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## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, January 22, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer

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January 22, 1951

Dear John:

My writing to you was, until now, doing a lot to relieve my self-consciousness. From here, however, I'll be aiming for "humor, good taste, and literary know-how" and already one third of the paper is gone and I've no idea what to say next. So you see I can't take success and it was very unkind of you to say anything nice about the letters. Whatever they had of good humor was just an unconscious reaction to having the blower fixed. And the good taste and literary know-how were entirely accidental. The noise of the blower was a greater burden to me than anyone will ever know. And the sun does shine on my writing table and the three violets that are in bloom and I'm delighted with the way the "book" grows. Writing to you has undoubtedly helped to ease up the other writing. And I feel now about Dear Juan as you say you do about your drawings. If only we can find a publisher who feels a little the same way about it.

Your father is continuing his imaginary battle with Mr. Hemmig with great joy and many gestures, the battle, that is, that began when the children laughed at Mr. Geiss in his room. He says he is a teacher now, for the first time in his life, and we have nothing at all to worry about. Big things like Daddy's relations with Mr. Hemmig never were among my troubles because I always knew that Mr. Hemmig wasn't ever an even match for your father. But I'm glad to see him having so much fun. Richard Hartz wasn't allowed to swim for the school because of his connection with the Y.M.C.A. team. I found that pretty disappointing. But in his present state, even that didn't annoy your father. It's wonderful. The only cloud on Strawberry Hill, momentarily, is the unconcern of the Whip-poor-will farmers about sending us a check for the hay they've bought. We'll have to put this hay business on a pay as you go basis pretty soon or admit defeat. Good luck!

*Walter*