



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Archives Center - NMAH*

## **Ernst D. Moore 1908 Ivory Trading Diary**

Extracted on Apr-16-2024 03:38:14

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[[preprinted]] Monday, October 12, 1908  
[[/preprinted]]

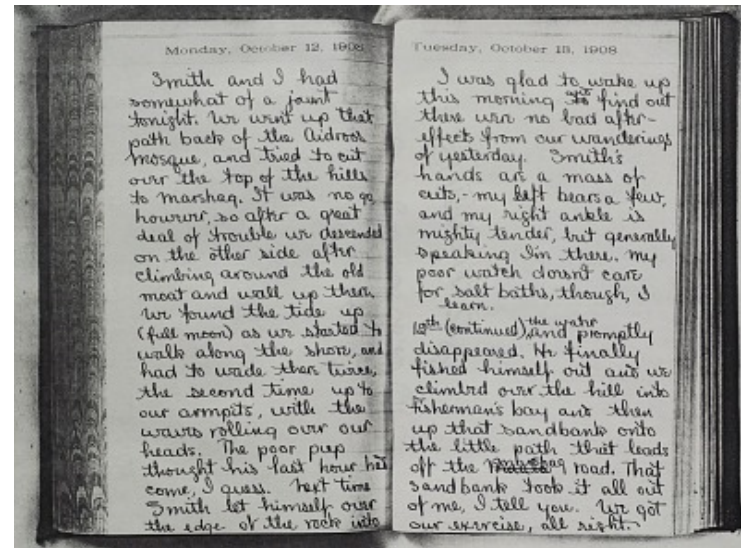
Smith and I had somewhat of a jaunt tonight. We went up that path back of the Aidroos mosque, and tried to cut over the top of the hills to Marshaq. It was no go, however, so after a great deal of trouble we descended on the other side after climbing around the old moat and wall up there. We found the tide up (full moon) as we started to walk along the shore, and had to wade there twice, the second time up to our armpits, with the waves rolling over our heads. The poor pup thought his last hour had come, I guess. Next time Smith let himself over the edge of the rock into

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[[preprinted]] Tuesday, October 13, 1908 [[/preprinted]]

I was glad to wake up this morning ~~to~~ ~~find out~~ ~~there were no bad after-effects from our wanderings of yesterday.~~ Smith's hands are a mass of cuts, - my left bears a few, and my right ankle is mighty tender, but generally speaking I'm there. My poor watch doesn't care for salt baths, though, I learn.

12th (continued) <sup>^</sup>[[the water]] and promptly disappeared. He finally fished himself out and we climbed over the hill into Fisherman's bay and then up that sandbank onto the little path that leads off the ~~Maala~~ ~~road.~~ That sandbank took it all out of me, I tell you. We got our exercise, all right.



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