



11-2-1950

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, November 2, 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, November 2, 1950" (1950). *Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence*. 28.

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence/28

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.

At least, I suspect that something is in need of changing. Perhaps I should blame it on the "administration" as the republicans do. Have you been listening to the campaign speeches? No? Well, don't. The democrats are playing records here and saying nothing while the others accuse their candidates of every vice and every mistake in the history of the human race. Jim Bertolet (who went to Lafayette instead of Harvard) said last night that the Truman administration is responsible for the spread of Communism in the last five years. Another one said our candidate for governor is psychopathic and some one else is suing him for seventy-five thousand dollars for saying something nasty about a republican. Are we all mad? How can you study with such a din in the air? Love, *helen*

November 2, 1950



Dear John:

Many things, most of them sad, seem to have happened since our last writing. Of course G. B. S. was 94 and must have had as much fun as he had a right to expect. But I'm sorry, sorry that I discouraged your writing to him that time you wanted to. After this, don't pay any attention to my qualms about bothering busy people.

The slaughter of the

innocents go^{es} on here. North Plowville met South Plowville just west of our house and shot it out as they always do, Chipper and I reclined on my bed and Jolson hid under it until the noise passed. Daddy went into his regular speech about real men who hunt and the "unreal" ones who don't. I wonder what he means. Personally, I have no preference.

Rattled by the shooting, I opened your bank statement and now find that I have no suitable envelope for forwarding it. If October was a typical month the allowance Daddy deposits for you is almost enough. Or did you have to scrimp painfully? However it hurts I suppose you'll have to squeeze your pennies like you have been doing, at least until we sell the hay and get your blue suit paid. It looks like we're going to have to do better with our own finances if we want to keep ahead of the sheriff and I feel especially thwarted because my energy seems to go into a chain of chores that do not increase our comfort or income. The pears and apples are nearly used up now, however, and the evangelism program has simmered down to one night's work per month. So, I should have a little freedom one of these days. You see, I've been spending most of the day in the strawberry patch and have really cleaned fifteen rows of them. That leaves six to do and each takes from three to five hours. Mr. Kennel is leaving the entire care of the heifers to me, feeding them and getting them corraled. I have a hard life.