DOC WILLIAMS

Border Riders

FAMILY ALBUM

39 Pictures  14 Songs

Price 25 cents
FOREWORD

Friends, from time to time during the past three years we have presented to you song books, pictures, etc., trying to satisfy your curiosity about our little family, the Border Riders. It seems that we have never quite succeeded. What are our personal lives? Naturally every one is entitled to, and, has some sort of personal life. In this book we will attempt to show to you that we live normally and happily just as perhaps your own little family group. We are just plain red-blooded, freedom-loving American citizens who live life just as you do. Nothing fancy, nothing high-brow—just satisfied in doing our job—trying to make you forget your troubles.

Our job of pleasing you is not quite so easy as it may seem. We have our hundreds of human troubles just as you do. We have often asked you to send in your letters, to support our program, and to come to our personal appearances. Why? Simply because in this way we have a better chance of meeting you and thereby learning what we can do to please you. Can any of you accuse us of not working toward this end? This is the means of livelihood we have chosen because we love radio and stage work. As a doctor derives deep satisfaction from relieving the ailments of your body, we derive a particular pleasure from relieving the boredom of your everyday existence.

In our contacts with you, we have discovered that you would like to know more about our personal lives. Therefore, we are presenting this book to you. We feel that you will be pleasantly surprised with some of its facts, and sincerely hope that you will enjoy it more than any that you have had. We have tried to make it better and more interesting, and it gives you a glimpse of our personal lives.

May we take this opportunity to thank you a thousand times for helping us to do our job well, and to thank you for the many, many hours of happiness that you have brought into our lives.

Your sincere friends,

DOC WILLIAMS BORDER RIDERS
THEME SONG

We are the happy Border Riders
Who ride down that old Border trail
We are here to bring you cheer
And to sing you songs so dear
That will tell you of that old Border trail.
Ridin' down that old Border trail
Ridin' down that old Border trail
We will try to make you smile
And to make it worth your while
If you'll tune us in for just a little while.

Arranged by Doc Williams

The Border Riders as you know us—left to right—Curley, Froggie, Sunflower, Brother Cy and Doc.
"I WANT TO ASK THE STARS"

I wanna ask the stars in the sky
Why I sit so lonely and cry
My pals around me seem happy
So I ask you why shouldn't I?
But somehow I'm so sad and lonely
I just sit alone and cry
I'm lonely and sad, downhearted and blue
I wish I had something to do.

A pal of mine got killed 'neath the stars
He had just come back from the bars
I think about him and worry
He died unprepared to go.
Oh, gee, I'm so sad and lonely
I just sit alone and cry
I'm lonely, sad, down-hearted and blue
I wish I had something to do.

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"I WANT TO BE IN COWBOY'S HEAVEN"

There's a place that I love so
Jimmy Rodgers is there, I know
And he's yodeling this Cowboy's Heaven song.

Yodel:

Chorus:

I want to be in Cowboy's Heaven tonight
I want to see all my friends up there
I want to learn to rope and to ride up there
That's where I want to be
Up in Heaven tonight, with a light by my side
To show me the way up there
The Angels will take me by the hand
Up in Cowboy's Heaven tonight.

Yodel:

Copyright 1939 by Froggie Cortez

There they are—Did you guess right?—Mr. and Mrs. Brother Cy and Sunflower.
"COURTIN' IN THE RAIN"

Chorus:

Courtin' in the rain
Courtin' in the rain
I never knew what Courtin' was
'Till I courted in the rain.

Recite: Well, it was rainin' awful hard one day, and I met a little girl. She had a lot of bundles in her hand. I asked the girl if I could help her carry her bundles home. She said it'd be all right. Boy! That made me feel so good!

Repeat Chorus:

Recite: So-so I carried the girl's bundles home and then I asked her if I could come up and see her some time. She said it'd be all right. Boy! It made me feel so good!

Repeat Chorus:

Recite: So I went up to the girl's house the other night and I asked the girl if she would marry me. She said you'll have to see Pa about that. That didn't make me feel so good!

Repeat Chorus:

Recite: So-so I went up to see the girl's Pa and I asked him if I could marry his daughter. He said, "You go-you go to-you go right ahead son." Gee! but that made me feel so good!

Repeat Chorus:

Arranged and Compiled by Froggie Cortez

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BORDER RIDERS

Brother Cy, (Milo Smik) was born July 31, 1918.

