

Ernst D. Moore 1907 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Jul-03-2025 04:06:58

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to get away from that old skunk Clements. My only regret is that I didn't hand him a bunch of fives in the breadbasket before I made my memorable exit. It makes me wild whenever I think of the damned swine.

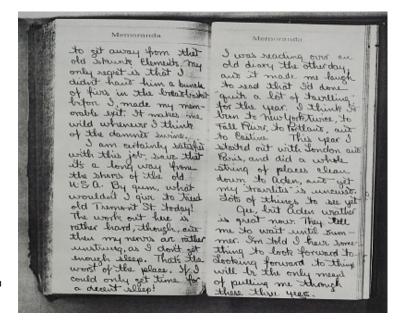
I am certainly satisfied with this job, save that it's a long way from the shores of the old U.S.A. By gum what wouldn't I give to tread old Tremont St. today! The work out here is rather hard, though, and then my nerves are rather unstrung as I don't get enough sleep. That's the worst of the place. If I could only get time for a decent sleep!

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I was reading over an old diary the other day, and it made me laugh to read that I'd done "quite a lot of tavelling" for the year. I think I'd been to New York twice to Fall River to Portland and to Castine. This year I started out with London and Paris and did a whole string of places clean down to Aden and yet my "travelitis" is uncured. Lots of things to see yet.

Gee, but Aden weather is great now. They tell me to wait until summer. I'm told I have something to look forward to. Looking forward to things will be the only means of pulling me through these three years.



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