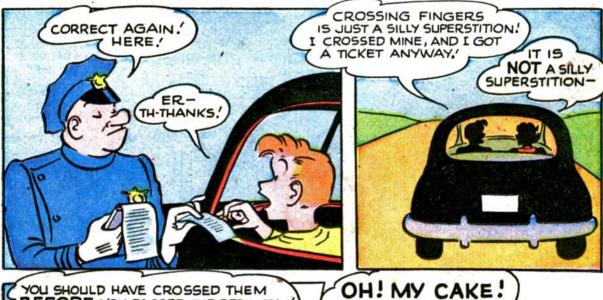


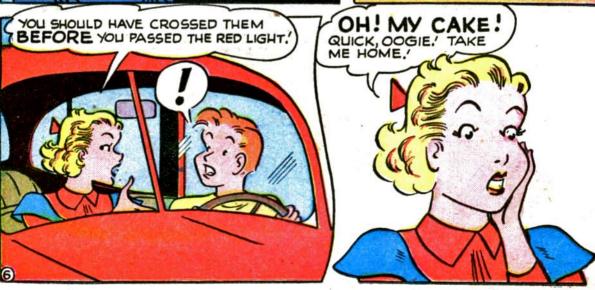






















OOGIE! I ONLY CROSSED ! I STILL THINK





WELL! I'M CROSSING MINE,

AND I'M HOPING YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND





# SAM SPADE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE HAS BEEN HIRED TO PROTECT WEALTHLY GUESTS AT A "CHARACTER FROM AN OPERA" COSTUME PARTY SO YOU'RE GOING TO THIS PARTY AS "FIGARO" THE BARBER, SAM! COMB, CLIPPERS, AND A BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM—OIL... LET'S GO... COSTUME PARTY ORDER Adventures of

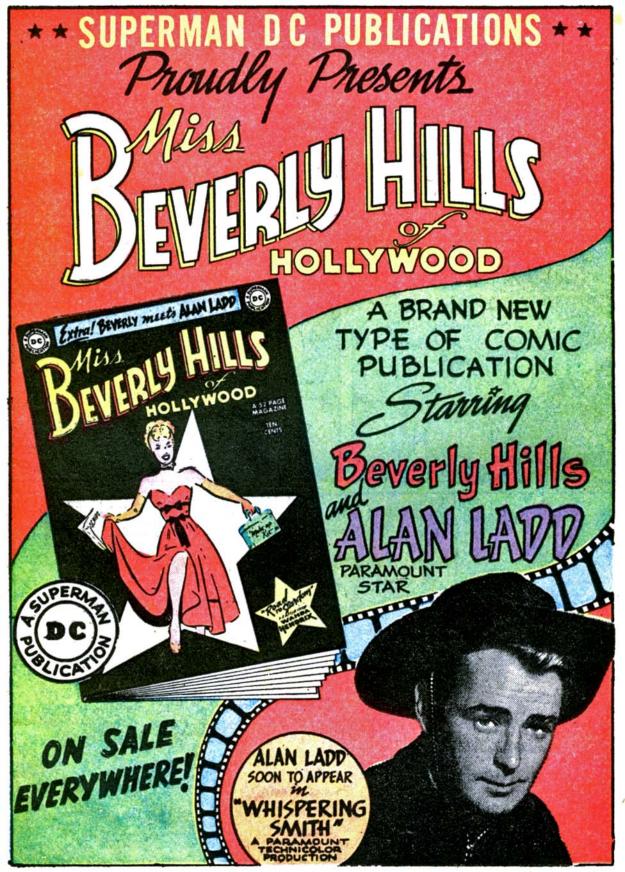




LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.





