Doc estimates that in the last six years he has traveled a total of 300,000 miles, to and from Personal Appearances.

Curley Simms' little son is just about a year old. His name is Leanord Lee Simms. (Lenny for short)

Doc and Brother Cy's mother and father are both living and well.

Vacation Time: 1) Doc gettin' ready to saddle and ride, 2) Froggie tamin' an outlaw, 3) Well, he's on, 4) Nope, he's off—boy bet'll it hurt, 5) Curley with the breakfast catch, 6) Dale Kulin, one of the three original Border Riders (the other two were Brother Cy and Doc), 7) Just pals—Doc and Cy's three-year old brother Bobby and you remember Jo-Jo, 8) "Some life eh, Jo-Jo," 9) "I have a dog, too," 10) The ghost takes Froggie for a ride in Doc's plane, 11) After the ride. It was too much for Froggie, 12) Sunflower and Doc gettin' a little close, 13) Sunflower and Doc canoeing, 14) Brother Cy takes Froggie for a motorcycle ride, no fear of an accident while Froggie's feet act as a front bumper, 15) Curley dived into the river, clothes and all, for turtle soup, 16) Just gyping feet—in Idaho, Doc and Fran, 17) Doc and Froggie,赟ing in Great Salt Lake, (both dead.)
“I MISS MY OL’ GUITAR”

Since I left the blue skies of Texas
And the dear old prairies behind
I’ve had lonely nights, in cities so bright
No wonder my heart aches and pines.
I miss the camp-fire burning bright
I’m lonesome for the moon and stars
But most of them all, when night-shadows fall
I’m lonesome for my ol’ guitar.

Chorus:
Gee, but I feel so lonesome
No wonder I feel so blue
I’m dreaming afar, of my ol’ guitar
Dear old pal, how I miss you.

Many a night when I was lonely
I’d be found with my ol’ guitar
My horse rode along, while I sang a song
As we rode ’neath the Texas stars.
I gave them all, a city to dwell
Oh, what a fool I was to roam
For I left behind, that old pal of mine
And I miss it, now that I’m alone.

Compiled by Doc Williams

“HILL-BILLY SWEETHEART”

When the curtains are drawn
At the close of the day
And my love has fallen to sin
There are pictures that bring
Back sweet memories to me
Of my love who has fallen to sin.

Chorus:
Won’t you bring back my Hillbilly sweetheart
My heart is aching with pain
Won’t you bring back my Hillbilly sweetheart
And let us be happy again.

’Twas a year ago last May
They took her away
And left me all alone
In dreams I can see
Her still waiting for me
In the Mountains of old Tennessee.

Copyright 1939 by Doc Williams and Froggie Cortez
SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BORDER RIDERS

The Border Riders were organized three years ago, with three members: Doc Williams, Brother Cy, (then called Cyclone), and Dale Kuhn.

Curley Sims’ ancestors roamed the plains of Oklahoma. His full name is Leonard Sims. He is about one-fourth Cherokee Indian—the other part Irish.

Froggie Cortez’s little daughter was born Aug. 18, 1939. Her name is Mary Catherine Cortez. (Nitty for short)

Doc and Brother Cy come of a family of five children. Doc, Cy, Helen (only sister), Johnny and Bobby.

Doc owns a 40 hp. Taylor Cub light plane. He loves to spend every hour that he can in the air.

Sunflower was born Oct. 23, 1919, at Davis, W. Va. Her given name is Mary Virginia Calvas.

Mrs. Curley Sims, (Hilda Murdock) was formerly a McDonald, Pa. girl.

James J. (Froggie) Cortez comes of a family of 15 children, 10 boys and 5 girls. He was born Dec. 5, 1914. His mother and father are now both dead.

Doc Williams was born June 26, 1914.

Curley Sims’ mother and father have now both passed on. His father just died recently.

Mrs. Froggie Cortez hails from Kittanning, Pa. Her former name was Nellie Leamon.

Chickie’s full name is Jesse Wanda Crupe. She is a Washington, Pa. High School graduate (’38).

Doc William’s real name is Andrew Smik, Jr. Doc Williams is his stage name.

Curley Sims was born Dec. 13, 1911.

Sunflower’s mother and father are both living. Her mother is Irish—father, Italian.

PICTURES AND SONGS OF THE BORDER RIDERS

“THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS”

Oh, those beautiful hills in the land that I love
Where my memories still linger so dear
And the one that I love, sends a prayer up above
That I’ll be returning some day.

