A Letter from Sibyl Middleton to her Sister, Josephine Pullen, 1924

Who Wouldn't Treasure a Letter Such As This!

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This letter was written by Sibyl Hoover Middleton in 1924 to her sister, immediately after Jo's wedding to Thomas Pullen. It was mailed to their honeymoon address in Desbarats, Ontario, Canada, a small hideaway close to Sault St. Marie, Canada (north of Michigan). Jo kept the letter all of her life. After her death, it became a keepsake of their son Tom. Josephine was actually Sibyl's cousin. Jo was a small child when her mother Lula Josephine Howver Dixon died and Josephine went to live with William and Laura Ellen (Howver) Hoover, her uncle and aunt, in Gibson City, IL. They adopted her on April 13, 1909, when she was 11 years old. Sibyl was nine years older than Josephine.

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A portion of the letter from Sibyl Middleton to her sister Jo

June 17, 1924

Jo, dearest

Last night and today I feel somewhat as if the bottom had dropped out of my little world. Somehow it does not seem quite right that I cannot count on my Jo's next vacation and having her here to loaf with me. You can't and don't realize, dear, what a lot your comings and goings have meant to me all these years and especially this last year when you have really been with me. There are so few really "choice souls" in this world, Jo, and to have one for your sister is a joy that few can have. I don't think anything could have made me happier than to have been

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able to have you and Tommy and your wedding here with me. And more than that to have you say that it was all that you wanted and just what you wanted have made me feel that it seemed as lovely to you as it did to me. You did look so lovely Jo. Remember this child you never looked as pretty as in your wedding dress or as stunning as in your going away outfit.

And now have a good rest and honeymoon. Take good care of Tommy. He is so thin it distresses me. Don't forget sister to start out fifty-fifty in everything because I know that Tommy cares so much for you that you may not do your share but strive to, Jo, for after all that is the only way that you can be contented and happy.

The town is quite thrilled. Dot Mercer is so sorry she missed the wedding. She and Margaret will never cease to mourn.

Now, dear, give my love to Tommy and have a glorious honeymoon – and know that your old sister is thinking of you and loving you dearly.

Sibyl

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