

Princess...your beauty needs no mark of royalty for those to see that you are ~~at~~ a true princess...and he ~~k~~knows that without the sparkle in her eyes...the star dust is spread on her and she is lovely in a tantalizing, way of her own beauty and self composure...

Growing -up-little Princess...you are a queen to him and rule him and so he worships you...and may the thoughts that linger beneath as ~~xx~~ she goes out a real princess, be thoughts of someone distant...and may they not be swayed momentarily by bright moments of gaiety and she forget that she is the princess of someone far distant...or knowing how he loves her she could never look at him again with the windows of her soul...reign my darling...reign and sparkle with the genius that is there within you and let him always worship at your feet and make the walking easier, for in such a way it is he wants his princess to tread...

Her hands are moist and warm....a part of her very self...when she reaches out to touch him...they are capable, strong hands that help her to gain her great desire... and may this add a touch of loveliness like her very touch is lovely....of spell weaver...

She has the fragrance of love about her and she can carry this as she goes out ...remembering that it is for him she is doing it...that it is for her own self-satisfaction she puts it on, but not to entice others so that they will draw too near...my darling..

I am more than a memory...much more than a remarkable Memory Cat with silver bubbles inside me reflecting the many memories I possess... I am a promise from someone that the wonderful owner of me will have many surprises...because they make her happy...I am a promise, too, that he will not forget what my owner's greatest wishes are and that if she will be patient, in his slow, humble way, little bits that ~~xxxxxxx~~ I hold and guard for my owner until she comes will help her, so she may proud to go among the girls that will be her sisters and be content with their friendships and not explore and search in vain for the very thing she has close at hand and may not realize...

AND...she must close her eyes now and TRUST him, preparing for her SURPRISE...and she MUST Not Doubt that he loves her and will continue to love her and worship her...because as a Memory Cat the bubble of my heart holds many secrets

Princess...tonight the vacancy of the long hours have gone...and you are near with the enchanted moments that come approaching slow, very slowly for him who waits...

"he waits to be with her and wash away all doubt of future time... and to have this for her so she may read it when she retires and tucks herself in bed...

He is proud of her...the things that she is doing...the writing she is learning, the ways of people and their lives, patterned... a quilt with many patches of many people and color tones of various moods...like her so many moods...

He is proud of how she goes about preparing for her Friday...no immature girl is she but a woman, looked upon by girls and boys as an inspiration... there to stand side by side with her publisher and others...to prove herself a woman...that she is...and with the calm composure she has about her to make her talk so full of sincerity that the other talks will be those of ordinary people...he is proud of you princess...

And as ever he thrilled to the swift caress, the quick gaze across the room when she came into it...

Tonight he waits with a kind of fierce expectancy...the same as other nights with a different mood upon the air the mood of thunder showers that wash away the dust but cannot wash away the star dust gathered upon her forever...he knows how it will be...half-darkness... waiting and the past images of her passing before him out of the darkness... past images of her in her many dresses and skirts and blouses and sweaters... and her suits...all lovely...they haunt the place overhung by dripping trees where he will wait until the magic hour...where the spent rain came down not long ago...and in their shadows...the drifted shadows of the night and street lights...they hold the happy months that lie between...the memories of her coming to him out of the darkness...tired sometimes...sad at times...worried now and then and gay at times... and

then at times bubbling over with her tantalizing teasing way...
 to cuddle out of sight like some thing in the wild hiding beneath the
 leaves and bushes when the hunters approach... and then she looks at him
 from the silent depths of her eyes. .. and then she speaks to him with
 silent lips...soft and sweet she speaks to him...

Princess, these times will never be relived for their happiness nor
 beauty or enchantment...and every one of them is a wonderful memory that has
 its place upon his heart....

But more than all is her glowing face that shows she knows now that she
 is angel gifted...that she knows the powers have secretly willed to her
 a destiny ...and this with her high courage will bring to her
 the future that she has dreamed of...and it is growing ever closer to her
 and she is learning ...learning...but most of all she is learning that she
 has confidence in herself and ability..and she knows now for sure that
 there is something deep within her that is speaking ~~xxx~~ to her and she
 now can hear it because she is gifted...

And her eyes tonight will be a bit tired, but still will be full
 of tantalizing ~~xxx~~ laughter...~~xxx~~ shafts of gleaming light from an
 awakened heart..

Dear spell weaver, Singer of Sweet Songs and girl with star dust gleaming
 on her face in the dim light...goodnight again until tomorrow....
 until the long, slow minutes of the late night and the morning and the
 afternoon come dragging themselves out of nowhere and passing into nowhere...
 until you come again to him...goodnight my darling...

