



9-30-1950

## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, September 30, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer\\_correspondence](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence)



Part of the [American Literature Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Hoyer, Linda Grace, "Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, September 30, 1950" (1950). *Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence*. 1.

[https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer\\_correspondence/1](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence/1)

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Linda Grace Hoyer Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

September 30, 1950

Dear John:

Had you and Christopher spent this week in Plowville under our blue sun, you'd have lots more respect for the dim view of things. You would not only take one willingly but be glad if the dim view didn't take you. At any rate, it's good to know that your roommate is susceptible to nonsensical talk. I didn't want you to get stuck with a strictly two plus two equals four guy. By the way, what is a dim view of things in pure Harvardian?

I did the necessary research on your intended schedule. With the exception of Vergil, it sounds good. You need to know something more of English Literature than you've learned from Wodehouse and Agatha Christie.

As a probable field of concentration, I'm not so sure. Was that idea from Mr. Miller? Or had you and a large party of dimviews surrounded him. Of course you will have the rest of this year, at least, to choose a field of concentration, won't you. The Latin course seems a pure waste of time. But since you are stuck with it, get whatever help you need and plow along. I didn't get much satisfaction out of Vergil. But then, I didn't half try to do right by him. He does have a certain amount of entertainment value that Caesar and Cicero lacked. If your friend helps you, we'll be glad to pay him. The standard fee by the hour is, I believe, three dollars. Get on a businesslike basis with him and, as you say, "Get Latin out of the way." Your adviser may have taken his cue about earning a living from my letter to Dean Leighton. I had put the practical business in to please your father. Personally, I think it is more important to be able to live well than it is to earn a good living. But don't tell anybody. That's pure heresy. As would-be capitalists we earn the living in this world and pray to be cats or dimviews in the next. Anyway, Mr. Miller sounds like a sensible fellow and when he makes a suggestion he surely has some sound reason for it. (The typographical errors in this paragraph are too complicated to correct. Hope you like them.)

Daddy is taking me to the movies tomorrow night and I'll try to see the London Shop about the green slacks. If they haven't <sup>been</sup> get some in Cambridge. Have you bought anything to bolster up your wardrobe? Like a sweater to wear under your sports jacket? Or raincoat? Or rubbers? Or warm coat for campus wear? Have you made a good laundry connection? Don't let dirty clothes pile up like your mother does. It ain't refined. We are ashamed of having to wait so long for the blanket. But it was a real bargain. Will you please send the Beards a card expressing your joy and gratitude? Nancy grieves for a letter. But she, definitely, is your problem. Shillington lost to Wilson. Sorry I didn't ask the score. Now that you have achieved eight whole days at Harvard, I will write with diminishing madness, turning some of my thwarted maternal energy to Dear Juan (I hope). Perhaps I should have learned to play tennis. Thanks for telling us about Mr. Miller and your bright friends. You're not real "dim" yourself, only momentarily weighed down by admonitions and prophecies. You have, like Mr. Symington, what it takes. (Written up in life)

P.S. Address mail to Mrs. W.R. Love - Father