



"A compelling, heart-wrenching  
testament to courage and goodness  
in the face of evil." –Kirkus Reviews

*At the Heart of the*  
**WHITE ROSE**

Letters and Diaries of  
Hans and Sophie Scholl

Edited by Inge Jens



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# At the Heart of the White Rose

*Letters and Diaries  
of Hans and Sophie Scholl*

**Edited by Inge Jens**

*Translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn  
Preface by Richard Gilman*



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## Foreword

**H**ANS SCHOLL, born September 22, 1918, executed February 22, 1943; Sophie Scholl, born May 9, 1921, executed February 22, 1943. These two names and two fates are representative of thousands more: representative, first, of those other members of the White Rose – Willi Graf, Christoph Probst, Alexander Schmorell, and Professor Kurt Huber – who were sent to the guillotine; representative, too, of those White Rose associates whom the Gestapo hunted down in Freiburg, Hamburg, Ulm, and elsewhere; and representative, last but not least, of all those anonymous Germans who were forced to atone in prison cells and punishment battalions because they believed active defense of human rights was more important than compliance with despotic laws.

Hans and Sophie Scholl's youth precluded their evolving a completely coherent and consistent view of the world; had they been precociously sophisticated, they would never have run such extreme risks. It is also certain that they both felt compelled, in accordance with the dictates of the time, to disguise their political sentiments with Brechtian guile, camouflaging them in esoteric asides and allusions intelligible only to insiders. Thus their political scope, their romantic idealism, their wealth of contradictions, their framing of rebellious ideas in an intimate, familiar idiom, endow the letters with a representative quality.

Two young people were voicing what thousands of their own kind, mainly older schoolchildren and university students, were thinking. On them, political education and an acquaintance with the liberal counterforces of art, religion, and scholarship, imposed an obligation to preach resistance, not in the cloud-cuckoo-land of the mind, but in the here and now of everyday life under fascism, and to do so in language whose aesthetic nature was itself expressive of political dissent.

The following letters and other writings by Hans and Sophie Scholl have therefore been selected for their mode of expression as well as their content – for the “how” as well as the “what.” This, it is hoped, will help to paint a more vivid picture of their characters and personal development during the five and a half years that elapsed between the beginning of the correspondence in 1937 (no earlier letters have survived) and their deaths in 1943.

Neither Hans nor Sophie Scholl could have guessed that their private letters would someday be read by people other than those to whom they were addressed. If these documents have nonetheless been made public – after due deliberation, be it noted – it is not simply that their authors’ eventual martyrdom lends special weight to every word, however trifling, but above all because the sincerity, spontaneity, and literary density of these letters, with their unmistakably conversational and unstudied tone, clearly illustrate how young Germans critical of the National Socialist regime thought and felt, how some of them managed, by dint of reading, meditation, and discussion, to break the spiritual quarantine imposed on their country, and how they developed their purely private theories, evolved as an alternative to the prevailing system, into direct political action aimed at public and universal liberation.

*Inge Jens*

# Preface

*to the American Edition*

I'VE VISITED the University of Munich several times, so I must have seen the street signs that identify the square in front of the main building as “Geschwister-Scholl Platz.” But the name meant nothing to me twenty or even ten years ago, for until recently I'd only vaguely heard about the resistance group called the White Rose, after whose leader and his sister the square had been renamed. When I did learn about it I was pierced with admiration and pity.

A handful of students at the university, together with a middle-aged philosophy professor, begin in the summer of 1942 secretly to write and distribute leaflets urging an end to the war and the overthrow of Hitler, paint words like “Freedom!” on public walls, are caught by the Gestapo, swiftly tried and, in the cases of Hans and Sophie Scholl and Christoph Probst, beheaded the same day, February 22, 1943. (Other executions follow a few months later.)

“Geschwister-Scholl”: brother and sister Scholl. The German language, so given to compounds and collective nouns, here achieves a master stroke of compression and evocation. For Hans and Sophie are forever fused in memory by what they did, this medical student nearing the end of his training and this

young woman just beginning a war-delayed formal education in philosophy and art. They were dead at twenty-four and twenty-one and so left behind no careers, no “life’s work.” Yet a life’s work is there after all, flowering in a series of actions carried out over the course of only six or seven months, a movement of the spirit that was both emblem and crown of an existence.

