

The Traitor Of Arnhem—2 King Kong Betrayed— Too Late To Save 7,000 British Lives

By Col. Oreste I

INSOLENTLY low . . .
dangerously low . . .
the British reconnaissance
plane flew over Arnhem
town, it flew slowly at less than
300 feet, searching carefully
like a woman looking for a
needle in a carpet.

A few German police fired
their fat pistols wildly, uncertainly.
The nearest German
anti-aircraft battery was two
miles away. The people of Arnhem
watched their faces, up-
turned, white like daisies.

It was not a very unusual
sight, an Allied recon plane over
the Dutch border that autumn
of 1944.

"No sign of the enemy at
Arnhem," reported the pilot
later that afternoon. He pro-
duced his aerial photos for
proof. "Only some Bosche who
pot-shotted at us with revolver."

The date was September 16.
Much depended upon there
being no German troops near
Arnhem. Ten thousand men
of the British 1st Airborne
Division waited to be dropped
at Arnhem at dawn the next
day. Twenty thousand Amer-
ican paratroops and 3,000
Poles were to be dropped at
Grave and Nijmegen.

This was Field Marshal
Montgomery's daring plan to
send his armies rolling into the
German north plain over a
chain of airborne carpets,
spread across the hampering
Maas Canal and the Waal.

The paratroopers ate their
tea contentedly that evening.
There were no Germans near
Arnhem. It was official.

Disaster

AS dusk fell, and they oiled
their guns and knives,
played cards, wrote let-
ters home, a noise like a
farmer's thresher came down
the north road from Zutphen.

An entire German Panzer
division was travelling cau-
tiously into Arnhem!

Four hundred grey steel Nazi
turrets grumbled through the
midnight darkness, deployed

turrets grumbled through the
midnight darkness, deployed
hull-down behind houses and
hedgerows, switched off engines
and pirouetted silent gun-
muzzles to cover every curve of
the fields and hedgerows be-
yond Arnhem town.

Then they, too, waited ex-
pectantly for dawn. The trap
was set . . .

Nine days later, 2,400 sur-
vivors of the British 1st Air-
borne Division had withdrawn
across the river, leaving 7,000
disastrously behind in the car-
nage that had been Arnhem.

This—Monty's first and only
big defeat of the entire war—
delayed the Nazi collapse a
further eight months. In the
subsequent "Black Winter" of
wrecked dykes and war-
trampled harvests, nearly
200,000 Dutch folk died in flood
and famine.

Somebody had warned the
Germans. Some spy had be-
trayed Arnhem.

As Chief of the Dutch
Counter-Espionage Mission
attached to SHAEF, it was
my ink to find that traitor!



THE evidence came drama-
tically, six weeks later. I was
in Eindhoven, behind the
now advanced Allied line. I had
just finished an exhausting in-
terview, nearly three hours of
searching cross-examination of
a young Dutchman, named
Cornelis Verloop.

I had finally trapped him into
admitting he was a spy.

I stood up, stretched my-
self, dusted cigarette-ash from
my uniform. He watched me.

"Am I to be shot, Colonel?"

His voice was a whisper. He
swallowed as though with dif-
ficulty, down his long, pale
throat.

I shrugged, but did not an-
swer. It seemed obvious he was
going to be shot. He was a spy.

We had caught him in our
security net that I had spread
at Eindhoven, where the com-
bined British, American and
Canadian troops lay bailed for
the winter on the river, after
the disaster of Arnhem.

Here I had set up a security
camp of barbed-wire and

Here I had set up a security
camp, of barbed-wire and
armed guards, to collect the
hundreds of Dutch youths who
were creeping through the
Nazi entrenchments out from
occupied Netherlands to volun-
teer to fight with the Allies.

Among these men, planted
like booby-traps, we found oc-
casional German agents.

Cornelis Verloop was one
such. He was about 27. His
face looked like a white satanic
mask; his eyes icily alert.

"I have a young wife in Am-
sterdam, Colonel—a good Dutch
girl. She is innocent of any
crime."

"So? We do not propose to
shoot your wife."

He tried again. "I will give
you valuable information, Col-
onel—in return for my life?"

"You fool," I said softly.
"Such information as you may
have will be extracted from you
before you are shot. It is a
simple routine."

He smiled. "Impossible, Col-
onel—you can make me tell
what you think I should know,
but you cannot extract infor-
mation that you do not sus-
pect I possess."

"What do you know?" I said
contemptuously.

A Clue

VERLOOP leaned forward
eagerly, put his long
hands together, and re-
cited the names and descrip-
tions of all my Intelligence HQ
staff. The identities of some
were secret even to many GHQ
Staff Officers.

