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## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, September 27, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

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September 27, 1950

Dear John:

Your salutation overlooked the eight little Guernseys who live in the meadow but I'll apologize to them for you. I hope you are now receiving your mail on schedule. A free copy of The Crimson came today and we are reading it with care. (The likeness between the sound of my letters and the ones my father used to write to me in college is astounding. Don't be surprised if I should begin to salute you as : "Dear child:". How's that for complex punctuation?) I have read only the editorial which I thought an excellent piece of writing. Daddy, at the moment, is breathing heavily over page nine. From this slight perusal I gather that being on the Crimson staff is no slight achievement.

We enjoyed every word that described the boys you have met. Please keep the descriptions coming. I'm glad you think they are sharp and gay. You may find it a little trying at first to study with them. If they don't get calm after a week or two try the glass flower museum. Christopher's writing habits sound strangely familiar and you and I and Thomas H. Uzzell know what's going to happen unless the boy mends his ways. Don't let him kid you. It's work before wit two to one. Of course it is possible, they say, to overwork. (I wouldn't know about that.) But you must learn your limitations and live accordingly. And you father and I hope you aren't going to be too much concerned about selling this year. You know how hard it is to sell and that may be the most important lesson the free lance writer or cartoonist has to learn. Now, all you have to do is hang on to your scholarship and enjoy doing it.

Jolson and Chipper have been going down to the tobacco-shed foundation with me, working at the ground hog holes while I cut bushes. Chipper's toenails have grown uncomfortably long since Scotty laid down the law and the digging should be good. Mrs. Lichfield called today to ask about the dog and learn whether you really went to school. She calls Harvey's father "Great Scott". Cute, isn't it? Furthermore, she knows the other side of the dog law and will have Great Scott fined twenty-five dollars if and when he shoots our dogs. Now that is a real comfort to me. Harvey, she says, is going to be drafted. Don't you suppose you ought to send your new address to your draft board? Daddy would have done it for you if he had known where and which your draft board is. Is there anything we ought to send you? Your suit ought to arrive about as soon as this letter. I found your maroon muffler and will send it one of these days. Like Christopher, I've been managing not to write. The chores are endless. But they don't make a writer of you. You've got the recipe. Hang on to it.

Love,

*Mother and all*