



10-10-1950

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, October 10, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

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Grandma hopes your cold is cured. She worries a lot about your health. So, try to get enough sleep and some rest.

October 10, 1950

Dear John:

With wounded feelings and more than the usual degree of self-consciousness:

Your grandfather sat with closed eyes in his maple chair while your father and I drank our coffee and discussed your college board results. It was the first time that I was able to grasp the fact that your achievement tests in Latin and mathematics were not particularly high. Naturally a flash of insight into your present difficulties followed. I must have said something to grandpa about this because the next thing I remember hearing was your grandfather's most oracular voice saying: "Johnny gets entirely too much correspondence and advice from the outside." "What makes you think so?" I was sincerely curious about the source of his information. But he became even more oracular and insisted that it was just his opinion (divine inspiration, in other words). Later, I found the letter I had written and discarded lying face up on the writing table. But of course he denied having read it. Sometimes I wonder why grandpa and I must live together. Yet there is usually enough truth in his pronouncements to make me feel guilty. Why?

But no, I won't apologize for writing to you even though I feel now as though I should. While I'm writing to you I don't have to cut bushes or do anything else and while you are writing letters you don't need to worry about all the things you did not learn in the Shillington High school. By the way, this worthy institution was robbed of ninety dollars on Saturday night. Two other high schools were robbed, too. I've forgotten which. Tch! Tch! Luckily they had played away from home and your father was in no way responsible for the money. Love, *Mother*

P.S. Dragged Ponce out of the cupboard last night but got nowhere.