

THE OPEN DOOR

This is how a jolly tar'' expresses himself on the English countryside as seen through the open door of his Billet somewhere south of the border.
He is William Ewan son of Mr and Mrs Ewan King Street Stonehouse.

When ye're lie'n. in your wooden hut,
 Fifty feet by twenty four,
Gazing at the English countryside
 Thro' a left-wide-open door;
Then a longing stirs within ye,
 And ye often hear them say-
'It,s like bonny Scotland
 On a hazy Summers day.
But we miss the fine green hillsides,
 the valleys, glens and a',
And we miss the hour at eventide
 when dusk begins to fa'.
And wi' the view sae clearly seen
 Oor thochts gang back some years,
And as auld mem'ries flood oor mind,
 Oor e'en will flood wi' tears

Were back again tae schule-days
 When we played by lamp-post licht,
And"stokey,"that auld favourite,
 Wad be the rage a' nicht,
But that wis in the winter time,
 When nichts were lang and clear
Hoo different when the simmer cam''
 And nicht's were fine and clear.
When fruit was ripe for pu'in'
 And the gairdens, a' were fu',
Then Seivewright's pears and Manse's
 plooms.
I'll gart that nicht wad rue.
 And then there wis the gang's, ye ken,
And Raidin gaidens wis their hobby.
 But when auld Riddoch came in site,
up went the cry—the Bobby''
 An' mony the lad's been nabbed an a,
An' money a tear rushed tae an e'e,
 And money a quiverin' voice has said---
A'll sweir A'll it wisna me''

Ay these---the joyfu'moments,
 Wi' time spent a'mang the braes,
Are treasured mem'ries tae the lads,
 That war has sent their ways;
And be they 'neath a desert sun,
 I'm sure they share the mem'ries,
An open door gave me.

