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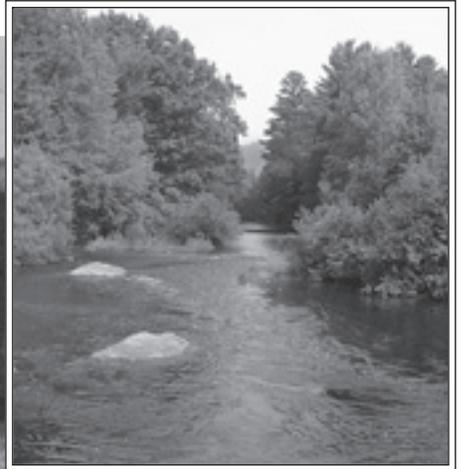
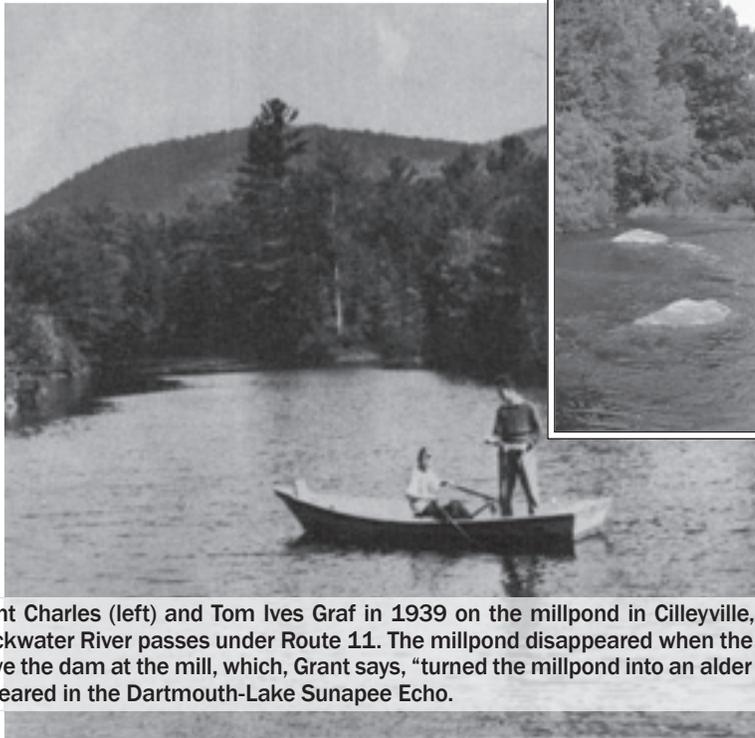
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# Reminiscence



The view from the same spot today.

Grant Charles (left) and Tom Ives Graf in 1939 on the millpond in Cilleysville, just upstream of where the Blackwater River passes under Route 11. The millpond disappeared when the state made the Johnsons remove the dam at the mill, which, Grant says, "turned the millpond into an alder swamp." The photo originally appeared in the Dartmouth-Lake Sunapee Echo.

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## Shirley Currier: Pursuit of the Nail

By Shirley Henderson Currier

*This month's Reminiscence is an essay that the young Shirley Henderson, a senior at Andover High School, wrote for Miss Sylvestre's English class on December 10, 1953. Shirley's dad, Percy Henderson, figures prominently.*

One fine afternoon in December, I was asked to assist my father with removing the nails from some old boards, after which he was to pile them up. We plan to use them for various things. They would come in handy to do just about anything.

I went out and was told to get an old pail, a hammer, and some kind of contraption on which to lay the boards while I pulled out the nails.

After I had gathered my apparatus, I went over to the pile of boards, and began to remove the nails. Boards! Boards! Boards! Everywhere! I had never seen so many. My father was us-

ing such terms as 2x4, 2x6, 2x2. Oh, what did these mean! After many questions from me, father finally explained it so that I could understand.

The first board went fine. The nails were almost through and all I had to do was give them a little yank. The next board I had to drive the nails back so that I could pull them out. Usually, I hit the nail every other time. Once in a while, I hit it twice in a row.

This went on for about ten minutes. Then I came to nails that were crooked; I couldn't drive them back. What now! Oh, Father! Then I was quickly shown how to straighten a crooked nail. "Hook the claws of the hammer underneath the nail and pull it up until it straightens out." This I mastered after about five minutes, a few nicks on the finger when the hammer slipped off the nail, and a couple of tears in my gloves which were about ten sizes too big for me.

I had never seen so many different kinds of nails in my life. Little ones, middle-sized ones, spikes, and then the nails that have two heads. I can't remember their name, but they were easy to pull out. You didn't have to pound them through

Two hours and ten minutes, two bruised fingers, and a pair of torn gloves later my father said it was time to quit.

All night long I pursued nail after nail through my dreams. Little ones, middle-sized ones, spikes, and others. All night long! How they could run!

*Shirley got an A- on the paper. Miss Sylvestre especially liked the ending.*

AMY SCHNEIDER M.D.

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