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

Linda Grace Hoyer

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November 10, 1950

Dear John:

A brief summary of the Plowville news:

W. R. Updike was (I hope) seen in the Shillington postoffice this morning mailing a package of old slacks to his son who is a first year man at Harvard.

Mr. John F. Hoyer has just gone south to visit Adam Moyer.

Nellie Geiger has been staging an all-week party to which Jolson was not invited. Chipper would crash it if the Updikes would let him out of the house. But Jolson seems to be content with eyes dropping and sits in the lane by the hour with his ears and eyes on Geigertown.

Della Kutch sowed a patch to rye yesterday. It's none of this writer's business of course, but with the cold spell moving in from the middle west Della might as well have waited till next year. By the way, she still has five rows of Fairfax to weed too. Seems like Della needs a longer growing season.

They say Mr. Updike has nine freshly ironed shirts in his clothes closet. Knowing Mrs. Updike as I do, that's something.
Shillington will play the last football game of its season tonight at Albright stadium. Sidelighting the game: Mr. Updike defined conceited and self-confident for his algebra one class this week, using Dick Beahm as an example of self-confidence. Who was conceited? Well, really, would we know anyone like that?

Parents' night at the high school was a busy time for everybody. John Wink reported an error in one of Mr. Updike's blackboard features. Since Mr. Wink's daughter did not get an A in arithmetic on Monday it is easy to understand Mr. Wink's capacity for criticism. Mrs. Courtney was also in fine fettle, not to mention approximately twenty others.

Mr. Boland, it is reported, is still enjoying your description of the Eagle staff.

George Beard of the Morgantown road is still on the sick list.

Fine weather prevails and something akin to the holiday spirit is in the air.

Love,

P.S. Hope you are well and getting the kind of marks you like.