



Mary lay along the edge of the pool studying the sparkling water. Then looking at him she said, "Tell me, Elwood. How old are you?"

# ALONG CAME MARY

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

—About the troubles of a lad named Elwood. Put them all together, they spell Mother—Elwood's mother, that is

**T**HE most difficult thing for Elwood to realize was that all those apparently meaningless, unrelated elements—Palm Beach, Havana, the wide spaces between Emily's teeth, the Marquis de Verblin and his fluty voice—led in a straight line to the girl from Bayonne.

It was like fate, like destiny. Rather resembling expert chess, it was a pattern too complex for the untrained eye to follow.

On an afternoon in September, Mrs. Carruthers Gibb Remington-Hart picked up the phone in her Fifth Avenue residence and called Reeves at Southampton.

"Reeves," she said austerely, "you will have Gulfwind ready to go to sea on October fourth."

Reeves was captain of Mrs. Remington-Hart's yacht. He said, "Yes, ma'am."

"We shall proceed directly to Palm

Beach. Then Havana. Then Kingston. I shall want to be in New York again on December twentieth. Is that clear?"

The captain was a man of few words. "Yes, ma'am."

"There will be nine in the party. You will please inform the steward—the Potters, the Dunningtons, the Hights, Miss Emily Kerr, and myself." Mrs. Remington-Hart paused, ticked off the names on her fingers.

"Also," she said, "my son Elwood."

The redheaded young man on the divan—looking, at the moment, particularly harassed and a good deal younger than his twenty-two years—was his mother's son Elwood.

From where he sat, Elwood could hear Reeves' voice scratching on the phone. Reeves was always icily calm. He never seemed alarmed by Mrs. Remington-Hart, which was astonishing. Though, of course, Reeves didn't

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really know her. He had never opposed her, and therefore had never seen her faint. She had never, sensing the beginning of rebellion, collapsed before him, staggering like a great wounded whale. Reeves stayed on the bridge, took his orders and said, "Yes, ma'am." That was what he said now. "Yes, ma'am."

And, with a crisp economy of movement, Mrs. Remington-Hart hung up.

Elwood spoke. "But I don't want to go to Palm Beach."

NOW this was typical of the kind of rebellion Mrs. Remington-Hart so thoroughly disapproved. Slowly, ponderously, she turned, aiming the amplitude of her bosom at her son. She gave him one of those long, searching looks that so unnerved him. "Why not?" she snapped.

"Because," Elwood said, gripping his courage, "I want to go to the Yale-Harvard football game."

"You are a Princeton man!"

She didn't need to tell him that. "I know I am a Princeton man, Mother. I assure you that I remember perfectly. But Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy are going to the Yale-Harvard game and they've asked me to go, too."

"Sheedy?" Mrs. Remington-Hart said. "Do I know anyone named Sheedy?"

"He's from the West. Wyoming."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Remington-Hart was actually one of those women who say, "Ah." The syllable, expelled from the chest with full lungs, said what most people would require forty words to say. Among other things, it said that Elwood would forthwith drop Bink Sheedy, forget the Yale-Harvard game, and prepare to be aboard Gulfwind at the Yacht Club pier October fourth for the trip to Palm Beach, Havana, et cetera.

So Elwood sighed. He returned to his book on *Equus caballus*—the care and breeding of horses. He did not, naturally, argue with his mother.

But she was not quite through with him. Sweeping across the drawing room, she pulled the bell cord for Jenks. "Jenks," she said, "a mineral water." She looked at Elwood. "Something?" she asked. It was five o'clock—Martini time, as Bink Sheedy said. However, it was understood Elwood would take mineral water. Someday, perhaps, he would ask for a Martini, very dry, and see what happened. But not today. Today he ordered mineral water. He hated mineral water.

Mrs. Remington-Hart sat facing him. She shaped her lips for a pronouncement. "Emily Kerr will sail with us."

"I heard you mention her." A picture of Emily flashed into Elwood's mind. Emily had a face as long as—but without the character of—a horse's. She had very wide spaces between her teeth. She was six feet tall and coy. Her family was the old Kerr family, you know, the original Kerrs. Her legs did not change shape between the ankles and the knees. Pillars. She revolted Elwood. "That will be nice," he said.

"I hoped you'd think so."

Mrs. Remington-Hart leaned toward him. Outside, night was falling over Central Park. Lights were coming on, twinkling. Elwood could hear the horns of taxis on Fifth Avenue, a sonata. His mother leaned very close to him, breathing maternally. "Emily is a sweet girl," she said, "and sound. So very sound. Someday my boy will have to marry—"

Her breath was warm and intimate. She smiled slowly, with just a little sorrow peeping through the smile. "Someday," she repeated, "my boy will have to marry—"

This was a cue. "Yes, Mother," Elwood said.

"And the right girl"—there was a sweet, solemn pause between each word—"may be, I say may be, little Emily. What do you think of that?"

Elwood felt a thrust of spirit. "I don't know why you call her *little*," he said. "She isn't little. She's six feet. More, with heels. I'm five feet ten."

Mrs. Remington-Hart stiffened. "That's flip-pant," she said. "I use *little* in the sense of spiritual delicacy. I am not considering her physical development."