What the two of them did in the face of mortal danger becomes even more astonishing in the light of what we now know: that such pockets of resistance as there were in Germany were made up almost entirely either of people with firmly held political beliefs (which the Scholls lacked), remnants of the old Left mainly, or those who were motivated by an aristocratic contempt for the Nazi barbarians or dread of a Germany devastated in defeat. Apart from scattered church figures like Dietrich Bonhoeffer, it was rare for anyone to risk his or her life out of almost purely religious motives and much rarer still for such persons to be as young as were the Scholls and nearly all their fellow-conspirators.

Hans and Sophie are made ready for their valiant doomed enterprise by a childhood and youth in a deeply humane if not especially religious family. The earliest letters printed here reflect their parents’ moral fineness and the loving atmosphere of their home. At nineteen Hans writes to them that “few people can look back on such a fine, proud boyhood” as his and tells his mother that “you’ve a quiet fervor, an unflinching warmth.” (Their father, a pacifist in World War I, will later be imprisoned for several months for having been overheard referring to Hitler as “the scourge of God.”)

The family – there are two other daughters and another son – is devoted to music, literature, and art, and, balancing that in the best tradition of German humanism, to nature, the outdoors. Sophie writes at eighteen to her boyfriend, an army

officer named Fritz Hartnagel, about a camping trip: “Who would have thought it possible that a tiny little flower could preoccupy a person so completely that there simply wasn’t room for any other thought, or that I could have turned into the earth, I liked it so much.” Later she writes to her father: “The sight of the mountains’ quiet majesty and beauty makes the reasons people advance for their disastrous doings seem ludicrous and insane.”

From his letters and a diary he kept while serving as a medical orderly on the Russian front (he’s profoundly attracted to the Russian people and land) a portrait of Hans takes shape that shows him as earnest, generous, high-minded, with a questing if not original intelligence. Of his vocation for medicine he writes unexceptionably to his parents that “tending the sick is a great and humanitarian occupation,” and tells his girlfriend, Rose Nägele, that “I must go my own way, and I do so gladly. I’m not anxious to avoid a host of dangers and temptations. My sole ambition must be to perceive things clearly and calmly.” Yet he also thinks of himself as something of a neurasthenic – “There’s a kind of mad melancholy underlying everything [in me]” – and indeed as the times grow worse a sort of reality-induced neurosis does seem to take hold of him: “The war may have distorted a lot of things in my brain.”

Sophie, who adores her brother, is more complex, wittier, more the artist (she passionately loves music and has a talent for it). “The sun felt obliged to put its head out and send us its hottest rays,” she writes to Fritz Hartnagel. “Perhaps it did so out of curiosity.” And she tells him in another letter that “establishing contact with someone new is a momentous occurrence, a simultaneous declaration of love and war.” Although one’s admiration for Hans never falters, it’s Sophie who breaks your heart. Photographs of Hans show an exceedingly handsome clean-cut young man, while those of Sophie reveal a girl without

conventional beauty – her nose is too broad and her chin is a little long – but one from whose face shines a deep intelligence and a transfiguring kindness.

But maybe I'm reading into some of this. So affecting are these letters and diaries that it's impossible to maintain a coolly objective view of their authors; one's esteem for them, one's pity and, it's not too strong a word, one's love, keeps "editing" their story to a level of revelation and moral beauty it doesn't always, on the face of it, express. But that's just the point: our knowledge of their fates shapes our response, making even the most mundane details of their correspondence, their matter-of-fact diary entries, the most informal of snapshots take on a heartrending significance.

As the war goes on and rumors of German atrocities, especially the death camps, reach Munich, the Scholls' letters, and even more their diaries, grow more agitated and despairing. "My pessimism gets worse every day," Hans writes in his diary. "Skepticism is poisoning my soul." And Sophie tells a friend, "I realize that one can wallow in the mind . . . while one's soul starves to death. This wouldn't have occurred to me once upon a time." It's at the intersection of recognition, horror, and longing that their religious interests, which for both of them had been mild and peripheral, begin to expand and move toward the center.

Hans's "conversion" process is more intellectual than Sophie's, his spiritual growth being nurtured in large part by books. Many of these are by French Catholics, among them Léon Bloy, Paul Claudel, Georges Bernanos, and Etienne Gilson (ten years later these same writers would play a central role in my own temporary conversion to Catholicism). For both Hans and Sophie another strong Catholic influence comes from their friendship with the elderly writer and editor Carl Muth,

and from Theodor Haecker, whose books had been banned but who would read from them to members of the White Rose. In the end, neither Hans nor Sophie actually joined the Church, although one of the six executed conspirators was an ardent Catholic and another was baptized just before his death.

