

INTERROGATION
OF COLONEL E.C.V. TIEMROTH IN THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS
CONCERNING THE FORMER COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN SECURITY-
POLICE IN DANMARK, OTTO BOVENSIEPEN, COPENHAGEN,
21 SEPTEMBER 1945

Colonel Tiemroth appeared, submitting a report of today about his arrest and the tortures which were applied to him. The report is enclosed on Pages 33 - 36. Subject understands now, that Captain (Kriminalrat) Wiese, got orders from somewhere, before beginning with the tortures. But subject does not know, where the orders came from. Subject does not know who the second Police-official present was, but he describes him as: not very big, broad-shouldered, round faced, but he does not remember, whether he was dark or light. He was presumably about 40 years old, and spoke German fluently.

Subject points out, that at another occasion he could hear from his cell that in an office adjacent to that of Captain (Kriminalrat) Wiese, torturing was applied; Wiese yelled, and the tortured individual moaned. Later on, subject asked Wiese what he had been up for, and Wiese answered with a superior smile, stating that the person questioned had been unreasonable.

C O P Y

Translation

Colonel E. C. V. Tiemroth
Copenhagen, 21 Sept. 45

To: Inspector of the Police 1st Lt. Kudsk
Police Headquarters.

re: My treatment as a prisoner in the Shellhouse

Monday morning, 26 Feb. 45 I had a conference in an outlying office on the top floor of the School for Engineering of Denmark, together with Professor PH.D. Brandt-Rehberg and with Civil Engineer Prior -- the latter was killed in the air raid on the Shellhouse. About 915 hours six or seven Gestapo men in civilian clothes armed with submachine guns, of whom at least two turned out to be Danes, broke into the room and ordered, "hands up!" We were completely taken by surprise. They searched us for weapons, handcuffed us together and checked our papers. The Professor and the engineer admitted right away that their papers were forged and told them their real names. I insisted however on the correctness of my papers, as representative Jeusen. I realized of course that I could not keep this pretense up indefinitely but I thought it more opportune to put the discovery of my identity off as long as possible.

Within about 15 minutes we were on our way to the Shellhouse and taken to an office on the 5th floor. The door leading onto a corridor was left open, and several people in the corridor whom I was unable

to see myself, examined me from there. I was then separated from the other prisoners and taken to another office where a Gestapo-man told me: "Come now Lt. Colonel Tiemroth", I shrugged my shoulders, and gave up, and now the questions followed one another. Of course they had known from the beginning who I was. They knew my real name, two of my under-cover names, they knew that I was Military Commander in Copenhagen, they knew about my contact telephone to the sectors, Seborg 4042 and also that I had met somebody in the morning after my visit to the school between Selvtorvet and Selogades barracks.

I was at once chained with handcuffs and with a chain to the foot end of an iron bed and questioned now by two Gestapo-agents who appeared either together or alternated. One of the two agents was Captain (Kriminalrat) Wiese. I could never ascertain the name of the other one - he was very disagreeable, ironic and provocative. All the time at least one Dane was present. The interrogation which lasted until 245 hours was very enervating, They alternated between threat and promises. First, they hinted that I risked to be shot. Since I answered that I had been very well aware of what I was getting into, and that my family rather than I would suffer by my projected execution, they stopped talking about that then they threatened intermittently among others, to do harm to my wife and my son. From time to time Wiese got into a wild fit, pointed to Hitler's picture on the wall and yelled that Germany was fighting for survival and would not tolerate Danish resistance; they'd go into the streets to act ruthlessly and to shoot a mass of people. In between they promised to liberate me, to put me before a courts martial and to permit me to remain in Copenhagen if I'd help them. As matters stood, I did not have the advantage many other prisoners had who could simply say they didn't know. I had thus to give answers to their questions. They wanted to know mainly names, meeting-places and - times. I believe that generally speaking I have not disclosed any names other than those the Gestapo presented to me; the Gestapo's knowledge of the composition of the illegal General Staff as well as of the sectors in Copenhagen was amazing.

Some time during the evening, after Wiese had been absent for some time he came back and took from a closet, a bamboo-stick, finger thick, about 1 meter long, and with something wrapped around at the end. He left the room saying: "I have to do a little tough job". About an hour later he came back and began to question me on "Frit Danmark"; I understood that he had beaten engineer Prior and found out that our statements were not in agreement. (The engineer worked for Frit Danmark). He (Wiese) untied me from the bed, ordered me to take off my coat and after the handcuffs were fastened to me again, he made me stand the way you stand when you want to touch the floor with your fingertips without bending your knees. He probed me around until he got me in a position most convenient for him and beat me then, lifting the stick with both hands over his head, for each stroke, like a worker who operates a sledge hammer. It hurt very much. Meanwhile, ^{the} other Gestapo agent conducted the interrogation and asked questions between the strokes. I don't know how long it lasted, maybe half an hour or an hour. From time to time, they ordered me to stand up so they both could question me, or maybe so that the blood would run down from my head. After he had beaten me, Wiese ^{breathless} threw himself on the bed and said that from now on it was no more Lt. Col. but only Tiemroth, and that from now on ^{we} were no

more good friends. To this I agreed.

When the interrogation ended at about 245 hours I was in such a state that I could hardly speak. I was taken to a prison-cell in the attic of the building and Wiese departed with the remark: "Yes, now you are tired. But we'll continue tomorrow. And if it won't work, we shall again use the stick".

Only the following evening did I notice that my buttock consisted of two swollen, completely bloodshot cushions. I wasn't beaten anymore but, since my arrest had led to "results", was treated later on with an annoying friendliness, particularly on the part of Wiese.

The foregoing is mainly an extract of the report on the situation during and after my confinement which I have submitted to General Gortz after my liberation from Vestre Fangsel on 5 May.

(Signed) E. Tiemroth