



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

Ernst D. Moore 1911 Ivory Trading Diary

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 01:23:44

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Thursday, January 12, 1911

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Weddel and I were callon on the buxom bibi R. last evening. We got along swimmingly until I suggested we'd promised Grace we'd call there at half past seven. The bibi seemed to take it as a personal affront. And of course, Weddell blamed his share of it onto me, too. I was flabbergasted. Why, it was a cruel moment, and crueller still were my awkward affronts to pacify 'er. W. afterwards said, that had I been alone with her, the only honorable thing I could have done was to put my arm around her and offer to kiss her! He's a pessimist, he is.

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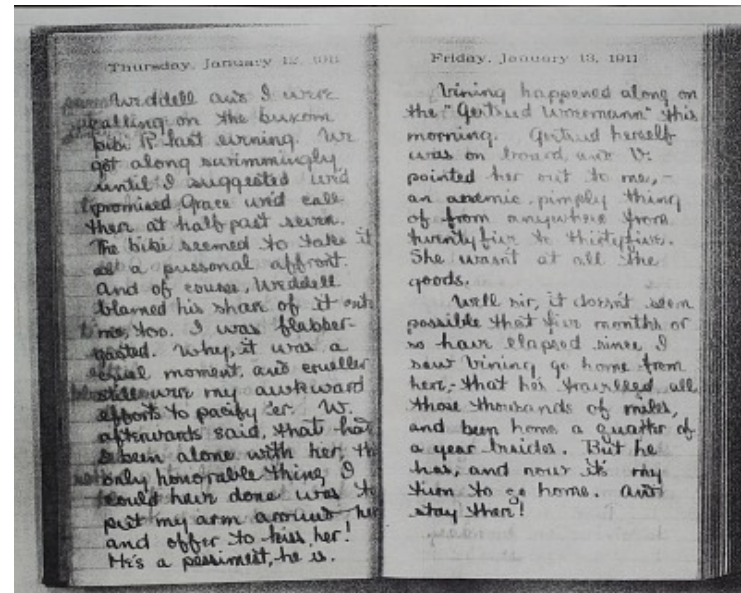
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Friday January 13, 1911

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Vining happened along on the "Gertrud Woremann" this morning. Gertrud herself was on board, and V. pointed her out to me, - an academic, pimply thing of from anywhere from twenty five to thirty five. She wasn't at all the goods.

Well sir, it doesn't seem possible that five months or so have elapsed since I saw Vining go home from here, - that he's travelled all those thousands of miles, and been home a quarter of a year besides. But he has, and now it's my turn to go home. And stay there!



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