On December 7, 1941 (the day of Pearl Harbor), Hans writes to Rose Nägele: “I’m thinking of you on this second Sunday of Advent, which I’m experiencing as a wholehearted Christian for the first time in my life.” Yet some months later he writes in his diary: “O God of love, help me to overcome my doubts. I see the Creation, your handiwork, which is good. But I also see man’s handiwork, our handiwork, which is cruel.”

He has of course been caught in that central crisis of faith which so many religious persons have undergone in this century, faced with the intolerable question: What sort of God would permit evil on such a scale? But he moves past it into acceptance of the mystery. In October 1942, after the first leaflets have been disseminated, he writes to his parents out of what may or may not have been an intimation of his impending martyrdom but is in any case chilling for us to come upon: “I am reading . . . a history of the Church. I find the chapter on the persecution of the Christians especially interesting.”

Sophie is more intuitive, less schooled; full of a self-doubt which strikes me as the rarest kind of humility, she struggles with anguished hope toward a point of affirmation and peace. “I’d so much like to believe that I can acquire strength through prayer,” she writes in her diary. “I can’t achieve anything by myself.” And in another entry: “I’ve decided to pray in church every day, so God won’t forsake me. Although I don’t yet know God and feel sure my conception of him is utterly false, he’ll forgive me if I ask him.” And then in the loveliest of self-effacing gestures she writes: “I pray for a compassionate heart, for how else could I love?”

Everything moves toward fatality. But the Scholls have come to know who they are and what they must do. Hans had written in his diary: “. . . Something *must* come because all values can never be destroyed.” And Sophie had told a friend, Lisa Remppis, that “I think we at last have a chance to prove ourselves – and preserve our integrity.” The fourth White Rose leaflet ends with these words: “We will not be silent. We are your bad conscience. The White Rose will not leave you in peace!”

On February 17, 1943, Sophie writes to Lisa: “I’ve just been playing the Trout Quintet . . . listening to the andantino makes me want to be a trout myself . . . in that piece of Schubert’s you can positively feel and smell the breezes and scents and hear the birds and the whole of creation cry out for joy . . . it’s sheer enchantment.” The next day Hans and Sophie Scholl are in the hands of the Gestapo.

The nearly irresistible temptation is to ask questions like these: Why were there so few of them, why didn’t more people speak and act against the terror the way the Scholls did? You can find answers, ultimately unsatisfying but at least fulfilling the duty of historical inquiry. To resist meant to turn against your own country, which wasn’t true in France, say, or Holland or Norway. Surveillance was ferocious. Most young people were away in the army or in heavily regimented war work. Clandestine communications were immensely difficult. And so on.

It seems to me that to go on in this line of reasoning is at some point to lose the Scholls and their fellow-resisters, to convert them into statistics. They were exceptional, to be sure, but that isn’t how they ought to live in our consciousness. Victims and transcendents of a monstrous era, they occupy an exemplary status, testifying to human possibility, to courage, grace, and self-sacrifice. The dominion of spiritual and moral truth can’t be quantified. In a radio address after

hearing of their deaths, Thomas Mann said: “Good, splendid young people . . . you shall not be forgotten.” The goodness and splendor of Hans and Sophie, Geschwister-Scholl, are permanent, not contingent, existing serenely now beyond the dreadful history of which they were an infinitesimal part and to which they said no.

*Richard Gilman*

*New York*

*March 1987*



The Scholl parents, Robert and Magdalena



The Scholl children, Ludwigsburg; *back*: Inge, Hans, Elizabeth, *front*: Sophie and Werner, 1930–31

# Hans Scholl

1937–1939

*Born in Ingersheim on September 22, 1918, Hans Scholl was nearly fourteen when he moved to Ulm in 1932 and nearly fifteen when Hitler came to power. He joined the Hitler Youth in the fall of 1933 and rose to command a squad. Two years later he resigned and, together with some friends of his, formed an independent youth group affiliated with the Bündische Jugend, dj-1/11,<sup>1</sup> a group banned by the National Socialists.*

*He continued to keep in touch with this group when, after graduating from secondary school in 1937, he was sent to Göppingen Camp to do his spell of compulsory service in the Reicharbeitsdienst (RAD), or State Labor Service.*

*All young people had to join the RAD, initially for a period of six months. Predominantly employed in manual tasks, RAD members wore uniforms and were organized along military lines. The preliminary training aspect of their activities assumed growing importance as time went by, and they were ultimately absorbed into the German war machine.*

*To his mother, Göppingen, May 4, 1937*

Dear Mother,

I got your parcel. The rolls were delicious.

