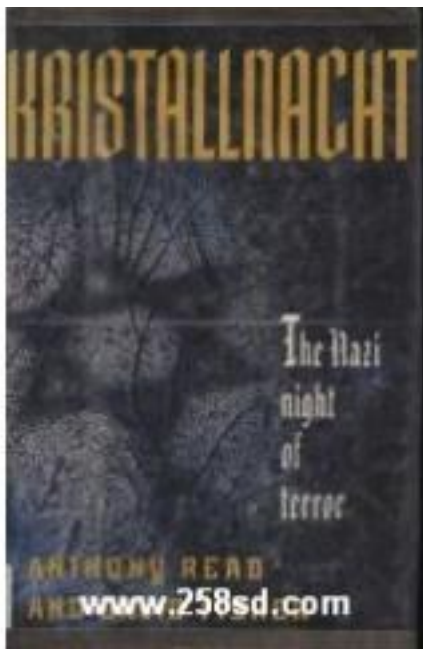


The Nazi night of terror



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Prologue
The weather in Paris was unseasonably mild on Monday November 7. The city had been basking in an Indian summer for the past week: Men left their overcoats in their closets girls wore light dresses and cafés on the boulevards had not yet taken out their sidewalk tables which had been out since early spring. At exactly 3:35 A.M. a small dark-haired young man in a khaki-colored raincoat arrived outside a shop called Au Fine Lame ("At the Sharp Point") at 61 Rue du Luxembourg Saint-Martin a quiet street in the tenth arrondissement running north-east from the Boulevard Saint-Denis across the Boulevard de Magenta along the side of the Gate de St. Denis ending at what is today the Place de Stalingrad. The youth approached

Mine. Carpe's wife of the owner who was in the shop's window at night till merchandise sold at A Vine Lane was mainly sporting all kinds of equipment including knives, guns and ammunition. "I want to buy a revolver," he said to her. N. Carpe told him to see the gunsmith on the side of the street. A vulgar man went in. N. Carpe was a small, stocky middle-aged man with a mustache, looking rather like an English major gone mad, slightly to the point. He was the kind of witness examining officer's year for a precise man able to give exact details about everything including the time. In fact, it was his hobby--he frequently acted as timekeeper for sporting events and he happened to be checking his watch at the moment the young stranger spoke to his wife. The young man entered and repeated his request, seemingly according to N. Carpe's calm, correct and speaking perfectly adequate manner. "Why do you need a gun?" the shopkeeper asked. "I often have to carry large sums of money to the bank for my father."

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