

Was a career so important?
Neila sometimes wondered.
Was Mother always right?



Ray Lee Jackson Photographs



Neila was to be a concert pianist—to win the fame and glory her mother had missed.

introducing

Miss radi

A lovely girl in her early twenties, who knows ju



"I MIGHT have been—"
You've heard it before. Perhaps those words have plagued you, too. There's no expression which covers so much defeat, so much futility.

A young mother who saw her promising singing career nipped by an early marriage stared at her baby girl sleeping in the crib and promised: "She never will be a 'might have been' like myself." And because of that desperate vow Neila Goodelle today is a star. She's the radio newcomer who does cute things with her voice and a piano Sunday evenings on the NBC net work for the Cutex Company.

BY HELEN HOVER

She got there because she followed Mama's advice. True, if she had gone ahead in her own young, impulsive way she would have been a Missus today with, perhaps, a couple of button-nosed, gray-eyed youngsters resembling her. But mama said: "Turn your back on marriage if it interferes with your career, then you'll never regret."

So Neila, being a dutiful dotter, did turn her. Once it was to a laughing tow-haired college boy father owned half the town. The second time it was a gilt-edged movie star—the Hollywood variety, know, with a string of pontes and half the male population mooning over him. The

was a prominent professional man who have given Neila social position and more. Each time that Neila was on the ver taking the Lohengrin leap there came the midnight talk with mama, at the end of she would sigh, then slip the ring from the finger an

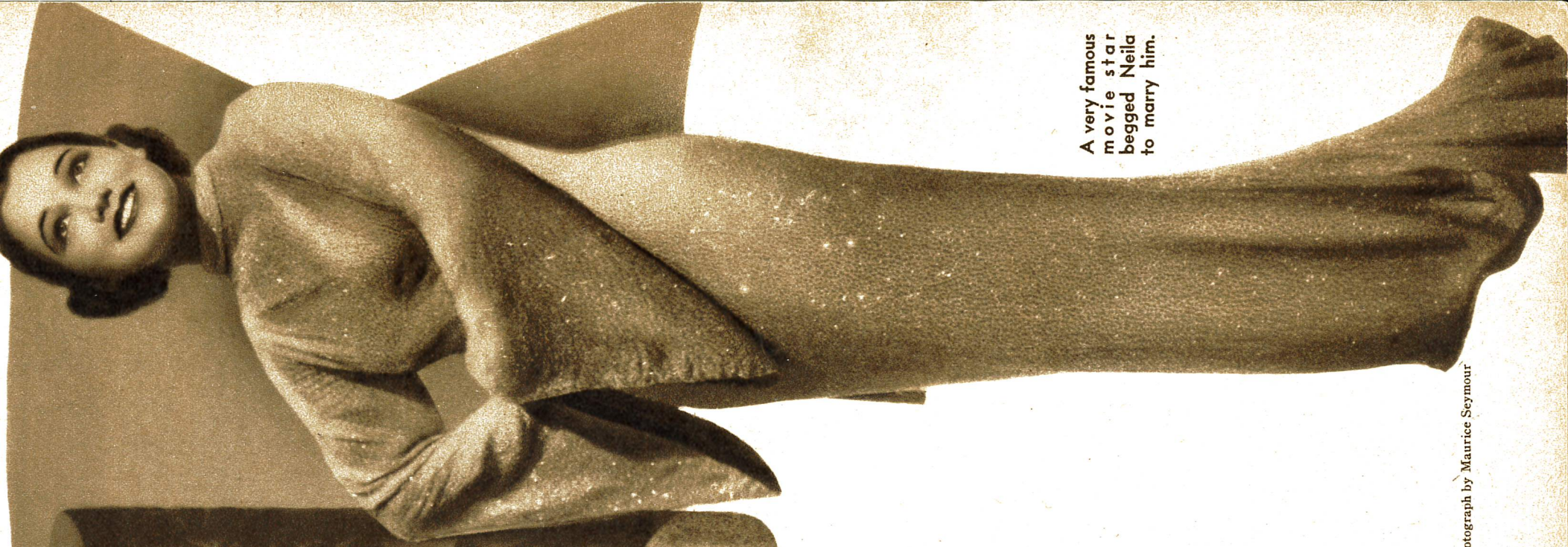
it back.