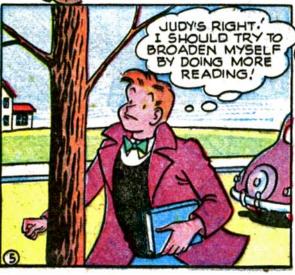




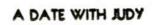






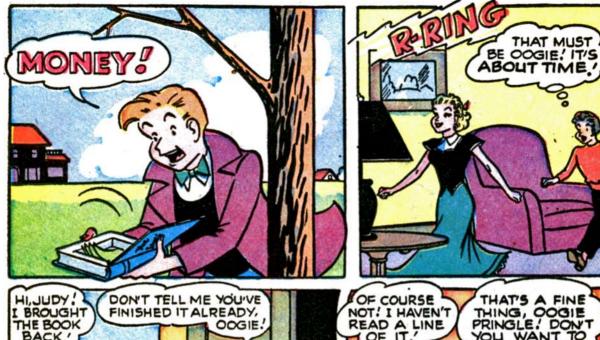
















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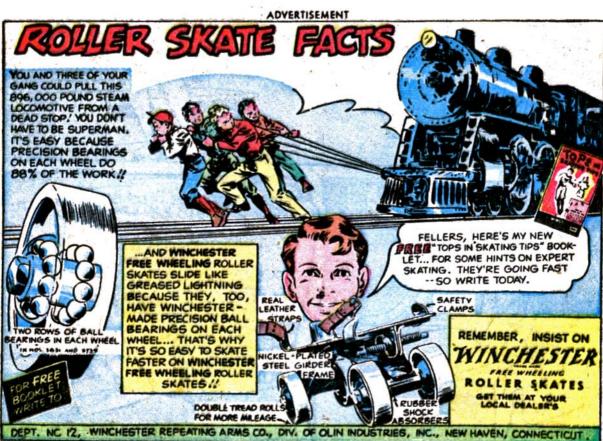
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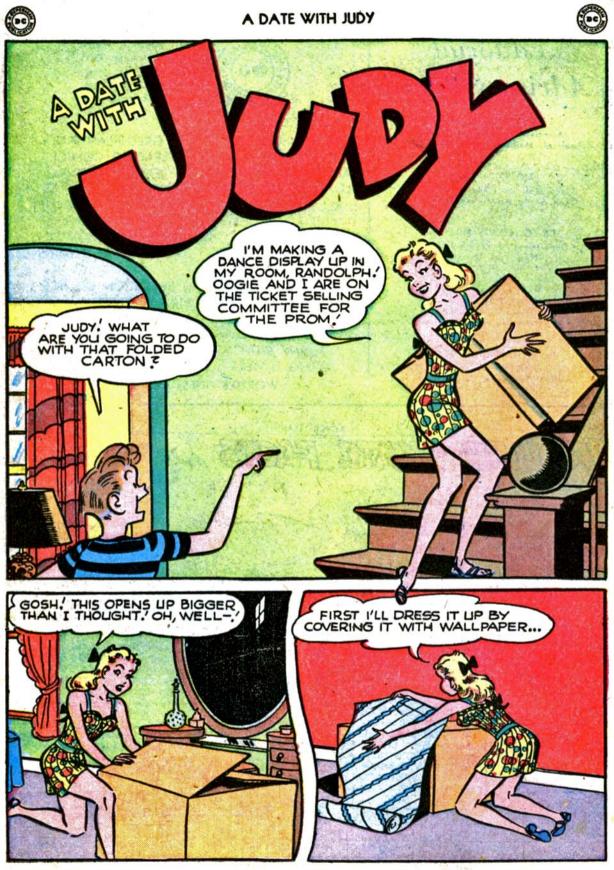
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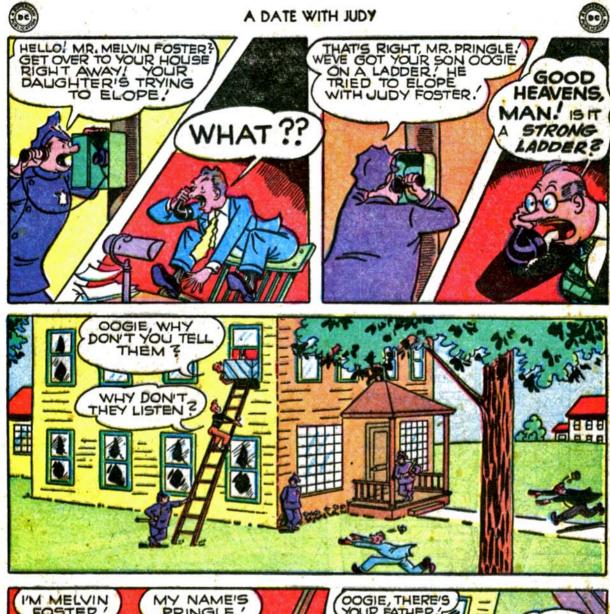