Chorus:

Oh, those beautiful hills, those beautiful hills
How I long for those beautiful hills
Still I know that some day
I’ll return there to stay
Among those beautiful hills.

Oh, I promised them I’d stay, and I made their hearts gay
When I roamed those beautiful hills
Now I’ve left my old home, oh, why did I roam
And leave their memories so sad?

Chorus:

Copyright 1938 by Doc Williams

“OLD VILLAGE STORE”

I’ve a story to tell of a place I love so well
There was only one main street
But the place could not be beat
All the folks for miles around gathered in that town
to loaf at the old Village store.

Chorus:

Oh! Down at the old Village store
Where the Hillbillies met in days of yore
They spun yarns, they cracked jokes
Till the place was blue with smoke
Each had a story hard to beat
Cracker barrels served as seats
With now and then a good old checker game
They told how to run the government
And how our taxes should be spent
Down at the old Village store.

Now my story I’ve told of a town so brave and bold
Folks don’t say this isn’t true that would make me very blue
For as true as there’s a sun
My Grandad was one
Who loafed at the old Village store.

Copyright 1938 by Doc Williams and Na McCall
“OH, LORD, SHOW US THE LIGHT”

While riding along through Kentucky one night
I looked at the stars shining bright
I prayed to the Lord up in Heaven that night
To show me that Heavenly light.

Chorus:
Oh, Lord, please show me the light
For you sure warned me that night
I looked at the moon it was shining so bright
Oh, Lord, please show me the light.

Now we rode along forty miles or so
And the moon it grew very dim
I said to my brother who was driving the car
"Are you sure you know where we are?"

Chorus:
Oh, Lord, please show us the light
For we want to get home tonight
Our wives they are waiting to greet us tonight
Oh, Lord, please show us the light.

So when we reached home our two wives sat alone
His wife with a babe in her arms
She said it’s too late, he has passed through the gate
Our darling has gone on before.

Chorus:
Yes, God, he called him away
While you were working one day
So now us repent and meet the one God sent
We can see him in Heaven that day.

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BORDER RIDERS

Sunflower and Brother Cy were married May 19, 1939, at Wheeling, W. Va.
The day before the Border Riders left for their summer vacation.

Mrs. Doc Williams (Chickie) is also learning to fly.

Doc Williams and Curley Sims started to broadcast together six years ago,
on Radio Station WJAY, Cleveland, Ohio.

PICTURES AND SONGS OF THE BORDER RIDERS

JUST PALS — BOBBY AND JO-JO

“BEST PAL I HAD”

Best pal I had is dead and gone
He left me here to roam alone
But some old day I’ll see him
And then I’ll shake his hand
But it will be in the Promised Land.

We’ve roamed the hills and meadows gay
Been caught in rain in many a day
Of course we didn’t mind it
‘Cause we were full of play
And now it’s ended another way.

Yes, pal’s gone, and I’m so sad
If I could see him, I’d be glad
But I’ll just keep awaiting
Some day to shake his hand
But it will be in another land.

He’s up in Heaven now, I know
And I am here on earth below
But I’ll just keep awaiting
I’ll see him soon I know
When Jesus says, “It’s time to go.”

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"MY OLD BROWN COAT AND ME"

The moon was out, the stars were bright
The larks were singing free
Come listen while I sing about
My old brown coat and me.

My father was an honest man
Though very poor was he
He used to live in yonder hut
That stands down by the sea.

I worked upon my father's farm
'Till I was twenty-one
I took a farm then of my own
And a man's life begun.

I fell in love with Mary Braid
Her father owned a store
There never was a girl beloved
So tenderly before.

But Mary Braid was very proud
And haughty as could be
She oft times said she ne'r would wed
My old brown coat and me.

I did not stop to plead the case
For pleading was in vain
I bid adieu to Mary Braid
Ne'r saw her face again.

There's forty summers o'er my head
There's riches in my store
My children play out on the green
My wife stands in the door.

I've land enough, I've money enough
I've houses tall and high
There's not a squire in all this land
Can wear such clothes as I.

Now Mary Braid was very proud
And haughty as could be
She was wedded to a Lawyer's son
Who's name was Josa Lee.

He wore a coat all shiny black
And looked so very grand
That Mary fancied he would make
A noble and true man.

Now Mary's husband he became
A pirate on the sea
She oft times said she wished she'd wed
My old brown coat and me.