Did Mama know best?

Neila thinks so now. But you'll have a chance to for yourself.

To Mrs. Goodelle, Neila is her second chance. fulfillment of what she herself "might have been." planned her daughter's life (*Continued on pag*

Where does she get her old-fashioned common-sense, Broadway wonders. For Neila never yet has "gone Broadway."



A very famous movie star begged Neila to marry him.

Photograph by Maurice Seymour

stars...

how her future will work out

Once each year RADIO STARS Magazine designates a young American girl and a young American boy as the most talented of the younger crop of stars. We do this with the hope that our finger-pointing will lift them above the crowd of clamoring, capable newcomers.

We hope that the friendship they will find among our readers will help them to reach the goal of their desires. Now, calling her Miss Radio Stars of 1935, we name as our first choice of the year the capable young lady who undertakes single-handed to entertain us on the Cutex program, Miss Neila Goodelle. We know you like her singing—and we hope you'll like her story. A story of a typical American girl and a lot of uncommon sense.—The Editor.

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Introducing Miss Radio Stars

(Continued from page 29)

from the very beginning. At the age of five, Neila's pudgy fingers were already plucking tunes on the piano. She was going to be a concert pianist. Go on the stage. Taste the glory and fame that had been snatched from her mother.

When Neila was in the "growing up" years, the Goodelles left New York for the lure of gold in the Florida land boom. Here she met Burton Thatcher, the singer, and made a bargain with him to play his accompaniments in return for vocal lessons. Through this arrangement she gained entree into the Winter mansions of the Stotesburys, the Huttons and the Vanderbilts, and over the piano tops she cooed at the Captains of Industry. One of these Captains fell for the cooing and sent her to New York with a letter of introduction to some theatrical friends. The letter was partly responsible for her winning a scholarship to the Berkshire Playhouse, where Katharine Hepburn and Alexander Kirkland were among those who were learning how to walk gracefully on to a stage.

"Neila" at the time was Helen Goodelle. "Alexander Kirkland thought it sounded too kitcheny for an actress," she explains, "He said: 'Pronounce Helen backwards and spell it to fit,' and there I was! I even had a christening. I was wrapped in a huge white sheet like a baby and Alexander dumped a big pitcher of ice water over my head."

Dripping little Helen became siren Neila, and from then on her life managed to fit that *de luxe* name.

There was that experience in a New York café, for instance. This was several months later, after Neila had been seen in the Playhouse by Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild and placed in the Garrick Gaieties. The season in the Gaieties was as much fun as a college prom, but since mother was back home Neila went her own way and blew her one hundred and twenty-five per on the silliest doodads. That's why she grabbed the first job offered her, even though it was singing in a club that you couldn't exactly take your visiting Aunt Lydia to.

About that experience, though—two men wanted to take her home and then decided to settle the argument by pulling out guns. Neila, who gets the jitters at the sight of a firecracker, ran screaming from the place. The next night occurred the raid of the club, accompanied by more guns and screams, and Neila found herself shoved out in the street, tickled pink to have the skin left on her bones.

Here Inez (pet name for Inez, who is Mrs. Goodelle) stepped in and took control once more. The master-of-ceremonies of that night club got Neila a job singing at the Ritz-Carlton in Philadelphia. And it was there that Neila was to run smack into *Heart Throb No. 1*—and also into the fact that she couldn't take her life and live it as she pleased.

He was the college boy whose dad owned a good share of the city. Now that in

"Can it be TRUE?"

