

WOMEN'S RADIO CLUB

TO form a women's radio club which through the medium of the air will bring the women of country and town closer together and thus enable them to assist on a larger scale with vital war activities, is the main object of the 22B Happiness Club, which has just been re-organised with Mrs. C. G. Scrimgeour as Director and Mrs. J. W. Innes as General Secretary.

The Happiness Club is working in close collaboration with the National Committee for the Utilisation of Waste Material, and besides this, the various branches of the club are doing work for soldiers' parcels and local charities. As the membership increases, so will the assistance given to the many appeals, and the use of radio in this work has made it possible to reach a much wider public. Listeners may not be able to attend meetings of the Happiness Club, but they are urged to send in their ideas on anything that will be of interest to women; for talks along lines suggested by listeners will be a feature of the Happiness Club's Saturday morning broadcasts.

On Wednesday, April 22, the combined Auckland and Wellington Happiness Clubs held their first big afternoon gathering in the Waldorf Restaurant,



MRS. J. W. INNES
General Secretary, 22B Happiness Club

Wellington. Between three and four hundred members attended, and the function was a great success. Though work is the primary object of the club, the directors realise that social activity is also important, and this was the first of many social gatherings which will be held throughout the year.

TALE FOR THE TIMES

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people, and the Emergency Fire Service, in their dashing red and blue uniforms, were there in what was at least three-quarter strength. Already they were raising an extension ladder to her window. A gallant young officer, cap athwart his yellow curls, was already upon its lowest rung. Up he climbed and, seizing Fifi in the Emergency Fireman's Lift, bore her down the ladder to safety amid the plaudits of the throng.

IN three weeks, Claude's building was as good as new, thanks to brisk action on the part of painters and paper-hangers, but long after the outward signs of the fire had been removed, its inward effect upon the Public Mind remained E.F.S. stocks soared high. For months after the fire, eager recruits stormed the district offices, begging to be allowed to assume the red and blue of the E.F.S. and to do their part in effecting similar rescues of distressed maidens. Even when the official inquiry revealed that the fire had been caused, not by an incendiary bomb, but by Fifi's carelessness in leaving the electric fire on to dry her washing, the patriotic zeal of the younger citizens knew no bounds. Finally, unable to expand the existing organisation to accommodate such a large number of recruits, the Government was forced to pass a bill preventing any woman below the age of 50 from taking her turn at fire-watching, and immediately the number of volunteers dropped to manageable proportions.

So poor Fifi had to go back to her boarding-house and leave the flat in Claude's building in the careless hands

of masculine fire-watchers. But every day she would take a few minutes of office time to steal upstairs and feed the goldfish, and dream of the day when the war was over and fire-watching on the premises no longer forbidden; when she and Frederick the Emergency Fireman, would get married and set up house there together.

THE war ended quite suddenly, as Mr. Churchill had at one stage said it might, and Fifi moved again into the office flat. But Frederick the Emergency Fireman, could not afford to get married till he had saved up enough money for a wedding ring, and now that he no longer collected 3/9 per night from the E.F.S., his financial position was becoming steadily worse. So meanwhile, Fifi and a girl-friend shared the flat, and such was her pre-occupation with domestic affairs that even when Claude was in the middle of dictation, Fifi was quite likely to rush off to put the potatoes on, and she left work regularly half-an-hour early so as to get the dinner on before her roommate got home from work. So that though Claude found her work less and less satisfactory, he could not but admire her zeal for housewifely duties, and so he decided to marry her himself.

And they both lived happily ever after, and Fifi didn't really mind about Frederick, because she realised afterwards that it was only his uniform and the 3/9 a night that had attracted her, and now he had neither. And Claude continued to earn his title of Model Employer, and in time, he built another room on to the flat, and it was very convenient for Fifi having Claude working in the same building, because she was able to go out every day and leave Claude to divide his time between the office and the nursery.

"THE KING OF THE CADS"

Over in Sydney, where talent commands big purses for entertainment and where the "fan" mail runs into thousands of letters a week, Arundel Nixon sits on the peak of popularity. This handsome, devil-may-care buccaneer of the radio proudly holds the title of "King of the Cads," grips Australian radio fans with a mesmeric hold and has the vitality and charm to make listeners hang on his every word.

Now Arundel Nixon, the Ace radio actor, comes to New Zealand—featured in the top male role as Baron Karl Transka in the gripping new R.U.R. serial feature, "Legion of Death," which will be broadcast, commencing as under, from 22B, at 7.15 p.m., every Saturday; 12B, at 7.15 p.m., Saturday, May 16; 3ZB, at 8 p.m., Saturday, May 30; 4ZB, at 8 p.m., Saturday, June 13. Packed with plenty of action, "Legion of Death" tells how a guardsman and his Royal fiancée were forced to flee from Budapest—of their experiences in Russia, Africa, France and Spain, mutiny on a slave ship, Foreign Legion adventures, war exploits, U-boat battles, London and peace again, etc.

A strong supporting cast includes the clever New Zealand girl Lola Kelly, Miss Katrin Rosselle, talented Viennese actress, and a host of other radio personalities.

The very personification of health and alertness, Arundel Nixon is also a staunch R.U.R. user, and says: "R.U.R. makes me give just that extra something to my parts in radio entertainment. It's got what it takes to pep up the old personality." So once again you see that in all walks

of life R.U.R. plays its part in keeping health, energy and interest fully alive. Just as Arundel Nixon finds, so you, too, will find that R.U.R. has the perfect five-fold health benefit to ward off 19 out of 20 of life's ailments and upsetting complaints, because it contains a laxative, liver



Arundel Nixon.

stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier and acid corrective. If you feel well, then take R.U.R. and stay well; if you're run down, nervy, out of sorts, have aches and pains and are weary of battling along, then R.U.R. will bring you up to scratch and back to old form again. So—take R.U.R. and Right You Are—and take yourself to your radio every Saturday night at 7.15 p.m. and hear "Legion of Death," the fast-action radio play featuring "The King of the Cads" (Arundel Nixon) and the other popular overseas radio talent.

No. 1.



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