



11-14-1950

## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, November 14, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer\\_correspondence](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 14, 1950" (1950). *Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence*. 33.

[https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer\\_correspondence/33](https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence/33)

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](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

November 14, 1950

Dear John:

The radio, by way of the Johnny Andrews program, says: "It's a lovely day for saying: 'It's a lovely day.'" And it really is. There is a white frost and a bright sun and the sky is a blue mirror into which the fields look, breathless.. And as soon as I've told you all this, I'm going up into the strawberry patch to spend the day. Four and three quarter rows of Fairfax still need to be weeded. It's almost as tedious as Vergil. But next June I shall, at least, be able to see the berries, a thing that was pretty hard to do this year.

Chipper is under the writing table trying to tell me something important. I shall assume that: "It's a lovely day" is all he wants to say. As we got ready to go to church on Sunday, he and Jolson called on Nellie Geiger. Then, as we went out to the Buick, I saw him limping home but it was too close to church time to see how badly hurt he was. After church we all gathered around him at the barn. It looks like he almost went the way Copper did. Both of his little hams are chewed and he has been in his basket practically all of the time until now. I mention this because I'm sure you will see the moral in connection with females generally. The long-known ones are fairly predictable at least. Your mention of your friends thirteen dollar adventure brings up a vision of what your cousin Jean Updike would do in a place like the Clam Box with a couple of lobsters and ten dollars. Some girls, besides everything else they want on a date, EAT. Or did you know?

We all read your letter six times. Of course I never doubted the strength of the Saracen for a minute. But I was worried about that cold we sent you off to school with, with swimming and all your other necessary adjustments we wouldn't have been surprised at anything. Can we really relax now and believe the medical center of the country and you have the health problem under control? The marks are swell, a little better than, even we, expected. Will parents receive a report card? Or does Harvard put the responsibility of enlightening the old folks on its students? In either case, we'll be proud of you as we always have been, our under-nourished, under-privileged child. I haven't dared to ask your father whether or not he has been keeping his pride to himself. But since you required him to, I suppose he has..

I rewrote the Copper story and am waiting for money to buy a new typewriter ribbon and paper for sending it out. Progress on Ponce de Leon is almost imperceptible. But there are times when I'm almost sure of having learned something from the Uzzell course. Yes indeed, I suppose things could be worse.

Love from all the Plowvillians

Daddy will take me to see the senior play on Friday night.

*Mother*