A lovely girl in her early twenties, who knows it!

By HELEN ROVER

"I MIGHT have been..."

Perhaps those words were what Miss Needles put to paper the day she realized that her life story should be told. For many years, Miss Needles had been a successful radio star and a recognized personality in the music world. But now, she was ready to take her place in the world of entertainment as a successful actress.

Once it was to be something else. Miss Needles was born into a family of musicians, and her parents had hoped that she would follow in their footsteps. But Miss Needles had other plans. She was determined to make her own way in the world of show business.

Miss Needles started her career in radio, and her success was immediate. She quickly became one of the most popular radio stars of her time, and her voice was recognized throughout the country. She was known for her warm and friendly personality, and her performances were always well-received.

Miss Needles knew that she had found her true calling in the world of entertainment. She was ready to take on new challenges and continue to grow as an actress. With her talent and dedication, there was no limit to what she could achieve in the world of show business.
Where does she get her old-fashioned common-sense, Broadway wonders. For Neila never yet has "gone Broadway."

**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.
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 entrance into the Winter mansions of the Stotesburys, the Hurtons and the Vanderbils, 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 kitchy 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 Iney (pet name for Inez, who is Mrs. Goodelle) stepped in and took control once more. "The master-of-ceremonies of that night club was Neila's 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?"
WOMEN GASPED WHEN THEY SAW
THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF
VENETIAN BLINDS

FOR ONLY

15c

"THEY LOOK SO EXPENSIVE
I THOUGHT I MUST BE
DREAMING!"

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These gorgeous new CLOPAY "Venice" shades are literally taking the country by storm! For they now make it possible for the first time for every home to have that expensive Venetian blind effect thousands have envied but few could afford! No wonder these new CLOPAY 15c "Venice" shades have become the rage almost overnight!

Can't Crack, Fray or Pinhole! Best of all, these thrilling new shades are made from famous, durable CLOPAY fibre. Won't crack or pinhole. Patented texture makes them roll easily, hang straight and resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no pinholing to make them look shabby. See the new "Venice" pattern—and 20 other beautiful patterns and rich plain colors at your nearest store. Send 3c stamp for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1504 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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CLOPAY America's Fastest Selling WINDOW SHADES 75
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 joyous 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 en-
courage and to manage her, she obtained
a one-time spot on Al Jolson's Shell Cha-
treau 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 con-
tract with Cutex. There's an interesting
story about this show. Neila was original-
ly supposed to carry the entertainment
part of the program, while a society woman
was to do the announcing. They audion-
tioned 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 pro-
gram 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 dis-
carded one or two husbands, or have ac-
quired 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 when-
ever Neila shows signs of running off into
an "I'm-a-star" complex, Mrs. Goodelle
merely says, "Don't forget you're still
Methodist Helen Goodelle to me." It al-
ways works.

Is Mrs. Goodelle one of those 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 mar-
rriage 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
chie Fifties—Neila, Iney and myself.

"Oh, yes, I intend to get married.
When?" The smug 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 mar-
rriage will be all I need to give me com-
plete 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**

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**"No. 8"**

*She is easy to identify*

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**Eight million women** have always had to
consider the time of
month in making their
engagements — avoiding
any strenuous activities
on difficult days when
Nature has handicapped
them severely.

Today, a million escape
this regular martyrdom,
thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet,
white and tasteless, is the secret of
the eighth woman's perfect poise at
this time. A merciful special medicine
recommended by the specialists for
this particular purpose. It can form
no habit because it is *not* a narcotic.
And that is all a million women had
to know to accept this new comfort
and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain?
Must you favor yourself, and save
certain days of every month?
Midol might change all this. Might
have you your confident self, leading
your regular life, free
from "regular" pain.
Even if you didn't receive
complete relief from every
bit of pain or discomfort,
you would be certain of
a measure of relief well
worth while!

Doesn't the number of
those now using Midol
mean something? It's the
knowing women who have that little
aluminum case tucked in their purse.
Midol is taken any time, preferably
before the time of the expected pain.
This precaution often avoids the pain
altogether. But Midol is effective even
when the pain has caught you un-
aware and has reached its height. It's
effective for hours, so two tablets
should see you through your worst day.
Get these tablets in any drug store—
they're usually right out on the toilet
goods counter. Or you may try them
free! A card addressed to Midol, 170
Varick St., New York, will bring a
plainly wrapped trial box.