

Kremlin broke relations with the Government-in-Exile.

From his own underground experience the author knew "what it means to be hunted on the streets [by the Nazis] like an animal, for being a Pole or a Jew." More important, he knew that the Soviets and Nazis had collaborated in the destruction of Poland. He started his Katyn research on the premise that "the executioners could have worn either swastikas or red stars on their uniforms."

Scrupulously sifting every shred of available evidence from far-flung sources, interviewing numerous survivors of Polish prison camps in Russia, and weaving a tortuous way through tangled wartime politics and propaganda, Dr. Zawodny pieced together a mosaic of facts that shaped themselves into a finger of accusation.

Of top significance was the time of the massacre. The Russians insisted that the Poles had been executed in the fall of 1941. The Nazis argued that they had been killed earlier, while still prisoners of the Soviet. Polish anti-Nazi underground agents learned that all the letters, clippings, and diaries found on the more than 4,000 Katyn bodies were dated not later than April-May 1940. Not one letter dated later than the spring of 1940 was ever received by relatives of the missing 15,000 Poles. The remaining 11,000 men have never been accounted for. Not since Genghis Khan, reportedly, has there been such a mass murder of military prisoners.

**A**FTER more than two decades, the brutal fate of the Polish prisoners still affects relations between Poles and the Soviet Union. The murder victims were doctors, lawyers, scientists, journalists, teachers—the very men who would have provided leadership for postwar Poland. Their loss was tragic both for their families and the new Poland. Dr. Zawodny's findings indict the Kremlin.

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## Architect of Death

**"Heydrich: Hitler's Most Evil Henchman," by Charles Wighton** (Chilton. 288 pp. \$5.50), illuminates the shadowy figure who planned and carried out the destruction of most of Europe's Jews. Foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds's reports from the European front in World War II are well known.

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

**I**N MAY 1942 Josef Gabcik and Jan Kubis, two Czech army officers who had been given intensive training by the British in the art of assassination, were dropped into occupied Czechoslovakia. Their orders, which came from the British Secret Service, were simple: "Kill Reinhard Heydrich."

The two heroic men accomplished their suicidal mission, thus eliminating a man who was undoubtedly the most effective mass murderer of all time. Heydrich was the supreme architect who planned and carried out the extermination of six million Jews and, at the time of his death, was working on the blueprint that would (had Germany won the war) eventually be used in the liquidation of thirty million Slavs.

Since 1945 the name Heydrich has been a symbol of all that was evil in Nazi Germany, but he has always been one of the great mysteries of the Hitler period. Despite repeated references to him in postwar memoirs of former Nazis and other books about Hitler's Germany, he has remained a shadowy figure, and little was known of his background, his mind, his character, and his motives.

Charles Wighton, a British newspaper correspondent, brings valid credentials to the task of explaining Heydrich. For nearly twenty years Germany has been his specialty. In "Heydrich" he has written the definitive work on the head of the *Sicherheitsdienst* (Secret Police) and real master of the Gestapo. In collecting hitherto unpublished material on the role Heydrich played, the author not only received the full cooperation of American, British, and Soviet officials who opened their files to him, but also that of Heydrich's widow. The result is a well-documented and eminently readable book that brings not only Heydrich but other Nazi lead-



Reinhard Heydrich—"most effective mass murderer of all time."

ers to life as perhaps no other book has done.

Reinhard Heydrich was no Adolf Eichmann or Heinrich Himmler who believed blindly in the German tradition established by Frederick the Great, "*Befehl ist Befehl*" (an order is an order), and that authority is unchallengeable. He was an innovator, an imaginative executive, and the only orders he ever carried out literally were those he received directly from Hitler; and Wighton makes it clear that he had a great deal more influence on Hitler than did his nominal superior, the sketchily educated Himmler, an unsuccessful fertilizer salesman in pre-Nazi days, whom Hitler once called a "crank and a lightweight." Heydrich had an uncanny ability to manipulate men for his own aims. Not even Goebbels or Goering could outwit him. The blundering Himmler soon became his docile puppet, and, had he lived, his secret dream of eventually succeeding Hitler might well have materialized.

Heydrich was a complex man with the kind of family and background not usually associated with an enthusiastic mass murderer or, for that matter, with anyone belonging to the Nazi hierarchy. The files left by Himmler, Martin Bormann, and Walter Schellenberg (his closest SS associate) all agree that Heydrich's maternal grandmother was part Jewish. Himmler told intimates that he had discussed this with Hitler but that the Fuehrer had such regard for Heydrich's peculiar talents that he conveniently overlooked the blot on the ancestral escutcheon.

