11-8-1950

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, November 8, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer
November 8, 1950

Dear John:

My left ear has been burning so that I imagine you must be trying on the new coat. I do hope it hasn't been too unexpected or startling. In any case, you can return it if you please. Cold weather, however, will come even to Harvard Square. So, try to see yourself in a snowstorm when you weigh the matter.

Forgive me for my failure to congratulate you on getting an A in literature. Daddy is trying to keep it to himself. But do you really think he can? It is something to brag about, no matter how you look at it. I'm especially pleased because it strengthens my conviction about your choice of literature as a career. Daddy, you know, still has qualms about your lack of interest in what he and millions of other good fellows call the "practical" subjects. If you can continue to excel in English at Harvard it probably is a safe bet that you will be successful as a writer. The recent Harper's is almost a Harvard alumni publication. By the way, I just read the Harper's article (August) on Acth and Cortisone and found that certainly not what Dr. Fishbein cracked them up to be. I suppose you read the Harper's article when I should have read it. Well, we were getting resigned to things anyway, weren't we?

In connection with the evangelism program, I have a problem that you might solve. As you remember, grandma got to church twice a year. Before I knew that going to church regularly is a divine commandment, I wasn't too conscious of this lapse. Of course, in those days, her church going was not my responsibility to the extent it is now. The question is: Would it be better to convert her to Lutheranism at this late day and take her to church when we go or is her life a sufficient testimony of her faith without church attendance? I suppose the really good thing to do would be to take her to her own church. But to do this would add a whole series of little conflicts to my emotional existence, having to do with our fairly unsatisfactory relations with the Gundy-Eshelman tribe and getting the Sunday meals disposed of to Grandpa's utter satisfaction. She went to church with us on Sunday, sitting like a frightened child between me and grandpa on the back seat. Yet she has seemed less bored and bewildered ever since. Can it be that she is flattered by the idea of becoming a Lutheran? The Episcopalians we called on certainly were not. But two out of three of them were at the service on Sunday. Oh yes, it is a great thing, this evangelism. But tell me what to do about your grandmother.

Love and best wishes,

The self-appointed scribe of the happy people.