

# On Wings of Song

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

By MARIE BLIZARD

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

"What's the matter with Vance?" Kit asked Widmer when they had found a table by themselves in the store.

"I dunno. But I'm afraid it is something serious. That's why I can't after you. I figured that you're a good friend of his and you might know. He's a good friend of mine, too. I thought maybe if he was in a jam—"

"Where is he?" she asked. A kind of sick premonition attacked her.

"That's what I don't know. He's kind of queer it seems to me. He's done something that he never did before. He was supposed to be M. C. at the opening of our new station last night and he didn't show up. Craley was there and he pinch hit for him. He has a show to do Tuesday and the Braddock fight today. I went up to his place today and his servant said he hadn't heard from him since he left Monday."

Kit said, "Let me think a minute."

"I don't know as I ought to tell you this, Miss O'Reilly, but Gregory told him if he ever... well, if he ever blew again, he'd keep him off the air, and with the big fight coming and all, I thought—"

"But Gregory is in London. Maybe he won't know about it."

"Nobody here would squeal on Healey. He's too regular. But suppose he ain't here by Tuesday and Gregory catches the fight on short wave?"

Kit picked up her bag. She said, "Thanks, Mr. Widmer, for telling me. Don't let anyone else know, and I promise you that I'll have Vance here by Sunday."

Kit's gray-and-white striped luggage was in her path when she opened the door of her apartment. Her topcoat and light evening wrap were folded over a chair in the foyer.

Fran's voice greeted her quietly. "You'll have to hurry, Kit. Jerry will be here very soon. I've packed for you, drawn your bath and laid out your clothes for dinner."

Kit came into the room. "I'm not going with Jerry."

She threw her hat and bag on a chair and hurried to her writing desk, where she flung open the drawers, scattering the contents wildly.

"Looking for something?"

"No, darling. I'm practicing a new act. Didn't we have a New Haven timetable around here some place?"

"I thought you were going on Foster's boat. And, anyway, it's New London, not New Haven, unless they're having the races there this year."

"I'm not going to the races."

"Oh, yes you are!" Fran said. Kit sighed with exasperation and turned around to her. "You hear me, Fran. I've got to go to New Haven. You tell Jerry... tell him anything you can think of. And now ring up Grand Central and find out what time the next train leaves."

The other girl didn't move. "Mind if I ask why the change of plans?"

Kit said, "It's Vance."

"What about Vance?"

"He's disappeared. I'm going to try to find him."

"What makes you think you'll find him in New Haven? School's been out since Wednesday."

"Yes, I know. But he hasn't been seen around here since Sunday. Larry Widmer stopped me when I was leaving a few minutes ago and said Vance blew a show last night. He's been to all Vance's haunts and can't find him."

"And so our little girl scout thinks she'll find him in New Haven?"

"I might," Kit said shortly. "That's where he went, isn't it? Well, that's probably where he's still celebrating. Vance isn't like—well, Vance simply can't celebrate. He doesn't know how. He must still be up there somewhere with some cronies he's picked up."

"Suppose he is. What would you do, about it?"

"Kit's voice went up hysterically. "But I'd find him somewhere. In some place like Luigi's or—"

"The trains run on the hour, so cool off. Let's talk this over."

"I don't want to talk. I want to DO something."

"Shhhh! Not so loud! Has anybody appointed you to be Vance's guardian angel?"

Kit shook her head slowly. "No, it's strictly unofficial. Maybe it's a habit, but I don't know how to break it."

Fran drew her down to a place beside her on the lounge and spoke softly. "Kit, honey, suppose you think like a grown-up for a change. Suppose we do a little talking before we do any more foolish doing."

Kit shook Fran's hand off impatiently. "We're just wasting time. You don't understand, Fran. Vance is in trouble."

"And YOU are going to be in trouble, Miss O'Reilly. You've got a date with Jerry and it's just as important for you to keep your date as it is for Vance to keep his."

"A date to go to the crew races. How can you prattle about social affairs when a man's career is at stake?"

"Your own career may be at stake. Don't be a fool, Kit. Look at things the way they really are. Don't try to evade all the issues. You know darn well that you owe a lot to Jerry Sembler."

Kit bit her lips to keep from saying angry things.

"It would be rude, to say the least, for you to hang Jerry up without a decent explanation. And could you make one?"

Kit drew herself up. "I've never been intentionally rude to anyone and—"

"Okay! Let's keep the record clean. And consider my last question. Could you tell Jerry that you had rushed off to find Vance?"

"No—no."

