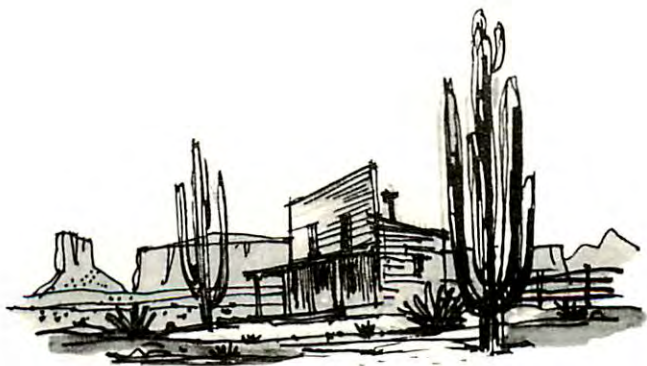
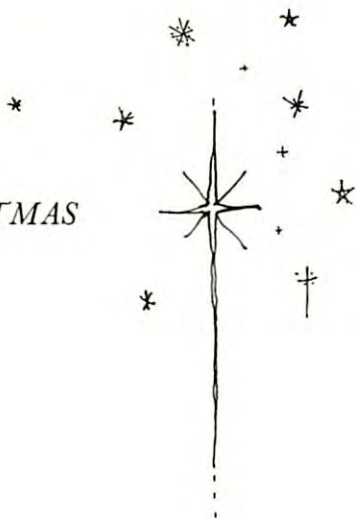




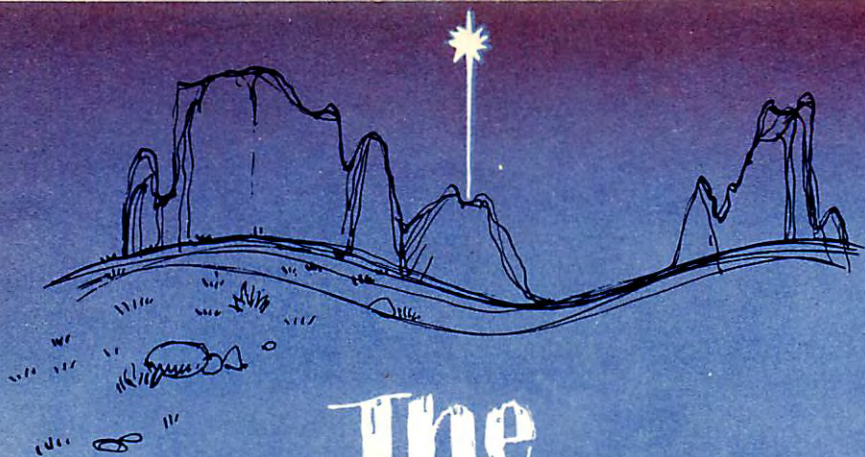
*THE COWBOY CHRISTMAS*





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# The COWBOY CHRISTMAS

by CECIL BROADHURST

*with drawings by CAMERON JOHNSON*

London  
BLANDFORD PRESS





*This book, as with the play of the same name,  
is for all those who love cowboys—especially  
Dr. Frank Buchman who has given every-  
thing so that the Christmas story may become  
real for people everywhere.*

*C.B.*







**M**R. WHISKERS WAS a prospector. He spent his whole life looking for gold, mostly in the country where the Navajo Indians live.

The Navajo children loved old Mr. Whiskers because he had a very warm heart, and they knew that, even though he spoke to them in a gruff way, he really loved them too.

Day after day they would play near him, or watch him as he sifted the dirt, looking for little





specks of gold. Sometimes they would ask him to tell them stories, and though he grumbled at first, after a while he would do what they asked. But mostly they just watched.

One day Little Star, the biggest of the children, said to him, "Please tell us a story."

"I ain't got the time," growled Whiskers; but the children knew he didn't really mean that, so they waited. After a while he said, "What kind of a story?"

"Tell us the story of Christmas," said Little Star.

"Please, please! Yes, yes!" echoed the others.

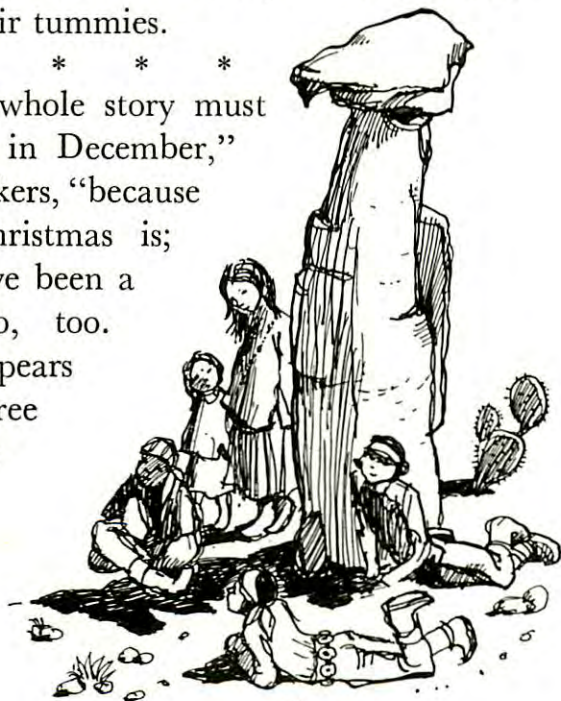
Now Mr. Whiskers had never been to school, and because he had been an orphan, he had never had a mother or father to tell him the Christmas story. Through the years he had heard parts of it; and because in his part of the world there were no

shepherds with their sheep, only cowboys and cattle, he had imagined it that way. But he understood the story just the same.

