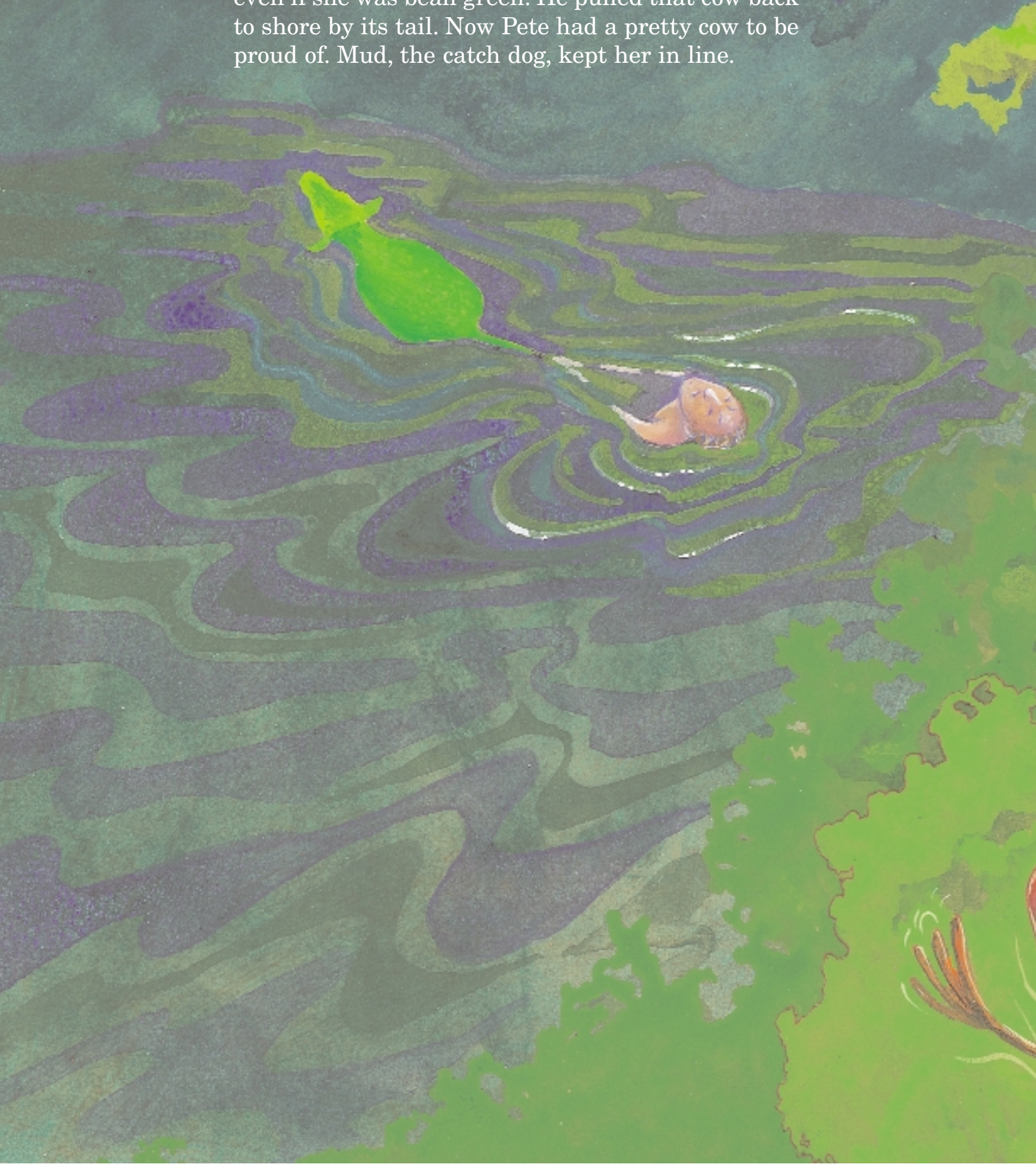




KISSIMMEE PETE, CRACKER COW HUNTER

One starry night when Pete the cow hunter was taking a bath, he looked up to see a bean-green cow leap over the moon and land with a flop in the middle of the Kissimmee River. No one ever knew where String Bean came from except Pete, who claimed mosquitoes flew her in from Silver Springs.

Since Pete had his speedy horse Blaze but no herd, he was mighty interested in the little critter, even if she was bean green. He pulled that cow back to shore by its tail. Now Pete had a pretty cow to be proud of. Mud, the catch dog, kept her in line.





