Mr. Fentress has a melancholy face and looks rather like a Finlander. He is very entertaining. On a place-card for him at a dinner party, another wrote: "Philosopher whose sayings charm."

The neighbors and their little boy... It describes him perfectly.

Usually on Sunday mornings he goes walking with us along the beach. We go over to his house at about eleven and find him dressing or half-dressed eating breakfast. The Fentress family is notoriously very irregular and disorderly. After a while Mr. Fentress is ready and comes out, and says, "Hello sport," to my brothers and me. Then perhaps he talks us all very tenderly, with an occasional loud laugh, how the other day he unwittingly embarrassed his sixteen-year-old daughter, Tonise. (Tonise is at a very sensitive age, she is always doing that and is always very content afterwards.) Or maybe he...
will talk about his very industrious, inefficient New England wife, laughing all the while. (Mr. Fentress is a Southerner) Also she is reading a book on philosophy by some crazy fool, as he says, who denies the existence of Milton and he recommends it to daddy.

Always he has had interesting experiences the day before to tell us. This time all this family ate the day before at 'Marshall Fields' and the waiter simply would not bring Wendell a glass of water. Mr. Fentress took hold of the waiter's sleeve and said: "I have a proposition to put before you. If you saw a boy dying right under your nose would you try to save his life?" The waiter very much put out, probably murmured assent. "Well this boy is dying of thirst, (pointing to Wendell) and you can save his life if you bring him a glass of water." All this he said very gravely so that even Tommie deemed give only a half smile. Wendell swirled shyly and looked furtively at his father,
half-admiring, half-embarrassed.

After school every afternoon all
the children of the Hilltop go over to his
house and cut up until he comes
home. Then if he isn’t tired, he
talks to me about everything; about
something strange he saw in town, about
bacteriology, about the invention he
has made and is trying to perfect, about
the sort of books we ought to read, about
the day’s news. There has been an auto-
mobile theft and the thief has been caught. He
points out the mistakes that the thief
made, and shows us very elaborately the proper
way to steal an automobile.

He talks like the Bible, with modern
slang mixed in, that he picks up from
Wendell. For a long time Wendell used to
refer to everybody as a bunch of clucks,
so his father would say, “Hello bunch,”
to Wendell, and then laugh at his expression.

But the most wonderful thing about
him; the most distinctive thing that we
always tell other people who don’t know
him, is the way he spits. Matter of
course, is afraid we give other people a bad impression of him, telling them this above everything else. But the way he spits—he stands on the other side of the room, hawks very loudly and spits quite accurately into the fireplace.

All together, Mr. Feuers is the most lovable and best loved man I know, considerate, gentle, refined in a real way, humorous, and a philosopher.