

December 1943. In Russia, Hitler's armies had been halted in their thrust for the oilfields of the Caucasus, his once victorious Sixth Army lay trapped in Stalingrad. In North Africa, El Alamein had proved to be not an isolated allied victory but a turning of the tide in the Desert War. And in the German heartland, allied airraids were bringing the destruction of war home to German civilians who once applauded the Luftwaffe for their strikes against London and Coventry. Hitler, dreaming of retaliation, ordered his General Staff to speed up work on the V-1 missile, the pilotless aircraft that was to be launched off sites along the coast of Fortress Europe. This new German weapon would force the English to ask for peace.

By December, fourteen of these sites were under construction within a 30 kilometer radius of the picturesque town of Hesdin, Pearl of the Artois, hidden in the woods and off limits to everyone but a special labor force recruited by the Germans. Here is the story of one man, a 26-year old Dutch civil servant wanted by the Nazis, who risked his life to provide the resistance movement, and through them, British intelligence, with their lay-out.

Theo Bruynzeels, An Accidental Spy

By David Lemereis

It was an early and dreary September morning in 1943 when Theo Bruynzeels dressed in gray work clothes nervously waited on a tram to take him to the railway station of the city Antwerpen in Nazi-occupied Belgium. Streaks of fog hung eerily through the streets of the still sleeping city and as Bruynzeels heard the faint sound of the approaching tram a few blocks away he had second thoughts about the dangerous mission that lay ahead. Oh my God, how did I let the Belgian resistance talk me into spying on the Germans? he thought. My false pass says I'm 32-year-old Joep Nijs but even with the mustache and the fake glasses I look no older than twenty! I'll never get away with this! But it was too late to turn back now and when the tram screeched to halt he climbed aboard.

At the station Bruynzeels heard the familiar voice of his spying partner Verbeek taking roll call amongst a group of eighty workmen, made up of electricians, masons and carpenters. Verbeek hired the construction workers to build the mysterious sites strewn across northern France the Belgian resistance so eagerly wanted to know about. Bruynzeels quietly slipped into the group as they entered the train.

Near the border with France, Germans entered the compartment and started checking identification papers. One of them checked Bruynzeels' ID against the group's collective railway pass and didn't believe 'Joep Nijs' was 32 years old as was stated on his papers. It's all over! Bruynzeels thought. But then Verbeek

came to his rescue, yelling that the German was holding up the train. He waved a document with an official seal, the soldier backed off and left, and the train moved on. Badly shaken Bruynzeels sat down. Why is this happening to me? and his mind wandered back six months when it had all started.

Theo Bruynzeels was born in the town of Velzen, on the North Sea coast, some 20 miles from Amsterdam, and worked as a dairy inspector for the Dutch government up to the day of the general strike, April 30, 1943, protesting the transport to Germany and internment there of Dutch service men. At most Dutch government agencies, including Bruynzeels' own Centrale Controle Dienst (CCD), many factories and the NS, the national railroad company that would be an instrument in the transport, men prepared to lay down work on that Friday, at which the infuriated Germans threatened to jail or execute every official participating in the strike.

The next day Bruynzeels, who was staying at his parents' home in Velzen, heard a loud knocking on the front door downstairs. His father went to open the door and was greeted by two Dutch police officers. One of them yelled, "Your son home?" as if he intended Theo to hear too. "We have orders to arrest him!" Realizing the policemen meant to give him a chance to get away Theo, after a moment of frozen disbelief, managed to escape through a little window at the top of the stairs. He jumped down in the neighbors' yard and began to run.

(one-line space)

Hiding with friends of friends in a room above a restaurant in the nearby town of Uitgeest, Theo had to fight despair. Two weeks ago, he had been a respected official with the Dutch government. Now, he was a fugitive, a man who, as his mother had told him on the last of her secret visits, handing him his tooth brush and tooth paste, was listed as a wanted man.

