

# WHISTLING WILLIE

**from Amarillo, Texas**

**Jo Harper and Josephine Harper**

**Illustrated by David Harrington**



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*“Whistling Willie* is a rip-roaring tall tale with a great good-old-boy hero, colorful storyteller style, and wonderful down-home Texas humor!”

—Eleanor Tyson, PhD, professor  
of children’s literature,  
University of Houston

Willie always wanted to be a Texas Ranger. He wore a Stetson and snakeskin boots, and he had a powerful whistle. He could whistle loud enough to knock the needles off a cactus a mile away.

Willie sent his application to the Rangers. But they answered, “You are too smiley and your belly is too big. We don’t think you could catch a rustler. Also, Rangers are serious. They don’t whistle.” Poor Willie’s heart just about broke!

That afternoon, during the Fourth of July parade, two low-down, ornery varmints swiped the whole town’s supply of bubbly soda pop and cold, refreshing ice cream and even managed to hornswoggle the Texas Rangers! It was up to Willie to prove everyone has a special talent and that everyone—tall or short, smiley or serious—can be a hero.

With sockdologizin’ illustrations and plenty of heart, this tale is a hootin’, hollerin’ read.



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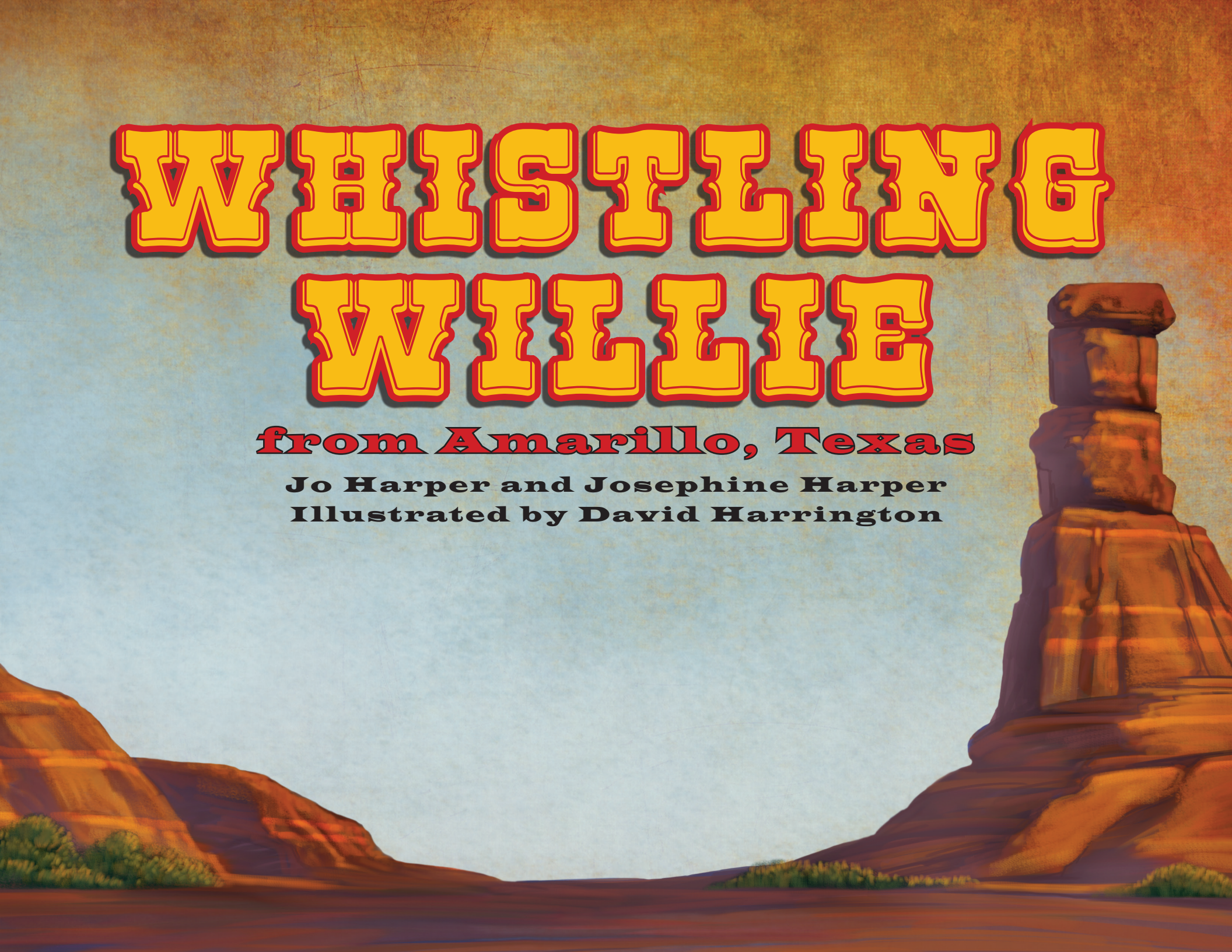




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*To Jamie Julian Harper—J. H. and J. H.  
To my wonderful cousins Jackson and Riley—D. H.*

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Summary: “Young Whistling Willie doesn’t look like much of a cowboy. He’s smiley and jolly, not tough and lean. Just the same, he always wanted to be a Texas Ranger. Too bad they’re not interested in having him--until they find out that his powerful whistle can blow even the meanest ice-cream rustlers into a hole!”-- Provided by publisher.

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## Whistling Willie from Amarillo, Texas

Young **Whistling Willie** didn't look like much of a cowboy even though he always wore a Stetson.





His snakeskin boots and snakeskin belt didn't help. Neither did his fast roan cutting horse and the fact that he never forgot to say "sir" and "ma'am."

Instead of looking tough, he was smiley. And instead of being long and lean, he was pudgy. In fact, his belly was so big you could barely see the silver buckle on his snakeskin belt.








Just the same, Willie wanted to be a **Texas Ranger**. The Rangers were his heroes.

As soon as he was old enough, Whistling Willie tried to join up with the Texas Rangers. On his application, Willie added a note. "I can whistle. I've got a **powerful** whistle."



Willie got a letter back from the Rangers early on the 4th of July. The letter read:

A hand holding a piece of paper with a handwritten letter. The paper is tilted and the text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Dear Willie,  
We are sorry to inform  
you that you cannot be a  
Texas Ranger. You don't look  
mean enough. Your snakeskin  
boots and snakeskin belt don't help.  
Neither does your fast roan  
cutting horse. You are too smiley  
and your belly is too big. We don't  
think you could catch a rustler.  
Also, Rangers are serious. They  
don't whistle.