"It's bad enough to run after one man and leave the other man holding the bag when the other man is just another beau. But when the other man happens to be the guy who holds your career in the palm of his hand—" Fran shrugged her shoulders expressively.

Kit said coldly, "Do you mean to insinuate that I am nice to Jerry because he can help me professionally?"

"I wouldn't insinuate for the devil himself. I'm saying plain words that make sense—I hope. What I'm trying to say is that Jerry likes you and Jerry is a lot more important to you than you know because he likes you! It's as plain as the nose on your face that Jerry has done things for personal reasons."

"Fran," Kit's face was a study in shocked surprise.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Kit, don't give me that. You've been around enough to know that when a man likes a girl he can do a lot for her. And why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't Jerry? You're not married. He likes you. He does things for you that he probably wouldn't if—"

"Oh, Fran, you've got the wrong picture. Professionally and socially we are together most of the time, but one hasn't anything to do with the other. And Jerry is a nice, sweet person who asks for nothing."

"Well, then play your cards the right way. Be as nice to him. Be courteous and considerate—to

night. If you walk out on him now, he might be hurt. And when a man's hurt, he doesn't have a good cry and come back the next day for more the way a girl does."

Kit listened silently.

Fran went on: "When he gets through being hurt, he gets to being mad. After that he cools off to the freezing point and discovers there isn't much fun in doing favors for the gal who made him mad. So, missy, off to your bath and I'll entertain him with songs, dances and witty sayings until you're dressed."

Kit repeated quietly, "I'm going to New Haven."

(To Be Continued)

## Brett Urges Quality In Defense Program

DETROIT, Jan. 8.—(AP)—Major General George H. Brett, chief of the United States Air corps, urged the nation's automotive engineers today to strive for the "highest quality in the greatest abundance" in developing the national defense program.

In an address read before the society of automotive engineers in his absence by Brigadier General O. P. Eccles of the Army material division, General Brett said he urged this "to the end that our way of life may prevail and our nation maintain its position of leadership in the upward march of civilization."

**DEPORTATION SOUGHT**  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—(AP)—Immediate deportation to Australia of Harry Bridges, west coast CIO leader, was sought in a bill introduced today by Representative Alben (D-La.)

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## Un-Reconstructed



## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

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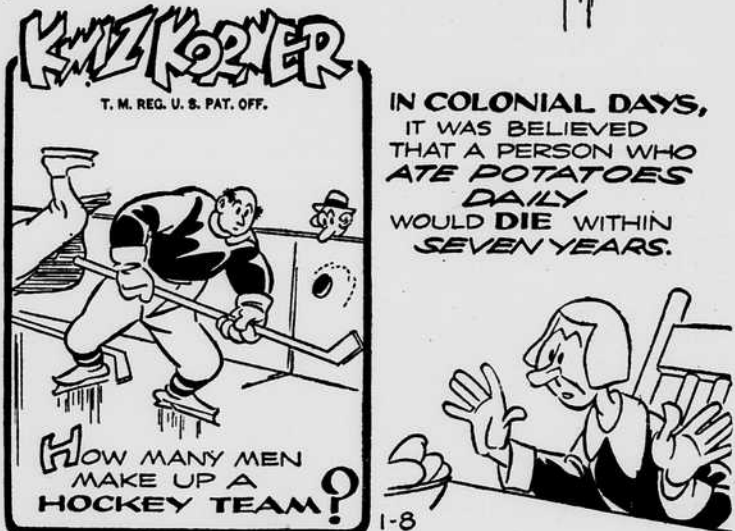
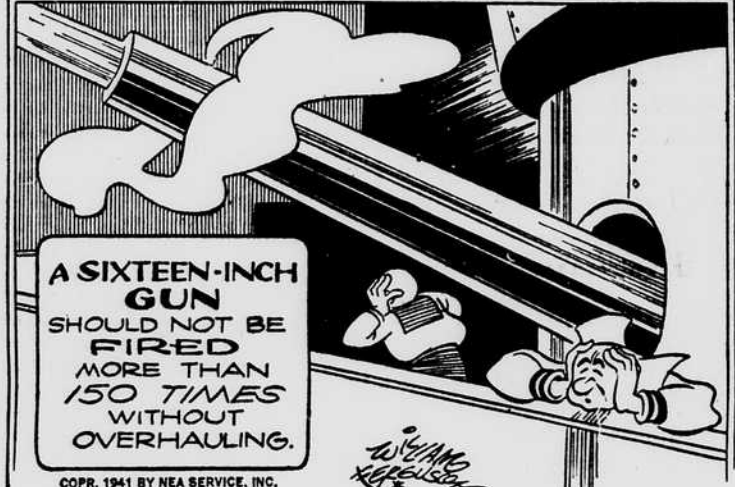
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ANSWER: Ice hockey, the most popular form of the sport, uses a six-man team. Field hockey uses 11 men.

