



2-27-1951

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, February 27, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer

Follow this and additional works at: 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, February 27, 1951" (1951). *Linda Grace Hoyer Family Correspondence*. 71.

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/hoyer_correspondence/71

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 Family Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

February 27, 1951

Dear John:

Your letter (of the twenty-fourth), following upon the echoes of your grandfather's strange attack, was thought-provoking. So many thoughts have been provoked that I have no idea which ones, if any, you would like to share.

Your ability to feel at home at Harvard is a healthy sign, one that we can point to with pride. I can't imagine a better place for you to feel at home. Yet the realization that an only child upon whom you have been especially dependent is beginning to find another home is not an altogether happy one. There is the ever present hope that the child is less distant than he seems to be and that you, as parent, continue to have, by a miracle of remote control, the right to inflict yourself upon him. One of your father's most merciless and truthful observations is that people are not improved by parenthood. Many of them aim to be and sometimes seem to be. But the day eventually comes when, if there is any truth left in them, they must admit that they are neither better nor wiser only a good deal older. And my most acute observation upon the subject of old age is that the older you get the more curious you are about the business of being young. So, don't knock yourself out but tell us all you think we can bear. I read your letters aloud to your grandparents and discuss every comma and adjective with them. Your grandmother lives for two things now: your letters and feeding the dogs.

The old folks at home commend you for doing what had to be done about Nancy. She probably feels a little imposed upon now. But fifteen years from now she will be glad you stopped writing to her and so, I hope, will you.

Thanks for the date. And a special gratitude for trying to discover Don Perez Nunez de Guzman. The notorious Nuno, if the same man, must have been in his eighties when elected to the office you mentioned because he was Juan's first master and probably past twenty-one when Juan was seven. Of course there was old age then too, in spite of the plague and all the other sound reasons for dying fairly young. I'll have to think about buying Merriman. But you might get a price on it. Meanwhile I'll look at the edition in the Reading library which did not appeal too strongly to me some years ago. At the moment I'm strongly inclined to finish the thing in my usual state of confusion.

Your talks with Mr. Perry sound exciting. Good Luck.
And thanks for everything.

mother

P.S. Did you ever get a can of pretzels? Look for slacks in about a week.