

Ernst D. Moore 1907 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 11:25:14

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[[preprinted]] Saturday, December 28, 1907 [[/preprinted]]

I think Mr. Jones and I went down to the club tonight. We met Mr. & Mrs. B. down there, and that psalm-psingin' M. my but he is a lamb. He's got a four lap collar, and never takes a drink. Some night he'll leave his coat unbuttoned, and catch his death o' cold. They say the good die young.

27th- (continued) about it as long as we paid ^[[for]] it. How much of the good time [[strikethrough]] [[?]] [[/strikethrough]]^[[got into the account?]] You needn't be afraid, for after dinner nothing is official."

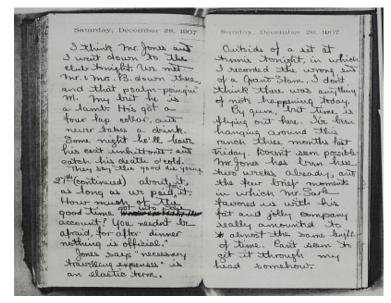
Jones says "necessary travelling expenses" is an elastic term.

[[end page]] [[start page]]

[[preprinted]] Sunday, December 29, 1907 [[/preprinted]]

Outside of a set at tennis tonight in which I recorded the wrong end of a Grand Slam, I don't think there was anything of note happening today.

By gum but time is flying out here. I've been hanging around this ranch three months last Friday. Doesn't seem possible. Mr. Jones has been here two weeks already, and the few brief moments in which Mr. Sark favored us with his fat and jolly company really amounted to [[strikethrough]] [[?]] [[/strikethrough]] almost the same length of time. Can't seem to get it through my head somehow.



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