



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

Ernst D. Moore 1908 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Apr-18-2024 11:04:05

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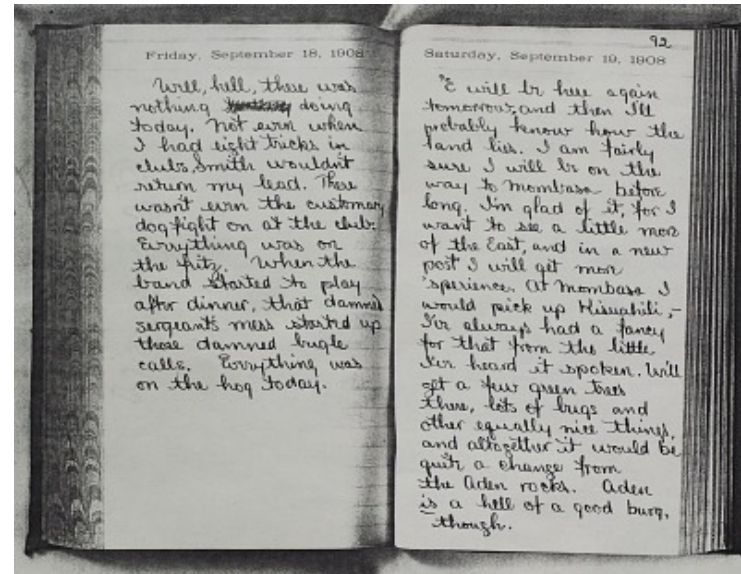
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Friday, September 18, 1908
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Well, hell, there was nothing~~[[strikeout]]~~?~~[[/strikeout]]~~ doing today. Not even when I had eight tricks in clubs. Smith wouldn't return my lead. There wasn't even the customary dog fight on at the club. Everything was on the fritz. When the band started to play after dinner, that damned sergeant's mess started up those damned bugle calls. Everything was on the hog today.

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[[preprinted]] Saturday, September 19, 1908 [[/preprinted]]

'E will be here again tomorrow, and then I'll probably know how the land lies. I am fairly sure I will be on the way to Mombasa before long. I'm glad of it, for I want to see a little more of the East, and in a new post I will get more 'sperience. At Mombasa I would pick up Kiswahili, - I've always had a fancy for that from the little I've heard it spoken. We'll get a few green trees there, lots of bugs and other equally nice things, and altogether it would be quite a change from the Aden rocks. Aden is a hell of a good burg, though.



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