



Mrs. Marshall helps the general greatly by welcoming him in the evenings into a quiet, efficient home, by walking or gardening with him in his leisure hours

It was his remarkable mental qualities and his ability to concentrate completely on the matter at hand that won General Marshall his promotions as a soldier and will now support him in the infinitely complex business of making peace. But he just can't remember names

## II

**A**N IDEAL Secretary of State, in these days of peripatetic and wearying conferences, would be a man with a mind combining the powers of Albert Einstein, Benjamin Franklin and the International Business Machines' Automatic Sequence-Controlled Calculator; and a body blending the merits of Glenn Davis and Methuselah. The next best thing, at the moment, seems to be George Catlett Marshall, whose mind and body are in fine shape, though he is sixty-six.

Secretary Marshall has a memory that has awed most of the men with whom he has worked in recent years. When he was Chief of Staff, he never carried notes with him into hearings of Congressional Appropriations and Military Affairs Committees, and yet he very frequently (and very casually) amazed the congressmen by saying things like this, which comes from the stenographic transcript of one of the hearings:

"The total requirement for semi-automatic rifles is 240,559, of which there are 167,789 on hand and on order, leaving a remaining requirement of 72,770."

Shortly before he left for China, General Marshall met, in one of the Pentagon Building's many corridors, a gray-haired colonel. There were, at the time, 11,030 colonels in the U.S. Army, but not only did the general immediately recognize the officer as Charles H. Franklin, who, as a warrant officer, had served as Marshall's secretary a quarter of a century before, and not only did he remember that Franklin had married a Frenchwoman—he also remembered, and took the trouble to inquire after, Franklin's sister-in-law in Paris, and mother-in-law in Senaide, France.

Mrs. Marshall, in her book, Together, tells how her husband alarmed her, as they were driving westward across the country in 1936, by suddenly turning off the main highway and striking out across the desert on a dirt road. (She placed the incident in New Mexico; actually, the general says, it was near Winslow, Arizona.) She asked him where he thought he was going. He said that several years before, he had read an article in the National Geographic Magazine describing a huge meteor crater near this place; he thought he'd have a look.

They drove and drove, and finally, sure enough, they came up to the edge of a tremendous hole in the ground. The general, one of whose highest marks at Virginia Military Institute had been in geology, made embarrassingly detailed inquiries of a caretaker, as to the efforts of a geologic expedition to locate the immensely valuable metallic body of the meteor, far under the surface. Up to that time there had been no success, the guide said. The general has still not forgotten the meteor. He knows that its body has now been located by electronic techniques, under a spot far outside the rim of the crater; he keeps himself brushed up on the mining problems that would be involved in salvaging the metals.

### No Memory For Names

The general's memory is, however, strangely selective. He cannot seem to remember names. One of the general's private secretaries came out of his office one day during the war and told the secretary of the General Staff that the general had been dictating to her a memorandum for Colonel "Mc-



Marshall, shown here at the age of 2, pumped a church organ as a boy

Cartney." "I told him the name was McCarthy—Colonel Frank McCarthy, whom the general saw every day—and while I was at it, I told him my name was Nason, not Mason."

"Damn it," the colonel said, "why didn't you also tell him that my name's not Taylor, but Young?"

On another occasion, General Marshall and General Arnold were discussing the strategic bombing of Europe with a visitor. A question came up that neither general could answer. General Marshall said, "That fellow who just came in from London can tell us—what's his name? You know who I mean." He meant Ira C. Eaker, then a lieutenant general and commander of the most important bombing unit in Europe, the Eighth Air Force.

### The Interpreter's Friend

Not counting this idiosyncrasy on names, General Marshall apparently throws out of his mind all things which are neither useful nor pleasurable to him. The economy of his mind is remarkable; it partly accounts for the immense amount of work he can do. Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen, the State Department's Russian expert, who acts as interpreter at most high-level conferences, would rather translate for General Marshall than for anyone else, because, unlike most men, who leave sentences unfinished as new ideas hit them, who grope for clearer phrasing as they talk, the general just speaks out his thoughts straightaway, with no tacks or luffing; his each sentence has a subject, predicate, and object, a beginning, middle, and end.

The general hates waste motion of any kind. On the door of his office in the Pentagon Building, when he was Chief of Staff, was a sign which read, "Once you open this door, WALK IN, no matter what is going on inside."

Details seem to fascinate the general. While in command of the Fifth Infantry Brigade, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, in 1936, he became interested in the records of the dentists who serviced the area's CCC camps, of which he also had charge. He investigated the ratio of fillings to extractions among reputable dentists and found that one CCC dentist was yanking too many teeth. This made him wonder about the whole question of why teeth go bad.