Bruynzeels knew that to be safe he had to move on, so packing a handbag he left for The Hague, where he knew people who might be willing to help. There, walking into CCD headquarters, he met the wide-eyed stare of the receptionist. "Bruynzeels, are you crazy? You have been sentenced to death! You can't show your face around here!"

Bruynzeels left the office and the town in total panic. The month that followed was hell. He began to ride trains by day, traveling south and bluffing his way past officials with his CCD badge. In the evening, trusting to fate, he would knock on farm doors asking for help. Sometimes he could stay on for a few days, working as a farmhand. On other nights, he slept out in the fields or in a haystack, and wondered how long he could go on like this.

In Limburg, not knowing where to turn, Bruynzeels for the first time seriously considered going to the police to give himself up. Exhausted and in despair, he sought out the monastery of Abshoven, run by a German order of nuns. To the nun who unlocked the door, Bruynzeels said, "Please help me. I have no place to go." She smiled and, wordlessly, let him in.

To the Mother Superior, Bruynzeels admitted he was on the run. He was welcome to stay, she said. Five weeks followed in which Bruynzeels regained his strength, then felt he had to move on, not to endanger the nuns. Willy Winkel, an anti-Nazi German who worked the gardens of the monastery, told him of a farm near the village of Beegden where they needed a farmhand, and so he went.

Bruynzeels soon adjusted to life on the farm, getting up at five in the morning to help milk the cows, and after a hard day harvesting the wheat he'd help peel buckets of potatoes for supper.

One night the parish priest of Beegden came by to give warning of a German razzia, so the farmer told Bruynzeels to hide in the haystack. Bruynzeels climbed the 20-foot ladder, dug a hole for himself in the hay and while he dozed off, heard the screech of tires on the driveway. Doors were banged, orders rang out. Then the metallic sound of a soldier's boots came nearer. Several times one of the Germans thrust a steel rod through the hay. Then they gave up and left.

Again, Bruynzeels knew he should move on. One day when he accompanied the farmer into town he thought of Toos Linssen, a young woman he had met in Roermond in his training days. She had been a clerk at the railway station. He decided to risk walking into the station, counting on his coveralls to pass as a farmer.

Toos was still there, at a ticket counter, and on seeing him, her pretty face broke into a smile. "Theo, how are you? What are you doing here, dressed like a farmer? You're not in trouble, are you?"

Seeing no one who could overhear them, Bruynzeels told the girl his story, and was offered a place at her mother's house, where Toos lived too. The pretty blond proved to be active in the Dutch underground movement. There were clandestine meetings at her house, and the ticket counter at the railway station was used to pass on messages.

Still, feeling that with a death sentence hanging over his head, he would be safer in near by Belgium, Bruynzeels asked Toos about a place across the border. "I may not be listed as a criminal over there," he said.

Toos agreed and introduced him to Zus Geenen, a girlfriend of hers with a brother, Gerard, living in Antwerp. "You can stay with my brother," Zus promised. Bruynzeels crossed the border with a group of tobacco smugglers and was guided to the house of Ignault Bely in the village of Kinrooy. The next morning, Ignault drove Bruynzeels to the railway station, where he boarded the train to Antwerp.

Gerard Geenen, the director of an ice-cream factory, welcomed Bruynzeels and introduced him to his wife Rie and his brother Leon, also hiding from the Germans, who had developed a fuel injected engine. Forced by the Germans to service their vehicles in his garage, he went on to sabotage 34 trucks that all seized after the first hundred kilometers. When, inevitably, the Germans realized this had to be the result of Leon's handiwork, he had to flee.

Leon invited Bruynzeels to witness the testing of the prototype of his engine in his brother's factory. The size of a single engine airplane motor, it was

mounted on a heavy duty metal test bench, bolted to the concrete floor. Proudly, Leon started his engine, then quickly shut it down again when the powerful machine sheared some of the mounting bolts. Grinning, he walked over to Bruynzeels. "Tests show this to be a highly fuel efficient engine," he said, and grimly added, "Whatever happens, we must keep it out of German hands and get it to England!"

