

11 Aug 1883

Shooting Chickens

Logan Utah Ter.
Aug. the 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 talk
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 Edward
Stratford down to Bear River and through
Benson Ward. We called at Bps. 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 bullets
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 up on 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 down 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 instead
of wearing that bright smile
up on our countenances we must
have had the expression of Dr.
Tanner after his forty days fast
for I was as hungry as a wolf
(if you allow me to use the expres-
sion) Well Nora I am not in
the mood for writing this morn-
and will have to beg your
pardon for this short missive
Hoping to receive a long letter
soon I beg to remain your
belov'd

Ever Yours
W L O'Keefe