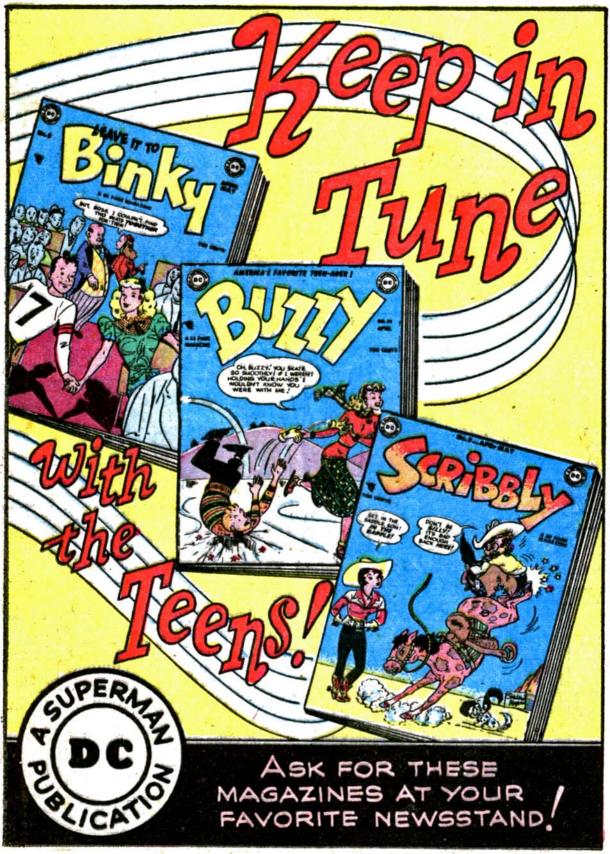


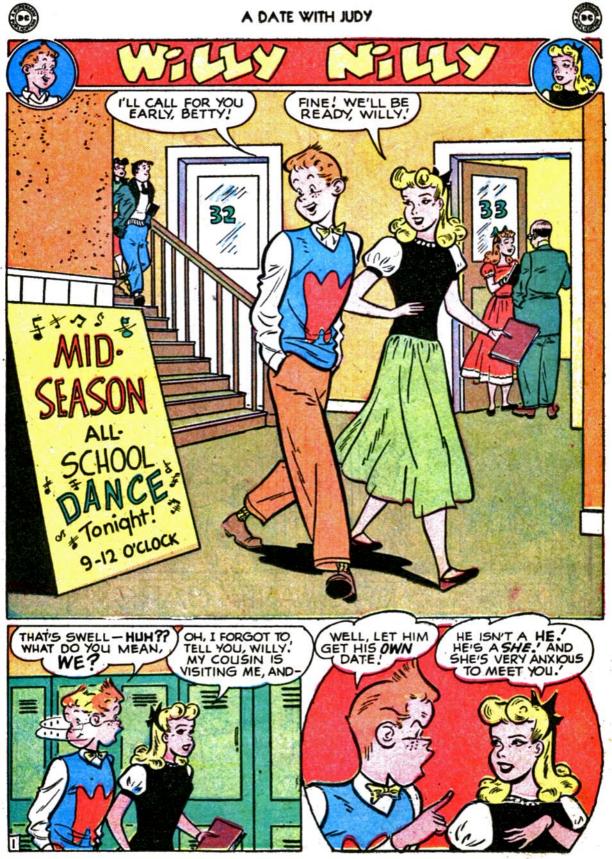


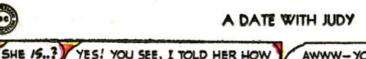




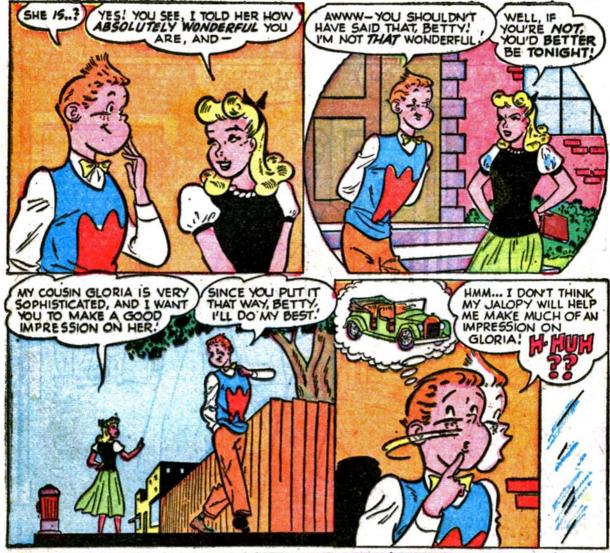














## A DATE WITH JUDY







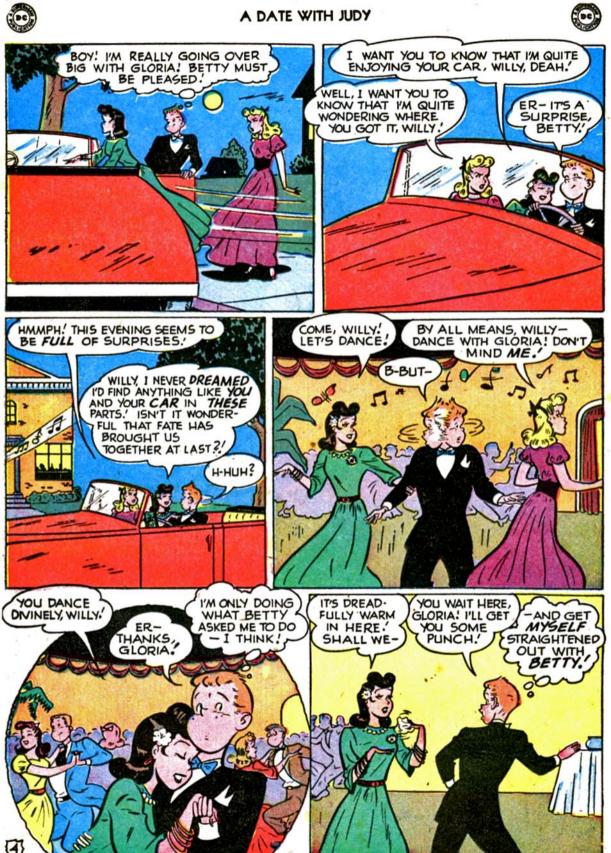




























JUDY bounced down the stairway and into the living room. She picked up the andirons from in front of the fireplace and clanged them together energetically.

"Family meeting tonight! Family meeting tonight!" she called in a sing-song voice. "To

"What matter of vital importance?" mumbled her father from behind his BUSINESS-

MAN'S REVIEW.

"Me!" said Judy.
Randolph looked up from his sketchbook and yawned elaborately. "Pardon me for saying so, but I am vitally uninterested!" hesaid.

"Well!" repeated Judy. "Pardon me for saying so, bur you are vitally off the beam! Any brother who can watch his best and only sister come face to face with an overwhelming and utterly devastating problem, and not rush to aid and abet her—that brother, Randolph, that brother is strictly nowhere!"

"Judy's right," said Mrs. Foster, with a slight smile. "We at least owe her a hearing!"

