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## Eva and Otto: Resistance, Refugees, and Love in the Time of Hitler

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“This riveting history of the anti-Nazi resistance paints an extraordinary portrait of two people—a Jewish woman and a German man—who fought Hitler and also fell in love. Using the memoirs, diaries, and letters of Eva Lewinski and Otto Pfister, their three children have written the account of their parents’ efforts to undermine Nazism as they risked their lives in Germany, France, and Belgium. An intimate story about Germans *and* Jews opposing the same horrific enemy, this book adds a whole new dimension to Holocaust literature. This is a moving love story and an important history made human at the grassroots level.”

—Marion A. Kaplan, author of *Between Dignity and Despair: Jewish Life in Nazi Germany*

“Eva Lewinski and Otto Pfister courageously devoted themselves, over a period of years, to combating Nazism, while carefully nurturing a deep, life-sustaining love for one another. Their intermingled life stories, ably contextualized by the authors of this book, provide readers with a moving, richly documented, real-life drama, lovingly presented and thoroughly researched.”

—Jack Jacobs, author of *Jews and Leftist Politics: Judaism, Israel, Antisemitism, and Gender*

“Their courage, resourcefulness, love, and unending optimism against all odds are thrilling. This is the American story of the mid-twentieth century.”

—Tom Brokaw, author of *The Greatest Generation*

“The authors have done a superb job in supplementing their parents’ letters and diaries using their own rigorous research, and the story progresses in a way that is historically interesting and emotionally satisfying.”

—Susan Elisabeth Subak, author of *Rescue and Flight: American Relief Workers Who Defied the Nazis*

“This is a book for every student and every teacher. I had the privilege of being one of Eva’s high school students from 1969–1971, and our friendship continued. As she wrote, she ‘related to kids’ because she liked and respected them. She inspired us to learn, and she responded to me and other teens from her deep well of experience. She nurtured every interest in the bigger things in life: purpose, service to others, and appreciation for the anchors of nature, spirit, music, poetry. At the time, I did not know much detail about her remarkable early life with Otto. But how we all benefited! I am grateful that this history has been told and will be preserved. I am deeply touched and inspired.”

—Carol Larson, President and CEO, David and Lucile  
Packard Foundation

“*Eva and Otto* is a moving story of resistance and love told largely through the correspondence of Eva Lewinski and Otto Pfister. It provides a rare view into what it can mean personally to dedicate oneself wholeheartedly to a struggle against tyranny. Eva and Otto’s love for each other sustained them as they suffered long separations, danger, and imprisonment to fulfill their mission. Their longing to marry and create a family existed in tension with the rigorous ethic of the tightly knit resistance group of which they were a part and their commitment to carrying out anti-Nazi activities until Hitler was defeated. The extraordinary job that Eva and Otto’s children have done in tracking down the documents needed to tell their parents’ story also illuminates a little-known chapter in the history of the fight to rid the world of Nazism.”

—John F. Sears, former Executive Director of the Franklin and Eleanor  
Roosevelt Institute

# **Eva & Otto**



# Eva & Otto

Resistance, Refugees, and Love  
in the Time of Hitler

Tom, Kathy, and Peter Pfister

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*To our parents,  
for the precious writings they preserved,  
for the sacrifices they made for others, including us,  
and for the lessons that can be learned from their lives*



*You have decided, and so have I, to go the hard way, to do what we think was our duty. And even though we realize only too well that our individual action does not change the course of things one way or the other . . . , we did individually all that we could. And we did it as one which makes us very, very rich. . . . I think we can say, without being pretentious, that we do not have to be ashamed of ourselves.*

—EVA'S LETTER TO OTTO ON DECEMBER 24, 1944, REFLECTING ON THEIR YEARS OF RESISTANCE WORK



*A few words about my visit with Mrs. Roosevelt. That I, an unknown refugee, should be able to enter the White House; that the wife of the President would receive me, shake my hand with great warmth, listen to what I had to say, ask questions, and then promise to try to help—that was perhaps one of the most profound experiences that I ever had.*

—EVA RECALLING HER MEETING WITH ELEANOR ROOSEVELT IN THE WHITE HOUSE ON DECEMBER 27, 1940, SEEKING HELP WITH THE RESCUE OF OTHER ANTI-NAZI POLITICAL REFUGEES



*Now, let's go for a little walk, you and I. I take your hand, and we walk through the streets of Marseille which have seen your eyes—sad like on the photo that you left for me, but infinitely good.*

—OTTO'S LETTER FROM MARSEILLE TO EVA IN NEW YORK ON NOVEMBER 8, 1940

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## Preface

This is a true story about German opposition and resistance to Adolf Hitler as revealed through the early lives of Eva Lewinski Pfister (1910–1991) and Otto Pfister (1900–1985). We—Tom, Kathy, and Peter—are the three grown children of Eva and Otto and the authors of this book. Our parents chose to dedicate their early lives to helping others in the most challenging of historical circumstances. We wrote this book because we believe that their story is important. We feel privileged to share it.