“Well,” he said, “if you settle down, I’ll tell it to you the best way I know how.” The Indian children gathered round the old prospector, some sitting on the ground, Little Star on a rock, and one or two lying flat on their tummies.

\* \* \*

“I guess the whole story must have happened in December,” began Mr. Whiskers, “because that’s when Christmas is; and it must have been a long time ago, too. Anyhow, it appears there were three cowboys, who were looking after their cattle, and it was night time.”



“What were their names?” asked Little Star, who always liked to know all about everything.

“Now let me see,” said Mr. Whiskers, “what *were* their names?” He wrinkled up his face in thought. “Oh, yes—they were called Cast Iron, Wheezer, and—and Timber. Cast Iron was an old



*Cast Iron*

man. He had lived in the cattle country all his life, and he knew all about cowboys, Indians, round-ups, broncos and lassos, because he was born amongst it all. And most of all he liked to brag about it. This made Wheezer mad.

Wheezer was a great big square-looking man. He was a mule-skinner. (That is what they call the man who looks after the mules that carry the food and supplies on their

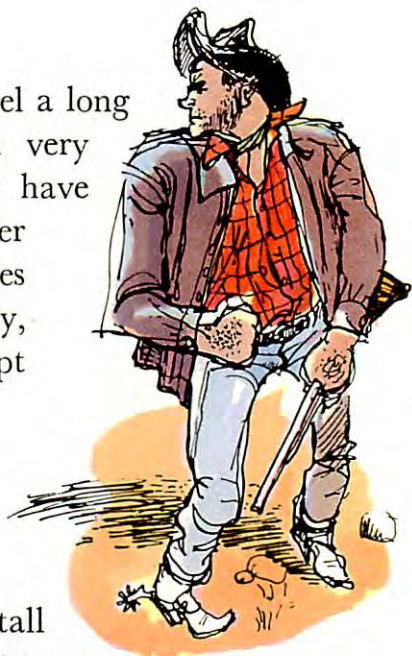


backs when the cowboys travel a long way.) Now Wheezer had a very bad temper, and seemed to have no friends anywhere. However he knew more about mules than any man in the country, so the boss of the ranch kept him on.

Wheezer knew better than to get too mad at Timber, though. Timber was a long, thin young cowboy. He

looked like a tall redwood tree, and that's why

they called him Timber. He was a good rider, a good roper and a good worker. He loved his big grey horse, Foggy; and he loved to sing. Everywhere he went, his guitar would go too.



*Wheezer*



*Timber*

Well, this night Wheezer and Cast Iron got into an argument. Cast Iron had been teasing Wheezer, and the big man's temper got the better of him. He wanted to hit Cast Iron; but as he raised his fist, he happened to glance at Timber, and somehow he changed his mind, and walked off to the old tent nearby.

"What's the matter with him?" said Timber.

"I'd like to know myself," Cast Iron replied, "I've never met such a bad-tempered codger in my life. Seems to think the whole world's against him. There can't be many as mean as him."

"He may not be as mean as he looks," said Timber. "Anyway, I wouldn't be surprised if there's a lot of mean things in you and me." And then before Cast Iron could reply, Timber began to strum his guitar and sing:



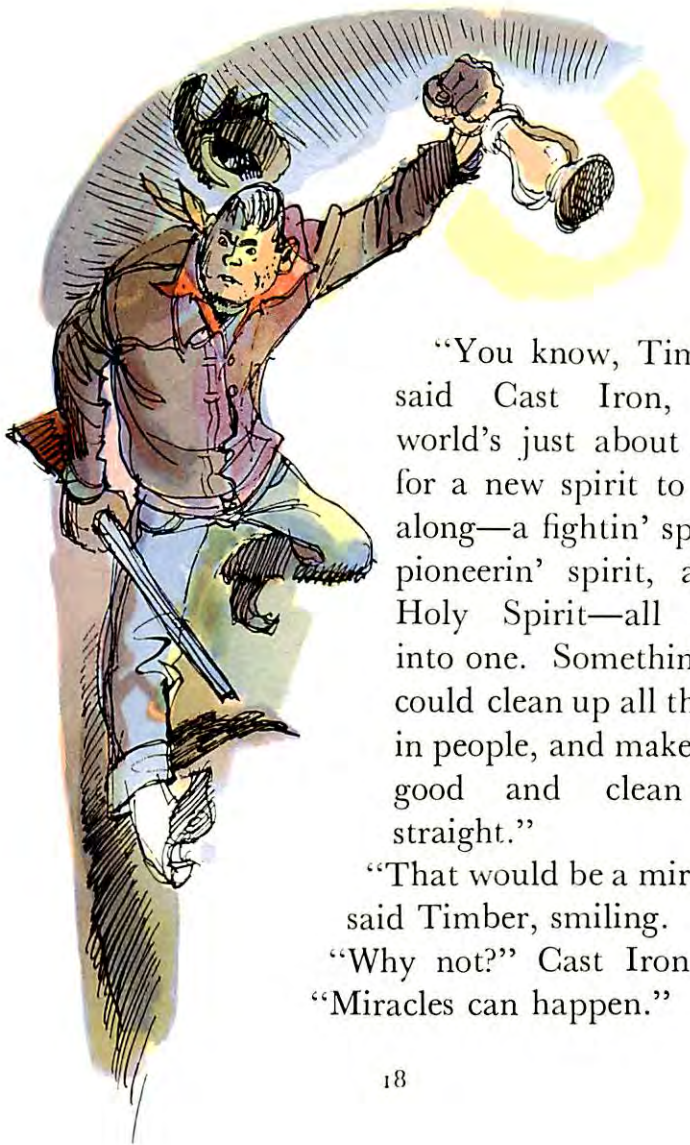
When I stake my hoss on the mountain moss,  
Throw my sheet on the stony ground,  
When I lay on my back, then I start to wonder  
What makes the world go round?