Bruynzeels offered to return to Roermond to tell Toos, who could then consult people in the resistance. Five times in all, Bruynzeels shuttled between Antwerp and Roermond for meetings with Dutch and Belgian members of the resistance, never learning more than that "the movement is working on it".

Then one night Loewieke, member of a Belgian group called The White Brigade, showed him a newspaper ad. "The Germans are asking construction workers to go to France," he said. "Apparently, the German Army are developing works near the Channel coast. High time one of us goes to investigate." He looked pointedly at Bruynzeels.

"You want me to go?"

"Well, you speak German and French as well as Dutch," Loewieke said.

Bruynzeels felt sick. Go there as a spy? "I can't work in France without a valid pass," he protested.

"Don't worry," Loewieke said, "we can take care of that." So reluctantly, Bruynzeels agreed.

The man who hired construction workers for the job in France, Loewieke told him, was a 24-year-old Dutch engineer, Willy Verbeek, who worked for Bläser, an electrical contractor company. He had been cleared by the resistance, Loewieke assured Bruynzeels, and went on to explain that Verbeek, forced to work for the Germans, had been offered the choice to go to Germany or to France. Verbeek had opted for France, but was now more than willing to get back at the Germans. "Look him up in Antwerp, he'll hire you." When he had obtained information about the nature of the construction works, he was to send postcards to Ignault Bely with a message.

A week later, his new pass was ready. Theo Bruynzeels was now Joep Nijs. With the mustache he was growing and the fake glasses Toos had provided, he looked a different man.

Back in Antwerp, he sought out Verbeek in his house in Deurne, and was welcomed by the engineer and his kind wife, Jetje. Though Verbeek was the younger man by three years, he spoke with the voice of authority. "What can I do for you?"

Bruynzeels took a deep breath. "I've read the ad offering jobs in France to construction workers, and I'd like to go."

"That can be arranged."

After a moment of hesitation, Bruynzeels decided to be frank. "Actually, some friends of mine have asked me to have a look at what is going on there." Verbeek smiled. "Then I know just the job you want. You are pretty good at languages,

right?" Bruynzeels nodded. "These Germans need a translator and a bookkeeper at their headquarters in Hesdin, I can see to it that you get the job."

And now as the train rolled into Hesdin, Bruynzeels felt his stomach tighten with nervous anticipation. Outside the station trucks awaited the construction workers, who were to live in barracks at their assigned construction sites.

Verbeek and Bruynzeels went on to a boarding house above a drugstore in the Rue Lereil. The people of Hesdin seemed to go quietly about their business.

Nothing indicated military activity nearby.

The next morning Verbeek introduced a nervous Bruynzeels to the staff of six at construction headquarters. Herr Ulrich, the chief accountant, assigned him a desk next to the Belgian bookkeeper, Rene who would show him the ropes.

Diligently, Joep Nijs set down to his first task, a share of the payroll ledgers. He opened one of the ledgers. He dropped his jaw in astonishment, There are hundreds of workers on the payroll in this one ledger alone! he thought as he thumbed through page after page of names and he estimated that more than one thousand men presently worked at the sites "What are they building?"

At night, the two Dutchmen compared notes. "Can you believe it?" Bruynzeels said. "I'm keeping the payrollbooks of more than a thousand men!" Verbeek nodded and said "I traveled to three of those sites today and I never expected to see so much activity! Concrete trucks arrived one after the other, bulldozers

flattening the forests. They are even building barracks to house at least a hundred workers at each site!"

The first few days Bruynzeels worked closely with Rene the Belgian bookkeeper. He immediately disliked the bookkeeper who tried so hard to please the Germans. One late afternoon while rummaging through a filing cabinet he felt an unsettling presence. When he turned to see what it was he noticed Rene watching him intently. Can he tell I'm Dutch and not Belgian? Bruynzeels worried and to avoid suspicion he worked even harder which didn't go unnoticed. After two weeks he was promoted to Head Mechanic in charge of materials, and given a special pass that gave him access to the sites.

