



HARRY HORSE was the author-illustrator of many books for children, including THE LAST POLAR BEARS, THE LAST GOLD DIGGERS, and THE LAST CASTAWAYS. He was also a political cartoonist for several national newspapers in the United Kingdom. He died in 2007. Read more about him at

[www.littlerabbit.net](http://www.littlerabbit.net)

Printed and manufactured in the United States of America

Early reader fiction  
www.peachtree-online.com



Dear Child,

We are going to America in search of Roo's grandfather—an incredible dog by all accounts. Of course, I have only Roo's word for it, and in truth I do find some of the stories about her grandfather a little hard to believe. According to Roo, he was a famous film actor. She has pointed him out to me on several occasions when we are watching television and, if the truth be known, he looks like a different dog in each one. Roo says that's why he is an actor.

It is not easy to find the Wild West any more, but the Get Lost Travel Agency was most helpful. If we are to be successful, things must be organized properly. I will lead the expedition and Roo will act as my tracker dog and occasional pack hound.

Will find the old dog and bring him back soon. Tell your parents not to worry. I may be seventy-nine but I am still fit and active.

America, here we come!

With kind regards,

*your Grandfather*

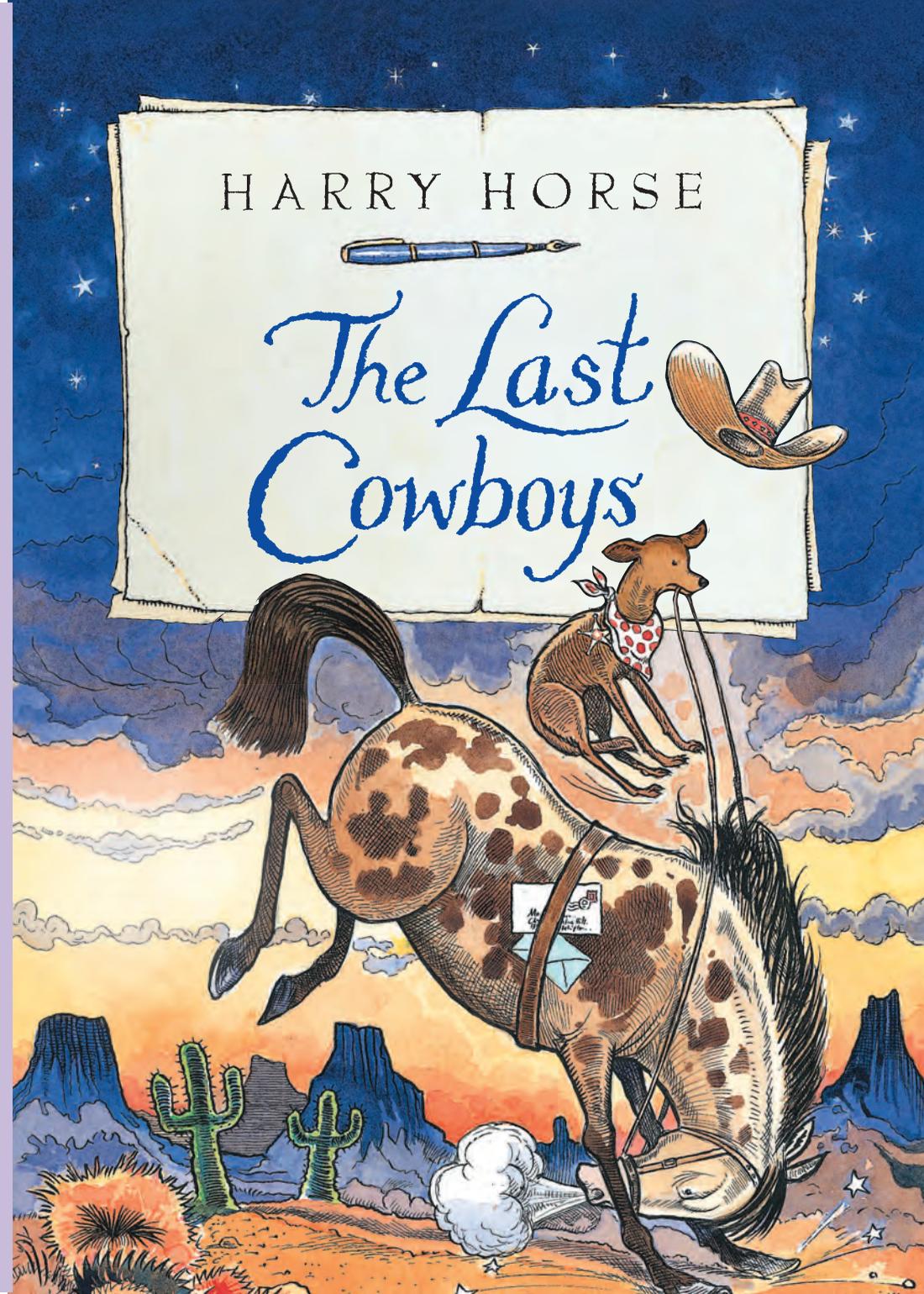
ISBN 13: 978-1-56145-451-8  
ISBN 10: 1-56145-451-6