Glass memory *that came from a far away city of wonderful memories*

"Tell me," said the little ~~Glass~~ Cat "where is the beautiful girl today?"

where is my ^{owner} ~~mistress~~? I am lonely...I am lonely...she held me in her soft hands that were moist, ~~to the touch~~ and against her fragrant face and it was so nice...she was wonderful, ~~I could feel it...~~ and her talking lips touched me softly...~~I am lonely...~~ *it was wonderful -- now I am lonely for her --*

Silver-gray, tail ~~to the touch~~ *And with* dark-tipped, transparent ~~cat~~ ears...

the hand-blown Venetian glass cat sat silently, a ~~bejeweled~~ *bejeweled* gold flecked black bow about his neck...he sat silently...his eyebrows

slanted like his eyes...his tail curled up against his back...he sat and

thought and talked now and then ~~and then~~...before closing his eyes

to think again ~~contentedly...~~ *of the magic touch that -- and he purred contentedly --*

The soft light of the day ~~glanced off~~ *crept onto* his shiny ~~back~~ back and played

lightly on a million bubbles trapped inside...steel gray ---silver gray

bubbles...ensnared ~~these forever~~ inside...like the million bubbles ~~and~~

of the changing moods of ~~her~~ *who owns him* ~~to whom he belongs...~~

"I'm happy ~~now~~" said the little cat "although I am a bit lonely...I'll just doze off and wait for her to come again...but I have been lonely

before and for such a long, long while...I had faith because I know without

faith a man can do nothing...and I waited, bubbling over with beautiful

such as why the person

was bare and cried out for words but there were no words that could tell how the other night he had looked into her eyes and saw the truth there through the glistening tears acoming...and those tears burned on his tired heart tonight that he had caused them...and he wondered if he had been able to stop them from flowing inside although he had acted quickly to stop them from overflowing her beautiful eyes...

Surely she must know and surely she must have felt as he knelt at her feet as one should do to a Princess, that the ~~invisible~~ invisible tenacles of her have wrapped themselves around him for the rest of her life...surely she must know...and she must know that any time that she might call and he is not there...he is home so much of the time...because he could never torture her that way and leave her...he never could...

And he remembered too, in his loneliness last night and today how her face glowed in the dark...glowing with love as well as with the star dust that has fallen upon it...and the floodgates of his heart was opened and the love poured out from them...like last night when he passed by her place and sent the messengers...and like tonight when he sent them again, close as he passed by to say, "Princess, my darling, do not be worried...you are a wonderful princess to be able to feel such emotion because without it you are not capable on writing and being what you want to be...and having it you know you are capable of writing enduring things that will reach deeply into human lives and they will know you...for like John Milton wrote when he was young "my name is unknown, but one day it will be famous..." and it was unknown when he wrote that...and he wondered if he was looked upon strangely because he knew...he KNEW that he was going to be but he wrote that the world would someday know...and like the Princess of the soft voice and the talking lips..that is also true...

O, darling of the beautiful, mysterious eyes...he knows now what it is he sees glowing there that has had the mystery to it ...he knew what it is he sees there when he looked, like one summer afternoon late as

"yes, yes..." that is there too..but the

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fancies that I kept locked within myself...silver-bubble fancies *like she has inside her --*

"I waited before ~~and~~ I can still wait...

"It seemed a long while ago I sat ~~there~~ ^a waiting...the ^{ordinary} people came and went...they paused and looked about the shop at pretty glassware and

jewelry things and some would look at me and then go on... *I didn't care for them at all they were so common & with such common thoughts*

"I remember when I first met him...~~It was a Saturday morning~~ *on a*

it was --
Saturday...he stopped ~~before the window~~ and looked at me directly ~~and I~~

~~could see that~~ *he* he was sad and lonely like myself... and with the gift I

have of knowing things I knew his heart was sad...he thought you are an

unusual little cat ...and I know an unusual girl ~~and~~ you would make a present

for her...but he thought the trip had been long and he had spent much

~~money~~ and maybe he could not afford me...he thought *I* will go into the

dream room where I can think of her' and so he did... *going alone although there were others he could have taken - his heart was too full of you*

"Late that night he ~~came~~ came again..he ~~had~~ been out walking and his

heart was heavy for the love he carried there ~~and~~ he stopped again and looked

at me and even smiled... *before* ~~and then he went into~~ *to* the elevator across the

lobby, beyond the ~~font~~ fountain where the water trickled into the basin

and ~~and splashed~~ *recklessly* splashed upon the plants... *splashed like the moments of the time and then lost themselves forever in the pool --*

"It was mid-day before he came again and looking in his heart I found that

it was leaping with a joy of something he had heard so recently...someone

like a butterfly - free - and have a part of the world in the
As some people say - then love them and love them -

3 So unusual her way of doing surprising things -
leaves him awe-stricken with greater love
had sobbed across the miles, surrendering so it seemed a love to him.

and his heart ~~was not with him~~ sounded with the silent echo of the words...