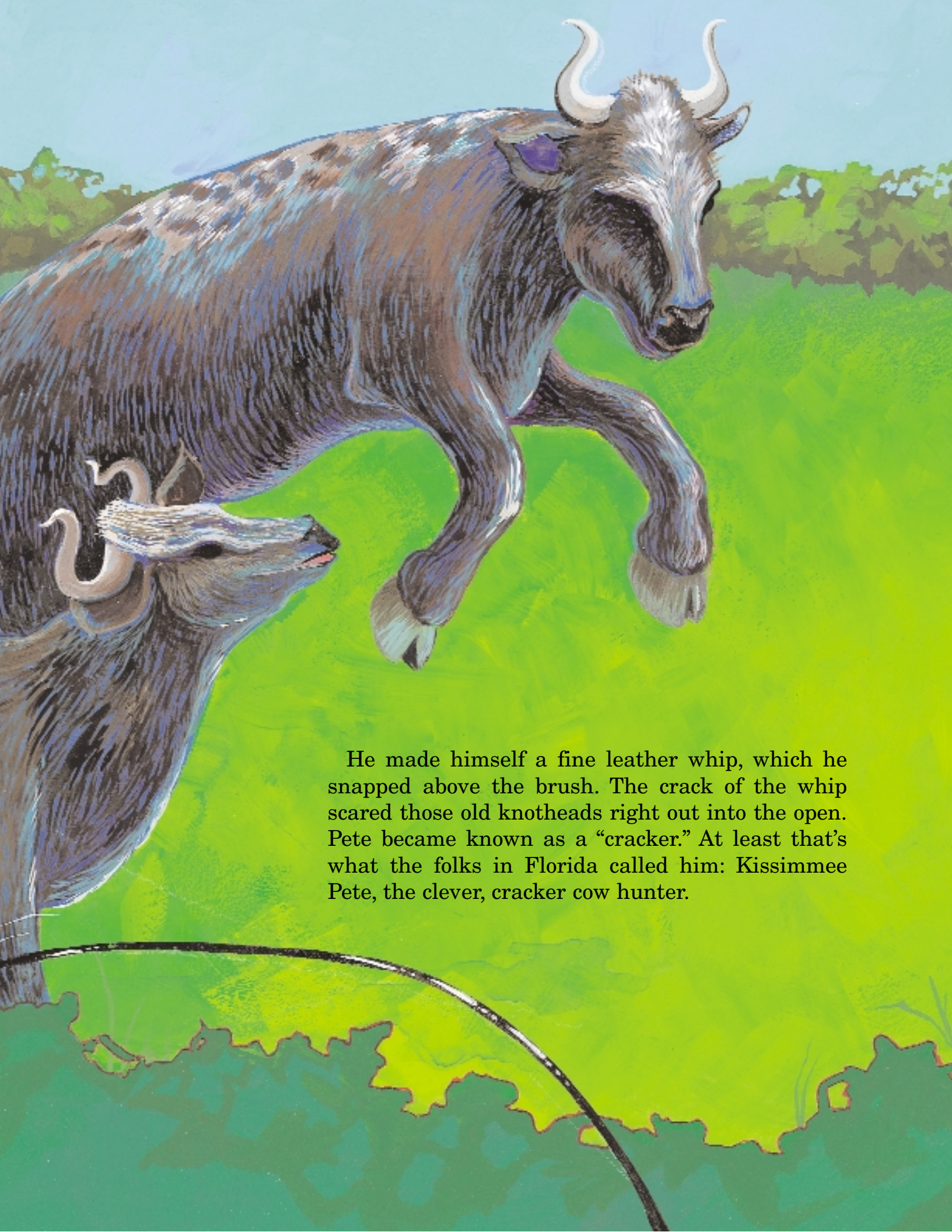
After that, everyone called him Kissimmee Pete, the clever cow hunter, although some said he got his name 'cause the girls were always after him for a smooch.