In 1979, our parents gave us a 130-page unpublished memoir titled “To Our Children.” Eva described it as “an attempt to give you an overview of your family background” and noted that it was “mostly written by Eva with Otto’s additions and help.” Otto died in 1985 and Eva in 1991. They left a unique treasure by preserving papers written as the events in this book unfolded: Eva’s handwritten diaries, hundreds of pages of correspondence to each other, and documents pertaining to their anti-Nazi work and efforts to obtain emergency U.S. visas for themselves and others. We carefully stored these papers at Tom’s house in an old wooden cabinet that had been crafted by Otto’s hands.

After Eva’s death, the three of us wrote a short memorial book to preserve some of the thoughts we expressed about them in small gatherings with family and close friends. Since that time, we often thought about writing something more comprehensive about their early years. But we were busy with our lives and families, and this remained a project for the future.

Kathy ignited our work on this book in the summer of 2011, when she began to make plans with her husband Neil for a trip to France to trace the steps that Eva had taken after the German blitzkrieg began in

May 1940. Peter and Tom found the idea of Kathy's trip compelling and decided to go along. Peter's wife Bonnie and Tom's son Franklin joined Kathy and Neil. In the months before the trip, we immersed ourselves in our parents' papers. Most were originally written in German, some in French. At various times during and after her work on the 1979 memoir, Eva had translated some portions of her diaries and correspondence into English. Having studied in Germany in college, Peter and Tom began to undertake the task of translating other letters, diaries, and documents.

As we considered how best to tell this story, we quickly agreed that we should rely heavily on our parents' writings. Their own words offer unique contemporaneous insights into the events and times. But we also decided that their words would be most meaningful if presented along with a careful examination of the historical context. This required research.

We reviewed records from a number of archives in America and Germany. We also requested records under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) from previously secret files of the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the FBI, and the State Department. Our research revealed astonishing new information that we had not learned from our parents. And the records we obtained from our FOIA requests, some of which were released for the first time, exposed new information about the roles of U.S. government agencies and officials in rescuing some refugees threatened by Hitler, including our parents, and turning away so many others.

Our experience working closely together on this book was one of the most gratifying aspects of the project. After an early exchange of preliminary drafts of different sections written by each of us, we decided that the story needed to be presented in one voice. Tom volunteered to be the primary writer of the many subsequent drafts of all chapters, and Kathy and Peter are grateful to him for taking on that role. Over the course of seven years, we met more than a dozen times—in Los Angeles and Ventura (hosted by Tom), Amherst (hosted by Kathy), and Berkeley (hosted by Peter). In those meetings, we shared proposed outlines, discussed the results of our research, and reviewed and edited drafts of chapters. Our work triggered vivid memories of our parents.

We also had numerous marathon evening conference calls—usually lasting two or three hours—in which we discussed revisions of drafts of chapters that had been prepared by Tom for Kathy and Peter to review.

Following the calls, Tom revised the drafts, incorporating the agreed-upon changes, and sent them back to Kathy and Peter for further review and discussion in the next call. Reflecting Kathy's dedication, one of our conference calls took place in late December 2018, at her request, while she was still in an acute care rehabilitation facility following difficult spine surgery.

We made a number of trips. In addition to our journey to southern France in 2011, Peter and Tom visited archives together in the United States and Germany. In 2018, we agreed to donate our parents' papers to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., so they can be preserved and made available for future research. On May 9, 2018, the three of us made an unforgettable trip to the museum (along with Kathy's husband Neil, Peter's wife Bonnie, and Tom's daughter Eliza) and personally delivered the first portion of our parents' papers.