He started a systematic inquiry in the camps as to what parts of the country good teeth came from, and what parts bad. He can still cite the results in detail. In general, he recalls, the best teeth came from an area in Arkansas, where minerals in the water apparently helped; the worst from Boston, evidently, he says, for racial and economic reasons.

During the war he kept track of an astounding number of details, concerning not only our own armed forces, but also those of our enemies. For instance, during one of the off-the-record conferences for the more responsible newspapermen in Washington, he was discussing the distribution of 53 Japanese divisions across the home islands. He pointed to a spot in Hokkaido on his map and said: "This outfit is designated as an armored division on this map, but it really isn't a division at the present time. Right now it's three brigades of tanks, but it will be converted to division strength soon."

His greatest talent, as an executive in charge of one of the world's big-

gest businesses, the U.S. Army, was his ability to reduce masses of detail to their essential meaning. When he was preparing any given case he asked for all the facts that could be assembled; and then made up his mind on the broad issues involved. This knack of synthesis has been, and will be, of great value to him in arriving at decisions in the diplomatic field, though it is inevitable, since politics and diplomacy are new terrains for him, that his broad decisions can only be as good as the many details given him by subordinates.

### Intellect Recognized Early

Throughout his Army career, General Marshall got attention not for the swashbuckling, hard-talking qualities usually connected with soldiering, but for the quality of his mind.

His start was only fair, at Virginia Military Institute, which he attended because his father, one of the few avowed Democrats in a solidly Republican district in Pennsylvania, could not get a congressman to nominate him for West Point: He stood 35th in his class in his first year, 15th at graduation, in 1901. He graduated as first captain, however, and had the unusual distinction of suffering not a single demerit during his four years.

The turning point in his reputation came in 1907, when, as a second lieutenant, he was first in his course of studies at the Infantry-Cavalry School at Leavenworth. Honor graduates at Leavenworth are marked men; other famous ones have been Craig, Drum, Somervell, Patton, Eisenhower, Gerow. From 1907 on, Marshall was watched. He was promoted to first lieutenant and graduated, in 1908, from the then new Army Staff College.

In 1916, Lieutenant Colonel (now Brigadier General, retired) Johnson Hagood wrote on Marshall's fitness report at Fort Douglas, Utah, in response to the question, "Would you desire to have him under your immediate command, in peace and in war?" the following answer: "Yes, but I would prefer to serve under his command. . . . He should be made a brigadier general in the Regular Army, and every day this is postponed is a loss to the Army and the nation. . . . He is my junior by over eighteen hundred files. . . ."

During the first World War, Marshall won everyone's praise and Pershing's admiration (which has lasted through the years), for his feat in planning all the details of, and executing, a transfer of 600,000 men, 2,700 guns, and an immense tonnage of supplies from the St.-Mihiel salient to the Argonne, all by night to prevent enemy air observation, in less than two weeks. The Germans did not know what had happened until the Argonne offensive hit them.

After the war Pershing chose Marshall, who had been bumped back from temporary colonel to major, as his aide. From then on, since seniority was the rigid rule for promotion, Marshall just waited and waited, but most of his superiors recognized his intellectual superiority, and he was forever being commended to Secretaries of War and Chiefs of Staff as a man who ought to be pushed.

When he reached the permanent rank of colonel, in 1934, seniority no longer held him down, as above that rank there was provision for merit promotion. He moved ahead fast. It was good for him that he did, because

