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For an entertainment given by the Congregational Church, a "curtain" was imported from the East. This large white fabric represented the "Smith Family."

Holes were cut out at the proper height for a real face to look through, other openings accommodated the arms and hands. With the rest of the body painted on the canvas, the effect was very life-like and decidedly humorous. There were Mr. & Mrs. Smith, an assortment of little Smiths, an aunt and a grandmother. The Smiths entertained with songs, dialogues, stories and gags. When the elderly aunt described her husband, "the Dear Dead Departed" the effect on the family was so moving that an attendant (in person) passed a huge sheet along the line to wipe away the flowing tears. Moses Cross was one of the family; I cannot remember who took the other parts.

Even more thrilling were the home plays put on from time to time by a group which formed a loose organization called the "Drama Club." The plays were given in the Town Hall, on Main Street where there was a stage--or platform--of sorts. All the scenery was hand made and very ingenious if not completely stable. Once I fell down the winding steps (one step missing) of a lighthouse tower and once in leaping through a window I went nearly to the basement, the floor at that point, invisible from the audience, being merely a camouflage. My highest ambition in life at that moment was to be on the stage and this was as near as I could approach it. There were two hindrances--I still had to go to school and my mother felt that staying up till midnight two weeks in succession was not conducive to high grades in my studies;