"I love you" - so huskily spoken - so like herself -

"He looked at me again and thought he would like to have me but the

door was closed and I was locked inside...like the secret of his love was

locked inside him... but he made a promise - 'I will
be with you some day' -

"He went away and I was left there, ~~lonely~~...for such a long long time...

but I could not forget the ache inside his heart that I had felt nor

the ~~happiness that replaced it~~ ^{brightly singing} ... came to live instead -

[It was ^{so} ~~such~~ a long-long while, I had almost forgotten...but I had
faith that he would come back ~~some day~~...

"Then not so very long ago (when I was sitting, ~~drowsy~~ drowsing, I heard
a voice across the lobby and there he was... and I purred and tried to gain
his eye but he must have forgotten because he went his way...so I waited.

and after a while he came back) ^{and then my heart beat faster -} and someone lovely was walking with him

...someone lovely in a trim blue suit with red and white touches of color

bands upon ^{her} ~~the~~ ~~sailored~~ ~~collar~~ collar...and I read her heart too and it was

happy... ^{daring and happy -}

"They came and went, returning once with packages and she ~~was~~ bubbling
like the bubbles underneath my crystal glass and he was happy too and I
purred with contentment...I saw him later carrying a flower box as he

walked ~~across the lobby~~...and waiting, saw the two of them come out
~~and~~ she was dressed in black, and wore a flower ^{and} her face glowed with
 a new loveliness...

"He came back now and then by himself, yet never looked at me although
 he looked inside the window, ~~and I knew he was~~ thinking of me... 'here I am,
 here I am' I said desperately, but he did not hear me...

"Later that night the two of them ^{returned} ~~came back~~ and disappeared into the
 dream room ~~and~~ I could feel the happiness as they sat and talked in the low
 glow lighted place, loving each other in their hearts...dreaming dreams
^{of} ~~for~~ the future, but they were ^{unusual} ~~queer~~ dreams for two...they were dreams about
 what she wanted to be... ^{And} ~~and~~ because I am gifted, I knew ~~on~~ that she will ~~grow~~
^{have her dreams come true}
~~to be that~~...and since I am gifted...I know that it was born within her that
 she should be a writer...it was born there... ^{like her loved ones -}

"Late ~~on~~ that night they went again...and she was beautiful, like ^{a fairy}
^{walking in}
~~haloed with~~ moonlight... ~~and~~ I knew ~~that~~ that when they were alone she
 came to him, all tip-a-toe she came to hold him close ...she came with
 bouncy skirt...airy organdy beneath...and flounces she proudly showed...
 and she was happy, tired and happy and a lovely look was on her face —
^{and a lovely feeling within her heart and he had the}
~~and so I slept...~~
^{power to place it there —}
 "Next day I saw them coming toward me and my bubbles talked to him this

time and he came @d and looked at me like one would look ^{upon a long friend} at an old friend

and pointed me out to her ~~and~~... I smiled at her and it was love at first sight...

"I like him..." she said and she said many other nice things about me that caused my purr to flutter and I sat there proudly, looking my best with my bow tied about my neck...hoping they would come inside...but then

I remembered the door was locked and ~~they~~ they could not... ^{So I was sad}

^{But I heard him murmur me "I'll get you for her, someday"}

"I caught a glance of them later as they left, carrying things...~~and~~

I was sad that they were going w thout saying goodbye...but I knew they

had not forgotten...she was unusual like myself and ^{could} ~~did~~ not forget...

and so I waited...

"Not long ago a letter came and ~~it said~~ ^I could tell by the ^{way} ~~way~~ ^{like memory cats alone can do} the shopkeeper looked at me...and by my bubble sense of knowing things...

^{Concerned} that it ~~was~~ about me...the shopkeeper put me on a shelf and wrote a note

about me and I was just a bit afraid...I had been here a long while ~~and~~

now it seemed that I was going...