It was, Elwood thought, a good idea not to consider Emily's physical development. But he apologized for being flippant. Thoughtfully, Mrs. Remington-Hart said, "We will both cogitate about this, Elwood." For a horrible instant a perfume like orange blossom seemed to permeate the room, inescapable, suffocating. Mrs. Remington-Hart smiled like a conspirator and went upstairs to dress.

DAYLIGHT faded fast. Soon it was dark. The butler came in and turned on the lamps. Elwood let his mind wander in melancholy reflection. He wondered what Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy were doing. Lounging in a bar somewhere, he supposed. They were going to dinner at 21 with those blond girls from the musical. Bink had telephoned at noon and said the girls had a friend, also blond; but of course it had been out of the question. His mother disliked dining alone. She liked to read the paper to Elwood at dinner. Then they talked about interesting international news—who was in Nassau and in Florida, who at the St. Regis.

Anyway, tonight was opera night.

"Damn," Elwood said. "Jenks," he demanded, abruptly, rebelliously, "is there a drop of gin in the house?"

"Yes, sir," Jenks said, and waited.

But Elwood faltered. A Martini would constitute open mutiny—and there were, you must understand, the horses to think of. The horses and the recriminations and the fainting spells. "Ignore it, Jenks," Elwood murmured. "Just—uh—bring me another mineral water, will you?"

He slumped in his chair; and, not quite by chance, he found himself remembering the day when, in his seventh year, he had been given his first horse. Long, long ago; but a warm, green place in his memory—

Glory, he'd named her, and she had been in every way glorious. She was small, matching his own smallness; her head was finely boned, her short legs slender, her eyes large and soft. And at the stables of their summer house in Goshen, his father had put an arm around Elwood's shoulder and said, "Something you might make a note of, son. The more time you spend with horses, the less you'll have to spend with people."

Thinking back, he supposed his father had meant the kind of people his mother had a talent for accumulating. People like Emily and the Potters and the Dunningtons. People like the Marquis de Verblin—

Elwood shuddered. By a conscious effort he ejected the Marquis de Verblin from his mind. He remembered Glory; and he remembered Wings, and Old Tom, and Dan Boone, and the other horses he'd grown up with through the summers at Goshen. Wonderful summers, those; Mother'd usually been in Europe, and he and his father had had the rambling old country house to themselves. Nobody about but Gyp the trainer and the horseboys—and the horses.

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Elwood's right hand described a fast arc and connected. On the button. The Marquis went down



# THE TWO MR. VANDENBERGS

BY BILL DAVIDSON

When associates refer to Senator Arthur Vandenberg, they are careful to designate The Old Vandenberg or The New Vandenberg. The difference may be a vital factor at the G.O.P. convention

**T**ODAY, when Senator Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg of Michigan arises in the Senate to hold forth on a major issue, the venerable old Capitol lights up like a pinball machine. Senators pour back from extracurricular activities, alerts are flashed to the press, and a line forms outside the Senate gallery.

Vandenberg then usually cuts loose with a terse, dramatic speech. After that his colleagues are likely to swarm about him with enthusiasm.

But it was not always thus. On February 15, 1935, for instance, Vandenberg hoisted his six-foot-two-inch, 220-pound bulk erect and delivered a few words to the Senate on President Roosevelt's Work Relief Bill, the big issue of that day. He spoke to empty galleries and to a half-empty Chamber. His speech consumed two hours and involved lamentations on behalf of State rights, the civil service system, and the women and children of America—all of whom he considered to be lost.

After some 15,000 words of this, Senator (now Supreme Court Justice) Hugo Black got to his feet and politely said, "I am frank to confess that I am unable to ascertain whether the senator is for the bill or against the bill."

This was just the beginning. Senator Homer Bone of Washington said, "The remarks of the senator from Michigan are like the diaphanous skirt that touches everything and covers nothing." Senator Joseph T. Robinson compared Vandenberg with the candidate running for public office who, when asked how he stood on the tariff, said he was in favor of raising them if they were too low and reducing them if they were too high.

Since Vandenberg currently is regarded as one of the top men of the Senate and one of the world's better-known statesmen, this treatment (which is available for all to see in the Congressional Record) may sound like a mob kicking mothers on Mother's Day. But as one senator put it, "We have known two Mr. Vandenbergs."

On January 10, 1945, Vandenberg, who had been one of the nation's bitterest isolationists, rose to his feet in the Senate and made a historic speech in which he declared that isolationism was dead and that the One World religion was the true religion. The record indicates that from that point on, Vandenberg's entire personality changed along with his outlook, so that his associates have taken to referring to the pre-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg and the post-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg as if they were two completely different persons. They speak of The Old Vandenberg and The New Vandenberg. In 1945, President Roosevelt caused a minor sensation by appointing The New Vandenberg to be one of America's delegates to the United Nations organizing conference at San Francisco. A day or so later, Vandenberg went to see the President and said, "I appreciate the honor, Mr. President, but you don't have to appoint me. I'll take you off the hook by going out and breaking a leg, or something. Then you can appoint someone you really want to have there."

At this point, according to an ear-witness, Roosevelt said, "Senator, I don't care about any of the others going. You're the one man who *must* be there."

When Roosevelt went to the Yalta Conference, he took 50 copies of Vandenberg's January 10th speech with him, and (Continued on page 80)



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