

I found myself inside in the main aisle, a few feet behind the generals. People were cowering behind pillars. Someone tried to pull me down.

The generals marched slowly down the main aisle, their hats in their hands. People in the main body were pressed back near the pillars. I was pushed forward down the aisle.

Suddenly an automatic opened up from behind us—it came from behind the pipes of Notre Dame's organ. From the clerestory above other shots rang out and I saw a man ducking behind a pillar above. Beside me F.F.I. men and the police were shooting.

For one flashing instant it seemed that a great massacre was bound to take place as the cathedral reverberated with the sound of guns. Outside, machine guns were rattling. There was a sudden blaze and a machine gun sprayed the center aisle, flocking the tiles and chipping the pillars to my left.

Time seemed to have no meaning. Spontaneously a crowd of widows and bereaved burst forth into the *Te Deum* as the generals stood bareheaded before the altar.

It seemed hours but it was only a few minutes, perhaps 10, when the procession came back down the aisle. I think the shooting was still going on but, like those around me, I could only stand amazed at the coolness, imperturbability and apparent unconcern of French generals and civilians alike who walked as though nothing had happened. Gen. Koenig, smiling, leaned across and shook my hand.

I fell in behind them and watched them walk deliberately out and into their cars. A machine gun was still blazing from a nearby roof.

Once outside, one could hear shooting all along the Seine. From F.F.I. friends and from Americans I learned later that shooting at the Hotel de Ville, the Tuilleries, the Arc de Triomphe and along the Elysees had started at exactly the same moment.

It was a clearly planned attempt probably designed to kill as many of the French authorities as possible, to create panic and to start riots after which probably the mad brains of the militia, instigated by the Germans, hoped to retake Paris.

It failed for two reasons: First, the militia were such in-

Daily News Writer Sees Man Slain at Her Side in Hail of Lead

by Helen Kirkpatrick

PARIS, Saturday, Aug. 26.—Paris' celebration of its liberation was very nearly converted into a massacre by the Fascist militia's attempt to eliminate French leaders and to start riots during the afternoon's ceremonies.

All Paris streamed into the center of the town—to the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, along the Champs Elysees, at the Hotel de Ville and to Notre Dame Cathedral.

Gen. De Gaulle, Koenig, Leclerc and Juin led the procession from the Etoile to Notre Dame amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm.

Lt. John Reinhardt, U.S.N., and I could not get near enough to the Arc de Triomphe to see the parade, so we turned back to Notre Dame where a *Te Deum* service was to be held. We stood in the door of the cathedral awaiting the arrival of the French generals at 4 o'clock this afternoon and were about to fight our way through the crowd to leave when they began arriving.

French tanks were drawn up around the square in front of the cathedral. Crowds pushed desperately to get nearer the church, which was already filled with the families of French Forces of the Interior men who had fallen during the Battle of Paris. We stood beside the police who formed a lane into the cathedral.

The generals' car arrived on the dot of 4:15. As they stepped from the car, we stood at salute and at that very moment a revolver shot rang out. It seemed to come from behind one of Notre Dame's gargoyles. Within a split second a machine gun opened from a nearby room—one behind the Hotel de Ville. It sprayed the pavement at my feet. The generals entered the church with 40-odd people pressing from behind to find shelter.

credibly bad shots that they hit only onlookers in the crowd. Second, the French people did not panic, although all the elements to create a panic were there.

They say today that between 15 and 25 persons were wounded or killed in Notre Dame. I doubt it. I saw one man killed. He stood beside me in the main aisle. A woman behind me fainted, but otherwise the only other person I saw killed was the militiaman who was trapped by the police in the clerestory, and then shot by F.F.I. men from below.

Outside Notre Dame, when only Gen. Leclerc and his staff remained, I saw the police bringing three militiamen, dressed in gray flannels and sleeveless sweaters, from the cathedral.

I was told later that they had caught four there. As we drove past the Grillon, at the Place de la Concorde, they were bringing out a solitary German who apparently had begun shooting at 4:15 with the militia.

Political conflict there may and probably will be in France. But the moment when blood might have been shed on a very large scale was over by 4:30 this afternoon. The prestige of those French generals and the civilians with them is enormous—deservedly so.

Paris was never more beautiful than during the last hours of its fight for freedom Friday afternoon. Friday night it is a madhouse of celebration.

We came through the Porte d'Orleans with French tanks at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, through streets lined with wildly cheering people, heedless of the snipers who were lying low on rooftops and in cellars. We got as far as Boulevard Raspail when we had to turn back because of the fighting ahead.

The police took us in tow to the prefecture of the 6th district, where the honorary mayor of Paris, 70-year-old Henri Boussard, received us with formal dignity and tears.

He presented us to the police commissioner who organized the Paris police for the fight against the Germans. From the windows of the prefecture, St. Sulpice rose majestically in the afternoon sun.

Paris that night was still noisy but behind closed doors. Every few minutes a truck loaded with F.F.I. dashed down the boulevard blowing its horn continuously, and then snipers

down at the corner of Raspail opened up. The Palais des Bourbon was burning and the flames made a lurid light.

Germans were still holding out, but Paris was free. Its freedom is heady and intoxicating.

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