^{Short while} "A ~~few days~~ later I was wrapped ~~up~~ in tissue paper and blue ribbons and

little bluebird seals were stuck to hold the package together...I was

afraid locked up in a dark box...hearing strange noises...but I was handled

gently... ^{as one who really loves handles the heart of his} ^{beloved with gentle hands} ^{So I represented that}

all the time

"Finally I felt the box put onto a shelf and later someone came and by my bubble sense I knew that it was he who had looked at me before... and who had written about me...he took me ~~with~~ ^{to} with him ~~and~~ into a room where there were strange noises of people and typewriters...and I heard *because she had promised she would let me speak* him say 'have ~~you forgotten~~ you done your Easter shopping'... then my heart stood still because I heard ^{the low} a murmur of a golden voice... ^o how I remembered that voice... *even she could not disguise the feeling in it - because I know so many things hidden from the ordinary eyes of ordinary people -* "I rested on a shelf again... it seemed for hours and sometimes I would hear her speak or laugh a golden-toned laugh that tinkled with a touch of tease ...and each time she did that my heart fluttered...

"Then I was lifted up ~~and~~ ^{the} and taken from ~~the~~ room and waited with him... ~~and~~ patiently...and as we waited I read his heart and it was happy *with the growing shorter and it was full and overflowing with his* ~~that the moments were growing shorter...~~ *love for her - at last*

"~~Finally~~ she came... ~~I heard her come~~ ^{very} and she was tired and weary and restless in her mind... ^{her enchantment with her} ~~and~~ we drove off...he talked of a surprise and she talked of her troubles and I could feel her nearness..the sweetness of her nearness as he put his arm about her shoulder and her feelings soothed... *because he has the power to do that good for her when she needs her consolation as all women do* "We stopped and went into a room... ^{so} ~~and~~ I was anxious to see her again and to see him... ~~and~~ she tried to guess what surprise was

and her heart began to sing a happy little
waiting for her, but ~~could not~~...

Sung

"I felt the box that I was in placed on her lap...and ~~then~~ I heard
the snip of scissors ~~cutting~~ *separating* the cord and heard her happy laugh as she
tore off the wrappings...and ~~here~~ *her* heard her say "O, I know now...and felt
the excitement within her... until at last she touched me with her
hands and held me and looked at me with her soft, ~~wonderful~~ *shining* eyes from
out of which danced bits of love and sparkles of happiness...add the real
inside person that she is...

"It was so happy I couldn't even purr as she held me close to ~~her face~~
and kissed me *lightly*...and he did too...and she spoke soft words to me...magic words
they were...

"I sat and watched and listened as they talked a bit and then she sat me
up across the room and I was left there while they went... *their way* -

"He came back and he was happy...and other times he came and went but
she did not return with him... *and I was lonely - happy with
my memories, though*

"I know that she is coming back tomorrow for a little while... ~~because~~
that is my bubble sense that tells me so...and she will take me in her
hands and touch her lips to me again...and I will purr and sing inside
myself...because I am such a fortunate *memory* cat to have such a wonderful
owner now grown to a woman with a woman's deep
~~mistress~~...who understands so many things and who is so unusual--like

center box

myself...and with my strange sense of knowing I will look at her and tell her in my ~~my~~ way that she need not be afraid of life nor love ~~xxx~~ and that she need not doubt the future for herself...she will gain the things she desires the most...and one of these will be that she will be a writer of wonderful stories that come from the heart and of knowing life and love ~~xxx~~ based on a fine education...and I will go with her as she goes out into the world to gain the ~~knowledge~~ *and to give her faith in him at restless lines* that she needs...she has the other things they were born inside her and live there now...and she also has the love of someone to help her find these things...and where others with the same desires fail because they cannot persist and continue...she will keep on with her studies and her learning because he will be there to help her...and these others who desire such things will fail because they have no one like that ~~xxx~~ and have to turn to common things instead....

"I'm lonely today, waiting for her ...but I know ~~that~~ that she will come...and then', I purr and love her with each little bubble ~~inside~~ inside me...each bubble so much like some little ~~trait~~ *thing* inside her, born there and making her unusual and so different from all the rest...

memory
 "I'm such a lucky little cat to have such a wonderful owner....
 and I'm so very ~~happy~~ happy now...and so much in love with her...

legislation is taken.

The need for a "slow down" was first pointed out in Drummers and Dreamers.

The reviews, ~~as of 1960~~ published so far and wide, recognize this .

The book is far more than "local " ~~history~~ history,