1-28-1951

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, January 28, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer
January 28, 1951

Dear John:

On Friday, the bus was late and the weather so cold that all my thoughts were bent on self-preservation. But your Pa promises to buy and send you some handkerchiefs tomorrow. And when you get them, I believe you should mark them. To expect unmarked handkerchiefs to come back from the laundry seems to me to be trusting your fellow man too far. Of course I know you didn't have very many at any time and a few of the best ones are at home.

Do you have a copy of the letter I wrote to Mr. Hemmig on the business of sending your class a questionnaire? If you have, please lend it to us. Your father wants to see it. Why? I don't know.

The roads are covered here with another skin of ice. I've stopped counting the icy days. But it seems like we should have had nearly enough for one winter.

Plowville news is not particularly happy. Mr. "ennel, the gentleman you always championed, is in a Baltimore hospital for mental ills. Mr. Wells has sold his farm and bought a rather large one at Centerport. Mr. Hemmig's adventures in the girls' locker room reached some sort of height the other day when two of the senior girls found him there without a stitch of his clothing. That man! Mrs. Ellis who is supposed to be a chain store heiress still puts off paying the Updikes for their hay. I called her last Saturday and she has promised to pay us next Saturday. If she doesn't, she won't be contributing a thing to my happiness. Bethlehem Steel has bought another couple of farms and rumors of all sorts are flying again. Some of the Phelps tract has been sold too and surveyors were seen somewhere between our place and Post's orchard, supposedly working for the highway department. Grandma is a good deal disturbed by all these confusing reports. And so am I. Grandpa never looked better. Love,