This is meant to be a birthday letter, but I don't know what to write about. I'll probably be coming home on Sunday. I realize it must seem ages to you since I left. From my own point of view, these four and a half weeks have passed in a flash.

I've changed a bit, I suppose. Inwardly and outwardly. It doesn't mean I've renounced my old principles and perceptions. I've taken another step up the ladder. This place is a mine of experience.

I'm putting my heart and soul into my work, believe me – I never shirk. The main external changes in me are shorter hair, a heavy tan, and a more relaxed expression.

So much for the general situation.

It's good for youngsters like us to get away from home for once. There's an old proverb: never leave home, and you'll never go back there.

We're forever singing with all our hearts, though, and it's a comfort to be able to vent your innermost feelings, if only in song.

Long is the way back to the homeland,  
Far, so far,  
There near the stars above the rim of the woods,  
Old times laugh . . .

And now, tons and tons of happy returns on your birthday.

Your devoted son,  
Hans

*To his sister Inge, Göppingen, October 8, 1937*

Dear Inge,

I got your joint parcel. Many thanks for my birthday present.<sup>2</sup> I can't read the George book yet. To absorb his words properly I'll need time and endless peace and quiet. Stefan George is immensely hard to understand, but we can get an inkling of him and his towering, unassailable, solitary grandeur.

Our duties here are very monotonous. In the evenings we sit around the big table in our barrack room and read. All kinds of books, each to his taste. I became engrossed in Knittel's exciting *Via Mala*.<sup>3</sup> Now I've finished it.

It's our farewell party tomorrow night [celebrating completion of his service in the Arbeitsdienst]. I'm off to Stuttgart on Sunday. I'd have loved to go to the Furtwängler<sup>4</sup> [concert], but the only seats left cost 8 or 10 marks.

I hope you're all well.

Lots of love,  
Hans

*After completing his stint in the Arbeitsdienst in mid-October 1937, Hans Scholl was drafted. A keen horseman since boyhood, he applied to join the cavalry at Bad Cannstatt, on the outskirts of Stuttgart.*

*Late in the fall of 1937, while Hans was undergoing his basic training, a nationwide campaign was launched against members of the banned youth movement Bündische Jugend (dj-1/11) and its sympathizers. Hans's brother Werner and his two sisters, Inge and Sophie, were arrested in the course of this witch hunt. Sophie was released at once, but Inge and Werner had to spend a week in the Gestapo jail at Stuttgart. Hans, whose military status exempted him from the direct jurisdiction of the civil authorities, was not detained for questioning until later in December.*

*To his mother, Bad Cannstatt, November 27, 1937*

My dear Mother,

Everything turned up here safely. I was delighted, having been looking forward to it so much. Many thanks for your letter. The bible quotation<sup>5</sup> is wonderful. It helped to restore my composure. Now I hope we can all be happy again. We don't mean to feel like martyrs,<sup>6</sup> even though we may sometimes have reason to, because we won't let anyone impugn our purity of sentiment. Inner strength is our most powerful weapon. That's what I always tried to impress on my youngsters [the boys in the dj-1/11] in the old days. Our communal excursions and evening get-togethers helped us to acquire that strength, and we'll never, ever forget those trips. We certainly had a boyhood worthy of the name!

And that's my dearest wish: that in spite of all the difficulties and all the mudslinging,<sup>7</sup> this sentiment should live on in the hearts of my former comrades.

We won't be getting any home leave yet next Sunday, from the look of it. Today I saw the film *Patriots*.<sup>8</sup> I doubt if the coming week will produce much in the way of news.

Fondest love,  
Hans

*To his parents, Bad Cannstatt, December 12, 1937*

Dear Parents,

I received your parcel, for which many thanks. I got back to Cannstatt safely and have settled in again very well. This afternoon I was invited home by a comrade from Stuttgart. We had some interesting assignments last week. Wednesday was field training, Thursday marksmanship (I scored two 12's out of three shots), and Friday a night exercise complete with full equipment. Saturday we just cleaned our things. I've now had myself measured for a pair of trousers by a reputable Stuttgart tailor.