"So hear ye, hear ye!" said Judy, smiling gratefully at her mother.

"All right," conceded Mr. Foster, laying down his magazine. "Let's hear it. What's troubling you, Judy?"

"Well," began Judy, "sometimes I wonder if you three good people have my best interests at heart! I mean, do you really realize that I am now SIXTEEN YEARS OLD!"

"Well, I certainly do!" said Randolph. "It cost me two weeks' allowance the day you became 16!"

"Huh!" sniffed Judy. "You ate enough ice

cream at my party to make up for two months' allowance!"

"I was just trying to keep up with you and Oogie!" said Randolph.

"Randolph!" exploded Judy.

"Randolph!" reprimanded Mrs. Foster.

"Randolph!" warned Mr. Foster.
"Proceed, Judy," said Mrs. Foster.

"Proceed, Judy," nodded Mr. Foster.

"Proceed, Randolph?" asked Judy, with a threatening look at her brother.

"Proceed, Judy," shrugged Randolph.

"Well," proceeded Judy, "being 16 can mean only one thing—that MY FUTURE IS ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON ME! I It means that at last I have come face to face with the vast unknown of TIME-TO-COME, and it is far past time that we did something about it!"

"Hmmm... interesting! Very interesting!" said Mr. Foster. "I can't say that I had ever thought about it in quite those terms, but I see what you mean..."

"What does she mean?" asked Randolph.

"Why, she means—that is, what she's trying to say is that—Judy! Just what are you saying . . .?" stuttered Mr. Foster.

"I am saying, Father, that now that I am 16 and almost grown-up, it is high time this family decides what I should be!"

"You should be QUIET," said Randolph,

"and let the rest of us relax in peace!"

"Randolph!" cried Judy, tossing her head back dramatically. "How can you jest at a moment like this? Here I stand on the brink of the great WHO-KNOWS-WHAT, not knowing which way to turn . . . little dreaming what lies ahead . . . remembering only, sadly

blindly, while my very own family sits idly est woman doctor in the world!" Judy grabby, uncaring! Oh, whither shall I go . . . ?" bed her mother's sewing basket. "I'll invent "Boy!" whistled Randolph. "Can she put new operations—new techniques—new ailon an act!" ments! I can just see the operating room now "Act, Randolph? Did you say act? That's -lights blazing-everyone tense-momenit! I'll be an actress!" yelled Judy joyfully. tous silence everywhere—I prepare to stitch. "I'll be the rage of seven continents! The stitch, stitch-I call for my needle!" Judy greatest theaters in the world will be filled whipped a large darning needle out of the to the rafters with people coming from the sewing basket. "I call for-"-"Your thimble!" suggested Randolph." far corners of the earth to see me act! I shall "And you call for your fiddlers three!"

make them laugh, weep, dream, hope, despair!" Judy struck a dramatic pose and closed her eyes. She began to move across

and fondly, what lies behind! I venture forth,

the room. "I can just see it now," she murmured. "I step out upon the stage-" Suddenly there was a loud CRASH! and Judy found herself sprawled across the hearth. She had stumbled over the andirons. "Hmmm . . ." observed Randolph. "You certainly will go over with a bang!"

"Your entrance was a little rough, Judy!"

chuckled Mr. Foster. "You'll have to get more poetry into your movements!" "Poetry, Father?" asked Judy, recovering her composure. "Why, you'd be surprised at how much poetry there is inside me. Sometimes I have all I can do to keep myself from speaking in rhyme! Just tonight at dinner I

could barely refrain from saying to Ran-

dolph: 'Please pass the bread, you knuckle-

head!"" "Why, Judy!" reprimanded Mrs. Foster. "I'm surprised at you!" "I knew you would be, Mother! You have no idea how poetic I am in the depths of my soul! Maybe that's what I should be-a poet!" Judy reached over into the bookcase and took a slip of paper from between the leaves

of a book. "Here's a little something I wrote recently in the style of that great poetess what's-her-name," she said. "Listen! To be a bee, one must be a bee as only a bee can be a bee, and only a bee can be as a bee

toring up!"

when a bee is a bee to begin with!" "Bee-ootiful!" said Randolph. "Well," hemmed Mr. Foster, "it's inter-

esting, but maybe it could stand a little doc-

self!" "Oh, Oogie!" smiled Judy. "That's a marvelous suggestion! I'll just be Judy forever and ever!"

laughed Mr. Foster.