HARRY HORSE



The Last Cowboys



978-1-56145-451-8

\$12.95



Grandfather is off on an expedition to America. He is accompanied by Roo, a remarkable dog with a vivid imagination and a golf cart full of equipment. The intrepid travelers are in search of Roo's grandfather, rumored to be living among cowboys following a successful movie career.

Will they survive Roo's brief movie career, hitchhiking across the country, a gang of lawless horses, and life in a small town where Roo is somehow appointed sheriff? Can the easily distracted Roo ever be trained to be a tracker dog? And will they find Roo's grandfather?

PEACHTREE  
ATLANTA



# The Last Cowboys



Published by  
PEACHTREE PUBLISHERS  
1700 Chattahoochee Avenue  
Atlanta, Georgia 30318-2112  
*www.peachtree-online.com*

Text and illustrations © 1999 by Harry Horse

First published in Great Britain in 1999 by Penguin Books  
First United States edition published in 2008 by Peachtree Publishers

Book design and composition by Melanie McMahon Ives

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Printed in the United States of America  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Horse, Harry.

The last cowboys / written and illustrated by Harry Horse. -- 1st U.S. ed.  
p. cm.

Summary: In a series of letters to his grandson, an elderly gentleman relates how he and his remarkable little dog traveled to America on an expedition to the Wild West to find the dog's grandfather, rumored to be living among cowboys following a successful movie career.

ISBN 13: 978-1-56145-451-8 / ISBN 10: 1-56145-451-6

[1. Dogs--Fiction. 2. Grandfathers--Fiction. 3. Adventure and adventurers--Fiction. 4. West (U.S.)--Fiction. 5. Humorous stories.] I. Title.