We have made every effort to tell our parents' story truthfully, without embellishing or oversimplifying it. In quoting our parents' words, we made a few minor modifications in punctuation and phrasing without annotation in the interest of clarity. Most of the translations of Eva and Otto's quoted writings are from the original German into English, and we have noted the few instances when the translation is from the original French. Of course, some judgments are always necessary in the process of translating. Quotations from Eva and Otto's 1979 memoir and from the correspondence between them in 1944–1945 are in the original English unless otherwise noted.



## Prologue

They met in Paris in 1935 at Le Restaurant Végétarien des Boulevards at 28 Boulevard Poissonnière. Eva left a description of this first encounter with Otto in a diary entry five years later on March 15, 1940. The diary entry, like so many thereafter, was directed to Otto, who had been separated from her by the sweep of historical events. Eva wrote:

That evening, just five years ago. I was sitting at the cash register, looked sadly, disappointed, into the emptiness of the many faces in front of me. I was looking—for how long already—for the sign of a human being. Nobody there. At about 9 p.m., the door opens quickly. With long, hasty, but not nervous steps, a tall fellow enters, goes to a group of young people, sits down with them, after a warm greeting. You are that person. Something moves me; there is a human being. I can, I have to, follow your conversation. I become happier, as I hear you talk about idealistic philosophy, about Kant, about mystics, and . . . about Rilke, with deep inner involvement. Your back is towards me, you can't see me. I feel close to you.

It is getting late. You are getting up, come to the register. You pay. Then, for the first time, your eyes see me, your look is open and great. In a sudden movement you shake hands with me, the strange, sad, shy girl, and you leave. Barely is the door shut, when you open it again and stand in front of me. “N'est-ce pas, vous aussi, vous connaissez Rilke? [Isn't it true, you also know Rilke?]” “I love him,” I believe I replied, and gave you



## 2 Prologue

my hand again, in deep happiness. That night, I dreamt about you; I was no longer alone.

What had brought that strange, sad, shy girl to this vegetarian restaurant in Paris? And who was that tall fellow with a look that was open and great? Who were these two human beings who shared an interest in idealistic philosophy and Kant and a love for the poet Rainer Maria Rilke and who made a fateful connection that night in 1935?

The paths that Eva and Otto took separately and together after they met—as Germans who resisted Hitler and as political refugees in Europe and America—are the primary focus of this story. But first we must examine the different paths they took before they met.

PART I.

EVA'S PATH TO 28 BOULEVARD  
POISSONNIÈRE

*A person needs calm to develop. My, our generation's  
misfortune is that it did not have time to mature.*

—EVA'S DIARY ENTRY IN PARIS, JANUARY 1, 1935



## 1. Childhood in Goldap (1910–1926)

Eva was born in 1910 in Goldap, a small town in East Prussia, where she lived until the age of sixteen. With only about 10,000 inhabitants at the time, Goldap was “in the flat lake country that is called Masuren, with many woods, wide fields and ranches, but no mountains.”<sup>1</sup> East Prussia, then a province in the northeastern part of Germany, was divided between Russia and Poland after World War II. Goldap is now in Poland.

Eva’s father, Louis Lewinski, had two young sons, Erich and Ernst, when his first wife died of cancer. He then married Charlotte Rosenkranz, and they had four children together: Eva, Rudi, Hans and Ruth. Louis’s and Charlotte’s parents had come to Germany from Poland to escape the persecution of the Jews there. Eva recalled that her grandparents “observed the customs of the Jewish religion, but rather liberally; and their children were educated within the framework of German culture.” She also noted: “A few of my mother’s brothers and sisters married non-Jewish Germans, a decision that was rather unusual at that time.”

Louis Lewinski was a respected citizen of Goldap. He successfully operated a shop facing the large market square in the center of town in which he sold clothing, material, furs, and household linens. Eva’s family lived in a flat above the store.

When Eva was about four years old, World War I broke out. In the first days of the war, Goldap experienced a wave of anti-Semitism. “As happens very often,” Eva later recalled, “war creates fear and hysteria. In our little town, so immediately threatened by the Russian troops, the hostility was directed against the Jews. It was felt that they did not really belong—were subject perhaps to foreign influence—were probably

enemies of Germany, spies for the foreign invaders." This deeply affected Eva's family:

Under this suspicion, all Jewish men in our little town (there were perhaps twelve) were arrested and put into jail. For our family, this was an absolute tragedy, an attack on my father's integrity, a nightmare. He stayed in jail for a few days; my mother, accompanied by Erich, spent days and nights on the footsteps of the official's office, trying to convince him what a horrible error had been made. We were told that during those days in prison, our father did not sleep, barely ate, and his heart hurt constantly. When he was released—no accusations, no apologies—he was a broken man.

