



11-24-1950

## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, November 24, 1950

Linda Grace Hoyer

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### Recommended Citation

Hoyer, Linda Grace, "Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, November 24, 1950" (1950). *Linda Grace Hoyer Correspondence*. 38.

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November 24

Dear John:

The floors rise and fall in the breeze that seems to be passing through the house. Chipper has curled himself against the cold on the davenport and Jolson is out with a high-powered skunk. The Walcott fight is on. It is, in short, night-time in Plowville.

Your father went to town this afternoon to see, of all people, Santa Claus while I worked on the final row of strawberries. At sundown he (your Pa not Santa) whizzed by me in the Buick w<sup>h</sup>without touching the horn, offering me a lift, or saying that I might go into the house now to prepare a meal for the masters. That, my son, is almost as low as a lady can get. The dames who slide their buckets across bank lobbies at least get sympathy. What do I get? A trip in sub-zero weather to Trenton. Send on the poem in which life becomes a problem in geometry. I should be able to explain it now.

Sunset Boulevard was strong medicine, too. It may have proven something pretty wonderful about Gloria Swanson. For me, it was just sad. Have you see<sup>h</sup>it? I liked the scene where <sup>she</sup> bought all the clothes for William Holden. Rogers Peet's wildest dream was never so gorgeous. Indeed I'm not sure that good man would have liked all of the purchases. But I did. The story itself, I'm too old and perplexed to enjoy. In fact it makes both young men who would be professional writers and middle-aged women who would write, or look pretty, or make love look pretty dismal. The story left no out for such ladies, no out at all. Of course the lucky ones with a son at Harvard can always write a letter and probably do.

Love, Mother

P.S. The aged campaigner from New Jersey lost. Well, don't the aged campaigners always lose?

The enclosed  
campaigners seem to have won!