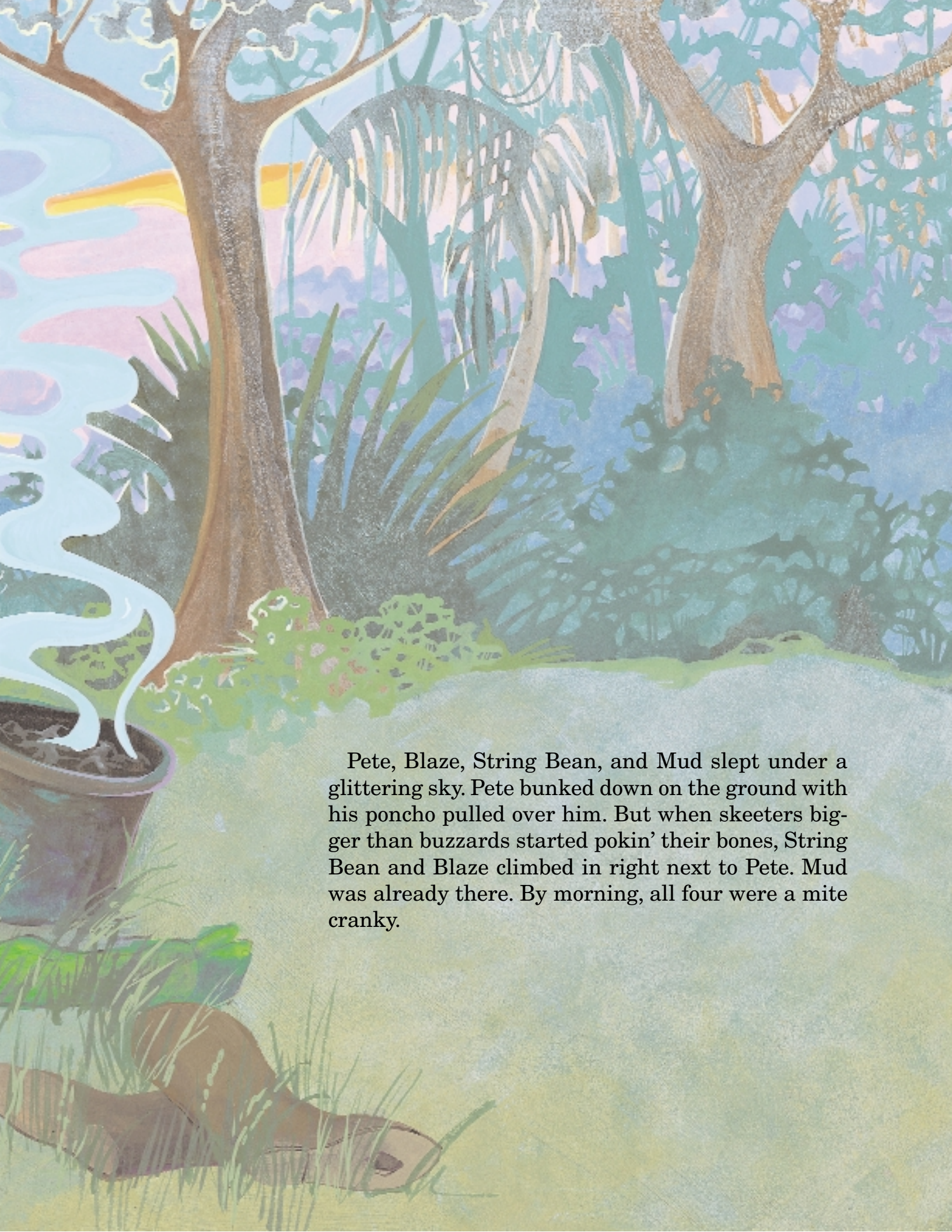
Pete spied two wild cows hidin' in the saw palmetto. Faster than a skeeter can bite, he took off after 'em. Mud, the catch dog, ran ahead, yipping as loud as he could. When no ropin' or callin' or barkin' would get them to budge, Pete scratched his head, stamped his boot, and said, "I got me a whopper of an idea."





He made himself a fine leather whip, which he snapped above the brush. The crack of the whip scared those old knothead right out into the open. Pete became known as a “cracker.” At least that’s what the folks in Florida called him: Kissimmee Pete, the clever, cracker cow hunter.





Pete, Blaze, String Bean, and Mud slept under a glittering sky. Pete bunked down on the ground with his poncho pulled over him. But when skeeters bigger than buzzards started pokin' their bones, String Bean and Blaze climbed in right next to Pete. Mud was already there. By morning, all four were a mite cranky.



During roundup, Pete rode with other cow hunters who were driving their herds to port. "This is the most dangerous job in the world," said Kissimmee Pete, the cranky, clever, cracker cow hunter, as he fought off a rattler, wolf, and panther all at the same time. Mud kept an eye on the squirrels.