When I cast my eye 'cross a western sky,  
With the white clouds blowin' free,  
Starts me askin' how the world keeps a-goin'  
When it's made up of guys like me?

O, the world's kinda' wild and weary,  
Like the heart of an old mustang;  
But I know sure as shootin' that the way I live  
Is the key to the whole shebang!







“You know, Timber,” said Cast Iron, “the world’s just about ready for a new spirit to come along—a fightin’ spirit, a pioneerin’ spirit, and a Holy Spirit—all rolled into one. Somethin’ that could clean up all the bad in people, and make them good and clean and straight.”

“That would be a miracle,” said Timber, smiling.

“Why not?” Cast Iron said. “Miracles can happen.”



Just then there came a loud cry from the darkness of the trees.

“Someone didn’t agree with your singin’, ’pears to me,” said Cast Iron as he reached for his gun. The cry came again, and this time they knew what it was – the mules. Wheezer came bursting out of his tent like a steam roller, full speed. He had his gun and a lantern.

“Shut up, you pesky good-for-nothin’ critters!” he was shouting. “Guess they must have seen a coyote – better go and see,” he grumbled, as he went off to the mules.



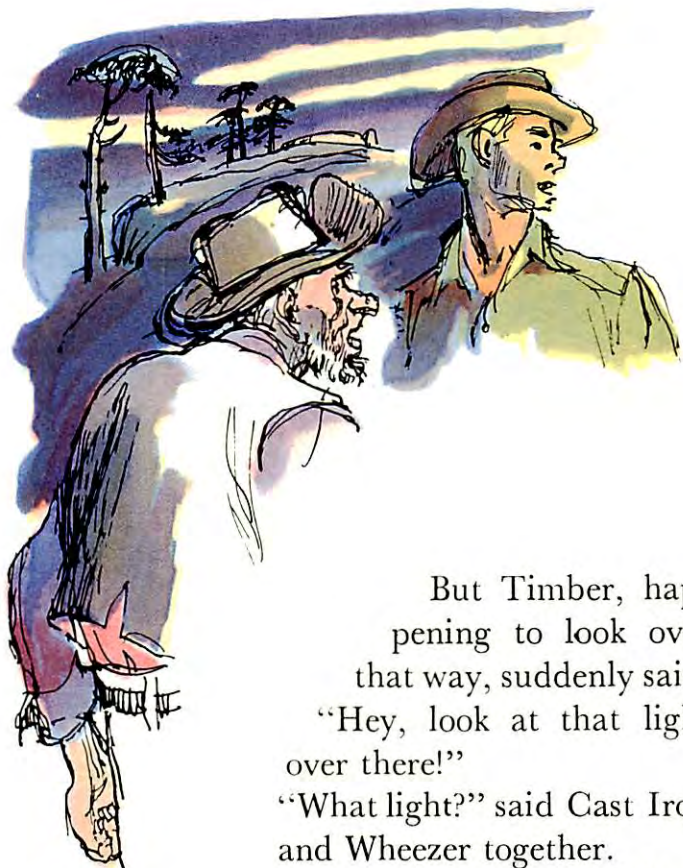
When he reached them, the animals were all bunched together. Wheezer was glad to see that they had not broken the hobbles round their feet and run away. Then he noticed a strange thing. Instead of looking at him in fear and expecting to be whipped, they all turned their backs on him, and seemed to be gazing through the trees towards a distant peak called Pinto Mountain. This made Wheezer mad; but he didn't whip the mules – he was too glad they hadn't stampeded. He only tightened the ropes round their front legs and grumbled his way back to the camp.





Cast Iron and Timber laughed at his story. "Them stubborn old mules planned to git you out o' bed on purpose," said Timber. When they heard about the mules looking toward Pinto Mountain, they laughed all the more.





But Timber, happening to look over that way, suddenly said, "Hey, look at that light over there!" "What light?" said Cast Iron and Wheezer together. "Over beyond old Pinto Mountain."

“So it is a light, kind o’ bright and yellow!” exclaimed Cast Iron.

“I don’t see no light,” growled Wheezer.


“Hey, it’s gettin’ brighter, like a diamond,” called out Cast Iron; and by this time he was jumping and shaking like a scared old jack rabbit. “Sa-a-a-ay! It’s beautiful! Wonder what it can be.” said Timber softly, almost to himself.

“I don’t see no light,” Wheezer insisted. “Even if it wuz there, prob’ly just a bush fire. I’m goin’ to get some sleep—and if you guys had any sense, you’d get some too!” And he started pulling off his heavy boots.









Cast Iron almost said something not very nice to Wheezer, but Timber glanced at him, and his mouth shut up like a trap door. He turned and looked at the light, then in a flash he jerked his head back and he was listening.

“Hear that?” he whispered. “Singin’ – voices singin’ together!”

Timber listened. “Yes, you’re right,” he said. “Gosh, that’s queer,” he said. “Why should people be singing out here?”

As they listened, the voices rang out clear and beautiful; and suddenly one solitary voice seemed to speak to Timber. “Follow the light,” it said. And Timber somehow knew he had to.