Eventhough Verbeek had given Bruynzeels a detailed report on the activity at the sites Bruynzeels was in awe when saw the work in progress at his first site 15 kilometers southeast of Hesdin, near the village of St. George. He saw hundreds of laborers swarm over a large open space, about four hundred square yards, with sentries posted on its perimeter. The workers erected buildings, poured concrete or laid roads. The noise of bulldozers, mechanical mixers and air powered tools was deafening. Near the edge of the forest he noticed a concrete ramp, some 150 feet long, rising at an angle of 15 degrees, with two metal strips on top, resembling a small-gauge railway. What purpose does it have? Bruynzeels thought. I've never seen anything like this before.

"I've also discovered something," Verbeek said that night. "I managed a glance at some surveyor charts, and the ramps all point at England." Verbeek unfolded

a map of northern France and the English Channel, and both saw it at the same time. "My God," Bruynzeels said. "The English coast is only 90 kilometers away!"

Activities at the office repeatedly confirmed the importance of the construction under way. Whenever German officers came to discuss progress with French or Belgian engineers, they asked Bruynzeels to translate for them and he would see them produce plans marked "Top Secret". Then one day, when a group of German officers dropped in to celebrate, one of them had a drink too many. "Gentlemen," he shouted, raising his glass. "I ask for your full support. The project must be finished by Christmas." And as the Heil Hitler salutes of his audience subsided the officer boasted, "Those Pommies are in for a surprise. We'll destroy them all!"

Every day now, the two men gathered more data. On each of his visits to the construction sites Bruynzeels memorized or jotted down details and landmarks. At night in their room the two men compared notes, from which Verbeek then drew detailed maps.

One morning when Bruynzeels and Rene were alone in the office the bookkeeper approached Bruynzeels desk, leaned over and hissed, "Joep Nijs, the game is over. You're not Joep Nijs." Bruynzeels felt as if lightning had struck but he quickly regained his wits and said, "Rene, you're right but don't tell anyone yet! I have some very important things to tell you this afternoon." Rene took the bait and when Bruynzeels returned from lunch he whispered to the bookkeeper, "I talked to the a member of the FFI (Free

French of the Interior) and one word from you and the Resistance will see to it that you are dead." Bruynzeels trick worked. So far, Rene had kept silent, but meeting his angry stares under the ironic notice Achtung, Feind hört mit (Caution, the enemy is listening in) Bruynzeels felt his luck couldn't last.

By the end of October, Verbeek told Bruynzeels to contact the resistance, saying, "We've got enough information now." Bruynzeels agreed and the next day asked a Belgian construction worker about to go on vacation to mail some postcards for him in Belgium. The cards simply said "Lots of work here, send more laborers," and were addressed to Ignault Bely in Kinrooy.

Two weeks went by without a sign from the White Brigade. "It is up to us now to get those maps into the hands of the Allies!" said Verbeek. "What about the parish priest of Auby, Louis du Chatenier, who can't speak of the Germans without a sneer? He may know someone in the local resistance."

The next evening, Bruynzeels approached the priest, a Dutchman in spite of his French sounding name. "Stop by when I give catechism," the priest said. "I'll be able to help you then."

While giving his catechism class, some days later, du Chatenier walked over to Bruynzeels and pointed to a tall, dark youngster sitting in the back of the room. "He is your man," the priest said. "You can trust him." After class, Bruynzeels walked over and sat next to him. The youngster, who looked no older than 19, introduced himself as "Tarzan".

"Could you do something for me?" Bruynzeels asked.

"I think so."

Encouraged by Tarzan's economy of speech, Bruynzeels went on. "I have some maps and notes for the British."

"I'll see what I can do," said Tarzan, and left. Several nights later, he turned up at the boarding house. "Have your information ready in three days."

On the appointed day, Tarzan came by to pick up the package. "There is one condition," Bruynzeels told Tarzan. "The bombing must take place on Christmas Day, otherwise too many workers will die!"

"I'll pass it along," Tarzan said.

