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## **Leo Baekeland Diary Volume 36, 1923**

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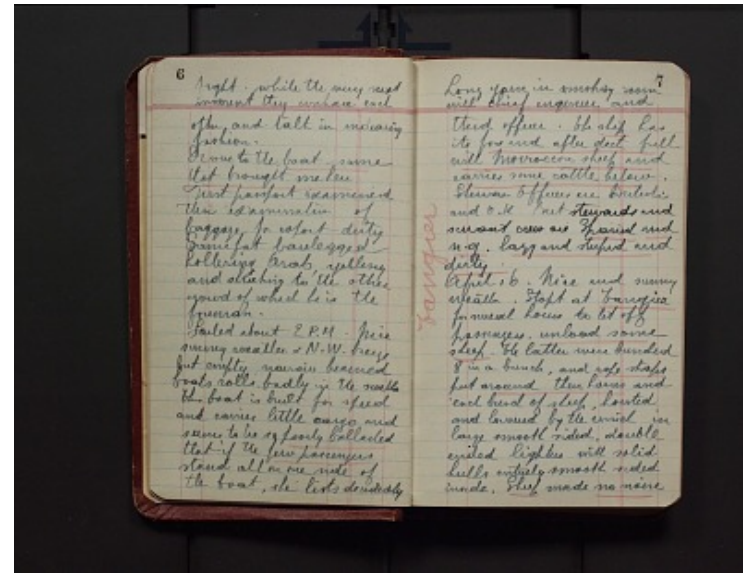
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 fight. while the very next moment they embrace each other and talk in endearing fashion.  
 Drove to the boat - same that brought me here. First passport examined then examination of baggage for export duty. Same fat bowlegged hollering Arab, yelling and shrieking to the other crowd of which he is the foreman.  
 Sailed about 2 P.M. Nice sunny weather & N.W. breeze, but empty narrow beamed boats rolls badly in the swells. This boat is built for speed and carries little cargo and seems to be so poorly ballasted that if the few passengers stand all on one side of the boat, she lists decidedly  
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 Long yarn in smoking room with chief engineer and third officer. The ship has its fore and after decks full with Moroccan sheep and carries some cattle below. Officers are British and O.K. But stewards and servant crew are Spanish and n.g. lazy and stupid and dirty. April 16. Nice and sunny weather. Stopt at Tangier for several hours to let off passengers, unload some sheep. The latter were bunched 8 in a bunch, and rope straps put around their horns and each bunch of sheep hoisted and lowered by the winch in large smooth sided, double ended lighters with solid hulls entirely smooth sided inside. Sheep made no noise indeed.



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