“I got an idea the singin’s something to do with that light. Maybe we should ride over that way – find out what it’s all about.”



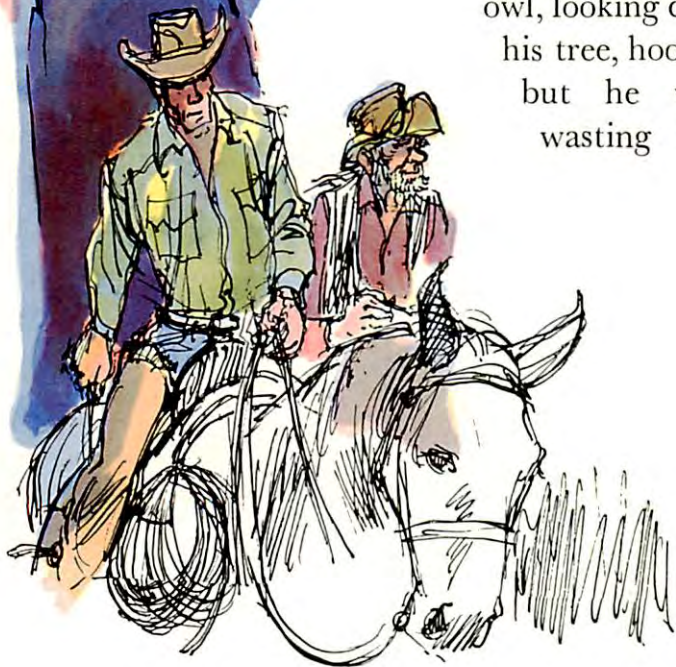
“I’m game,” said Cast Iron. And at that, they began to pack. But try as they would, they couldn’t get Wheezer to go. He just grumbled and growled and said they were crazy, and rolled over in his blanket nearer to the fire.

So the two cowboys, Timber and Cast Iron, started out on their ride alone. Little did they know what lay ahead. All through the night they rode towards the light. It was cold – very cold, because they were riding higher and higher toward Pinto, and the wind swished fiercely through the trees. In the distance they could hear the wolves. Their howls sounded like a freight train whistling in the frosty air.

Cast Iron shivered a little, but pretended it was the cold that made him that way. Timber looked straight ahead as he rode, and still that voice, seeming to be inside him, said, “Follow the light.” Once, as they passed under a huge fir tree, an owl



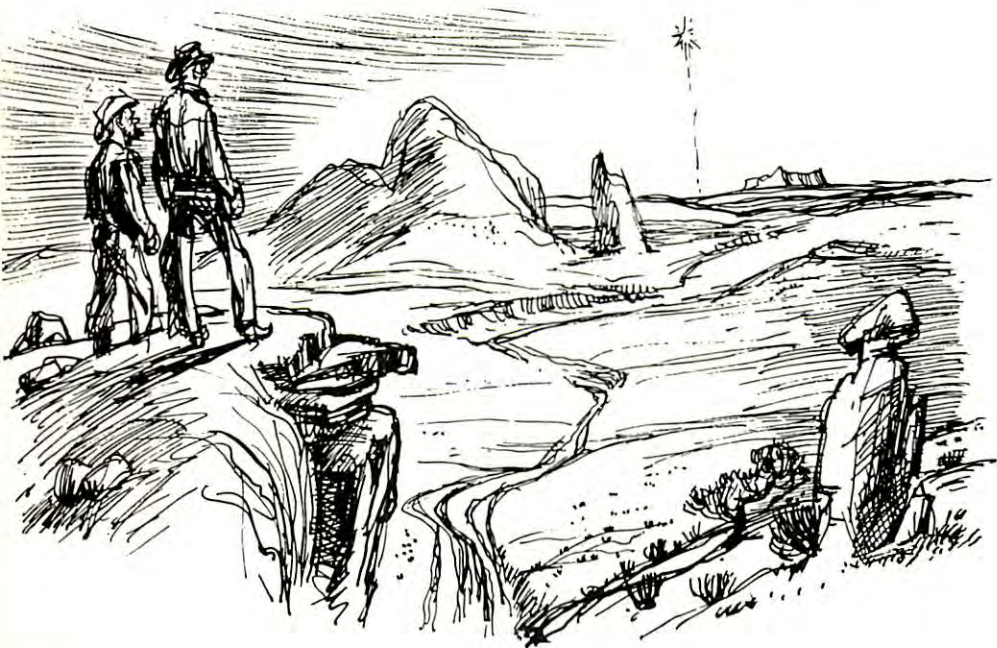
hooted. Cast Iron's horse, Soapsuds, stopped, pricked up his ears, and refused to go another step. Cast Iron dug his spurs in, but Soapsuds just bucked and then stopped dead again. Timber laughed, and Cast Iron began to get angry; but soon Soapsuds quietened down and began trotting ahead once more. The owl, looking down from his tree, hooted again; but he was only wasting his time.



Soapsuds and Foggy broke into a canter, and disappeared round a curve in the trail with Timber singing: —

O, the world's kinda' wild and weary,  
Like the heart of an old mustang;  
But I know sure as shootin' that the way I live  
Is the key to the whole shebang.

All that night they rode, without sleep. The horses had a drink or two, but the snow was deep



as they rode up the pass toward Pinto. About six in the morning dawn began to appear. Somehow the light they had seen in the sky stayed, and as the two riders came to the top of the pass they saw what it was. It was a star! A bright star as gay and colourful as a Christmas tree in a window. And its light seemed to make a path right across the great valley below them.





