

BOOKS

by Glenna Johnson Smith

## A Is for Allagash: A Lumberjack's life

by Louis Pelletier and Cathie Pelletier

Illustrated by LuLu Pelletier

[www.NorthernMaineBooks.com](http://www.NorthernMaineBooks.com)

After reading *A is for Allagash* I feel acquainted with Louis Pelletier, partly because we were both born in 1920 and we both have lived all our decades in rural Maine. I feel close to his wife Ethel because as young girls we both loved poems and we both loved to draw pictures of plants.

Mr. Pelletier writes, "I wish folks would stop and appreciate what they have and where they've come from." My wish – that many young people will own this book and become acquainted with the man and his values. They will have fun reading and looking at the pictures, and they will be amazed at the differences between their lives and the life of the young Louis.

He wrote, "When I was a boy



there were no bridges." When he wanted to cross the Allagash River he had to wait for the ferry boat. When he was 15 he bought his first horse and did a man's work with it during planting and on a woods crew in winter. One time he bailed out an abandoned flat-bottomed boat, put his horse in it and traveled down river. He loved skating on the river. His brothers made their skates, using old saws for runners. In the evening his family enjoyed

playing the fiddle, singing, playing cards and most of all telling funny stories about themselves and others. At one time his life was saved by a flat tire.

Mr. Pelletier loves his homeland and is sensitive to his surroundings. Speaking of an old birch tree, he wrote, "It was like a part of our family." His favorite flower is the wild rose. He loves to hear the great horned owl in the night.

He echoes many of us when he writes, "What a wonderful thing it would be if there were no such thing as war."

I will often go back to this book in order to feel close to my Grampie Johnson, also a lumberjack for many winters. I will look long at the pictures that recall horses, woodpiles, ferry boats and skating parties of my youth. My favorite picture is a hay rake in a field, trees blowing in the wind, crows in a stormy sky.

Thank you, Louis Pelletier, for your honorable life and your wonderful memories.

*Glenna Johnson Smith lives and writes from her home in Presque Isle, Maine.*