



10-3-1950

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, October 3, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

Follow this and additional works at: 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, October 3, 1950" (1950). *Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence*. 7.

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence/7

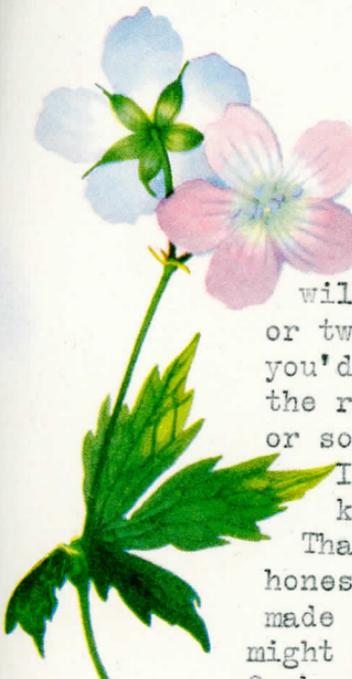
This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Linda Grace Hoyer Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact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

October 3, 1950

Dear John:



Discomforts felt during the first weeks away from home are homesickness. Do not hesitate to use its proper name nor discount its ability to make you miserable. Call it a prime example of the fear of the unknown, if you like. We tend to cling to familiar things and mistrust the new ones until we believe they will serve us in much the same way the former things did. Perhaps your old red sofa is a chair in the Lamont library or a single room or the room of someone you haven't yet met. Wherever it is, I hope you will find it soon. We all need a place of comparative comfort. Would it make it easier if you saw all these disquieting geniuses who wander into your room as equally disturbed spirits? They probably are. And if you can picture your life as an extension of the lives of all your forbears, you will feel more confident of finding yourself again. The little girl who went from this house to a teachers' college when she was eleven, the hard-headed Dutchman who carried slaves to New Amsterdam, the hawk-beaked little woman who peddled potatoes on the streets of Reading so that her only child might be something she has not yet become, the old woman who learned to use an artificial limb when she knew she had only a little more time to live, her son who teaches in Shillington, Pa., and always the man who followed Taric across Spain into France, these people are with you every minute. They are you. And nobody can beat them.



Let's have no more of this genius nonsense. In college as in high school, the true geniuses are busy. But since you aren't a genius, you will need to study only four hours a day or twenty four hours per week (in case you'd rather do it all at once and loaf the rest of the time). Then, in a month or so, I'd go to my adviser for a report. If anything is going wrong he will know and probably know how to fix it. That's his job. Don't be afraid to be honest with him. I often regret that I made such poor use of the persons who might have been a help to me in college. Or have I missed the point altogether? At any rate, I'm glad you went to church. Tell us about it.

Tell us, too, how the physical examination turned out. I've sent you something that looked like a bill from Doctor High. I hope it wasn't too high. Pay it, if it is within reason. If it isn't, send it home. As I think I've told you, he wants to hear if anything exciting happens, allergically.

Having just read Jaddy's letter, I wonder if either of us know what we're talking about. In case you can't guess, we're trying to make you feel as brave and fearless as we are. Good luck, John. Nothing is ever as bad as it seems when we are tired. Come home whenever you feel like and by whatever means seems best.

Love,
Mother