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From Echoes from Labor's Wars- in a New Expanded Breton Books Edition by Dawn Fraser Breton Bool(s is honoured to announce Echoes from Labor's Wars • a new, expanded edition of Dawn Fraser's poetry and stories. With grit and humour, Dawn Fraser keeps alive powerful Cape Breton experiences and the hope of a better world. Fraser's stuff is two-fisted, face-to-face, and strong. Including an extremely useful introduction to Dawn Fraser and Cape Breton by David Frank and Don MacGillivray, this book is a compelling testament to courage, peace, and community. It belongs in every home and in every school. Here are two examples from the book: Away, False Teachings of My Youth At the McLachlan trial in Halifax, the crown prosecutor said that it did not matter whether the statements published by the accused were true or not, that sometimes it was against the law to tell the truth. Right there perished all hope of justice. How are we to know which truths are against the law? A conscientious witness might hesitate to tell the truth. Some truths are against the law. What truths? With truth goes justice, and the hope of justice. The oath is: "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" How can one tell the whole truth when some truths are against the law? Search me! "Speak the truth and speak it ever; cost it what it will." • Extract from elementary schoolbook. Away, false teachings of my youth, It's now a crime to speak the truth; This man of law has so decreed That it's a base and foul deed Well meriting the dungeon cell For anyone to boldly tell. Yes it's a crime for me or you To state a thing we know is true. Thank God, I'm getting old and grey, I'd hoped to never see the day This tortured world would recognize This modern champion of lies. What would our poor old mothers say? Which one of us forgets the day She urged upon our tender youth To love, uphold and speak the truth? The quality of guilt depends • Now, truth about the rich man's friends, Or any of the tribe about their tools • A bold exposure of their acts, A fearless statement of the facts, May summon up a gallows grim Or hang the prison chains on him. So, let us warn the nation's youth That it's a crime to speak the truth; They make the law to fit the case, To lead McLachlan to disgrace. So crucify him on a cross Because he dared to sass the Boss, Because he had the guts to tell The company to go to hell. Dawn Fraser ECHOES FROM LABOR'S WARS 2ND EDITION To Order This Book, See Page 52. Flags Are Pieces of Cloth FLAGS ARE PIECES OF CLOTH. Flags are usually dyed some bright, more or less attractive colors. Some flags present certain bars and crosses, some have stars, stripes, circles, crescents, harps, dragons, orange bodies, green bodies, red bodies • and even the sinister skull and cross-bones of the notorious black flag or Jolly Roger. In certain ways flags are useful and harmless enough. Flags on the stem of a ship are useful to tell what port that ship hails from, or on public buildings they are useful to identify the City Hall or Post Office. It is only indeed when people begin to attach a sentimental interest to flags that they become harmful and a great agency of evil. Thousands of men and women have lost their lives as a result of this sentimental



in? terest which they allowed to become exaggerated into a kind of hysterical mania. Buckets of blood have been spilled in defense of the green flag and the orange flag, and for what those flags were supposed to represent. Rich men and capitalists with property to protect in certain foreign lands, have very cleverly arranged to