They decided to stop and light a fire, at the top of the Pass, and in no time at all they were frying bacon and chewing on a loaf of bread, while Cast Iron made coffee, as only a cowboy can.

“Boy, it smells good!” thought Timber. “But I wish there was enough food for the horses too.”

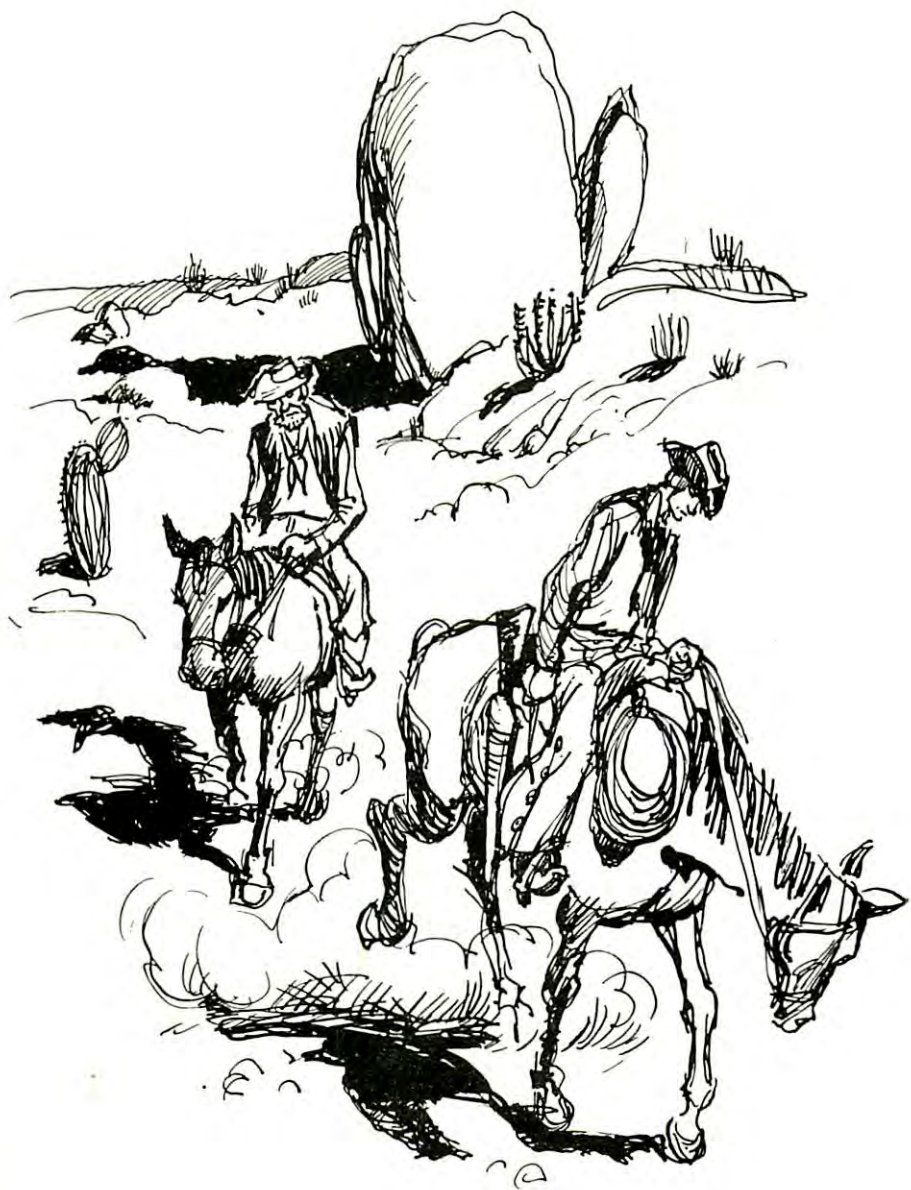
Suddenly a voice inside him, as if in answer to his thoughts, seemed to say, “There is plenty for all your needs. Follow the light.”



They finished eating quickly, and started down the other side of Pinto Mountain. It was a very narrow trail, and they had to stumble over many fallen trees and through deep gullies where the snow had melted and run down the mountain in streams.

Hour after hour they rode, and when they reached the floor of the valley below, they were happy to discover that it was much warmer. Late that morning they came to some grassy slopes, where the horses were allowed to munch to their hearts' content, while Timber and old Cast Iron







curled up under a tree and dozed.

All that day the two cowboys rode, and the farther they rode, the hotter it became. Eventually they reached a dry and dusty valley, and again the star lighted their way across it. Oh, but it was hot now! The horses were soaked with perspiration. They nodded and plodded along gamely enough, but always looking like they would give their lives for a long cool drink. Gradually the riders began to tire, and then—the doubts came.

“We can’t keep up this pace much longer,” said Timber, glumly.

“What’s that?” asked Cast Iron. “You ready to give up?”

“The horses are all in.”

“So am I! What’ll we do? Turn back?”

“Guess we’d better,” replied the tall cowboy.

But no sooner had he said that than he felt sorry. Why give in now? And still that voice seemed to say, “Follow the light—just follow the light.”

“Let’s keep going, Cast Iron,” he said, more cheerfully. And Cast Iron was so surprised by the

sudden change in Timber's voice and face that he agreed. Even the horses seemed to brighten up, and began to trot. A few minutes later the men let out a whoop as they saw a lovely cool stream trickling along the valley. In a moment horses and men were drinking.

