

[July 15, 1943]

That delicate secret, it did not stay hidden,
Exactly fifty years tomorrow will have passed
Since you—you truly don't look it—
Took that most foolhardy of all steps.

A rasher recklessness cannot be
Than to begin this terrestrial life
When, plagued by tender sensitivity,
One takes upon oneself the sufferings of all.

On your rocky path in life
You never succumbed to compromise,
Which idly and flatteringly invites us
To be a pig like most people.

Ever ready to fight for justice
You never slipped into self-satisfaction
Which often, lulling, creeps upon us
And softens the marrow of our bones.

But today as an exception grant yourself the joy
And look back upon your years
With your friends, who are thankful to the life
That gave you to us as a comrade.

With most cordial good wishes,

Yours,

A. Einstein.

14 July 1943.

[ADS]