

Twenty-Seven Thirty-Seven Macomb Street, N.W.

Washington 8, D.C.

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Now, how shall I begin this:-

Blessed Saint?

or

Most Popular Movie Star?

Really, you do pose questions for a common clod --you and Hilda both for that matter. I guess I'll just compromise, and say

Dearly Beloved,

Not as the preacher (or the priest ) says it, but from the heart. You may underline the Dearly and put the BELOVED in caps, and then I think you approach my state of mind.

But--your newspaper clipping was precious. I am reading it to the <sup>perspective</sup> Childrens Book Guild this week; And this report of the projective movie--of course they'll have it. Anyone who could have you on a bicycle, and Hilda and all the children, would be foolish not to.

And, lest she blush too hard, you may pass on word to Hilda that all I could say after I read "The Angels' Alphabet" was Oh, that Hilda! And if my throat had a lump in it, it was surely not my fault. It is one of the loveliest books I have ever seen. And in this day and age--it is just one of the many signs on every hand, of the upward surge toward truth by truth.

She will also be delighted to know that when I told Barbara Nolen that I thought it was one of the best things ever done for children, and that in my opinion it unquestionably would be a classic, that Barbara said she knew exactly how I felt, and that she felt the same way! That is an accolade from BN. Also, she ~~may~~ went on to say that she had not been over-keen at the idea of black and white pictures as against the colored ones, so she had examined the substitution with great interest, and she must say, that Hilda had done an excellent job!!

Anyway, the book affects me as the pictures did when they lived on my mantle, putting me into an ecstatic, singing-inwardly state--if it does that to all her readers, she (and Elizabeth) will have done much to forward the state of this planet, and no doubt of the universe at large.

And the publisher has managed somehow to keep the idea of alphabet so thoroughly out of the picture, that it does not intrude. At any rate I am giving it to my friends, both large and small as a Christmas Gift. And that is perhaps the biggest personal blessing (in a strength-giving way) Hilda could pass on to me.

This letter is for you -- but knowing your way of getting what you want, blessed one, just pray all the angels to find the perfect maid, so that Hilda can come and shed this glory all over the place. And let us know as soon as it looks at all possible for her to be here. Time enough of course, for me to order more books. It would save her a lot of energy for she wouldn't have to draw 30 angels on slips of paper for me ahead of time, and sign her name. Well, break it gently, but we--all Washington, must have her. And so goes Washington, so

now goes the world!

We are home, and not caught up, but catching. . . I am much stronger, but holding myself in check, for there is so much I want to do. And I hope very much to have you with us, sometime in the months to come, when all seems calm, and there may be time just for us to enjoy ourselves, quietly. I think the time has come to take one of Hilda's best characters into my own books. Then maybe you can have another role in the movies. What would you choose to be? And what (outside of bicycle riding) would you like to do.

plant

My atomic bomb is putting forth new shoots. The great-horned devil has disappeared (into the ground presumably) after eating most of the leaves on my dogwood tree. And it may be symbolic that Gabriel's Trumpet, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ between the ground and the dogwood branches, will soon be filled with long-silver white trumpets.

Martha Dudley's baby next door, is another Elizabeth to my mind, with angel wings sprouting all over, feet that kick and fists that flay, a forehead which is calm with contemplation, and hair that folds over into a gorgeous "curl?" on top of her head. Martha couldn't have made a better baby if she had tried. She is a great comfort to us both, my William and me. For the first time Will is speaking of our own Joan--something he never could do, before.

You know, my dear, it is a wonderful world. I cannot count on both hands the human living saints I know. And never before I ~~think~~ have I known so many. They are like my Gabriel's trumpet blooming on every hand. And surely, surely this is indicative. And greater than any atom bomb the mind of man could devise.

I can't tell Hilda what I like best about her book. I am moved by all of it, in all the directions

The one about least things everywhere makes me think of Gandhi and his teachings. "The Word of God," --oh every blessed ~~one~~ <sup>word</sup> was written in flame, and was the great gift through Hilda of the child who did not come to full blossom otherwise. You tell her, I can't.

I love you both,

Always

*Catherine*