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## Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, February 23, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer

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February 23, 1951

Dear John:

Enclosed are a number of cuttings from this week's news for your food-for-thought department. We suppose you are better informed on the military service picture than we are and probably have long since made your choice. But like all parents of teen-agers we are dithery and puzzled and eager to be wise. Actually the choice you mentioned at Christmas time still seems to be as good as any and is backed up by this article.

Daddy took a bunch of children to the Magle offices the other afternoon and heard all sorts of nice things about you. Mr. Boland seems to think there is a job there for you any day you want it. He dragged out your letter and said you were "yellow" ~~about~~ neglecting to visit them since writing the letter. But he loves you just the same, it appears.

The initiation sounds terrific. Grandma, you know, has always regarded the Lampoon with suspicion and although she hasn't yet reached a mood of definite opposition, she's getting close to it. And what I was trying to say in my congratulatory epistle still goes. With a little more care, I'll admit I might have kept the metaphor more sprightly. I really regretted its clumsiness but, don't misunderstand, I don't regret your achievement. It is an achievement for any boy, country or otherwise, and I'm very proud of it. Like everything else, however, it will take a bit of watching. And Mr. Hemmig's famous remark about your ability to keep your feet on the ground even when you seem to be taking off reassures me.

Speaking of Mr. Hemmig, the increase in population makes Shillington a third class school district with a probable change in the organization. This would be the time to drop the man if he is ever going to be dropped. But no one, not even the man, expects it.

The book ambles along and by a merciful provision of t he mind I have no idea whether it is good or bad. Mediocre of course it couldn't be. When you come home I want to have the picture of Ponce de Leon made. Don't let me forget it. In the meantime, have fun if you can. Oh, who were the other lucky initiates? Were they freshmen or a mixture of classmen?

*Walter*