

Chapter One

"Chained"

The Story of Joan Crawford's New Film

(Continued from page 48.)

A smile crossed his face as he looked up to see Diane. With a sound of endearment, soft as a dove's murmur, she put her cheek to his hair and kissed each graying temple in turn. Field patted her hand as it lay on his arm. He was brought out of the distraction of the moment as the voice on the ediphone barked through: "What about the Lloyd affair?"

"Eh—what's that?"

"I said—what about the Lloyd affair?"

"I'm taking that up at the next Atlantic Conference. That's all."

Field flicked the switch and stood up, taking Diane's two hands in his. Then he held her away, flooding her from head to foot with an adoring smile. "Well, well. How's my little girl to-day?"

Diane tapped her chest proudly. "I went way beyond West Point—up and back in under two hours."

"Do you like the boat?" Field's voice was fondly indulgent.

"It's too slow—" She laughed as Field raised an eyebrow. "No silly—it's Man of War scared of something—that's what it is—"

"It's yours."

His generosity brought her up short and sobered her for a moment. Almost wistfully she put her forehead on his shoulder. His unflinching thoughtfulness, his unflagging interest in her slightest doings touched her and flooded her with warmth. He smiled down at her, for he knew she was, in her inarticulate way, saying "Thanks."

In another moment, though she was her own gay self. She touched him lightly on the chin, then grasped his shoulders and shook them a little.

"Look here, Mister—you mustn't. Before you know it I'll be a spoiled daughter of the rich, I warn you—"

Field touched her hair, his fingers lingering on it. "Not this level head—" His voice dropped. There was a husky note in it. "This beautiful head." He

stroked her forehead with gentle fingers and drank in every feature of her face—the broad smooth brow, the impudent, delicately-cut nose, the fine modelling of high cheekbones that fell into shadowed exotic hollows, and the firm seductive mouth. And he loved her so. Every gesture she made, every slightest word she uttered was dear to him.

Diane raised her head, smiled at him, then kissed him full on the lips.

"Diane!" Field's voice was suddenly vibrant with ardour. His arms tightened around her, while she clung closely to him. Their lips met again for a long moment. These were the kisses of lovers, for so their relationship was, to each other.

Then Diane gently disengaged herself, though her hand still clung to his. "Darling," she said tenderly, "I keep asking myself—am I worthy of Richard Field—of all the love and bigness that's in his heart—" she frowned with the effort of conveying her innermost feelings—"and then you kiss me like that—" she shrugged her shoulders—"so I guess I must be," she finished with almost childish candour.

Richard laughed in the manner of a man richly content with what he has heard. He gathered her into his arms again with a great hug.

"And I keep asking myself—how can an old man like—"

"Careful." Diane, with mock severity, held up a warning pink-tipped finger. "I'll be furious."

Richard chuckled. "Sorry." He pretended to cower in alarm. It was a little game they played—their standing joke—that at the first mention of his age, Diane would fly into a virago-like rage. And Richard would, perforce, tremble with fright.

Both of them stood together in silence for a moment, almost one in thought, harkening back to those days, five years before, when Diane had obtained employment in these very offices. It

was during an extensive expansion programme. Field had been in the office twenty hours a day and Diane was assigned to him for dictation. The expansion had gone on to success and she had been present through the building of it—through the hard, gruelling days and nights—week after week—from eight in the morning until three the next.

Then, on top of success had come failure—the bottom had dropped out of everything—and there were more days and nights—fighting together to hold what Field had built up—fighting harder to hold than they had to build.

Other girls had cracked—but Diane had gone on—until everything was all over. Then one day Field rang for her and was told she was in the hospital. And with her absence, came realisation of his overwhelming love for her. He visited her at the hospital twice—and the third time was informed she was gone, leaving no word. When he had traced her to another office, she had tried to lie—to say that the girls were worked too hard at the Field offices, but Richard, hardly able to believe what he saw in her eyes—had forced the truth from her—that she loved him!

Diane stirred comfortably in his arms. She knew he was retracing their love-story and was happy in the thought.

"Darling," he murmured, his lips close to her hair.

But both their heads turned quickly as the door was flung open with unaccustomed violence. Miss Robbins stood there, embarrassed and agitated.

"I'm—I'm sorry to intrude, Mr. Field," she stammered, "but Mrs. Field is coming in the outer office."

(To be continued.)

AS the next starring vehicle for Carl

Brisson, English stage favourite who made his American screen debut in "Murder at the Vanities," Paramount has purchased the Continental light opera "All the King's Horses," written by Lawrence Clark and Max Giersberg under the original title "Carlo Rocco." Under present plans, Kitty Carlisle will play opposite the Danish star. They appeared together in Paramount's "Murder at the Vanities."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Posted Weekly for
Six Months .. 9/9

Posted Weekly for
Twelve Months .. 19/6

NEW ZEALAND RADIO RECORD,
G.P.O. BOX 1680,
WELLINGTON.

Please enrol me as a subscriber to the "Radio Record" for
..... months, for which I enclose Postal Notes to
the value of

NAME

ADDRESS

EXCHANGE MUST BE ADDED TO COUNTRY CHEQUES.