Letter describing the death of Aaron Feldman

Ungvar November 21, 1922

Dear Brothers:

I do not know how to start my letter. Mentioning my father's death, I'm in bad shape; still mourning. Mankind is weak but strong as a fly. It was such a tragedy to watch the poor man who suffered so much but he never complained. I thought that he would get better, but I was wrong. Even the doctors did not think that he would survive.

On October 31st [Tuesday], 10 a.m. he had terrible pains. He felt bad, he vomited his breakfast. He was very tired and laid down. I asked him how did he feel and he said that everything will be all right; he didn't want to say how bad he was. Wednesday he wasn't not capable of getting out of bed because he was so weak; he couldn't even sit up. I called the doctor. The doctor said he wasn't very sick. Thursday morning he had no bowel movement and couldn't urinate. The Saturday a Czech doctor came, the president of the hospital who said he was on his death bed and that it was impossible to help him. Then came the local doctors to help him. He had no bowel movement and couldn't urinate Thursday through Tuesday. He had terrible pains in his belly. He got even weaker. The doctors could not say what ailed him. They said to feed him, but he couldn't drink even one drop of milk. Friday Janni was here. Saturday he was even weaker. We were scared and called for Mr. Halpert (elderly neighbor?). When he saw Halpert he got better. Sunday [November 12], Janni went away on the train. Monday father was feeling well and only in the evening he got weaker again and fainted and shivered and had a quick heart beat. That lasted three hours and then he died: November 14th [Tuesday] at 3 a.m. (23rd Chesvan). He was buried the same day. Schmuel came after the funeral. The next day Rabbi Solen died and was buried next to father.

How are you and how is the new business going? Kiss everybody for me.

[Can't read signature, but it must be from Deshu, by process of elimination]