

Ans'd
Apr 18/41

RSJ

April 8, 1941
218 Fayette Terrace
Staunton, Va.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

The other Sabbath, I was looking for something off the beaten track, and the illustrations of a girl's limb nakedly projecting from a billowing "Quaker's" skirt, and a preacher on his knees in meditation, was too much for even my resolute will--and so, because of the illustration, I read the story.

I am sick of stories and sick of writers. One of my assignments in my writing course is to analyze them both, and I'm fed with magazine fiction and tearing them apart to see what makes them click.

So here's the reason for writing a stranger. After pouring over stuff until I am bleary eyed, many, many thanks for The Wedding Gift in the Post. A few weeks after reading your story, I was again dissecting stories--this time for crisis--cause of crisis--cause of climax--climax--difference between the two, etc., and I chose your story to tear to pieces and put together again. I found in it all kinds of things that you probably never dreamed of when you wrote it--thank heavens for you. However, the point is, when I had finally battled it until all hours and crawled wearily to rest, I still liked the story.

It is fresh, original, and quite different. I like the period, the place, the kind of people. The bundling scene--the sweet young bond girl with her new-found boldness and the timid, gentle young minister, rolling down the floor together, was the height of unexpected, rare good humor. I grinned and chuckled and smirked and snorted. That's the kind of story we need today.

I am plenty fed with the same old they-had-cocktails-at-Tony's-and-he-looked-at-her-lovely-figure-in-the-gown-by-Valentina-and-her-Channel No. 5-filled-his-head-with-memories-of-Rio-in-December-Long Beach-in-January-Miami-in-February-and-she-loved-

his-strong-hands-playing-with-the-bread-crumbs-on
the-table-and-his-rippling-muscles-which-had torn-
through-the-Harvard-line-and -the-bonds-he-sold-
on-Long-Island-weekends-and-he-said-I-love-you-and
she said-darling-I adore-you-and-he-said-but precious-
I-have-a-confession-to-make-I am-married-but-let's-
go-to-my-apartment-it's-got-a-good-address-and-you-
can-still-admire-my-etchings-anyway-type of story.
You know the rest--.

I am going to be on the lookout for more
new stories by you, Mr. Raddall, and hope you won't let
us down; more of the same kind that when you read
them, you don't feel the old familiar naseau because
of the same sickening setup; but where you feel,
rather refreshed and encouraged--like a good crisp
salty New England wind smacking you against the
face--~~or~~ anyway, like I imagine a good crisp salty
New England wind feels.

Thanking you a lot for hearing me out-

A. Scott Lewis