Remembrance Day a poem by Jean Lambert As for World War II That was a different (comparatively speak When, as countrymer We pledged an hone To German and Japa (Or so they told us) Soldiers were brave t

Remembering World War I Wear the Red Poppy — the sacred relic, Symbol of remembrance And of servility When my countrymen Were but Colonial spittle For England's tangled web Of power politics.

By all means, remember the dead And the maimed, or forgotten Still hanging by a fine spider's thread In the precarious web of Life; Honor and revere them Remembering that they honored "King and Country" As they were bidden to do In many disputed battles. As for World War II That was a different story (comparatively speaking) When, as countrymen, We pledged an honest and emphatic end To German and Japanese aggression — (Or so they told us) Soldiers were brave then As in World War I — In both wars they pitted their cunning Against visible and invisible odds.

And in the 50's The grandsons of my countrymen Fought again in Korea For the unattainable As they carried "Coals to Newcastle" and "Owls to Athens" Because the sands were running low again In the hourglass of global politics

Now, it is no longer possible To exhibit or exalt bravery Next time, it will be The glacial mathematics of computers — Of button pushing after alarms. Next time it will be But a matter of wind caprice — Of winds prevailing, Which hordes will die first Near the U.S.-Canadian border, In the nuclear holocaust.

On this day — in this hour, My countrymen, Relive old battles as you will — as you must — But do not revere the "system" — Honor our dear and our living, But do not exalt The sacred relic.

Jean Lambert has been a writer for most of her life. This poem was seven years in the making, and finished just months ago. The author is now retired and living in Dartmouth.

MON DIEU!

Review by ELLEN REYNOLDS

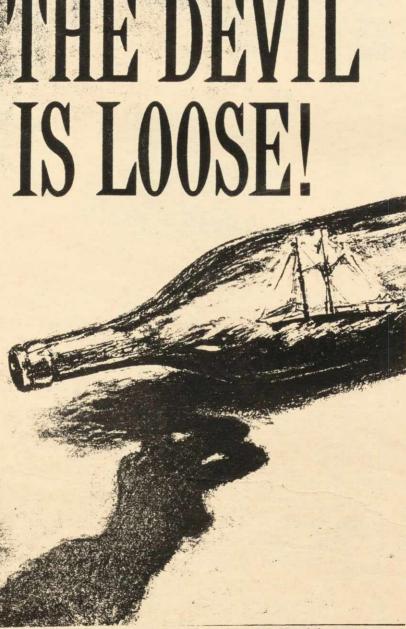
During the rum-running thirties, Crache-a-Pic is the Robin Hood of Acadia and the adventurous heroine of the high seas. With her unlikely crew and schooner, Crache-a-Pic outsmarts Dieudonne, the "boss of the Gulf" at his own bootlegging game.

"The Devil is Loose" is a tale of adventure and romance told by an imaginative and captivating storyteller. Old Clovis, the storyteller, who recounts the tale, takes you on a trip back to Acadia during the Depression, while prohibition was in effect and bootlegging was a major ocupation. The story winds through back roads and tosses on the rough sea as Crache-a-Pic, incognito or not, stays one step ahead of the evil Dieudonne and his ruthless sidekicks Black Willy and Joe Colossus. Protected by the spirit of legendary ancestors the reckless Crache-a-Pic never falters.

Dieudonne curses and swears to get even with the young Crache-a-Pic as she foils his deals with Al Capone and his rendezvous with smugglers from St. Pierre et Miquelon. It's not until Quicksilver, a courageous new constable, enters the picture that Crache-a-Pic may finally have met her match.

Many colourful characters are drawn into the story: Tobie, Crache-a-Pic's simple young brother who befriends a bear, Ti-Louis the Whistler who charms everyone with his harmonica, and a pair of twins who can't even tell each other apart. Most have descriptive nicknames like. Xavier-the-Hunchback, Jimmythe-Flea, Long-Tongue-Medard and Little-Next-to-Nothing which add to the folkloric atmosphere of the story.

Translated from French by Philip Stratford, the story retains



colloquial expressions and reveals an Acadian lifestyle of religious feast days, celebrations and music.

An Acadian descendant herself, Antonine Maillet has a long list of prize winning novels and it's easy to see why after reading *The Devil is Loose*. To take a break from your textbooks, curl up in an armchair and go on a bender with spirituous Old Clovis, the storyteller.

THE.DEVIL IS LOOSE BY ANTONINE MAILLET LESTER & ORPEN DENNYS

