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Ernst D. Moore 1910 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 06:05:54

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[[preprinted]] Saturday, October 15, 1910 [[/preprinted]]

The old cook can turn out the eats when called upon, and no mistake. Morton, Jo, Weddell and Forbes were up for chop tonight, and I hope they made a dinner out of it. The skipper didn't bring the machine, but Jo unwound a bunch of his narratives, so we weren't altogether funereal.

It was an early night, and to bed by eleven. I'm still on the waterwagon, and think I shall stick. You're just as well off without it, here. Keep the news from Louis!

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[[preprinted]] Sunday, October 16, 1910 [[/preprinted]]

Jo lunched five or six of us at the Club today. Barnes was one of the gang. Nuf ced.

I'm kinder tired of the game out here. I'm not a good mixer, anyway, and I'm becoming more of a teetotaler every day. It's too hot here to make an effort to get acquainted with people, and as long as I don't giveadam for them, and they don't for me, why in hell should I bother myself? Sitting around that table at noontime is the most uninteresting pursuit I ever tackled and dropped.

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