

GEO. T. PARROT.

SURROGATE UNION COUNTY

COUNSELLOR AT LAW

ELIZABETH, N.J., Sunday Feb 2, 1902

Dearest Marie and Daddykins,

To begin at where I left off in my last letter, Grace and I went to bed early Friday night. In the morning we woke up feeling fine, fooled around a little, while Polly had shirt waists tried on, and then walked down town and back. It began to drizzle and rain after luncheon so we didn't go out but just sat around and read and ate. Mr Parrot came in about half past four with a big box of candy for us. Oh, I forgot to say that I got Mrs Parrot a lovely bunch of white and yellow roses when I was down town. She doesn't feel very

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well yet, but she is perfectly lovely. Raymond is as college and couldn't come home, but Polly's favorite Mr Cadmus Keeney came home of course and dropped in late in the afternoon. Mr Parrot was out sweeping the snow off the porch when he came, and at supper Mr Parrot with a villain-ish twinkle in his eye kept saying, "Well now Grace, I just wonder how Cad knew you were home?"

After supper [Polybuis] and I [rigged] up, and Cad soon arrived and Mr Conover English, a perfect peach who graduated from Princeton in '99. Needless to say we had a perfectly charming time. Conover plays the piano beautifully and we sang college songs, and enjoyed ourselves most to death. Cad is going with us to New York this evening, carry our suit-cases, and take us to the

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station. There we will meet Louis and Cerene and the rest of them and go together on the 7.30. I do hope pa Whitlock is dead by this time. He wasn't when we left but you know.

I heard the greatest name this morning I ever had in my life. There is actually a boy in Elizabeth named Constant Aiken! They call him Perpetual Pain!

Well, tomorrow the second semester begins. If this goes as quickly as the first did, it won't seem long till June. My program is a little better arranged now than it was. I always used to have to study on Sunday because I had four recitations on Monday and

three of them the first three hours but now monday is about my easiest day. I dreamt last night that I got through Math, and so dreams go by contraries, I am fully prepared to find a flunk note waiting for me when I get back. I don't suppose I ought to [lose] any more of Mr Parrot's papers so bye bye-- Peggie

My suit-case is just dandy. Did I tell you how scambunctious the eats in it were?

Grace sends her love, and so do I. Have the G's and Ms made up yet?

Mr Parrot is Judge Parrot too.

Men in Eliz.

ELIZABETH FEB 2 7-9PM 19 02 N.J.

Mr Joseph P. Shipp

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