In remembrance of two abiders.

1. Immanuel Saul.

I was sitting in the house of the caretaker in M. (Poland) and was dictating the marching orders when the post orderly brought newspapers. Mechanically, I ripped them and read the shattering news that my dear friend and colleague had died in an assault.

Who is daily confronted with war and its horror, who lived through the attack of the army in April till now, has seen so much misery and has become blunt to grief or the news of someone’s death.

In Immanuel Saul the *Centralverein* loses one of his best spearheads in the area of the lower Rhine. Concerning his political attitude, he was liberal, concerning his Jewish course he was one of the most devotedly fighters for the idea of equality.

He participated outstandingly in the blossoming of the location group in Duisburg, where he had been in the managing-committee since its inception.

He had to die far too early and had a deep knowledge about Jewish matters. He also obtained a lot of people who were then fighting for the same aims with us.

Since the beginning of the war I had not seen him, I just heard that he was in the East and I read that he had received the iron cross (Eisernes Kreuz).

Although he is buried far away in Poland, his friends in Witten will never forget him. He was one of us and lived and fought for our ideals!

Our home country demands many sacrifices, but after our enemies will be defeated, we will have achieved what Immanuel Saul as a good German and Jew was fighting for.

M. Southpoland 09/11/15 Dr. Richard Rosenthal, Lieutenant

He expresses his attitude towards German national traditions and Judaism and how he fought and suffered for it in a stirring poem for his children. His widow, Mrs. Hedwig Saul, lets us publish it, because she was sure people would agree and could identify with what Immanuel Saul wrote:

*To my children (11.-12. February 1915)*

When I went to war for my home country

To fight against malice and treason,

You were jumping around happily –

And you were cheering at your brave father.

You liked the bellicose decoration,

The newly achieved honorableness of your father.

Hidden from the childish mind

Was what it means when a husband and father

Has to leave his wife and children

For going to war and death. –

But later when you are adult and smarter,

When your father may have died in the East,

With a wooden cross on his grave –

Then horror will grab you,

You will think of the times

When your father said his last goodbye.

It should solace you that he

Joined happily and ardently

The ones who fought for their country’s peace.

And if you want to know why I was once

So happy, so enthusiastic, to go to war,

Me, who had a lovely wife and young children

Whose childhood had just begun? –

I will tell you. Now you notice and you bless

The one who once left you, your father! –

I went to war, because I am a German!

I never felt or thought differently

Than as a German with all my heart.

When he was a student he already recognized

The nobleness of being German.

My little heart was celebrating

When it heard about German victories and German greatness.

It was appalled deep inside

When Germans suffered a setback.

The pain went so deep

As if it had experienced it itself.

My childish heart was moved

By the miserable events that hurt

Hardly the German people,

Devastating their imperial tribe.

I am moved so deep inside that – I confess –

I am still a little of that schoolboy.

Now war approached: not with the German army,

Not against Germany’s power –

No! Against German people’s German character,

Consciously and maliciously, devilishly induced.

A fight which should make our wives and children

Suffer from hunger.

A fight – not like a knight with a sword

No! with the treacherous poison called defamation,

Ignoble lies, treason,

Shortly: fraternized with perfidy.

He wanted to destroy what had been brought up in long work for peace

By the new German tribe:

The blossoming science,

The creations of art,

The blessings of sophisticated culture,

The proud work of German thinkers,

The sonority of German poetry and the blossom

Of wealth which was created by hard-working people,

The blessings which have been created

By brotherly unity and hard work.

Yes, German character, German essence

Should be deleted from earth!

It was a war of the heart in the chest,

Of the thinking in the brain, of the blood in the veins

In devilish malice announced.

For what purpose? – To enrich grocers

To make sure an easy robbery for people longing for gold.

This causes everyone’s enragement.

How can I feel differently then, and think

Like my country’s ardent sons,

Me, to whom German character has always been special/ holy?

How could it not outrage me deep inside

That German character was mocked that way,

That it was even considered responsible for such a horror,

Its gentry has been dragged to dust by defamation.

Therefore it meant deliverance, not burden, to me

When fortune sent me to the soldiers

Who should revenge perfidy, lies and treason,

Who should defend German intellect’s impact

Who should defend the blossom of German wealth,

They should be spearheads fighting for their women, children and home country

And they protect them against Asian invaders,

The tiger’s brood which already

Disgraced the East with crime.

What fortune! – Therefore I, a German, was happy to go to war,

To defend Germany’s borders. –

And a second thing made me go to war.

I am a Jew, always loyal

To where I come from, to my roots,

In times of peace everybody was talking

Disdainfully about Jews and their character,

He was called gutless and not bellicose,

Not interested in achieving goals,

Only interested in general benefit, selfish,

And was accused – that was the hardest insult,

Like being hurt with a lash –

Of being foreigners in the land

Where their fathers had worked on.

Now I realized deep inside that it was time.

A will, a sole desire

Unites Jews and Germans.

That we are Germans needs no proof.

The truth is visible to everyone now

Because Jews are participating in war

And gladly fight for their country.

To fight – although I may die –

For my country which had been more of a step-fatherland

To me and my brothers

Was all I wished for.

Now it will show that we have never been unworthy

To our home country which we love

That it was not right setting us back

And that we are brave when we have to fight against our enemies,

Like thousands of years before

The noble heroes of the Maccabees.

And against whom are we fighting today?

Against

The old enemies of Judas,

The cruel oppressors of our brothers,

The enemies of culture, law, freedom;

Which are Germany’s enemies today? – Hatred

Unites – fortunately, fortunately – friends of freedom,

Spearheads of culture, Germans and Jews.

We all have the same fate:

Defeat will bring down all of us

Victory will free us all and make us happy.

Because what kind of protection

Should a Jew expect from murderers

Who now even in our own country spill Jewish blood

And bring pain to Jewish women and children? –

That is the reason why I, a German Jew,

Went to the holy war.