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These things would never happen, were all men like Conscript Brown. But fighting was my business, such thoughts were not for me, I fought for rights, avenging wrongs that all men might be free; Or, was it just an idle dream?-this world's demo? cracy. In Northern Siberia, the town of Stanislau, Humble little village, made most of mud and straw; Where exiled Politicians used to plot and scheme. Now where hordes of bandits and Cooties reign su? preme . Where people live in terror and wolves howl through the night; 'Twas in this town of Stanislau I saw my damnest fight. Scouting for the C. E. F. along with twenty more. Our forces were in strength to south, but we were sent before. Mob armies occupied the town, upon destruction bent; Our business in the section was to ascertain their strength. Creeping on our bellies over frozen snow,. By the light of their camp-fires, I won't say all I saw; But I saw a child half naked, midst the howling drunken crowd, I saw her lashed to make her dance, I heard her scream aloud. A girl of wondrous beauty, soft form and tender years, Her eyes were wild, beseeching, her face was lined with tears, A girl abused by hundreds would make a heathen sore; I saw that we were helpless, and then I saw some more. A man leaped up beside me, I sprang to pull him down, I saw his features clearly, the man was Conscript Brown. I saw him pass their sentries, I saw him gain the town, I saw the mob surround him, I saw him beaten down. Then we left the ground together, with a kind of cursing sob. Twenty howling demons, a shame to any mob. My mind was kind of hazy, don't remember half the fight. It seemed to me a dozen times I lived and died that night; I was stabbed and clubbed and shot through, some? times up and sometimes down, I shot and stabbed at all I saw in that cursed town. Once lying in a pool of blood, I fancied I was dead. Yet when a Bolshevik went by, I shot him in the head. Then at last I heard a Bugle. Was it fever? or I dreamed? Like someone blowing cook-house, far, far away it seemed; And I thought I rode the "bumpers" on a freight train way back west. , 'Twas the M. O. who was probing for a bullet in my breast. When I saw that good old khaki, say it brought me back to life, I felt like one who rested after years and years of strife. The town was now in Christian hands, and seemed to know it too. Peasants smiled upon us, and I heard a rooster crow. Our losses were not heavy, except the scouts who fought ahead. And I had been with them had the mob not thought me dead. We gathered up their bodies from different parts of town. Right where the fighting started I picked up Con? script Brown. Clinging to him closely was the little form half dressed. Terror frozen on her face, a dagger in her breast. That's why I say, don't back the man who is thirst? ing for the fray. Sometimes the heroes are the ones who have the least to say. I have seen it proved a dozen times, I proved it in that town. Where Veterans were led into Hell, by little Con? script Brown. And he is lying in Lake Ivan, 'twas I who chopped his grave. And I carved out with my bayonet the words, "He died to save." Now when the Sun, when Sun there is, far off to west goes down. Its last rays kind of linger on a Cross marked. Conscript Brown. Historic Comfortable Dining Room Telegraph House "We stopped at the door of a very unhotel-like appearing hotel. It had in front a flower-garden; it was blazing with



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