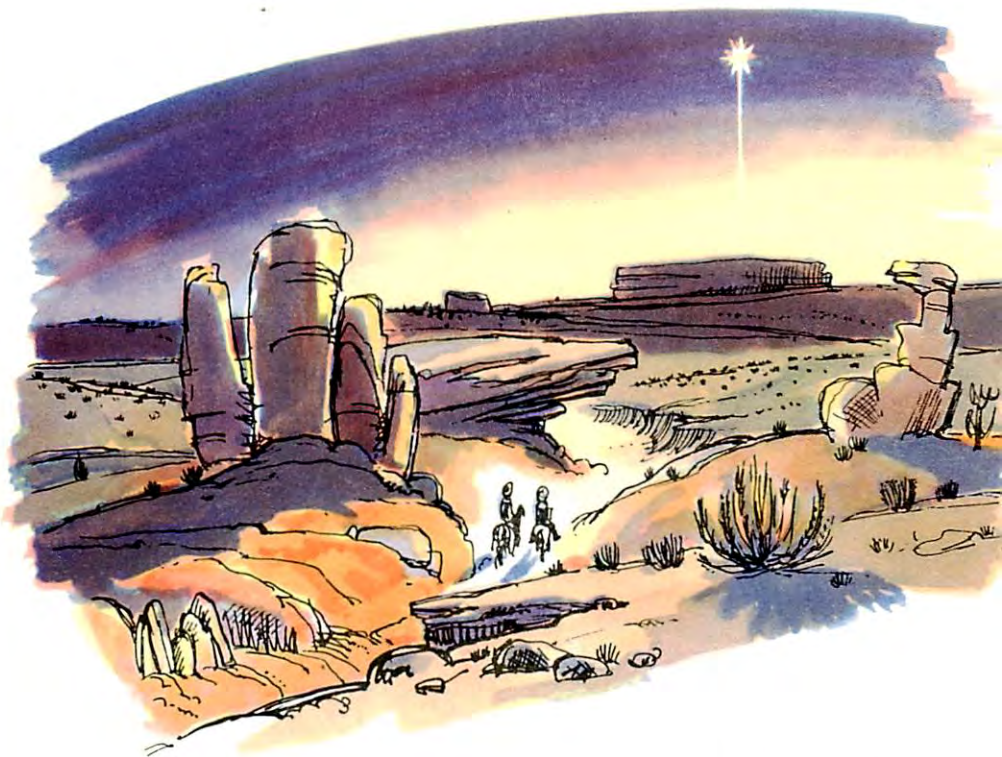
"It's like the best ice-cream in the world," grinned Cast Iron as he dipped his face into the water. "How about a swim?"

Quickly they undressed and plunged in, splashing about like ten-year-old boys. Farther down stream they saw a coyote taking a drink. Usually a cowboy will kill a coyote because it practically lives on sheep and young calves and chickens; but these two were having such a good time and the coyote was so thirsty that they paid little attention to each other. After their swim, they mounted their horses and set off again.

Late in the afternoon they came across a rancher driving home a wagon load of grain. They bought a bag of oats from him, and soon Soapsuds and Foggy were having a treat, while the men prepared their evening meal.







That night they crossed the desert, glad that they were able to ride across without the hot sun. They followed a trail that straggled through the sage bush and dried-up cactus. It was a faint trail, used only by horses and wagons, but the brilliance of the star seemed to light it up like daytime.

Towards morning they came to an old broken-down hotel, and decided to get some sleep. They

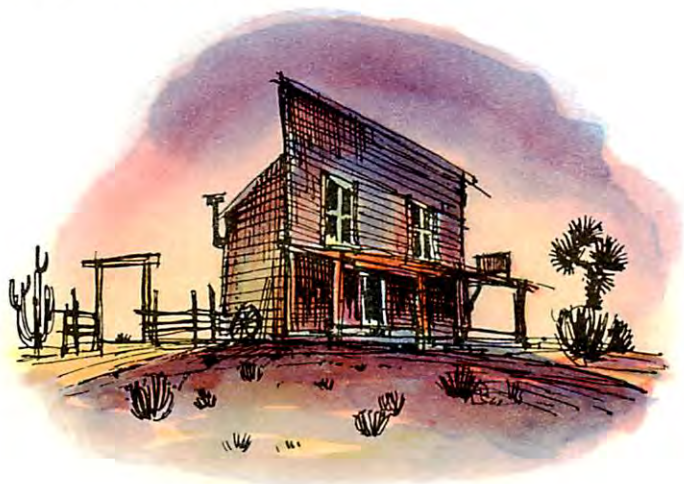
knocked on the door for a long time, and eventually a drowsy voice bellowed from an upper window, "Who's there, doggone it?"

"Couple o' cowhands would like a bed for a few hours," called back Timber.

"Ain't no room left!"

"Oh, oh," mumbled Cast Iron; but the voice went on. "If you're tired enough, you can go bunk up in the old barn behind." And they heard the window slam down.

As they walked around to the back, they stopped suddenly at what they saw. For some strange reason, the light from the star seemed to spray all around the backyard of the hotel!



“Well, I’ll be horn-swoggled!” cried Cast Iron. “It’s like one of them miracles we was talkin’ about!”

Timber was very silent. He was remembering the voice that had kept saying, “Follow the light.”

They walked softly across the white yard to a big corral, leading Soapsuds and Foggy with them. Tying the horses to the fence, they unsaddled them and opened the corral gate. The horses trotted in and frisked along the fence, nodding their heads in gratitude—glad to be free from saddles and bridles.