Again, the two men could only wait. Would Tarzan turn them in to the Gestapo? At the office sometimes, Bruynzeels felt exposure to be inevitable. One morning the Chief Accountant, Herr Ulrich, walked up to his desk and pointed at the ledger in front of him. "Herr Nijs, why do you write your figure eights in that funny way?" Bruynzeels' mind raced, then he told Ulrich he had learned to write his eights the Dutch way working for Philips in Eindhoven. Ulrich nodded.

At night, without their work to distract them, the tension became almost unbearable. Finally, after six days of wondering when the Gestapo would come for them, Tarzan called. "The maps are on their way to England," he reported.

(one-line space)

Then on (date?) the RAF bombed a railroad junction near Beaurainville, a town 18 kilometers east of Hesdin. "They probably used the raid to take aerial

photographs," Bruynzeels said to Verbeek. "Which means our package made it across the Channel."

At a cafe Bruynzeels and Verbeek frequented, a mute selling postcards sat next to them at the bar one evening, and listened in on their conversation. Unknown to the two men, British Intelligence had asked the French resistance to verify the authenticity of the plans and to check out Verbeek and Bruynzeels. The mute was a Dutchman, Will Gunnewegh, selected for this task by a local group. He told his contacts Bruynzeels and Verbeek appeared to be trustworthy.

With Christmas drawing near, the two men tensed up and went about their work hollow-eyed with lack of sleep. Verbeek left for Antwerp to be with his wife. Bruynzeels stayed on, having nowhere else to go.

(one-line space)

The day before Christmas, walking back to the office after lunch, he suddenly heard a faint, low rumble roll in from the sea. The remote sound became a steady drone. While Bruynzeels hurried to the office he noticed the uncertainty on the faces of the people passing by on the street. Shopkeepers and customers alike crowded the doorways of the stores while around him small groups of bewildered townspeople and German soldiers gathered on the sidewalk, gazing and pointing as wave after wave of Allied bombers flooded the skies. Then he heard bombs explode in the distance.

In the office, Bruynzeels met the questioning eyes of colleagues. "What is going on?" Herr Ulrich asked him.

Bruynzeels went straight for his desk. "I'm not sure," he said. "A massive air raid, apparently." With a trembling hand, he reached for a ledger.

Almost two hours later, a foreman barged in. "They've bombed the sites!" he yelled. In the commotion that followed Bruynzeels slipped out unnoticed. The first trucks carrying victims of the raid raced by. He hurried on, agonizing over the screams of the wounded, and when he reached the town square, saw soldiers and civilians carry some twenty corpses from the trucks and lay them out side by side on the pavement. Feeling thankful that most of the thousand workers had gone home for the holidays, but still sick to his stomach, Bruynzeels decided not to return to the office. Back in the boarding house in the Rue Lereil, he paced the room. Should I run, should I stay?

The next morning, Christmas 1943, he went to the office and found the staff still in a turmoil. The air raid had accurately wiped out all 14 sites. Was there a traitor in their midst?

Late in the afternoon an Abwehr officer marched in, walked up to Nijs' desk and after the mutual Hitler salute said, "Herr Nijs, we've been betrayed." A shaken Bruynzeels mustered his courage and said, "Sir, this has to be an inside job. It is the only explanation!"

The counter intelligence man asked, "Will you help me find the spy?"

"Sir, I'm honored."

"Thank you, Herr Nijs," the German said, adding, "We will check the identity of every worker in this office."

That night Bruynzeels decided the moment to flee had come. After hurriedly packing a small bag, he went to the railway station and boarded a train to the town of Lille, on the Belgian border. When the train slowed down for Lille he opened a door, felt the rush of freezing air hit his face and jumped. After rolling over and over in the gravel he got up, bruised but still in one piece, walked into the railway yard and climbed into an empty freight car and despite the cold, fell asleep.

A ray of sunlight, finding its way into the freight car, woke him up. Bruynzeels got out, walked 10 kilometers and under cover of the woods slipped into Belgium. Back in Antwerp, he looked up Verbeek and his wife, Jetje. A worried Verbeek quickly let him in, then told his friend he would have to return to Hesdin, to avoid suspicion.

