



Nov 12. 1925.

Dear Miss Tarbell.

I wonder what-
you think of me, for not-
answering your kind letter
written some time since.
Am sure if you only knew
what-I have endured since
then, you would surely forgive
me. When your letter was
received my son Harry was
very ill and I could think

of nothing else. Since then
 he has left - one for his "Home"
 in "Heaven", after being ill
 two years with a painful man
 nerve all of the time. He had never
 been ill before since a young boy.
 Had perfect health till this Venous
 Prostration came to him, and
 nothing could be done, just had
 to wait - till his strength was worn
 out. It was so hard to bear, as he was
 all I had left. My husband died
 in our Pittsburgh home six years ago
 'the best man who ever lived'.

One month later my son Victor
 who was such a precious boy child,
 and ^{was} perfectly well at that - and

died suddenly & then thought - my cup
was more than full. Harry insisted that
I must - come to Oil City to be near him
So I left my dear Pittsburgh where we had been
so happy many many years, and came here and
as I said before, then Harry all I had left -
was taken too, Do you wonder that - I murmur,
Yes my dear Miss Luskell, my husband was the
Dr. & great - that - your people knew, as he used
often to speak of knowing you when a little girl,
and after you became famous said he would like
so much to meet you. Dr. was a wonderful man

was so charitable and did so
much good, if you wish you
can include this letter as you
wish, if its ^{too late} not too late now,
and it has never been in any
collection, and is what you would
call 'unpublished'. It was never
even copied before, but - Dr. Sherrin
was so anxious, and then wanted you
to have a copy; he was so anxious to read
it - before the Rotary Club here, and I asked
Harry and he said to do as I thought best,
I never showed it before, and it was
always hanging in our library in our
Pittsburgh home, so as you think best - Mrs
Yochell and it will be right. Wish if
you have time after receiving this that
you would write me. Sincerely,
Emma West-Eghert.