Cast Iron and Timber walked to the barn, opened the big wooden door very carefully and looked in. There was a strange atmosphere about the inside. It was dark. Not a sound, and not a soul around. Cast Iron struck a match, and on one of the stall gates he saw a partly used candle. He lighted it and used it to look around. It was a simple barn, with two or three stalls on one side, with horse blankets and harness hanging on them.

“Guess this means we sleep in the hay,” said Cast Iron cheerlessly. “Following that star ain’t got us a bed, anyways.”







“I could sleep on a gravel road,” yawned Timber.  
“Hay looks mighty good to me.”

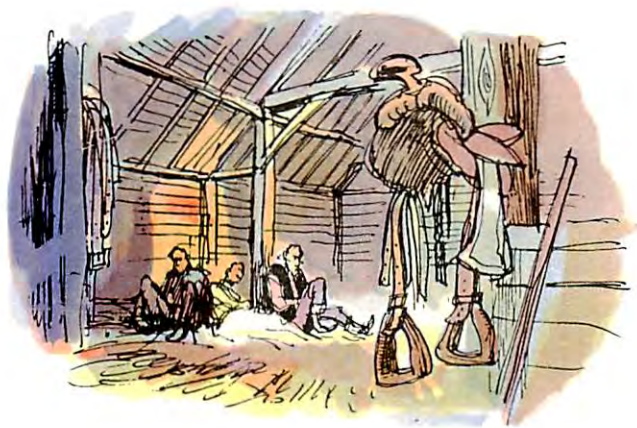
They settled down, and Cast Iron was just going to blow out the candle, when they saw the big door swing slowly open. It creaked and squeaked and groaned, and in a moment they saw a dark shape. Cast Iron reached for his gun.

“Put your hands up!” he ordered.

“You couldn’t hit the side of a barn, you old fool,” replied a very familiar voice, and none other than Wheezer himself was standing in the door with a lantern in his hand.

“How’d you get here?” asked Timber in amazement.

“Oh, I—ah—well, I—oh, I dunno, guess I just followed along.” Wheezer was very embarrassed as he talked. It seemed that he had found he didn’t want to stay behind alone after all. A few hours





after the others had left, he had begun to get curious about the light—then decided to follow. Yes, he guessed there *could* have been a light—well *maybe* there was a light—there *was* a light. And when this truth finally came out, Wheezer unrolled his blanket and lay down to sleep. They were three tired cowboys, and it wasn't long before all of them were snoring very like buzz saws—but not for long. Suddenly Timber woke with a jump—there was that strange sound of singing voices again—the same singing voices he had heard in camp!

“Hey, you guys, listen!” he whispered.

The others stirred and sat up. Soon the voices died down, and the three cowboys looked at each other in amazement. Suddenly they realised that a man had stepped through the door, and was standing near them. *Now* what? they thought.

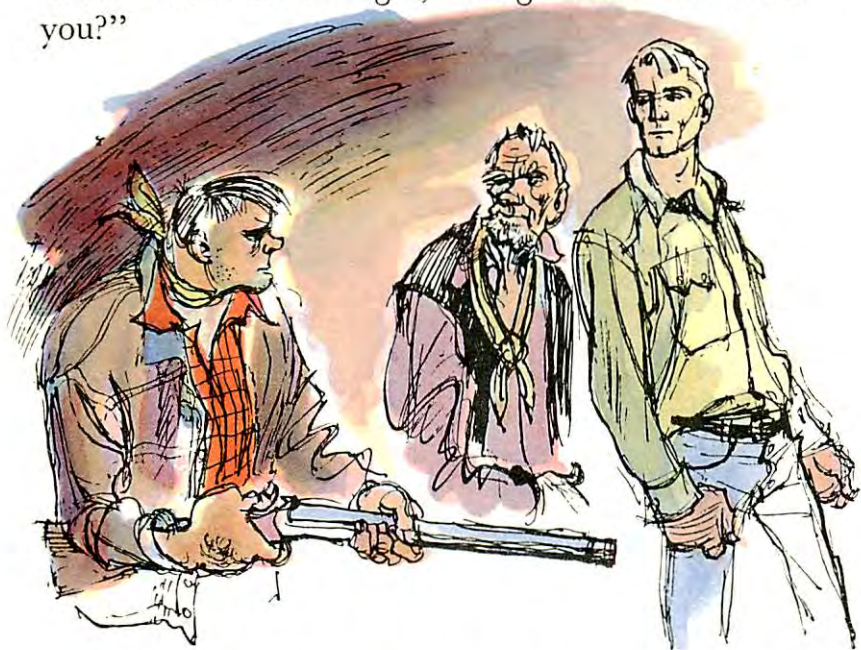
“I take it you are surprised at those voices singing,” said the man in a kindly tone. Wheezer was suspicious.

“Well,” said Cast Iron slowly, “come to think of it—”

Wheezer stepped towards the man, his rifle in his



hand. "Hold on stranger," he growled. "Who are you?"



"Oh, I'm a stranger here too," said the man, — as Timber pushed Wheeler's gun aside.

"Just spending the night. Tell me, what brings you three men to this old barn?"

"We followed the light—" began Cast Iron.

"Could it have been a star?" asked the kindly man.





“The brightest one we ever saw” said Timber. “You see, we were camping out with the cattle, and we got to talkin’ about how the world needs somethin’ new to start people livin’ right—a sort of—”

“A miracle!” interrupted Cast Iron.

“And then you saw the light in the sky!” said the man very quietly.

“Hey! How d’you know that?” Wheezer demanded.