"Also, your chief agent in
Brussels is Paul Leuven, and
in Amsterdam a man named
Dampremy, and in . . ." glibly
he sat at my table and recited
the whole main network of
our counter-espionage system
in Belgium and the Nether-
lands—or at least, enough to
indicate an uncomfortably dan-
gerous betrayal by somebody.

"How did you know this?"

The grey smoke of my cigar-
ette shivered in its upward
spiral as my fingers shook
slightly. I was afraid for the
other agents, still behind the
German lines in the towns of
occupied Holland, if such facts
were known.

occupied Holland, if such facts were known.

"Who told you?" I said harshly.

Cornelis Verloop continued to sit alertly, half smiling. Col. Kiesewetter, chief of the Abwehr (the German Counter-Intelligence Service)," he said.

"He told me in the Abwehr HQ at Diebergen. But who told Kiesewetter is my secret."

I regarded him thoughtfully through half-shut eyes.

"Verloop," I said quietly. "You are a traitor and you shall not buy your life by being more of a traitor than hell meant you to be. This is total war. Your dirty Nazi friends wrote the rules—not me. Therefore I say that you will tell me who gave that news to Kiesewetter."

The pert smile slowly faded from the face of Cornelis Verloop.

"In exchange for my life, Colonel . . ." He made another despairing bid to bargain. I thumbed the safety-catch off my Walther pistol.

"Get up," I said curtly. I was going to take him through the night black-out to Eindhoven prison, from this desolate house in Phillips Park suburb where he had been interrogated.

But Cornelis Verloop, astute spy, shameless bargainer—and mortal coward, misunderstood my gesture with the gun. "Wait—" he gasped. Men say "Wait!" when they think they are about to die. "It was Chris—it was King Kong! He is in the pay of the Abwehr—has been a Nazi agent since March!"



KING Kong" — the admiring nickname given by Dutch resistance fighters to the man Christian Lindemans, son of a Rotterdam garage-proprietor, and perhaps the most popular of Europe's underground soldiers.

And he was the man who, according to the two emissaries who came to me at the Palace Hotel, in Brussels three days before the Arnhem invasion had set out on a dangerous mission. He was taking a "top secret" message behind the enemy lines.

And here was the result of this dangerous mission.

So, realising all this with a sudden baleful weariness I regarded Cornelis Verloop expressionlessly.

"Did King Kong betray Arnhem to the Nazis?"

He nodded. "Ja—he told Col Kiesewetter on September 15 when he called at Abwehr headquarters, that British and American troops were to be

quarters, that British and American troops were to be dropped."

"Did he tell where?"

"Ja—he did. He said that a British Airborne Division was waiting to be dropped on Sunday morning beyond Eindhoven." Verloop swallowed anxiously.

As soon as I had placed Verloop safely in a cell of Eindhoven military prison, I stormed to the Dutch Intelligence HQ and burst into the officers' mess.

Everybody looked up, startled. "Why Colonel, you're white as chalk!" said one. "What's the matter?"

The Plan

THEY were drinking, relaxing in brown leather armchairs, listening to the radio.

"Turn that thing off!" I banged my fist on the table.

"Damn it," I shouted, "the time has come to realise that when I say a man is untrustworthy he should not promptly be sent through enemy lines with the most vital damned message of the war!"

There was silence. They watched me, puzzled.

"Two of you will leave by car immediately for Castle Wittouck and arrest King Kong!"

I think they believed I had gone mad. A senior officer

dolls."

They knew, as I did, that King Kong carried hand grenades in his pockets, festooned himself with knives and guns like some legendary brigand. He was, in many ways, perhaps the most dangerous adversary in Holland.

I selected two reliable officers. "When you get to Castle Wittouck," I said, "there will be 10 SHAEF military police waiting for you. Put them in a room near to Prince Bernhard's private suite.

"Then it will be easy. The man is conceited as a child. His own pride will disarm him. Tell him Prince Bernhard is waiting to decorate him for his gallant services to Holland. Get him tidy, persuade him to change into a clean shirt, shed all his weapons. Escort him to the room where the police are waiting—and they must have orders to seize him at once. I want him alive."

The two officers nodded, grinned faintly, buckled on their pistol belts and departed. I sent a teleprint to HQ SHAEF at Brussels in Rue de la Loi, asked for 10 sturdy military police to be sent to Castle Wittouck.

Tomorrow: The Coward's Decision.



Col. Oreste Pinto, who captured the traitor of Arnhem, laughed uneasily. "Two of us, sir? Arrest King Kong? He would pick up two men like rag dolls."

They knew, as I did, that