Shortly after her father's release from prison, the entire civilian population of Goldap was forced to flee from the advancing Russian troops. Eva was bundled up with other families in a hay wagon because trains did not run any more. They arrived in Königsberg (now Kaliningrad), where her paternal grandmother lived and gave them shelter. Eva was told that this shelter was unlawful because Königsberg was a fortress, and civilian refugees were not permitted. She hid with her younger brother Hans "under a big comforter in a big bed, told not to make a sound when the soldiers patrolled, looking for refugees. It was cold, and dark—we had no gas or other light." Supper was "a slice of dark bread with turnip marmalade."

Eva's youngest brother Rudi was born while the family was in hiding in Königsberg. Shortly after Rudi's birth, her family was able to return to Goldap in the spring of 1917. All of the houses had been burned, so they lived in temporary barracks placed in the middle of the market square. The town slowly began to recover. The family store was reopened, Eva's oldest brother Erich left school to join the German Army, and Eva began school. "The war went on; we were poor, did not have much to eat. But there were good feelings in our family; mother and father were close, and all we kids were loved." Eva recalled her father's compassion: "From time to time he would bring in a stranger who had come to the store, or to the synagogue, and who had nobody in town. So he shared our dinner, and mother washed his shirt; and once in a while, when the stranger's shirt was not more than rags, father took his own shirt off, asked mother to wash it and to give it to the stranger."

One of Eva's warmest childhood memories was walking to her first day of school with her father: "I was terribly shy, afraid of facing a new world. My father who did not talk much must have sensed my feelings. I was dressed, ready to go the few blocks to school. He takes my hand, and walks with me to school. I have never forgotten the beautiful feeling of being safe, and loved by this strong, sad man who was my father."

But soon after that, when Eva was not yet eight years old, her father died of a heart attack. She later recalled the trauma of that loss:

The strongest memory of these few years is of the last evening we saw our father, on Christmas Eve 1917. That afternoon, he did not want to get up from his nap (which he needed every day because of his impaired health). So, after supper, we all gathered around his bedside, sang, played games, and were very happy—mother very big—six weeks later, Ruth was to be born. And suddenly it all ended. He began coughing, turned quite white, we were quickly taken out, stayed with friends during the next few days. And on the morning of December 27, he died, having never regained consciousness.

Eva's mother never left her husband's bedside. After his death, she shielded Eva and her siblings from seeing their father on his deathbed and removed a black ribbon that someone had placed in Eva's hair. Eva recalled that "we children did not go to the funeral which many, many townspeople attended—he had been loved by many. Mother wanted us to remember him as he had been alive and loving, not as he was put into his grave."

Eva's family struggled to make ends meet after her father's death. The family's store was sold, but the funds from the sale barely covered the outstanding bills. Her older brothers, Erich and Ernst, were away at war, and her younger sister Ruth was born six weeks after her father's death. Eva was then the oldest of the children at home, not quite eight years old. Hans was six, Rudi three. It was impossible for her mother to get a job. Eva's uncles, aunts, and friends in Goldap helped out by inviting them to dinner periodically. Her mother cooked for boarders they took into their home and made "fine lace handkerchiefs until late into the night" that she was able to sell.

When Eva was about twelve years old, she pitched in by taking on a job tutoring a young student. "This was during the inflation years . . . I

got paid only once in money (it was a proud feeling!); when we realized that the next morning the money had so devaluated that it did not buy anything, my pupil's parents then paid me in goods—flour, sugar, eggs, bread; and that helped.”

Although it was a difficult time, they were grateful for what they had. “We never went to bed hungry,” Eva recalled, “although we were no doubt undernourished. Our clothes were always neat and ironed.” Eva was especially grateful that despite their financial struggles, her mother paid for piano lessons. “Music was important to her: she had a beautiful voice, and belonged to a choral group ‘Die Blaue Schleife’ [the Blue Ribbon], where her warm alto was much appreciated. For her, music was just a necessary part of education.” Eva’s piano lessons and her mother’s passion for music instilled in Eva a love of music that would later sustain her in the darkest of times. She also had access to good schooling. “Mother was extremely grateful that we, as fatherless and fairly bright children, got a scholarship to the academic high school which at that time charged tuition.”