They're going to cost 48 marks – a fortune! They're the same as the officers wear (because I'll most probably become an officer in the reserve). It was the last piece of cloth the tailor had, so I was lucky from that angle. He complained a great deal about the shortage of cloth. He has a lot of orders, and he can't meet them all. The trousers will be ready on Thursday, but I can only pick them up if I pay cash because we aren't allowed to run up debts in the squadron. So please, Father, if you possibly can, send me the money. . . .

*Hans's arrest may have occurred within hours of writing the preceding letter. He was lucky to find a staunch advocate in his squadron commander, Rittmeister (cavalry captain) Scupin, who urged that the investigation be speedily concluded and pressed for his release from custody. This is attested by Scupin's two letters to Robert Scholl, Hans's father.<sup>9</sup> Having drawn the authorities' attention to his family by becoming a youth leader in the dj-1/11, Hans Scholl felt to blame, as well, for the earlier arrest of his brother and sister.*

*To his parents, Detention Prison, Stuttgart, December 18, 1937*

Dear Parents,

Now that a day has gone by since Father visited me, I want to write to you both. Thank you so much for coming, Father. You brought me fresh hope. I'm so immensely sorry to have brought this misfortune on the family, and I was often close to despair during my first few days in detention. I promise you, though, I'll put everything right. When I'm free again, I'll work and work – that and nothing but – so you can look on your son with pride again.

I have plenty of time to think now and the whole of my sunny boyhood passes before my eyes in the brightest colors. First childish play, then serious work, then tireless exertion on

behalf of a community. Few people can look back on such a fine, proud boyhood. And now I've regained confidence in my future. I've regained faith in my own strength, and ultimately I owe that strength to you two alone. Only now am I fully alive to my father's desire, which he himself possessed and passed on to me, to become something great for the sake of mankind.

Don't lose your gaiety, Mother, I entreat you, because your children need it so badly. What matters most is that Christmas should remain a joyful family occasion.

I think of you both so much.

Yours,

Hans

P.S. . . . Give my love to Lisl, Inge, Sophie, and Werner [Hans's sisters and brother].<sup>10</sup> They wouldn't let me have Sophie's Christmas present, unfortunately. Please send me my English textbooks, at least the ones from my senior grades. Vocational training books are allowed here. Send me some other textbooks too, but you'll have to write a covering letter saying I need them for my job in later life, or I won't get them.

Let's hope I'll be home again soon!

*Thanks to Rittmeister Scupin's efforts, Hans Scholl was released from the detention prison early in January, although he remained under investigation, which often bore heavily on his spirits.*

*To his parents, Stuttgart, January 6, 1938*

Dear Parents,

I got safely back to barracks at three o'clock Monday morning, having taken a cab from the station. I slept like the dead for a few hours before going on duty. At 7 a.m. we were driven to the rifle range at Dornhalde. I had to make up for the two firing practices I'd missed. I didn't do particularly well, generally speaking, but I completed all my firing sequences. In

the afternoon we started driving lessons. A lot more snow had fallen by the time I woke this morning. It went on snowing all morning, and it's still snowing even now. I don't think Stuttgart has ever seen so much snow. We're on duty this Sunday, but I'm sitting in the barrack room reading and writing.

I'll bet there's some good skiing at Ulm, too.

My thoughts often turn to that lovely, happy spell of furlough, and I'm already looking forward to the day when I can come home again. The thing is, I'm quite a different person "at home" than I was before. I can't find the words to convey my gratitude to you both, because words fail you when you're so completely overwhelmed by emotion. But maybe I've become more of a man in recent days than I'd once have thought possible. And when I look back on this period later on, I'll know whom to thank for helping me to survive it.

Fondest love,

Hans

*To his sister Inge, Bad Cannstatt, January 18, 1938*

Dear Inge,

Afraid I can't come to Ulm today because the whole squad has been confined to barracks. Is all well with you and the others? I do hope so. I'm not too bad. I often forget the whole thing and act carefree and exuberant, but then the dark shadow looms up again and makes everything seem dismal and empty. When that happens, all that keeps me going is the thought of a future that'll be better than the present. You've no idea how much I look forward to going to university. . . .

I very much hope to be able to come to Ulm next Sunday. I itch to see and talk with you all once more. This place is just a charade. . . .