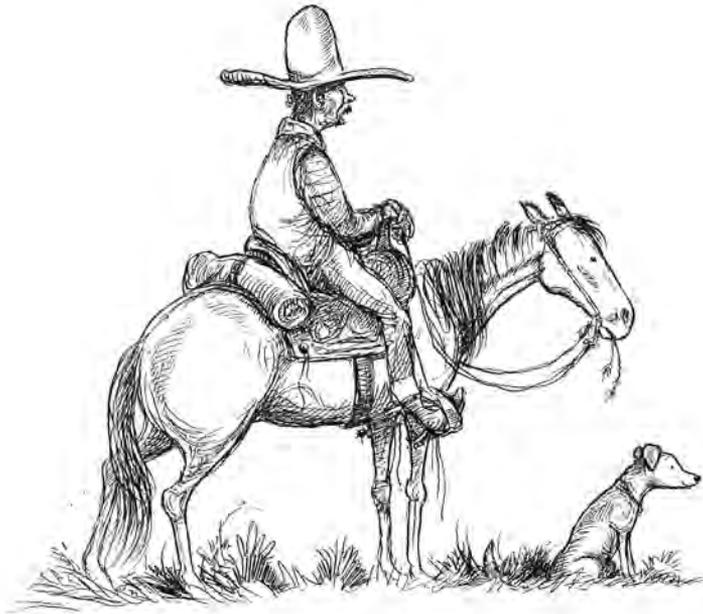
PZ7.H7885Lam 2008

[Fic]--dc22

2008010265

# The Last Cowboys

In which Roo searches for her lost grandfather,  
a Dog of Some Renown



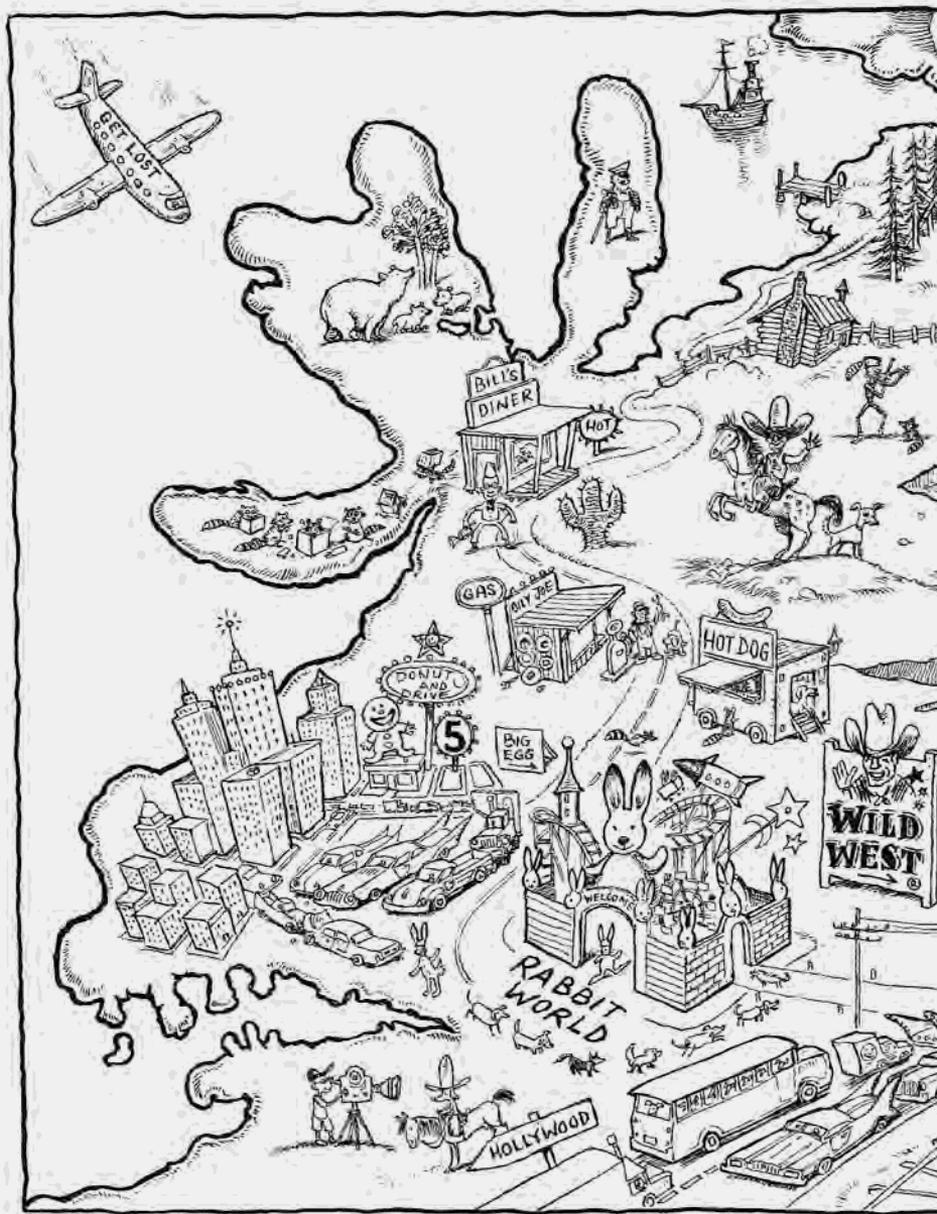
written and illustrated by  
**Harry Horse**

Ω  
PEACHTREE  
ATLANTA



For Mandy and Roo





# THE BLUE YONDER MOUNTAINS



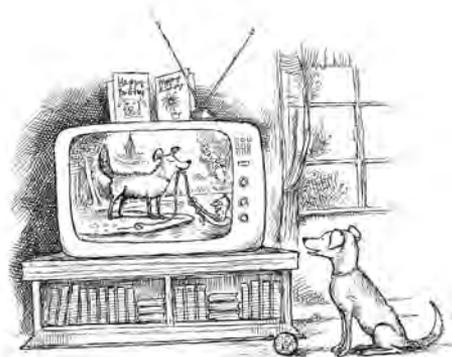
Scale:

Huge

COURTESY OF THE  
GET LOST TRAVEL  
AGENCY <sup>TM</sup>

David Rood and the -Pronounced- Team by HH





3 October  
Heathrow Airport,  
London

*My dear Child,*

I am writing this letter to you from the airport. Roo is beside me on her lead and cannot wait to get on to the plane. I hope that she is well behaved this time. As you know, Roo is not good on planes.

We are going to America in search of Roo's grandfather, and an incredible dog by all accounts.

He sailed there on a ship when he was no more than a pup, and after that he traveled all over America. He has had many different jobs, it seems, but the last Roo heard of him he was a cowboy's dog and lived somewhere in the Wild West.



Of course, I have only Roo's word for it, and in truth I do find some of the stories about her grandfather a little hard to believe. According to Roo, he was a famous film actor. She has pointed him out to me on several occasions when we are watching television and, if the truth be known, he looks like a different dog in each one. Roo says that's why he is an actor.