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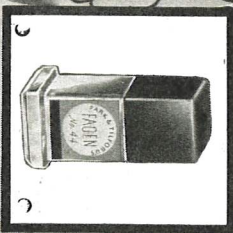
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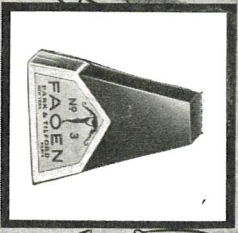
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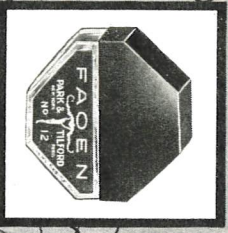
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Beauty Aids

itself was enough to turn any girl's head. Add to it a perfectly disarming grin, the most attentive stare and a long roadster which stopped at the best parties in town and you have a picture of Neila being rushed right off her feet. She was dizzy with happiness the night he gave her his fraternity ring.

But Iney wasn't. "He drinks too much," she told Neila. They were having one of their "after-midnight" talks in Iney's bedroom. Neila laughed, then stormed her disagreement. Oh—all right, better to give in to Iney's strange request. She'd wait a month. Test him.

For several weeks he was on his best behavior, and Neila flipped the fashion magazine pages looking at bridal gowns. One day she got a hurry call to come to New York for a few days. "We'll be married when I get back," she promised. She was still lovestruck.

When she did return, he wasn't at the station to meet her. He was at the infirmary, she was told. She saw him there, in an ugly, drunken stupor. "He's been on a continuous tear since you left." Neila rushed home to the comforting arms of Iney, but not before she first switched a jewelled frat pin from her dress into an envelope and slipped it under his door.

Score one for *mama*.

That stroke of good judgment made Neila the most confident "mother's girl." Iney advised her about contracts, about her diet and what shade of lipstick to smear on her lips. And the advice, take it from Neila, was good. Otherwise she would never have got that chance to take Jane Froman's rôle in the road show of the "Follies". Nor would she have met Heart Pulser No. Two.

Iney had warned her about taking the job. Oh, strictly business principles. No hint of the Love Menace at the time. "The show will keep you out of New York for about a year, and in that time the managers here will forget you." But Neila thought she saw in this her Big Chance.

In every city she was dated and feted and fussed over. But that all seemed like a Sunday-school ripple compared to the Big Rush the Movie Star gave her when the "Follies" played California. I can't reveal his name here, but his flashing grin and his six feet of magnetism has caused a flurry in every movie house. Night after night Neila received his telegrams in her dressing-room, but she thought it was a joke of one of the boys in the show. Well, you could have toppled her over with a false eyelash when this star appeared in her dressing-room one night—in person—with a bunch of velvety orchids in his hands.

The next day there was luncheon with him, breezing through Beverly Hills in that gleaming silver projectile of a car. Introductions to Swanson and Lombard and Beery at the Brown Derby. Then to his home, where he had a genuine Japanese valet and all the movie star trappings. By this time Neila's arm was black and blue what with her pinching herself so often.

After the show that night came the Trocadero club where dinner is something like twenty dollars a throw and movie stars get in your sherbert. Neila was still in Wonderland with a Prince Charming come to life. He was so sweet, and just daffy enough to make himself completely irresistible. At the head of the famous wind-

ing stairs, he lifted her up and ran down the steps holding his squirming little bundle lightly. "Folks," he announced to the gay crowd below, "I want you to meet my future wife!" There were lots of giggles and congratulations and envious stares.

On the tour back East again, there were extravagant telegrams from him. He flew to New York to be with her for a few days and wanted to take her back to Hollywood as his bride. Neila's head was whirling in the clouds as she rushed into Iney's room.

But it seems that mother had done some sleuthing. She learned that the man was one of those irresistible philanthropers who couldn't quite stay true to one woman for very long. He had been married before—after a furious and hectic courtship like this—and the marriage had exploded in two months. The girl had been a promising actress who had given up the stage to be his wife. Today she was doing second-rate rôles, buried in obscurity. Neila suddenly remembered his, "*Give up the stage, honey, and be my wife.*" Was she headed for the same fate as his first wife? As she and Iney threshed out this problem together, she saw him as one who would chafe at the bit of domesticity. His pace was one dizzy joyride; she wasn't geared to his stride. How long could they stay together? And after that—what? Just another ex-wife accused of trying to trade in on her famous ex-husband's name? Not on *la Goodelle's* life, thank you!