I be?"

With sighs of relief, Judy's family settled peacefully back once more. They were aroused suddenly by the clanging of the andirons and Judy's voice calling, "Family meeting tonight! Family meeting tonight! To discuss a matter

be a doctor-that's what I'll be! The great-

Judy came out of her trance. "You're mak-

ing fun of me," she wailed. "Here I am,

simply seething with talents—and you don't

appreciate me at all! I'm like a great, big

corporation—TALENT, UNLIMITED! Or-

doorbell, and a moment later Randolph

brought Oogie back into the room with him.

you here at this moment! Since my family

refuses to co-operate with me, Oogie, I turn

to you for advice! Tell me, Oogie-what shall

one answer to that—You're so wonderful that

you shouldn't ever be anything but just your-

"Gosh, Judy!" said Oogie. "There's only

She was interrupted by the ringing of the

"Oogie!" cried Judy. "Fate has brought

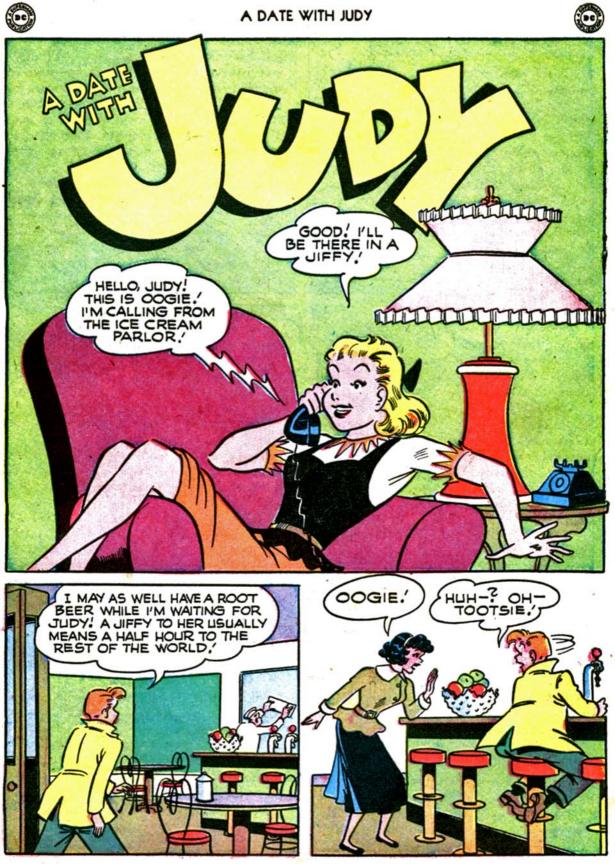
or JUDY, INCORPORATED!"

of vital importance!" "Oh, for heavens' sake, Judy!" grumbled Mr. Foster. "What now?" "Well, said Judy, "since Oogie was so

good as to settle my future for me, it is only fair that we settle his for him and decide what he should be when he grows up! Here he stands on the brink of the great WHO-

KNOWS-WHAT, not knowing which way to turn . . . little dreaming-"

"Oh, no!" groaned the Fosters. "Not "Doctoring up?" exclaimed Judy. "Father! again!" You've just diagnosed my future for me! I'll



# A DATE WITH JUDY





















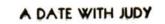








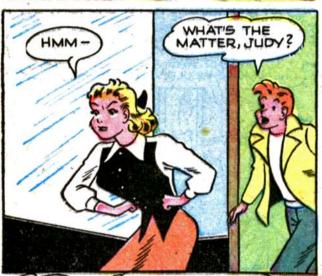




















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