Heydrich had been raised as a dev-

Roman Catholic by his pious mother, but when Hitler came to power he became an apostate, and his hatred for priests (especially Jesuits) was almost pathological. At the German equivalent high school the records divulge that young Reinhard was not only the most brilliant student in the graduating class, and a musical prodigy of great promise, but was the finest all-around athlete in the school.

He joined the regular Navy, and after nine years was a lieutenant. In his spare time he played the violin expertly, and became an enthusiastic Girl Watcher. Girls flocked to this tall, slim, gay, sophisticated naval officer, and he was always willing and available. He became engaged to lovely Lina von Osten, a situation complicated by the fact that he had caused the equally ravishing daughter of an important industrialist to become pregnant. He refused to wed the pregnant girl, and when he was married to Lina he was cashiered out of the German Navy for conduct unbecoming to an officer.

At the age of twenty-seven he found himself one of Germany's six million unemployed. His wife, an ardent Nazi sympathizer, suggested that he join the Party and apply to Heinrich Himmler for a job. This was repugnant to the snobbish ex-naval staff officer, but he went to see Himmler, then SS leader in Munich. That meeting triggered the eventual destruction of most of European Jewry.

The dramatic story of Heydrich's rapid rise to power and how he bested Roehm, Goering, and Goebbels in every test of strength belongs to Charles Wighton. In his assiduous research on both sides of the Iron Curtain the author discovered copies of hundreds of letters written by Heydrich to the master Nazis, as well as letters they had written to him. Never intended for publication, these reveal the character and personality of Nazi leaders who, up to the present time, we have known only as bloodless figures.

This book is as exciting as an Eric Ambler thriller, and it presents monsters often as grotesque as the macabre villains we have been fascinated by in "Coffin for Dimitrios" and "Journey Into Fear." Ambler invented his repulsive characters. Charles Wighton didn't have to invent his. He merely introduces us to them.

#### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. beautify, 2. virtuous, 3. squeeze,
4. anxious, 5. bivouac, 6. pirouette,
7. acquiesce, 8. igneous, 9. acquaintance,
10. aqueous, 11. squeamish,
12. flambeau, 13. fleeing, 14. disquiet,
15. queued.



# who will help Yoon Hee ?

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# Calories

Continued from page 17

Consent” only 340,000.) The profits for everyone concerned were enormous. Taller got about 60 cents for every copy sold, which would make his share something more than \$650,000. Simon and Schuster’s profit is more difficult to establish precisely, but “Calories” was probably the most profitable single book of the year.

Sales might still be rolling in had it not been for two things that happened late last year. CDC began promoting its capsules with a brochure containing the meat of Taller’s book and a picture of its cover. Retailers, at about the same time, began displaying the book and the capsules together.

When Essandess heard of this, it went into a panic. The shipping room began enclosing in every copy of the book a circular that said: “This book is sold by the publishers on the condition that it will not be displayed, advertised, or sold in conjunction with the sale of any food or dietetic product.” Grossman wrote Edward Bobley a stern little letter demanding that Cove drop all references to “Calories Don’t Count” from its literature. Grossman insisted that Essandess had not approved such action, and Bobley maintained that it had. The matter is now the subject of a lawsuit by Cove and a counter-suit by Simon and Schuster, both awaiting trial.

The reason for the consternation was the firm’s knowledge that use of the book to promote a drug could subject it to seizure by the Food and Drug Administration as a deceptive “label.”

And Simon and Schuster is savvy enough in the ways of publicity to know that this would be disastrous for sales. But despite the initial precautions, reports began reaching Grossman and others that FDA action was imminent, so the word went to the printers to eliminate the references to Cove and several other items that had been challenged. (Some other changes had been made even earlier.)

On January 23 the FDA struck, seizing a consignment of capsules and books in Brooklvn. In the last weeks of May and the first week of June, Assistant U.S. Attorney Martin Pollner took depositions from some of the principals in the case—Grossman, Myerson, Berger, Miss Kneerim, and Taller. Taller’s alone ran to more than 600 pages.