Lots of love,

Hans

*To his mother, Bad Cannstatt, January 22, 1938*

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your letter. I feel a sort of duty to answer it. You've a quiet fervor, an unflinching warmth, that may well be the greatest thing anyone can encounter in this life. I'm still young. I lay no claim to age and experience, but above and beyond the flickering blaze of my youthful soul, I sometimes detect the eternal breath of Something infinitely great and serene. God. Fate.

Your letters convey so much about that secure stronghold, and don't imagine that your words pass me by. What a mother says sticks, like it or not.

All my love,  
Hans

*The "subversive activities" charge still pending against Hans Scholl for his dj-1/11 activities was coupled with one alleging a "foreign exchange offense." His sister Inge recalls that this had some basis in fact. While on a trip abroad with his youth group in the summer of 1936, Hans had stuffed a big Nivea Cream can with German currency and smuggled it across the Swedish frontier, because the Ulm party was traveling without authorization from the Reich Youth Directorate and had consequently been refused a foreign exchange allowance. It is probable that the Gestapo "stumbled on" this incident while questioning the members of Hans's group, who were in their midteens. (Proceedings were dropped in July 1938 under the terms of a general amnesty proclaimed to mark the annexation of Austria.) Hans found some pleasant distraction during this tense time in visits to Leonberg, home of the Remppis family, who were friends of the Scholls. The daughter, Lisa, was on particularly close terms with Hans and Sophie.*

# Sophie Scholl

1937–1939

*Born on May 9, 1921, Sophie Scholl was in her seventh year at a girls' secondary school at Ulm in November 1937, when the first of these letters was written. As the sister of Hans, who stood accused of subversive activities connected with the banned Bündische Jugend, she had that month been interviewed for the first time by the Gestapo.*

*Fritz Hartnagel, to whom this first letter is written, was a close friend of the young Scholls. Sophie had met Fritz at the home of Annelies Kammerer, a classmate, in 1937. Four years her senior, Fritz was a budding army officer. In 1938, after graduating from the military academy at Potsdam, he received his lieutenant's commission and was assigned to Augsburg. In the course of time, he and Sophie developed a friendship that meant a great deal to them both.*

*Also mentioned here are Annelies's parents: Herr Kammerer was the Ulm photographer ostracized for continuing to serve Jewish customers.*



Sophie with her friend Erika, during her days in the BDM, 1937

*To Fritz Hartnagel, Ulm, November 29, 1937*

Dear Fritz,

Don't go getting conceited if we write to you again so soon, but we're bored stiff, and anyway, we've got a favor to ask you. The thing is, Frau Kammerer will be coming to see my mother this week, and then they'll talk about the winter camp and whether or not to let their daughters go. Only we (Scholls and Annelies) will be going. Then we'll bump into you by chance

(Herr Kammerer mustn't get to hear). Could you book us in at the Schindelberg?<sup>27</sup> Then you can book yourselves in at the same place, but so our parents never find out. Could you manage that? Write back as soon as possible, or we'll have to postpone Frau K.'s visit. . . .

The glass door was locked when we got home Saturday morning (it never is as a rule). We quaked and trembled and boldly rang the bell. My father peeked out of the window, thinking it was the Gestapo. He was so agreeably surprised to find it was only us, we didn't get told off.

Inge [Sophie's eldest sister] has her party on December 8th. Will you be coming? As my partner, or better still, with Scharlo.<sup>28</sup> Let us know about Schindelberg promptly.

It's *so* boring here.

Sofie Scholl

*To Fritz Hartnagel, Ulm, February 26, 1938*

. . . I'm in bed already, and I've even been to sleep and had a dream. I dreamed I was camping (usually I dream I'm on the move). Beside the camp was a big lake. In the evening I went to see a woman who owned a boat. We sailed out across the lake. Night had fallen by then. The sky was completely overcast, and in front of a bank of cloud was the moon, a big, pale disk shedding its light all over the lake. Shedding isn't the right word, actually, because the whole of the lake was such a dull gray. Nothing special about that, but some distance from the moon a little red dot was glowing through the clouds. "That's the sun," the woman told me. "We live in the only place on earth where you can see the sun and the moon at the same time." That's all I remember. They say dreams depend on the noises you hear in your sleep. Maybe it's true. Anyway, I enjoy dreaming. [In dreams] I live in a peculiar world where I'm never entirely happy, but still. Please don't think me dreamy or sentimental. I try hard not to be – in fact I'm very materialistic. . . .

