



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

Ernst D. Moore 1908 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Apr-19-2024 05:11:52

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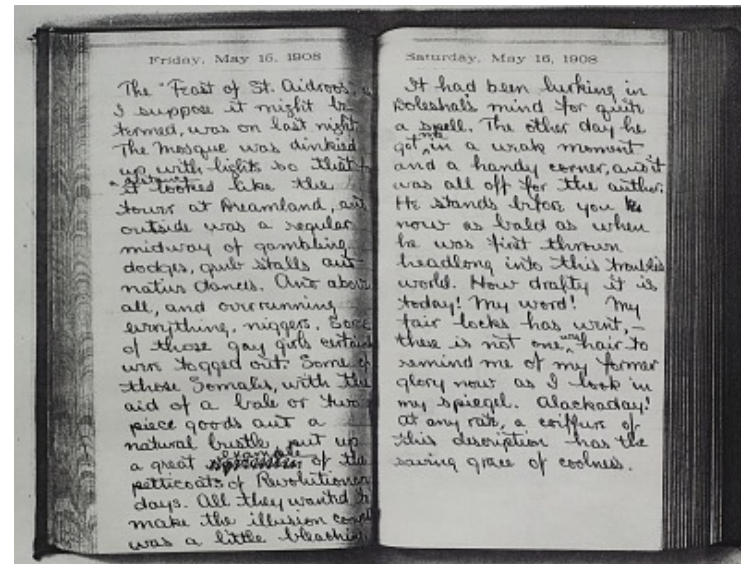
[[preprinted]] Friday, May 15, 1908
[[/preprinted]]

The "Feast of St. Aidroos" as I suppose it might be termed, was on last night. The mosque was dinkied up with lights so that from a distance it looked like the tower at Dreamland, and outside was a regular midway of gambling dodges, grub stalls and native dances. And above all, and overrunning everything, niggers. Some of those gay girls certainly were togged out. Some of those Somalis, with the aid of a bale or two of piece goods and a natural bustle put up a great ^[[example]] of the petticoats of Revolutionary days. All they wanted to make the illusion complete was a little bleaching.

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[[preprinted]] Saturday, May 16, 1908 [[/preprinted]]

It had been lurking in Doleshal's mind for quite a spell. The other day he got ^[[me]] in a weak moment and a handy corner, and it was all off for the author. He stands before you now as bald as when he was first thrown headlong into this troubled world. How drafty it is today! My word! My fair locks has went, - there is not one ^[[wee]] hair to remind me of my former glory now as I look in my speigel. Alackaday! At any rate, a coiffure of this description has the saving grace of coolness.



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