Before he had finished, however, Cove signed a consent agreement—because, it said, Essandess refused to defend the theories of its own book. Essandess denied this. Whatever the reason, the trial never came off, and the depositions remained on a dusty shelf in Brooklyn. It was only when Commissioner Larrick issued his statement, based largely on the depositions, that the case attracted wide publicity. Where it was most intense, sales fell almost to nothing; where it was light, they held up well.

Taller has moved to a plush new office on the East Side of Manhattan, and there he continues to use his theories to treat the overweight. He is about as accessible to reporters as Greta Garbo. After several weeks, he agreed to see me to discuss this article, and I agreed to send him a list of questions. Two days later, I got a curt note from his attorney saying

he would not permit his client to talk with me because of pending lawsuits. But I did talk with Taller long enough for him to tell me, in his strangely fervent voice, that he still had “complete faith” in his theories, and that he was still achieving unprecedented results.

That may be true, but it would seem likely that the results occur in spite of, rather than because of, his theories. Two possible explanations suggest themselves, and both seem reasonable to nutritionists to whom I have related them. Patients drinking as much as three ounces of safflower oil a day may simply become nauseated, and that may force them to take in fewer calories than they used to. The sample menu drawn up by Taller himself provides fewer than 3,000 calories, and some people may lose weight on that. Both suggestions may be wrong; but there is no doubt that Taller’s patients—if they are losing weight—are somehow burning up more calories than they are taking in. There is not a scintilla of doubt in the medical community that calories *do* count.

And what of Simon and Schuster? On the surface, the firm is not at all abashed by its experience. It *has* modified the text, but it continues to put out both the hard-cover and paperback versions of the book. Schwed defends his decision to publish it, and tends to treat its critics as hopelessly naïve idealists. When I asked him whether the tone of the book wasn’t rather reckless, he replied: “Look, this thing was intended to sell to the public, not to doctors. It was a high-pressure book, for mail-order advertising. It was to appeal to all the fatties who are tired of counting calories. The phraseology is the way it is because that’s what made it sell more than a million copies.”

As a cynical, hard-bitten approach to publishing, this statement would seem hard to beat. In any case, those who regard book publishing as a serious and distinguished profession may be surprised to learn of Essandess’s casual definition of responsibility.

Still, Schwed concedes that Berger’s stock ownership was “indiscreet,” and the elimination of the Cove reference in current editions seems to constitute an admission that it, too, was unwise. And there is a story about a manuscript called “Fallout in Foods,” submitted to Essandess some weeks ago. “Eighteen months ago,” Schwed told me, “before ‘Calories Don’t Count,’ we would have had a contract signed by this stage of the game. But we don’t. I’ve sent the book around to a lot of people who are interested in fallout. Some of them are pretty unenthusiastic, and I’m not sure we’ll do the book. I’d like to, because I think it’s interesting, but I’m not sure. . . .”





## A Winning Deal for "Ernani"—Bumbry

**E**ARLY Verdi has rarely sounded more verdant at the Metropolitan Opera in recent years than it does in the current restoration of "Ernani." A new hand of singers expertly shuffled by Thomas Schippers provides both the face and the spot cards to meet every demand of a score whose simple construction conceals a host of vocal defiles. But an uncommonly well-balanced quartet of principals (Leontyne Price at the high end and Jerome Hines at the bottom, with Franco Corelli and Cornell MacNeil between) are manifesting the power and fervor of Verdi's first full revelation of things to come in a resounding kind of operatic pleasure.

Indeed, all has changed for the better with the Metropolitan's "Ernani" save the Esteban Frances production, which was introduced in the season of 1956-57. Its nonproductive changes of locale (two exteriors for the interiors specified in the text) and rather flimsy construction—save for the beautifully realized scene of Charlemagne's tomb—are no more compulsive a factor in the results than before. But, at least, they provide the platforms and walk-around space in which the excellent principals and some well-chosen subordinate singers are proclaiming the eloquent message of a genius in the heat of discovering his true voice.

The transition in musical styles from the solo-ensemble, ensemble-solo formulas of Donizetti and other predecessors to the deeper character drawing of the Verdi operas to come finds the composer still working in the frame of opera as he found it, but already the surge and eloquence of his tidal wave of feeling are beginning to test its restraints. And with the tidal wave came cross-currents of emotion beginning with Elvira's "Ernani, involami," proceeding with Silva's "Infelice," and reaching a climax in "O sommo Carlo" from Don Carlo, the first full-formed "Verdi baritone."