"I can't go back, Willy," Bruynzeels said. "You are on your own now!" Then, quickly, he left for the Vinkenstraat, and the house of Gerard and Leon Geenen.

(one-line space)

The brothers, too, had a story to tell. They had made contact with a Miss Paridans, Leon told Bruynzeels. "She is a Dutch agent, working with the American Intelligence Service." Leon now had high hopes of getting his engine out of the country. Bruynzeels was overjoyed when he heard. Not just for Leon, but also for himself. He was a wanted criminal by the Germans and Miss Paridans could be his ticket out of Nazi occupied Europe.

On February 12th, 1944, Leon received a telegram at his brother's office.

"Meeting at 10 o'clock, Monday 14th February, Paridans," it said.

Around noon on Monday, Leon returned, shouting with joy. "Everything's okay. I sold the engine for 1.2 million Belgian Francs and all three of us will board a submarine to England, with the engine!" Leon added, "They told us to go back to the factory now, all three of us!"

When Bruynzeels and Leon entered the office, Gerard Geenen, a woman and two men were already there. Gerard introduced Bruynzeels to a Dutchman who said he worked for the English Secret Service, Mr. De Koning from the Electrical Supply Company in Rotterdam, Holland and Miss Paridans. He spoke with her briefly and she seemed a well mannered and self-conscious woman who spoke educated Dutch. When the English agent heard Bruynzeels would accompany them, he protested. "What has he to do with this? How do I know he's not an undercover agent for the Germans?"

"He has helped us with the engine," Leon said. "Besides, he knows all sorts of people in the Belgian and Dutch resistance."

"Convince me," said the man. "Give me some names of those people."

But Bruynzeels had learned by then never to reveal names. While the two stood arguing, the door was flung open and some thirty armed and uniformed Germans burst into the room. "Gestapo! Against the wall!" White and shaken, Bruynzeels complied. Handcuffed, the six were taken to the Elizabeth Lei Prison in Antwerp. The men were separated on arrival. Later, they would learn that

Miss Paridans had betrayed them all, and that they were by no means the only victims she made.

A soldier ordered Bruynzeels to take off his tie, belt and shoelaces, hit him in the face, shouting, "Faster!" Next, he was taken down and thrown in a dungeon.

That same night, Theo, Gerard and Leon were transported first to the Prince Baudoin Barracks in Brussels, and from there to the army prison of St. Gilles. In cell No. 201, Bruynzeels lay on his plank and asked himself the all-important question, How much do they know?

The interrogations were endless, and sometimes on a single day, men from Gestapo, Sicherheit and Abwehr took turns trying to trap him. "How are your eyes, Bruynzeels?" "They are fine, sir."

"But you wore glasses?"

"Yes... for camouflage."

"Why the camouflage, Bruynzeels?"

"To escape from Holland."

"Why should you escape from Holland?" And so it went on. To keep silent was useless, he had seen what they did to prisoners who refused to talk.

Sometimes his interrogators would hand him pen and paper. "Tomorrow you will be shot. Write your mother a last letter." Then they left, leaving Bruynzeels to suffer agonies.

Back in his cell, alone, the horror didn't end. The screams of fellow prisoners, the slamming of doors, the shouting of guards drove him to distraction. During

the day, he sometimes pulled himself up on the iron bars of his small window and looked at the men and women outside, freely going about their business.

After a week the guards made him a Kalfaktor, the prison help that cleaned the hallways and cells. On one of the rounds when he collected the toilet buckets and the guard wasn't watching Jan de Vries, a fellow Dutch inmate whispered, "Bruynzeels, I received some real butter today."

"Lucky you, is it your birthday?"

"No, I've been sentenced to death. But I think you still have to wait a few days for your butter."

