

Ernst D. Moore 1908 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Apr-24-2024 02:17:55

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[[preprinted]] Friday, January 24, 1908 [[/preprinted]]

I gathered the Bonds and the Slipps around my festive board tonight. I enjoyed it, myself, although I don't know as they did. The cook got up about seven courses and it was done right, so far as I know.

Jones didn't like the Bonds so awfully kateer, but I do first rate. I think Bond himself is a damned good fellow, and that Bond herself is the belle of the town.

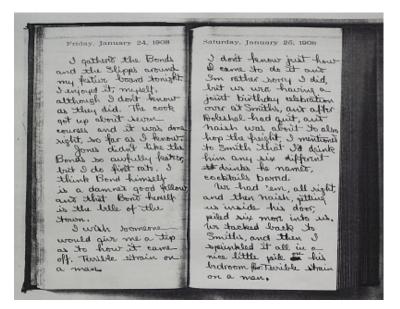
I wish someone would give me a tip as to how it came off. Terrible strain on a man.

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[[preprinted]] Saturday, January 25, 1908 [[/preprinted]]

I don't know just how I came to do it and I'm rather sorry I did, but we were having a joint birthday celebration over at Smiths, and after Doleshal had quit, and Naish was about to also hop the freight, I mentioned to Smith that I'd drink him any six different drinks he named, cocktails barred.

We had 'em, all right, and then Naish, getting us inside his door, piled six more into us. We tacked back to Smiths, and then I sprinkled it all in a nice little pile on his bedroom floor. Terrible strain on a man.



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