## DAILY CROSSWORD

**ACROSS**

- Quotes
- Mythical home of Apollo
- Narrate
- A filament
- Aims
- Command
- Spanish river
- Exit
- Frozen water
- Insect egg
- Help
- Sport
- Moral principles
- An explorer
- Shabby
- Unruffled
- Bring into being
- Crude metal
- Pig pen
- Girl's nickname
- Cover
- Esker
- Crosby, singer
- God of the earth
- Runs away
- Bristlelike organ
- A relative
- Revolves
- Skinned

**DOWN**

- Musical instrument
- Troubles
- Music note
- Reverberated
- Fly
- Fireplace floor

Yesterday's Answer

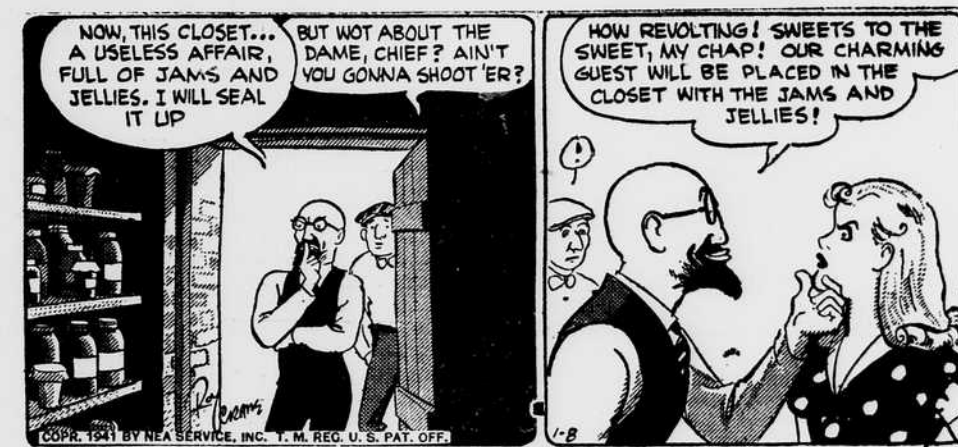
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## WASH TUBBS

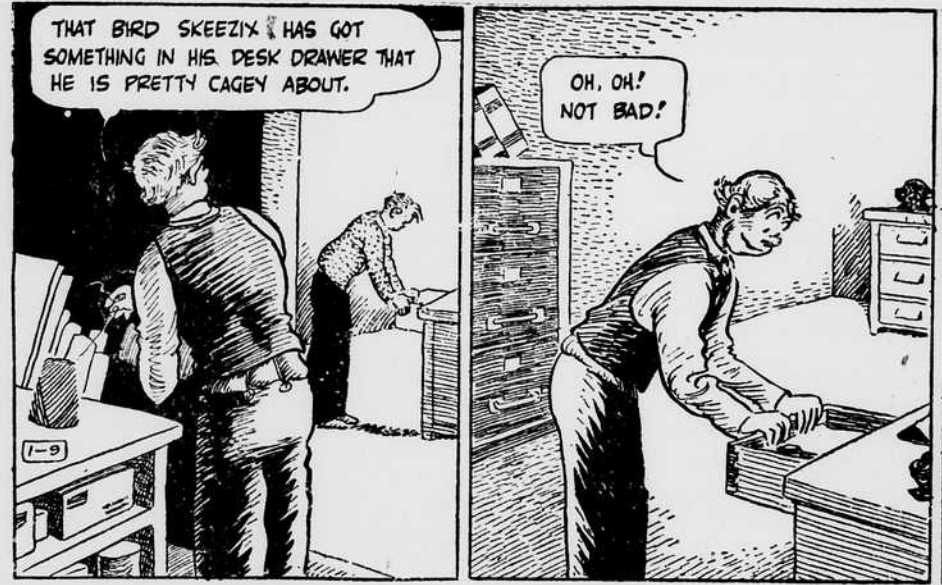
A Lovely Thought

By Roy Crane



## GASOLINE ALLEY

Or Else



## THE GUMPS

Backwoods Taxi



## BRICK BRADFORD--Seeks the Diamond Doll

By William Ritt and Clarence Gray