Bruynzeels realized that once he told his tormentors all they wanted to know, he also would be executed. He had to pretend to come up with information. Fortunately, he got into touch with another prisoner, Maurice Kiek, a Dutch agent who had worked for the British Intelligence Service, through the elaborate "telephone system" the prisoners had devised. By putting their mouths close to the heating pipes that ran through the cells, messages were relayed from one cell to the other. One day Kiek relayed a brief message, "I know many names and details of resistance workers who had made it to England." Kiek had been the only Jewish agent to be dropped into Belgium to help the resistance set up a communications system. Once, while transmitting, the Abwehr had homed in and arrested him.

"Pass me a note when I wipe your celldoor tomorrow," Bruynzeels responded. Three times a week Bruynzeels polished the celldoors and the following day

when he reached Kiek's cell he gave a barely audible knock on the door. Not a word was spoken and he kept one eye on the guard. Pretending to rub a persistent smudge around the peephole he grabbed the rolled up note Kiek passed through hiding it in the cloth. When he moved onto the next cell he carefully slipped the note in his pocket.

After returning to his cell he studied the note till he could dream the details of a resistance fighter Kiek had given him. Everytime Bruynzeels polished the celldoors he collected names and details from Kiek and during the interrogations he slowly revealed the fake information bit by bit keeping his interrogators busy researching. But a month later Dr. Schmidt tried to trick him by suddenly bringing up the details of one of these resistance fighters.

"You met him at a bar in Brussels!" Dr. Schmidt shouted. Bruynzeels mind reeled trying to think what he had said weeks earlier.

"No, I told you in Antwerpen."

"He was the tall, blond guy who spoke with a Dutch accent!"

"No, he had black hair and was French."

On and on it went but Dr. Schmidt repeatedly failed to confuse Bruynzeels with his questions. They also suspected he sabotaged the V-1 sites around Hesdin. During an interrogation about his escape from Holland, Dr. Schmidt unexpectedly withdrew a curtain, revealing a map of northern France. "Do you know the construction sites around Hesdin?" he began.

Oh my God, they know! he thought, and felt shivers run down his spine. He decided it was useless to deny. "Yes, I worked there."

"Show me where the sites are," Dr. Schmidt ordered. With trembling knees, Bruynzeels walked over to the map and pointed.

"Why did you go away?"

"The bombing scared me. I had come for the money. Not to get blown to pieces."

"You're lying!" Dr. Schmidt shouted, and pulled his gun. "I'll shoot you right here!" Bruynzeels nearly fainted. "He'll never shoot me in his own office" and when he didn't give in to the intimidation Dr. Schmidt angrily shoved the gun back in his holster.

Then in July, the interrogations stopped. While the German were still checking names and details Bruynzeels had revealed, he was transferred to the Sancourt concentration camp in France.

Since D-Day, the Allied invasion of Europe, Allied Armies had been closing in on the Germans. Bruynzeels was put on transport again, this time to a prison in Douai. Then, in the general confusion of an air raid, he escaped and went into hiding near Lille. Though still a man on the run, he was free again!

The end of the war came for him by the end of August 1944. In the haystack of a farm close to the front, he had for days heard the distant roar of artillery, and then suddenly it was quite close. He peered down and saw what in all these long

years he had been waiting for: Germans on the run for American tanks. He jumped down, threw himself on a tank and cried. Free at last!

Bruynzeels entered Brussels with the US Seventh Army and there joined the Intelligence Corps of the Polar Bear Division, the Purple Berets. On (date) he joined the staff of HRH Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands for special intelligence duties.

In all, 96 V-1 launching sites were built. With the help of resistance workers in France, Belgium, Holland and Poland, allied spotter planes were able to photograph 73 of these sites in spite of their careful camouflage.

Willy and Jetje Verbeek, Louis du Chatenier, Tarzan (whose real name was Claude Boulange), Will Gunnewegh and Toos Linssen all lived to see their countries liberated. Leon and Gerard Geenen survived because of German interest in Leon's engine -- which for them thanks to the wily Leon never worked. Miss Paridans was shot after the war. The Geenens and Bruynzeels gave evidence at her trial.

Bruynzeels returned to the Dutch civil service. Though for many years he couldn't walk the streets without looking over his shoulder, he always felt that the only way to survive and stay sane is to forgive.