It is not easy to find the Wild West any more, but the Get Lost Travel Agency was most helpful. They sold me two tickets for a fourteen-day tour, traveling on a Greyhound bus to some of America's best attractions. We

6 tins of Mr Beefy Dog  
Socks  
3 packets of plasters  
1 bar of soap (medicated)  
Blue eiderdown  
Walking boots  
Passport!  
Roo's hairbrush  
Envelopes and writing paper  
Hat & Tent! ✓  
~~Binoculars~~  
Swimming Trunks?  
~~Wristwatch?~~  
~~Swimming Goggles~~  
Ear drops (2x daily) ✓  
Good Dog Drops (chocolate flavour)  
Suit trousers (black)  
Toothbrush  
Hearing Aid Battery x 3  
Waterproof Trousers  
Alarm clock  
Robinson Crusoe Book  
Waterproof Down Vest  
Bowwow Band  
Umbrella!  

---

Roo's Bits  
1 Ball (red one)  
2 Bones  
Drinking Bowl  
Dog Binoculars  
Best Collar  
Stick

will be visiting Hollywood (he could be there), the Grand Canyon (I'd love to see this) and a place called Cowboy Town, which sounds very much like the Wild West to me.



If we are to be successful, things must be organized properly. I will lead the expedition and Roo will act as my tracker dog and occasional pack hound.

I have borrowed your Uncle Freddie's new electric golf trolley to carry our equipment in. I hope he does not mind too much. Tell him that I will look after it.



I have taken the bare essentials, including some clothes, the tent, and a few golf clubs. I had planned to travel light this time, but I don't think Roo understands what traveling light means.

How can a small dog own so much? Ended up taking: her ball, her plastic rabbit (the one with the ear chewed off), two bones (there were three but I managed to throw the smelliest one away when





she was not looking), a drinking bowl, dog biscuits, flea collar (red), best collar (brown with studs), six tins of Mr. Beefy Dog, a hairbrush, a tin opener and fork, a bowl with “Roo” painted on the side in fancy writing, a small chewed stick (why must we take this? I’m sure America is full of small chewed sticks!), a blue eiderdown  (quilted), and a beanbag (she sleeps on this, sometimes).



We did not take the garden-ornament rabbit (too heavy), the *Watership Down* video (this is not a holiday), the bouncy ball (too bouncy), Uncle Freddie’s left slipper, or the Peter Rabbit cake tin.

Now we must dash. They are calling for us to board the plane. Roo is terribly excited and keeps running around in circles barking. I wish she wouldn’t do that! It makes the other passengers nervous.



Will find the old dog and bring him back soon. Tell your parents not to worry. I may be seventy-nine but I am still fit and active.

America, here we come!

*with kind regards,  
your Grandfather...*



P.S. Tell your mother that I have taken my eardrops.

P.P.S. Roo says that she has left a bone under the sofa. Can you “guard” it for her?



I'm afraid that I am not really talking to her at the moment as we have had a bit of a row.

She was very badly behaved on the plane. Would not sit still in her seat and kept going into the toilet, where she said that she could hear a mouse scratching. She found an old lady's glove and chewed it to pieces. I had to apologize and give the old lady one of mine, though I don't think that it fit her properly. Roo barked all through the film, *101 Dalmatians*, and, much to the annoyance of everybody else, kept making a baby cry by licking its feet. Finally, to cap it all, she got herself stuck underneath a seat and had to be freed by the pilot and three air hostesses. After that she was tied to the seat with her lead for the rest of the flight.

When we landed, we were supposed to head straight to the Hotel Inclusive with all the other passengers, but as we were going through customs, Roo attacked a big gray

cat in a travel basket. It caused a dreadful racket and in the panic someone set off a fire alarm. An old man fainted and had to be revived, and we were asked to stay behind and help the police with their inquiries.

When we did eventually get to the hotel, the manager said that dogs were not normally allowed and that I would have to pay extra for a doggie bed to be put into the room. It cost twenty dollars to rent the doggie bed and I knew that Roo was not likely to sleep in it!



At midnight she ran all over the furniture and said that she wanted to chase something. Then she fell asleep on top of the TV. At three o'clock in the morning, she woke up and said she needed her dinner. Halfway through eating it, in mid-bite, she fell asleep. I picked her up and carried her to the doggie bed while she was sleeping. She looked so comfortable and peaceful. However, toward dawn she got up and knocked the phone off the hook. Somehow or other she managed to walk on the buttons that call room service. When I woke up, she had ordered eleven full English breakfasts and some swimming trunks. Very annoyed, as the hotel manager said that I would have to pay, even though it was an accident. I wish Roo would leave things alone.

This afternoon, our tour of America begins. We are going to a movie studio to see how a film is made. After that we will

have tea in the famous Giant Donut, which I am looking forward to, and then we will board the Greyhound bus and begin our journey across America.

Will write soon,

*Love Grandfather*