Another one of Iney's prophecies was coming true, too. After the road edition of "Follies," Neila couldn't get a grip on another show. That eight-months' tour had been too long to stay away from the street that forgets names so quickly.

It was about this time that Neila got so good and mad sitting in the outer offices and hearing the familiar, "Come back tomorrow," that she decided to get married and forget all about the career.

She looked around for a lifetime and found it in the person of a famous lawyer in the Middle West. She had met him some three years ago while she was singing in a hotel there, and he had fallen in love with her. He was twenty years older than she—well-known, rich, looked up to in the community—but he was as completely infatuated as a sixteen-year-old boy. Promised her everything. "I'll settle an estate upon your parents and they'll never have to worry." If they were a daughter-exploiter, she would have seized this opportunity. But instead—"He's older than you and what you feel for him is admiration, not love. Then again he wants you to leave show business altogether. To settle down in a small town and be his wife. In a month you'll start thinking of Broadway and the fame and glory you might have had. That's it—you'll be a *'might have been'*."

Up to that time Neila, young and impressionable, had accepted Iney's advice complacently. But now, with her career in midair, doubts began to assail her. Was another always right? Was a career so important? Wouldn't it be better to have the luxury and security of an advantageous marriage?

She learned for herself when the man came to New York to see her. It was at a party. She was dancing with one of the men when he strode toward her, his face

flushed with anger and too much Bourbon. "See here!" Everyone turned around to stare. "No wife of mine is ever going to look at another man. And no more of this show business, either! You're going to live an entirely different life from now on."

So! Neila could see herself cooped up, away from everything her young heart loved. Her career suddenly became very precious to her.

She crept into the apartment and flew into her mother's bedroom. "Iney! Iney!" It was a joyful war whoop. "Iney, you were right!"

She plugged down to the business of her work in dead earnest now. Men were out of the picture for the time being. And with Iney to advise, to criticize, to encourage and to manage her, she obtained a one-time spot on Al Jolson's Shell Chateau program.

"I was so nervous, my knees almost buckled under me! Jolson had to put his arm around me to hold me up."

But nerves or no nerves, it was that program which got her the present contract with Cutex. There's an interesting story about this show. Neila was originally supposed to carry the entertainment part of the program, while a society woman was to do the announcing. They auditioned this woman, and then let Neila do a little prattling herself. After listening to both, the sponsor decided to have Neila do the announcing, too. "You sound more refined," she was told. So, as things stand now, Neila will carry the complete program alone, singing, playing the piano and announcing. "Unless," she adds, "I slide under the piano from mike fright."

Today Neila is a young woman in her early twenties, belonging to the show world where girls of her age usually have discarded one or two husbands, or have acquired a cynical attitude toward life. "Where does she get her old-fashioned common sense," asks Broadway of this girl who, in spite of her pert face and chorusey figure, has certainly not "gone Broadway." They don't know that whenever Neila shows signs of ranting off into an "I'm-a-star" complex, Mrs. Goodelle merely says, "Don't forget you're still Methodist Helen Goodelle to me." It always works.

Is Mrs. Goodelle one of these possessive stage mamas who is determined to have her daughter crowd out love and marriage for the sake of the career? Or is she a woman who is weaving a sensible pattern of life for daughter—one in which marriage will take its natural place after the first thrill of applause has worn off? I found the answer.

We were all in the Goodelles' modern white-and-blue apartment in New York's chic Fifties—Neila, Iney and myself.

"Oh, yes, I intend to get married. When?" The snub nose wrinkled. "In about two years, I guess, I'll be ready for it."

"You mean give up your career, after all, for marriage?"

Neila grinned. "Not at all. But in two years I'll really know just how my future will work out. If I'm a success, then marriage will be all I need to give me complete happiness. If I fail—well," a shrug, "at least I've had my chance. I'll never have to say, 'I might have been.'"

THE END



"NO. 8" She is easy to identify



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ALWAYS HERSELF

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