



3-22-1951

Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike, March 22, 1951

Linda Grace Hoyer

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March 22, 1951

Dear John:

At a total cost (fo) ten pages of Mr. Southworth's four star bond, I have just typed page 246 of Dear Juan. And I can't blame your grandfather for it either. He has gone to his room without protest and I can detect only a faint rumble from that direction. So, knowing it could not possibly be my fault, we may assume that Juanito needs a bit of a spring vacation, too.

Your father's vacation begins tomorrow and, since he has no capacity for relaxation, I frankly dread it. He had planned to do some outdoor painting, because I think he dreads having time on his hands even more than I dread seeing him with time on his hands, but this morning we have a thin blanket of snow and a real winter temperature. However, we always have bushes and trees to destroy and if I can achieve the almost impossible business of getting him away from grandpa before they exhaust each other, all will be well.

Dean Leighton sent one of his little form letters to Mr. Weik with a hieroglyphical footnote which Mr. Weik takes to be your rank in relation to your class. I hope he is right because it is very good, much better than your fond parents had ever hoped it would be. Of course it could be that the dean was only doodling and we'll have to apologize to all your boosters again, as we did last fall when someone got the idea that you were number two man.. You are not number two, or are you? It could be 11 or several other things and it is very wonderful, in any case.

Unless something unusual happens, this letter ends the winter series. If I can find it, I'll enclose a little plug Mr. McDermott gave you with a slice of Reverend Snyder's church bulletin.. The socks are indeed dismal. So dismal that I have neither washed nor darned them. If the situation is desperate, buy enough to get you home and perhaps Jaddy will be able to go to Mohnton with you to get some. Don't expect me to send these back.

See you soon.

Walter

March 22, 1951

Dear John:

At a total cost of ten pages of Mr. Southworth's four
star bond, I have just typed page 248 of Dear John. And I can't
please your granddaddy for it either. He has gone to his room with
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So, knowing it could not possibly be my fault, we may assume that
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capacity for relaxation, I frankly dread it. He had planned to do
some outdoor painting, because I think he dreads having time on his
hands even more than I dread seeing him with pins on his hands, but
this morning we have a thin blanket of snow and a real winter temp-
erature. However, we always have bushes and trees to destroy and if
I can see any possible business of getting him away from
Grandpa before they examine each other, all will be well.

Xaragua in Espanola

Ben Leighton sent one of his little farm letters to Mr. Weik
with a hirsutophical footnote which Mr. Weik takes to be your rank in
relation to your class. I hope he is right because it is very good,
much better than your fond parents had ever hoped it would be. Of
course it would be that the farm was only good and we have to
apologize to all your boosters again, as we did last fall when someone
got the idea that you were number two man. You are not number two
or are you? It could be 11 or several other things and it is very
wonderful, in any case.

Unless something unusual happens, this letter ends the winter
series. If I can find it, I'll enclose a little pig Mr. McDermott
gave you with a slice of Reverend Snyder's church bulletin. The
socks are indeed dank. So dank that I have neither washed nor
darned them. If the situation is desperate, buy enough to get you
home and perhaps Jaddy will be able to go to Hampton with you to get
some. Don't expect me to send these back.

See you soon.