

11 Aug 1833

Shooting Chidens

Logan Utah Ter.

Aug. 11. 1883

Still in Logan

My Dear friend Nora  
you said that when I wanted to  
hear from you to write. So here I  
am scribbling away. There is nothing  
that would please me better than a letter  
from you. I am getting nervous waiting  
so long for mail that a letter from you  
would give me great delight (but a line  
would give me more satisfaction)  
I have not received a letter for over one  
week and feel very much forsaken (like  
an infant in a foreign land)

To break the monotonous hours of  
yesterday I went riding with Mr. Edwards  
I walked down to Bear River and through  
Benson Ward. We called at Bp. Harries

and had all of the water melons  
we could eat some as fine as I have  
ever eaten after which we called on  
several ranchmen to engage their horses  
for the benefit of said Stratford  
and not meeting with success we turned  
our attention to chicken shooting and  
we killed from the innumerable flocks  
flying upon all sides so many  
can you imagine? Just think wonder  
and guess I killed only one but that  
one made me feel as proud as the hero  
of the Rebellion or the Duke of Wellington  
or King Philip or even Sitting Bull.  
Oh! I was proud to think that  
I was the hero of the hour we had  
a good time until we started  
home Then our troubles began  
We came home by way of the  
big ditch expecting to kill some  
ducks but fortune did not smile  
on us and our trouble was

increasing We came near striking  
in the mud If it had not been  
that we were good hands with  
the whip I believe we would  
have been there yet

When we got home it was  
half past eight and in stead  
of wearing that bright smile  
upon our countenances we must  
have had the expression of Dr.  
Fanner after his forty days fast  
for I was as hungry as a wolf  
(if you allow me to use the express-  
ion) Well Nora I am not in  
the mood for writing this now  
and will have to beg your  
pardon for this short missive  
Hoping to receive a long letter  
soon I beg to remain your  
true friend

Over Yours  
W L O'Keefe