What is especially gratifying with the current quartet of singers is the ability to backdate their competence in such later works as "Rigoletto," "Aïda," "Don Carlo," etc., without stylistic abuse or lack of agility in a more florid vocal line. Purists may note with some satisfaction that "Infelice" has been restored to its Verdian place (it is now interrupting Act I, whereas formerly it was interrupting Act IV), while deploring such other "innovations" as posturing ballet

girls in the first scene to suggest, with voluptuous decorum, "loose" companions of the bandits.

However, what matters with "Ernani" is how well it is being sung and conducted, and the answer is: very well. In the instance of Miss Price, that is more or less in the category of the expectable, giving the kind of vocal condition she (and we) are enjoying this season. The plus-two-octave span of Elvira's famous aria brings in a low B flat that is no more comfortable for this soprano's throat than for any other's, but she does perform the embellishments (in the original key) with finely conscientious musicality while developing a dramatic conception—mostly regal bearing—that makes a possibly silly part reasonably believable. And a basso of Hine's solid power is always a sturdy pinion of support to an ensemble, fortifying this one further by the conviction he brings these days to the overburdened fathers, frustrated uncles, and deceived elderly husbands who are an operatic basso's lot.

However, unexpected kinds of gratification are being provided not only by Cornell MacNeil as Carlo but especially by Franco Corelli as Ernani. As stalwart another "Don Giovanni" (his true rank is John of Aragon) as one could imagine, he is also caressing the melodic line more than has sometimes been his pleasure. For purity of ringing sound, this is a kind of tenorizing that hasn't been heard in such a part hereabouts for years. Relative, also, to his Manrico, this is disciplined singing that Corelli is doing, though he cannot restrain himself from holding his top tones (a good many not specified by Verdi) a fraction longer than anybody else, or from addressing his protestations of love squarely to the conductor (rather than to Elvira).

In MacNeil's case it is wholly a matter of getting maximum service from his always splendid sound and imposing presence. Indoctrination at La Scala has provided a source of confidence for his Carlo that has not always prevailed in other parts. He is now turning phrases and venturing dynamic shadings that are a delight to hear, especially in a part for which they are indispensable. Having demonstrated his ability to do these extra things which distinguish the fine artist from the merely good one, MacNeil should strive to maintain this standard as his norm.

As for Schippers, he has returned after a year's absence with enthusiasm unabated but considerably more command of the means to make it count.

Thus he drew fine sound from the orchestra and chorus without overconducting his principals, who may be presumed to be reasonably self-reliant. There was, also, good articulation of detail in the orchestral part, testifying to sound knowledge of the score, and always relevant tempi. Rounding out the ensemble with singers of the quality of Roald Reitan as Jago, Robert Nagy as Riccardo, and Margaret Roggero as Giovanna gave proper value to their places in the Verdian scheme.

Henry Butler's stage direction is mostly well conceived, another expression of his good feeling for the movement and contrast of operatic groupings. The set, of course, lacks all the secret doors and concealed hiding places that make Hugo's original a prime period piece, but this is, at least, an "Ernani" where you can close your eyes and imagine that it looks as good as it sounds.

**G**RACE BUMBRY's debut at Carnegie Hall (she has already sung at Bayreuth and in the White House) provided some immediate pleasure but also a mental query or two as to which part of her present description—mezzo-soprano—will eventually prevail. It is the kind of voice that goes up much more easily than it goes down, a trend that seems rather pronounced for the future. Its center of gravity is a fresh, clear, and vibrant middle register, highly suitable for the Schubert, Brahms, and Strauss lieder which made most of her program. Her command of German is more than able, and she has the quick kind of sensitivity to differentiate between the moods of Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" (which carried her uncomformably low) and the Brahms "Von ewiger Liebe." She hardly has the weight for Schubert's "Dem Unendlichen"—few singers do—but such a song at Liszt's "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein" was joyful singing. Franz Rupp's guidance at the piano provided, vicariously, some of the subtlety that a recitalist in her twenties can hardly provide from personal experience. Just now she is inclined to overmuch body motion and hand clapping, which lessen rather than intensify the effect she could, and must, achieve by voice alone. There is little doubt, however, that Miss Bumbry has the qualities to make a distinguished career.

On the same evening a few floors higher up in Carnegie Recital Hall, Gunther Schuller initiated a new series  
(Continued on page 59)