“Oh, that’s simple,” said the visitor. “I’ve come to believe in miracles so much lately—you see one just happened to me. And I believe it is the very miracle you men were saying had got to happen.”

By this time the three cowhands were on their feet. And just then the singing voices began again.

“Hey, what is all that singing—?” began Cast Iron. “Who—?”





The man looked at him.  
“Those are angels,” he said.

Just then the voices multiplied, and the music soared and soared about the four men.

The look on Wheezer’s face turned from scorn to something that could have been fear. “I don’t believe it! Ain’t no such thing as angels,” he declared. But his lips began to tremble.

Timber stepped closer to the kindly man. “What is your name, Mister?” he asked.

“Joseph,” answered the man; and slowly he turned and walked along the barn to one of the stalls. At the same moment, there was







another surge of musical sound, this time rich and powerful. He beckoned, and the three men followed him. Just as they reached the stall, a ray of light shone through the window. It was the light of the star, but much brighter now. The light filled the stall, and almost blinded them with its brilliance. Then, to their amazement, they saw a young lady singing softly to a tiny baby, wrapped in white cloth and lying on the straw in one of the cattle troughs.

“You see, there was no room in the inn,” said the man Joseph.

No one needed to say another word. They felt somehow that here was the miracle. Here was the answer to all the fears, the greed and the hates of men everywhere.

Wheezer’s face was a picture, because, somehow, all the hard wrinkles seemed to go. He took off his hat, slowly, and then big tears filled his eyes—and he knelt down. When Cast Iron saw that he bowed his head, and Timber began to smile the warmest smile of his life.



“Gosh, the whole world ought to know about this,” said Timber to Joseph.

“They will,” said Joseph. “Look!” and he turned toward the door of the barn. The neighbours for miles around were pouring in. They had followed the star too. There were ranchers, storekeepers, bankers, cowboys, children, all by the dozen, and then came people from many countries, dressed in





their best clothes—rich and poor alike, and they brought gifts, and they sang, and all the time the three cowboys knew this was the beginning of the new world—the world that everyone wanted.

As Timber looked at the Child in the crib, he softly strummed his guitar, and he sang:—

There'll be a new world beginnin' from t'-night!  
There'll be a new world beginnin' from t'-night!  
When I climb up to my saddle,  
Gonna take Him to my heart—  
There'll be a new world beginnin' from t'-night.  
Right across the prairie,  
Clear across the valley,  
Straight across the heart of ev'ry man,  
There'll be a right new brand o' livin'  
That'll sweep like lightnin' fire  
And take away the hate from every land.







# The Cowboy Carol

Words & Music by Cecil Broadhurst  
arr. Frances Roots Hadden

*With swinging rhythm*

*p*

There'll be a new world be-gin-nin' from t'- night!

*p*

This system contains the first musical staff with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the beginning of the piano part.

There'll be a new world be-gin-nin' from t'- night!

This system contains the second musical staff with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* is present at the beginning of the piano part.

When I climb up to my sad-dle Gon-na take Him to my

This system contains the third musical staff with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.



heart! There'll be a new world be-gin-nin' from t'- night!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

— Right a-cross the prair-ie, Clear a-cross the

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a rest for the first measure, then continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

val - ley, Straight a-cross the heart of ev - 'ry

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern established in the previous systems.



man, ————— There'll be a right new brand of



The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, starting with a whole note 'man,' followed by a series of eighth notes: 'There'll be a right new brand of'. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

liv - in' That'll sweep like light-nin' fire And take a -



The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line in the upper staff has eighth notes: 'liv - in' That'll sweep like light-nin' fire And take a -'. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chords with a flat sign.

- way the hate from ev - 'ry land.



The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line in the upper staff has a half note '- way' followed by eighth notes 'the hate from ev - 'ry land.' The piano accompaniment in the lower staff continues with eighth-note patterns, ending with a double bar line.





*p*

There'll be a new world be-gin-nin' from t' -

*p*

- night!                    There'll be a new world be -

- gin-nin' from t' - night! \_\_\_\_\_                    When I



climb up to my sad - dle Gon-na take Him to my

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are "climb up to my sad - dle Gon-na take Him to my". The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

*mf*  
heart! There'll be a new world be - gin - nin' from t' -

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are "heart! There'll be a new world be - gin - nin' from t' -". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chords marked with *mf*.

- night! Yay!

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note for "- night!" followed by a rest and then "Yay!". The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and block chords in the right hand.



Yip - pee! We're gon - na ride the trail!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a fermata over the first note, followed by the lyrics 'Yip - pee! We're gon - na ride the trail!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Yay! Yip - pee! We're gon - na ride to

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Yay! Yip - pee! We're gon - na ride to'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

day! When I climb up to my sad - dle Gon - na

S  
A  
T  
B

*p* *pp* *pp* *pp*

The third system introduces four vocal parts: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). The lyrics 'day! When I climb up to my sad - dle Gon - na' are distributed among these parts. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) for the vocal line, and *pp* (pianissimo) for the piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final notes.





take Him to my heart! There'll be a new world be -

*mf*

-gin-nin' from t' - night!  
 from t' - night! New world be - gin - nin'

*f* from t' - night! New world be - gin - nin' from t' -

New world t' -



from t' - night, from t' - night!

- night, be - gin - nin' from t' - night!

- night, New world be - gin - nin' from t' - night!

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in a soprano and alto register, respectively. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

The second system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, which are mostly rests in this system. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, continuing the rhythmic pattern from the first system. The system concludes with a double bar line and a *ppp* dynamic marking.

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