## CLAY PERRY

## EAST ACRES

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Jan. 8,1943
Mr. Thomas H.Raddall,
\% Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pa.,
Dear Mr. Radial:
I seldom write, and seldom receive fan letters, but I want to congratulate you on your story "The Miracle" in the last Post. It is the best story of the North I've read in a long, long time;I might say, since Stewart Edward White turned spiritualist or something and quit writing his fine North Woods and Far North tales, which inspired me, when I was a kid logger out in Wisconsin to try to write some , myself.

I have been passing up most of the Post's "modern" stories lately, as they seemed to me to be mostly puerile, formula stories, and yours hit me right between the eyes and where I live. Do some more, and if you have done others along that line, let me know where to find them. They click with me 100 percent. I'm just now wrestling with a river-drive-jam story for Boys' Life ".

I liked your little mention of the queer fact that a hackmatack (tamarack to me) tree, is one of the odd conifers that sheds its leaves. Of course, you know, birches do, too, and they are conifers. But the tamarack looks so much like a balsam or spruce all summer and fall and then goes naked like a stripteaser among trees. I have a graceful one in my front yard, pulled up out of a swamp and dragged home as an infant, now 12 feet tall and having a tree expert for a son-in-law,it has escaped the beetle etc. which is killing them all off in this Berkshire Hills country.

You may recall my two kodachrome illustrated articles in the Post, "Come Let Us Go Spelunking" and "As Easy, As Falling Off a Log", with mitri's pix for the latter, September, 1941. I have come almost close to getting a fiction tale in the post and intend to keep on trying until I do. Jack Alexander thinks sometime I'll make it with a logging tale.

Best of luck,


