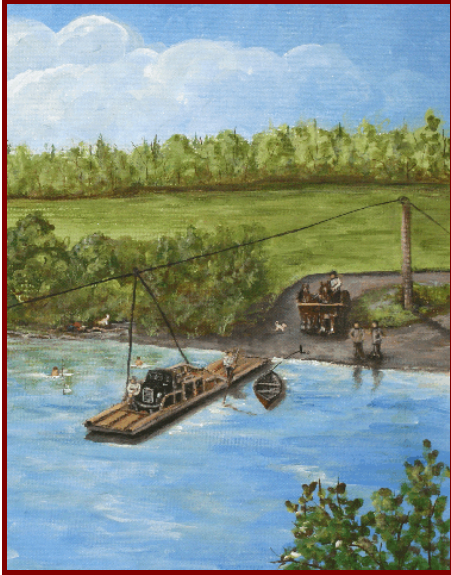
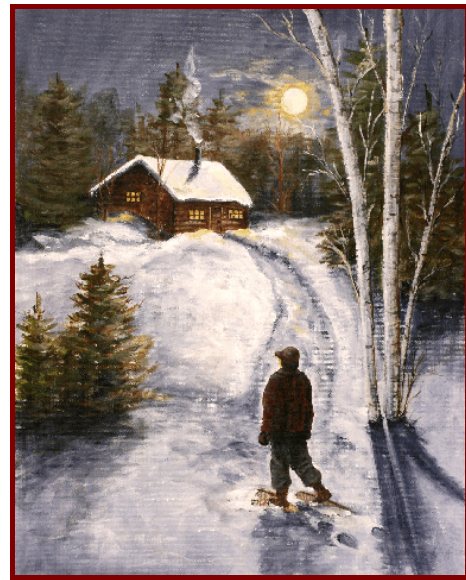


A IS FOR ALLAGASH *A Lumberjack's Life*

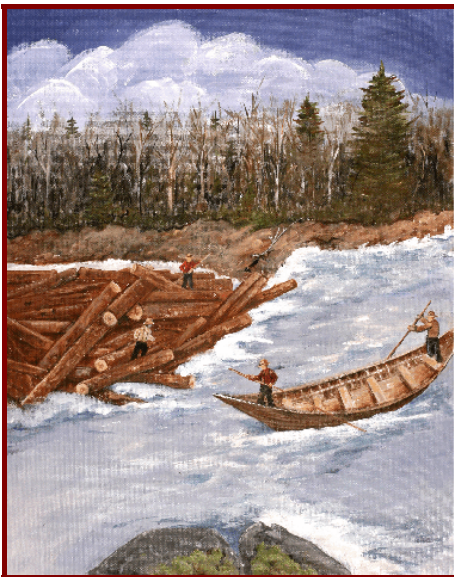
\$30.00/HARDBACK, FULL COLOR/26 ILLUSTRATIONS-PHOTOS
(Below are 2 pages with text/art samples...)



My father ran the ferry across the Allagash for thirty-seven summers. The ferry was a part of our lives.

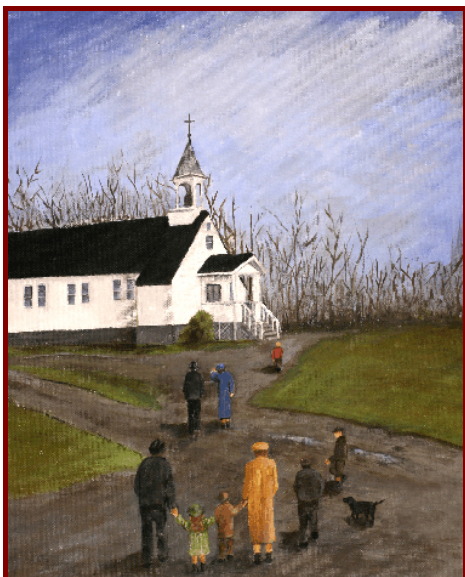


For the lamps, Papa would buy kerosene in a 5-gallon can or sometimes a full drum of it. To this day, the sight of a lamp burning on a table or in a window is one of the prettiest sights.



Each spring, the loggers would come down from the lumber camps, floating the logs in the river ahead of them. Millions of feet of lumber came down these rivers in Allagash, in the heyday of the log drives.

When we were really young boys, too young to work on the drive, we would hang out on the shores and watch the logs go by.



*We always walked up to the
St. Paul Catholic Church every Sunday.*

*Easter Sunday, was a very special day.
That's because Papa and I would get up early to
get our "Easter Water."*

*My mother read our fortunes in the tea leaves.
I don't remember her ever giving
anyone a bad fortune.*

*When I was a boy, the horse was our only means
of transportation. Mostly, they were used
in the woods for yarding logs.*



*My father, Tom, and Uncle Dennis. Uncle Dennis
knew the charm for stopping blood. It'll be a long
time before he's forgotten. He was one of a kind.*