Apart from the incident at the beginning of the war that had so deeply hurt her father, Eva’s family was generally liked and accepted as part of a small minority of Jews in their town. But when Eva was a child in school, she had her first encounter with “cruel, cutting, painful prejudice”:

Suddenly, one morning at recess . . . I find myself ignored by everyone, and I am completely alone. I can’t understand what could have happened—no fight, no argument; as late as yesterday, we all had laughed and had had fun together. Back in the classroom, again nobody talks. But on my desk is the meanest cartoon I had ever seen, depicting the ugly, bad Jew who destroys the trusting, good German. Then the snickering starts until the teacher comes in; anti-Semitic rhymes, sneering, total rejection.

Eva was comforted by her mother: “I don’t remember how I got through that day. But I will never forget how mother, when I told her sobbingly what had happened, put her arms around me and said that that’s the way people were from time to time, and that one could not fight it; and all one could do was to feel and stay much more closely

together in one's love for another, and then no-one could really hurt you. I don't know why or how, but it helped." Eva further recalled that "in a few days, the ugly feelings at school subsided; they had at that time not really taken hold of the children's minds, and we went on as before."

Following her father's death, Eva developed a special relationship with her mother. "During those childhood years after father's death, mother and I were very close. I was the oldest one at home—the two older boys Erich and Ernst away at war; and naturally, I became mother's comfort, and she shared her loneliness and her concerns with me, the child that had to grow up too fast. I did not mind this, as I remember." Eva later recognized her "real lack of maturity and of understanding" in this relationship:

One instance stands out clearly in my memory. The war was going badly. Erich was at the Western Front, terribly young and vulnerable. Mail came rarely, and with great delays. One morning, Mutti brings in joyfully a letter from Erich from the front, written with much love, and full of hope. We read it together; Mutti is so happy. And then I say, looking at the date at the top of the letter: "But, Mutti, he wrote that three weeks ago. Then all was well. But in the meantime, he could well have been killed." Never will I forget the expression of shock in mother's eyes, at this exercise in cruel logic.<sup>2</sup>

Other family members became concerned that Eva's relationship with her mother was too "adult," too serious. They urged her mother to keep an emotional distance from Eva. The impact of this adjustment on Eva was harsh and lasting. "Soon the moment came when our good friends in Goldap, and uncles and aunts in Insterburg, realized that I did not act as a child my age should, and that mother ought to do something about it. She did—and suddenly I was expelled from our relationship of sharing happiness and sorrow, and I was asked to be a happy, carefree child as were all the others my age. This did not work at all—I resented it terribly, and it set the stage for many feelings of unhappiness, of withdrawal, and of reaching out to other older people for friendship and understanding."

Education in a high school for girls in Goldap would not lead to entry into a university. "So, instead of sending me away to a bigger



city which offered high schools for girls preparing them for university study," Eva later explained, "something very rare for that time happened: a unique exception was made, and I was admitted at the all-boys' Gymnasium (academic high school), the first, and at that time only, girl at that school."

The Jewish children in Eva's school did not participate in religious education classes because the school was Protestant. Instead, they attended religion classes after school with the local rabbi. "There, we were supposed to learn some Hebrew, study the Old Testament, and generally be trained and reinforced in our religious beliefs." But Eva was unable to accept his religious teaching. She later explained that she and the other students "absolutely despised the rabbi," an immigrant from Poland who did not speak German well and "did not know how to handle a bunch of sharp, critical kids." She recalled that "when we asked questions about the content of some bible stories which we could not accept at face value, because many of them went against laws of science and logic, he was not able to interpret them as to their real meaning. Instead he got angry, and red in the face." Eva later reflected:

It was, looking back and remembering, really an ugly situation; and in my "know-it-all," pretty intolerant, mind, it was enough to convince me that religion, in the sense of belonging to a church, was not for me. Since I had just read somewhere that at the age of thirteen, a child may legally decide to leave the church into which he was born, I made an especially big show of what he considered to be insolence (and no doubt it was) by asking one of those theological questions which he could not answer. He turned red again, raised his voice, and told me to leave the room. Whereupon I rose . . . and said that that was fine with me; since I had recently turned thirteen, I had not planned to ever return anyway, because I was going to declare my departure from the religion.

I never went back, and how my poor mother was able to live this down, I don't know. Eventually, the shock of all the good people in our little town subsided, and I was re-accepted in the fold of family and friends—though I, from then on, did not any longer participate in any religious observance; I would have felt a hypocrite had I done it. When I wanted and needed

to feel close to God, I would explain, I would go out into the woods, into nature, hear music—there, my religious feelings would be genuine.