Now girls when you are called to choose
The bank that bends the knee
Think of the fate of Mary Braid
My old brown coat and me.

Remember that an old brown coat
And not so very grand
Can cover up as warm a heart
As any in the land.

Sent in by Amos Riggle, age 71, Compiled by Dee Williams
“MISSUS SADIE”

Oh, Missus Sadie, she was a lady
She had a daughter whom I adored
I used to court her, I mean the daughter
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday afternoon
At half-past four.
Missus Sadie, she was a lady
She had a daughter whom I adored
She called me honey, she asked for money
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday afternoon
At half-past four.
I asked her daughter if she would marry me
I asked her mother and father too
Ain’t got no money, I love you honey
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday afternoon
At half-past four.
And now we’re married, and I’m so happy
With my Nellie whom I adore
Ain’t got no money, we have a baby
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday afternoon
At half-past four.

Compiled by Froogie Cortez and Doc Williams

“THREE TIMES THREE”

There’s a face I’ll always see
As she stood beside of me
And pointed to the problem on the board
Seems I still can hear her say
In her stern emphatic way
You’ll get that problem right or stay tonight.

Chorus:
Oh! three times three, it surely puzzled me
And when I answered ten, it wasn’t long ’til then
I was lying cross her knee
And the stars that I could see
As she put forth her utmost energy
Now you can bet I didn’t grin, ’cause my trousers they were thin
And with the boys I bet that I never would forget
What the answer was to three times three.

Altho now I’m old and grey
I will ne’er forget the day
I tried to do that problem on the board
It brings back old memories
When my teacher taught to me
What the answer was to 3x3.

Just pictures—here and there: 1) Cutley Sims, 2) Sunflower, 3) Brother Cy, 4) Doc, 5) Chickie, 6) Froogie, 7) Chickie, Sunflower, mother and Brother Bobby, 8) The little home-maker, Sunflower bakes a pie, 9) and 10) Little Miss Cortez missed the family picture so Doc snapped her with his candid camera, 11) 12) 13) 14) 15) and 16) are just a one-minute preview of the Typical American Home skit, presented by the Border Riders, starring Old Joe Clark and Nellie.
"DOVIE DARLING"

I've met girls from every country
I've met girls from every clime
But there's none as sweet as Dovie
And I long to call her mine.

What a blow that fate hath dealt me
Doomed to love until I die
A girl so sweet as you, dear
Who will ever pass me by:

All my days are spent in misery
And the nights are full of woe
But I'll always love you, darling
It don't matter where you go.

Yes, I'll always love you, Dovie
Tho I know that you don't care
May God bless and keep you always
That shall ever be my prayer.

Now, I know my love is hopeless
I have known it all along
But when I am long forgotten
Will you not forget my song:

So goodbye, my dearest Dovie
May you ever happy be
All my thoughts shall be of you, Dear
Will you sometimes think of me?

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BORDER RIDERS

Chickie (Mrs. Doc Williams) was born near Bethany, W. Va. but spent most of her life in Pa. She lived for a time in Phoenix, Arizona. Doc met her in Washington, Pa. Whenever the need arises, Chickie pinch-hits for Sunflower on the air and stage. She was born Feb. 13, 1919.

Doc and his wife expect to spend the summer in Del Rio, Texas.

All the small pictures in this book were taken by Doc with his own camera. (27)
"THE FIRST WHIPPOORWILL'S SONG"

When we heard the first whippoorwill's song
O meet me when daylight is fading
And is darkening into the night
When song birds are singing their vespers
And day is far vanished from sight
Then I will tell you, my darling
All the love I have cherished so long
If you will but meet me this evening
When you hear the first whippoorwill song

Whippoorwill-whippoorwill
When you hear the first whippoorwill's song
O meet me, sweetheart, meet me
When you hear the first whippoorwill's song.

It's said that what e'er sweet emotions
May be throbbing within a fond heart
When listening to whippoorwills singing
For a twelve months will never depart
So then we will meet in the woodland
Far away from the hurrying throng
And whisper our love to each other
When we hear the first whippoorwill's song

And in the long years of the future
Though duties may part us awhile
And on the return of this evening
We'll be severed by many a mile
Yet deep in our hearts we will cherish
The affections so fervent and strong
That we pledged to each other this evening
When we heard the first whippoorwill's song.

Sent in by Lydia Parmeck, Cleveland, Ohio, Compiled by Doc Williams