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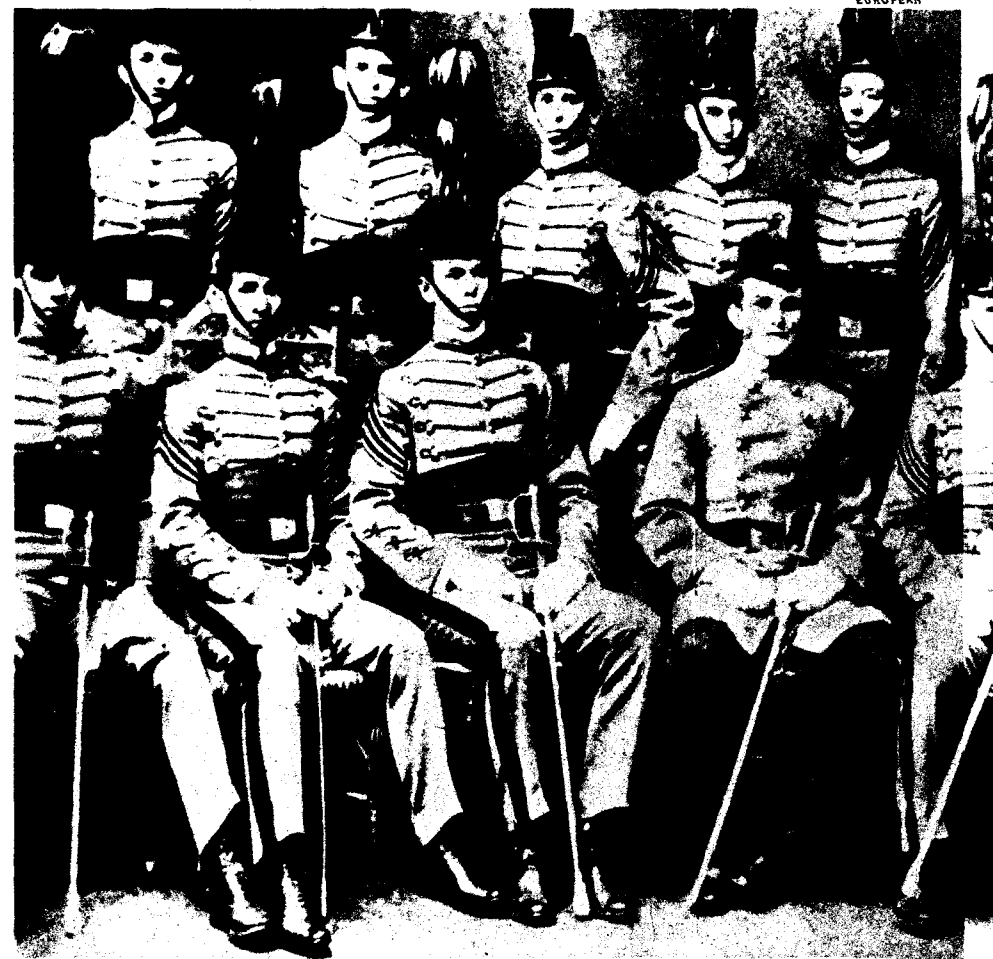


HARRIS & EWING FROM U.S. ARMY

Though he had none of his own, Marshall is fond enough of children to take time to humor them, as he is doing to these two who welcomed him to France

At Virginia Military Institute, Marshall (third from left, front row) was a slow starter, but finished 15th in his class, had not one demerit in his four years

EUROPEAN





BY JACK FINNEY

# MANHATTAN IDYL

The story of a summer evening—touched with magic

**M**R. TIMBERLAKE RYAN frowned at his wife. "A nickel buys my silence," he growled.

She glanced up from her magazine, looked at him across the room without wonder, surprise, or any apparent emotion at all, and resumed her reading. Timberlake deepened his voice, chest and frown, and repeated, "A nickel buys silence concerning your dread secret!"

Without lifting her head, Eve moved her hand in a vague gesture. "I'm just at a good part."

Timberlake accepted defeat gracefully. And temporarily. He rose and with exaggerated silence, tiptoed across the large living room. Quietly he closed his hand over the knob of the door to the kitchen, breathing deeply and audibly until he knew he again had Eve's attention. Then he flung the door open viciously, crashing it against the kitchen wall. "Come out of there, you murdering spalpeen!" he shouted, and plunged into the opening. He grunted as though struck, staggered back, rushed forward and stopped, shifting heavily about on his feet, apparently grappling with a large, invisible opponent. "You will, will you!" he muttered. "Oh, no, you don't!"

"What's the matter, Tim?" Eve said quietly. "Haven't you anything to read?"

The struggle stopped and Tim strolled back into the room. "Nope," he said.

"Have you finished the book from the rental library?"

"Yep—in Chapter One."

Eve sighed, puffing out her cheeks with a tiny pop. She looked up at him, frowning, then suddenly smiled. He would never, he supposed, be quite prepared whenever that happened. He felt again his old, old wonder at the incredible smoothness a woman's skin could have, and the familiar surprise that her face and soft yellow hair really should be quite as attractive as they were. "What would you like to do?" Eve asked.

Tim leered at her. She stuck out her tongue and stretched luxuriously. "There's a good movie at the Beumont," she said.

"If it's a good movie it isn't at the Beumont, and if—"

"Well, what do you want to do, then?"

Tim left the room and came back with his hat. "Grab your bonnet," he said.

"I'll have to get fixed first." Eve rose. Tim opened the door to the hallway, ran rapidly to the elevator, pushed the button, and sprinted back.

"No time!" he said. "I rang the bell! Elevator's coming!"

"Oh, Tim, you always—"

"It is!" he exclaimed. "I can hear it! They'll revolt if we keep them waiting. Rise up against us!" He pushed her gently through the door, kissing the back of her neck, snapped off the hall light, and closed the door behind them. (Continued on page 34)

"I want to see the boats," Eve said. They walked to the river and watched the tugs move silently

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