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**Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, March 16, 1951**

Linda Grace Hoyer

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March 16, 1951

Dear John:

We found yeaterday's mail very satisfactory. Whatever you plan for the spring visit will be fine, I'm sure. I had hoped to be at my endomorphic best, surrounded by fine people and good food but I realize that that hope is the product of a directive image and not the self that I really am. And few persons are as contemptible as the one who promises you all sorts of delights and, once you are stuck on their broken springs, hands you a piece of dry bread and moldy cheese. So, being very willing to have guests, I also know my limitations and, knowing you do, too, expect you to use your own judgment about bringing anyone home with you. Mary had written of a plan to visit us in the early spring and may still be considering it. I don't know. I rather think, however, that you are the only one she really wants to see and that if you stop there on your way down, she will be better pleased than if we make it compulsory for her to come over here to see you. Actually, with two of Aunt Bess's kimonos on hand, I don't feel any great need to see Mary at this time.

And that brings me to the only advice I have to give you in connection with visiting the Greenwich Updikes. No more kimonos please, I'd much rather go to the almshouse in my own old rags. And I hope you would, too. So, if you stop there, play the role of poor relation by letting Don do all the talking (whether it makes sense or not) and, if at all possible, avoid the acceptance of large checks. Why they're sure that we can't manage our own money problems, I don't know. I have been and continue to be very much humiliated by this strange helpfulness of Mary's and, although we all love her, I still eventually hope to put an end to it. I repeat then: Under play the part in which they have cast you until we can do something more about it.

I read you social science exam with a great deal of satisfaction. I was pleased, first of all, to find that I can read your writing. I'm superstitious about handwritings, you know, and if I had not been able to read yours I should have considered it an ominous omen. And I'd like to know lots more about the person who made the comments on the paper. That one seems almost too sharp for this world, if handwriting means anything. Was it the Langmuir himself? At any rate, he was right about the essay. It is interesting. "The elements of feudal culture were not so much created or conceived, but remembered." I especially like that sentence and why I write again I'll tell you why.

P.S. The math leaves me speechless. Daddy, too, I gather. But Mary will surely appreciate it.
Isabella in Española

October 8, 1494

Ten months later, Alonso de Ojeda and Juan Ponce de Leon rode from Fort St. Thomas to the little town of Isabella. The Admiral had just returned from a leisurely voyage among the western islands.

Fort St. Thomas had successfully withstood all of the attacks the In-