

# One Pro Lauds Another

By Vernon B. Snell

In a package I received the other day, there were three gigantic thrills.

First was the huge thrill I received when I opened the package. In it was a book entitled, "Look At Oklahoma." It was an album portraying the colorful variety of the 46th state. Of course, that would be Oklahoma. The book alone was a thrill.

But lifting the cover I found an autograph from the editor of "Look At Oklahoma," Ferdie J. Deering, who for many years, and I guess he still does, had a private office in the building where I worked. The autograph said:

"To Vernon B. Snell

A good writer,

A great friend and

A Christian gentleman."

Ferdie J. Deering, long-time editor of the Oklahoma Farmer Stockman, will never

know just how much ol' VBS appreciated those words.

Then I started thumbing through the 160 pages of the bicentennial edition of "Look At Oklahoma" which was printed by Oklahoma Graphics, a division of The Oklahoma Publishing Co.

To say that the book is interesting and colorful is a rank understatement. In it are hundreds and hundreds of color photos, some black and white, depicting all phases of life in the state. I just don't have the words to describe the beauty of the book.

The contents listed on page two of "Look At Oklahoma" lists 46 different categories, all the way from agriculture to windmills. In between those two were 24 pages of scenic spots in Oklahoma. Also there are pages of photos on mountains, museums and music.

As the book says, it is truly "An album of photographs of some of the interesting and beautiful features of Oklahoma, the 46th state."

Now back to the "Once Over Lightly" as the late John Cronley would say . . . .

I reached page 107 and as my eyes hit the page I yelled: "Honey, lookee! My picture is in this book. And as Virgie White would say, I really was shook.

The black and white photo was made several years ago and I had used it in an Orbit yarn about the odd things a bird dog will do. Ol' VBS is on his knees trying to coax an English Setter, Duke, into fetching me a pheasant I had shot.

But no, Duke, wasn't about to put that bird in my hands. He was headed for his master Ed Reid, who at the time owned a resort on Grand Lake. By the way, the action took place at Bird Island, a game farm where you could shoot pheasants, quail and chukars for so much a bird.

The chukar is the most fun to hunt of any of the wild birds I have hunted and that includes geese, ducks, pheasants, quail and prairie chicken. The chukar is both smart and crazy. The critter is just as likely to fly back in your face when flushed as it is to spiral straight up, as often a pheasant will do.

But man oh man! Is a barbecued chukar good eatin' . . . . and how.

Another dog that I remember and it was 50 years ago that I hunted over him, was Sandy, another big English Setter. I saw him do his act on a hunt in Grady county with his owner E. P. "Jack" Kilgore, an Oklahoma City oil man and Honey's uncle, Jed Johnson and Honey's father, F. M. Luginbyhl. Kilgore, Johnson

and Mr. Luginbyhl are now deceased.

Sandy would go for a downed bird on the command "fetch" and he'd start back with it. All the time he's been surveying the countryside to see where his master was. If Jack was not close at hand Sandy would stop and dig a hole in ground, plant the dead quail in same and cover it up. He wasn't about to let anyone get a hand on the quail. Smart dog, eh?

The Texoman



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One more word about my gift from Ferdie J. Deering. That book should be in every library in Oklahoma. The price tag is \$17.95 and it is worth twice that amount.

Every person who studies "Look At Oklahoma" will get a post-graduate course in Oklahoma history, geography and what have you!