

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1935

CURIOS and**ANTIQUES**

By FERDIE DEERING

DAD FENTEM, who will begin teaching his forty-fifth year of school in September, says he is going to retire while he is still a "young man" and that when the East Central graduating class of 1937 is awarded the degrees the various members will have earned, he is "going out with them." Dad has held only six jobs since he began teaching at Quitman, Ark., in 1891; from there he went to Clinton academy; then to Russellville, Ark. While at Quitman D. W. Swaffer was in Dad's first graduating class. Thirty years ago Dad came to Stonewall, Okla. Later he came to East Central and has been here ever since except for a few years as principal of Ada high school. East Central's most popular instructor will be 64 years old in November. He estimates he has directly contacted 20,000 students in the classroom and if you're not one of them, we'll bet you had a relative that was. He enjoys coffee more than anybody we ever saw and Prof. Ed Nelson is his most frequent co-sipper. Once, up in Missouri, when Dad was 16 years old, he got a letter addressed "Dear Husband: etc." The name on the envelope was A. L. Fentem. He later learned it was intended for Albert L. Fentem, one-time partner and friend of Fred G. Bonfils, the late owner of the Denver Post and the Sells-Floto circus. Dad, whose name is Alfred L. Fentem, can trace his ancestry all the way back to the beginning of the family tree in England.

The man who sleeps on the job generally wakes up in time to hear the noon whistle.

THEY MIGHT AT THAT —

Jimmie Stuart was trying to promote a match for Turner King's black widow spider-eating tarantula (transfer to you!). A half-dozen or so gathered round to look at the four-inch long creature, whose legs and body were covered with snuff-colored "fuzz." "That's a wolf spider," said Cecil "Gas-House" Deal. Then the argument started. The group couldn't even agree whether it had eight legs and two feelers or ten legs. "I'll take it out to the college science department and see what they call it," Jimmie announced. "They'll probably call a doctor," said Dr. W. F. "Pipe-Smoker" Dean.

We are strong for the railroads as they stage their comeback against automotive transportation but we still can't understand how come a truck was hauling new railroad ties through here last Tuesday afternoon!

IT MUST BE DANGEROUS — Erwin Hovis came home Friday night and told his landlady, Mrs. L. A. Braly, that he was having trouble. It seems that every time he stopped his car at a stop sign some girl would get in or something like that. Anyhow, Mrs. Braly, being of a kind and helpful nature, is trying to secure a special permit from Traffic Officer Shipley so that Erwin won't have to stop at stop signs under such dangerous circumstances.

We can't help wondering how some of these late model women's hats would sound if played on an old-fashioned phonograph!

JOHNNY RODGERS told a friend: "I'm thinking about going to work at the cement plant next week." The friend inquired: "And are they thinking about it, too?" To which Johnny replied in his most highly indignant manner: "Are they thinking about it, too? Why, certainly, they're thinking about it, too! I wouldn't even consider it if they weren't thinking about it, too."

A Husband became a wife here the other day, county records show. Miss Sybil Husband of Ada was married to Claud Richardson of Ardmore.

GLEN PENDERGRAFT'S cashier is on the job. A customer was complaining about his air-conditioner—or whatever that thing is—being turned off. She consoled him with: "We had to shut it down. All the hydrants back there are froze up and they've got to thaw them out." The customer ate without further comment.

Ralph McMillan, deputy court clerk, filed three divorce suits Friday and, after due discussion, he and Miss Fred "Lawyer" Andrews agreed that the heat caused irritability that resulted in a higher divorce rate in summer.

PERSONALITIES—Will Pegg, excise board member, who just returned from a fishing trip to Mexico, describes his catch with: "Why, I didn't catch any fish. I didn't even go fishing!" . . . Alvah W. Oliver jr., the peace justice's hustling youngster, carves clever toys out of peach seeds. . . . Dick Holland extends his hand and says: "Congratulations from you to me. Today I am 21 years old and already worried about who I am going to vote for for president."