

Ernst D. Moore 1907 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 01:55:13

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Thursday, August 22, 1907

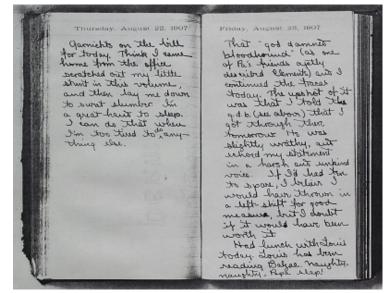
Garnichts on the bill for today. Think I came home from the office scratched out my little stunt in this volume, and then lay me down to sweet slumber. I'm a great hand to sleep. I can do that when I'm too tired to [[insert]] do [[/insert]] anything else. [[end page]]

[[start page]]

Friday, August 23, 1907

That "god damned bloodhound" (as one of Pa's friends aptly described Clements) and I continued the fracas today. The upshot of it was that I told the g.d.b. (see above) that I got through there tomorrow. He was slightly wrathy, and echoed my statement in a harsh and unkind voice. If I'd had ten to spare, I believe I would have thrown in a left-shift for good measure, but I doubt if it would have been worth it.

Had lunch with Louis today. Louis had been reading Balzac. Naughty, naughty, Papa slap!



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