

# On Wings of Song

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

By MARIE BLIZARD

**SYNOPSIS**  
**READ THIS FIRST:**  
 AFTER a long and arduous attempt to make her way to the top, KIT REILLY, young singer of sweet ballads, is given a chance for a radio audition in the Sembler contest by

VANCE HEALEY, outstanding young radio sports announcer. The contest offers a prize of \$5,000 and a one-year contract to appear in the Sembler program as the successor of

NANA HARRIS, famous songstress, who is retiring. While Kit is learning from her loyal friend and partner.

FRAN LE MAZE, that they will do their song and dance act at an athletic club show that night, Howard Balch, critic and one of the Sembler contest judges, visits Nana.

**CHAPTER TEN**  
 Howard Balch said, "What am I supposed to say?"  
 "I hoped you'd say you perceive a great spiritual change in me," answered Nana Harris. "That would be from the results of the profound thinking I've been doing these last few days."  
 He inquired anxiously, "How do you feel, Nana? Any temperature?"

"How do I feel? Or what do I feel like? . . . Don't bother, Howard, I'll answer both. I feel healthy, happy and wise. I feel like a person instead of a personality and I like it. In fact, I feel like a rather nice person. A kind sort of comfortable person with a heart full of good thoughts. How do I look?"  
 "Smug, and smart and well fed," he answered. "Like a nice, sleek black cat. And now that you've got that out of me, 'what's this nonsense about your quitting the air?'"  
 "I'm really serious about it. I've got a lot of money and I can go on making it by making records. Maybe do a show next season. Take a trip to Europe. I want to stop the grind that a radio singer's life is. I want to quit having to please sponsors, taking a daily singing lesson, those deadly conferences with managers and accompanists and arrangers. I want to quit massages and diets and interviews. . . . Also, I have a hunch that quitting while the quitting's good is a bright idea."  
 "You're crazy, Nana. You're right at your peak."  
 "I know it," she said quietly. "Seven years to get there and one slip through carelessness can finish it. That's radio."  
 Howard freshened his drink from the decanter. "I think you're right in a way. Some day I'm going to do a Vance Healey and quit this. He's on the wagon he tells me."

"That's good. Vance strikes me as one of those boys who drinks to forget something. He really doesn't like the taste of it and it does such things to him. When he's himself, he's fun and a swell kid, but when he drinks he thinks he's the lord of the universe. That's how he gets into those jams of his."  
 "Speaking of jams, my thrush, this Sembler judging is my idea of a jam. How can a man be expected to sort out a voice after hearing a bunch of them for thirteen weeks, I ask you?"  
 "Ninety-one of them, darling! I ask YOU? Divided into sopranos and altos."  
 "Two classes," he corrected. "Mostly bad and worse. And tomorrow is the fatal day. Suppose you and I team up and draw a name out of a hat at that shindig at Madame Metzgers?"  
 Nana gave him a sad glance. "Sometimes I don't think you realize that some girl's whole future is at stake, Howard. But what are we going to do?"

see it, because that is only polite. Where are your professional manners, my dear Mr. Balch?"  
 "Woman, how I've paid and paid and paid for your valuable friendship. What with contests and boys to be uplifted, I'm practically your slave."  
 "Are you?" she said softly. "We'd better change the subject, Nana, or I'll be making a fool of myself. A poor critic has no business wooing a wealthy star and I'm not going to start now."  
 Nana sighed, but not as hopelessly as she used to; it wouldn't be long before her starring days were over.  
 "Instead of changing it, let's go back. I'll tell you what I'll do, Howard, I'll take all the responsibility off your shoulders for the Sembler judgments. You just watch my signal and I'll do the electing."  
 "Oh ho, you will! How about the strong-minded madame?"  
 "I can talk her down any day," she retorted, getting her arms into her sable coat. . . .

Kit had to untie the ribbons of her paper picture hat to get close enough to the peephole in the bur-lap curtain to look at the audience. When she stood on her tiptoes, her hooped skirt rose to show the ruffles of her calico pantelettes.  
 "Any likely theatrical managers out there waiting for us?" Fran asked pleasantly.  
 "None that I would recognize, but a woman has just come in wearing a sable coat and bracelets that knock my eye out."  
 "Maybe that's the radio star Jake was talking about. Do you recognize her?"  
 Kit shook her head. "I think that's a man with her that I've seen somewhere before, but I don't place him."  
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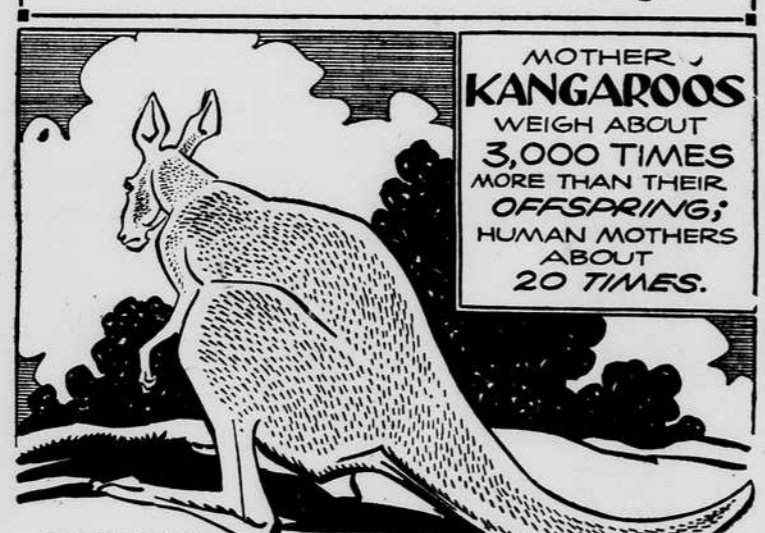
"I still think it's a gag."  
 "No, it isn't, darling. It's one of the duties of being a public personality. One of the things that I'm going to get away from. I've given practically my all and it's been some job."  
 "And you want some other poor little unfortunate to get a chance that you're giving up?"  
 "There's a lot to be said for the money, Howard. I'd like to think that some poor kid, who hasn't a nickel to her name, were in line to win that prize. Oh, well. . . . Look here, we'll have to get started pretty quick. It seems that I am to be an honor guest at the annual awarding of prizes at this club. My fan club arranged it."  
 Howard began to look worried. "It won't last long, will it?"  
 Nana shrugged. "I don't know, but I do know that there is to be a show and we've got to stay to

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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



**MOTHER KANGAROOS WEIGH ABOUT 3,000 TIMES MORE THAN THEIR OFFSPRING; HUMAN MOTHERS ABOUT 20 TIMES.**

**WIKI-KOPIER**  
 THERE ARE ABOUT ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLION REGISTERED CATTLE BRANDS

**CANADA HAS HOW MANY PROVINCES?**

ANSWER: Nine. Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## WASH TUBBS

Just Wait

By Roy Crane



## GASOLINE ALLEY

The Clean-Up



## THE GUMPS

The Heat Is On



## BRICK BRADFORD--Seeks the Diamond Doll

By William Ritt and Clarence Gray



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