Later when Eva was nearly fifteen years old, she was suddenly rejected, without explanation, by her best friend at school, Ilse, because of Eva's Jewish heritage. Eva responded by beginning her first diary. The entries were written in pencil, in old Gothic German script, and cover the period 1925–1926. In her first entry, on January 22, 1925, she wrote:

For quite some time I have had the idea to start a diary, to account in these pages what goes on in my inner and outer life. But something always came up that kept me from doing it. Also, as long as I thought I had a girlfriend to whom I could confide everything, the urge for a diary was not that great. Now, however, when I have become aware that I was in error as to her friendship, I have nothing left but these pages, and I will confide to them everything that moves me.

Nobody can understand how it hurts to have lost Ilse for whom I cared so much, and still do. What beautiful hours we spent with each other! It is so great to have a human being who completely understands you. I had always yearned for a real friend, and when I finally thought I had found her, how happy I was! I believed that she cared for me also, and if that is so, then she cannot so completely ignore me now. I do understand that it must not always have been easy for her to have a Jewish girl for a friend. But that she does not talk to me about that openly, that she avoids—I'd almost say cowardly—every occasion for a talk—that hurts the most.

Mutti came home today; the pleasure about her return was of course not as great as usual because I was so depressed about Ilse. Mutti probably does not know how much I love her, because I am not the kind of person who can show easily what she feels.

Eva's relationship with her Jewish heritage and her views about religion were complex. She would soon decide to devote her life to the fight against Nazism as a member of an unusual political group that rejected

all forms of formal religion in favor of a Kantian-based philosophy of ethical activism. As she later explained,

Much later, when the persecution of the Jews had become deadly, when I had to leave Germany, . . . when our family was spread all over because of anti-Semitism and persecution, when some of them perished in the concentration camps, I had different thoughts about my rebellion as a child. I felt deep loyalty to all those suffering and persecuted because they were Jews, and knew I was one of them—on what level: race, culture, history, identification? I could not ever clarify. Definitely not on the level of the religious dogma, the crux of which—the chosen people theory—I just cannot accept. Yet, I never could quite get rid of a certain feeling of guilt whenever I thought of my decision to break ties with the Jewish religion.

Eva's independent early reflections about life were not limited to her thoughts about religion. Her diary entry on December 2, 1925, reveals much about the search of this fifteen-year-old girl for self-awareness and her deep interest in personal relationships. She wrote: "I wonder if human beings continue to develop, or if there is a point in life where things come to a standstill." She observed that her older brother Erich was "today an enthusiastic Social Democrat and agnostic," but in his earlier wartime letters—which she had just reread—Erich had written "of his devotion to Judaism to which he would forever remain loyal, and of his belief in the necessity of an autocratic government, since people are not mature enough for self-government." Eva wondered, "How ever did this deep change in his beliefs occur? Who knows for how much longer he will be a Social Democrat? Perhaps other influences might push him into an opposite direction!"

On August 18, 1926, with a mix of excitement and trepidation, Eva revealed to her diary that she had made a decision about the next big step in her young life:

I really racked my brain these last months as to what I should do when I am finished with school. I did not find an answer, and this uncertainty contributed to my general feeling of unhappiness. Now I know what I am going to do. Nobody told me

I had to, the decision was totally mine, and I believe I did the right thing. Briefly, come Easter I will be able to study in a foreign country. That this will be possible is due only to Erich. He has done so much for me that I just cannot thank him enough. Barely 16 years old, and I will already be able to get to know foreign lands, customs and people! This is a prospect that could not be any better. And yet, I know that it will not be easy for me to feel at home with strangers. I am, although I often give the appearance of being withdrawn and independent, someone who needs much love, and so I will probably suffer a lot and will not be able to talk to anyone about it. Well, time will tell, and perhaps I will find there, where I expect it least, someone who understands me.

And in a diary entry on November 28, 1926, Eva struggled with the fact that she had matured too soon:

Loneliness is painful. I realize that more and more often in spite of my youth. And when I get together with people of my own age, I have nothing to say. . . . How I would like to be just like a child, how I would like not to know all the things I do know!

If only the time were near where real life begins. I am longing for work that will completely absorb and satisfy me, and where there would be no time for sadness. Who knows if time will bring fulfillment to these expectations!

Eva could not have imagined how the future would challenge the fulfillment of her expectations.