

Bethesda, July 12, 1951

Dear Ruth,

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The beautiful red nightgown came yesterday! It's positively the loveliest baby present we have received, although the girls look pretty glamorous in some of the creations that have been donated. But the point is I don't. whereas in this case I do. I can see myself now, as I dart out of our cabin on the ship at midnight or two AM in order to get the bottles out of the refrigerator, allowing my dressing gown to open slightly, just enough to show the nightowls in the passages what a gorgeous red permanent pleated nylon nightgown I am lucky enough to own!

I had been planning to send you a note about our plans. We are leaving on United Fruit August third, from N.Y. William has written to the Fifth Avenue Hotel about getting the rooms we had exactly a year ago August third. They came with a little kitchenette, if you remember, which would be ideal for making the babies' formula. Fortunately the practical nurse I have is willing to be up there in New York, where luckily she wants to visit an elderly aunt anyway, at the time we will be there. My mother will bring Laurence up from Flemington on the second, and we will arrive with the car on the first, along with the twins. It shouldn't be too hectic with all that assistance, and the real chore will be closing the house and getting ourselves jammed into the car with the two babies, their safari, and the necessary luggage. If we can make it up to New York we can do anything, including pushing a woman in a wheelbarrow across Niagara Falls on a tight rope. In fact the two situations are similar, except that ours will take longer. We have rented our house on a yearly basis, and rather hope we won't have to come back until the girls are of school age. Because I still haven't figured out which way I would run in case both girls toddled rapidly out into the street in opposite directions, when they get to be two or three. The practical nurse is wonderful, but William has to work a little too hard to support her in the style to which she is accustomed. I have already hired a nurse-maid for down in Guatemala, and may have to pay her as much as twenty-five dollars a month. Gad, it's wonderful! Also wonderful is the fact that we have a house all ready and waiting for us with maid, gardener, and possibly a cook. I'd hate to have to stay in a hotel until we found a house. This place was the previous First Secretary's house also, and he is willing it to us intact. Did I tell you it has a government-furnished guest bedroom and bath? Well, it does, and there we hope to place a few select souls in addition to the reportedly fast-flowing stream of visiting official firemen. Among the select souls we hope to number our dear Ruth.

It would be fine if you could come over to the hotel at some point either the first or second of August. As I said, the practical nurse will be there to relieve us of some of the burden, and we love to present the young ladies to you.

Needless to say, the red nightgown goes along in the suitcase with me. It'll be so PRACTICAL for traveling!

Grateful love,