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February 27, 1947.

Mr. Ralph W. Smith,
79 East College Avenue,
Westerville, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Smith:-

It is rather difficult for me to judge as to just what you would like me to say about Professor McFadden as requested in your letter of January 25th. I know of nothing that I might say about him, based on my many years of acquaintanceship with him, that would not be very much to his credit. He came into our organization as a stranger to every one but myself and in a comparatively short time his splendid disposition, his high character, his intelligence and his efficiency won for him the friendship and respect of all who came in contact with him. During all the time that he was with us and up through the very day on which he died he carried on his work in an efficient and highly satisfactory manner.

A number of anecdotes could be sent to you showing sides of his character but I am not sure they are what you want. One that occurs to me now is that Mrs. Kohr and I took Professor and Mrs. McFadden to the funeral of a mutual friend of both of our families. The deceased was an estimable woman but the obituary given by the minister was a little exaggerated in extolling her virtues. As we were returning from the service Mrs. McFadden said to her husband "Lou I hope you will never let them talk about me at my funeral like they did about our friend". Professor replied "If the minister should do so I will get up and tell the audience that it is not true".

On one occasion when Professor McFadden was in charge of our laboratory, a foreman who was about twice his size came into the laboratory and complained vigorously to one of the chemists, using profane language and violently hammering on the desk with his fist. Professor McFadden said to him "Charlie the next time I find you using profane language or pounding a desk in this laboratory I personally will throw you out of that door". A repetition of the warning to this foreman was never necessary.

One day Professor wished to give an illustration of a coincidence at which he was quite adept. He said that while at Otterbein he remained home one Thanksgiving morning to baste the turkey while Mrs. McFadden attended the Church service. He happened to notice that the kitchen clock was not running so he proceeded to take it apart, clean it, oil it and reassemble it. After this was done he made two observations, first that he had several clock pieces left over and second, the clock would not run. This, however, Professor pointed out was a pure coincidence.

At one time one of the chemists spilled ink on a drawing-board tracing. Professor observed the accident and remarked -"Out damn spot!" A fellow worker overheard him and joshed him a few days about using profanity. The joshing stopped, however, when Professor asked the fellow worker if he had ever read Shakespeare.

Whether this is what you want I do not know but am sending it on for your consideration.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "DAKohr".

DAK-REM

Professor Thomas McFarlane.

Doctor Thomas McFarlane was Professor of Natural Science in Otterbein University 1858-62; and 1866-84. During the interval he was a surgeon in the Civil War - a severe loss of vitality and prematurely ageing him.

He was a very modest, quiet, retiring man - yet he had a sense of humor and a twinkle in his eyes.

I can see him yet, rather stooped slightly lame, slender, full beard, long white hair, - the only member of the Faculty with gray hair. He looked patriarchal, but was still a comparatively young man.

He taught all the Natural Sciences; - Chemistry, Physics, (called Natural Philosophy then), Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Zoology - all except Astronomy, which went to Prof. Haywood. He taught in

2.

the southeast corner room, first floor, of the Main Building - now the President's Office, and kept his physical apparatus in the room just across the hall to the west - which I occupied for thirty years. The room was well filled: batteries, air pumps, electrical machines - in fine equipment for a college of that day.

The Board of Trustees had voted Three Thousand dollars for scientific apparatus, and Dr. McFadden made a trip to London to get the best, but finding them too expensive there, sought to better advantage in Boston and New York. I often went in to look at these fine pieces of apparatus.

Dr. McFadden was a practicing physician in Nashville when the Hambs lived there. When they came to Westerville they induced him to come with his family to Westerville

and set up his practice here. After a short time he became connected with the college. Dr. Mayhew was a couple, thorough-going student - a really great scholar - a type of man that would make any college great. He made most careful preparation for his classes. I was amazed again and again at his wonderful knowledge of his subjects. There was always the best of attention and decorum in his classes. He mostly sat. The students sat around the edge of the room. I liked his method of teaching. For instance: If the subject was Chemistry and tomorrow's topic was oxygen, he generated oxygen the day before and was all ready to show the properties of oxygen as set forth in the text book - how it reacts with iron and burns and combines in the oxygen - how a jar filled with combustion would put out a row of lighted candles set

is an inclined trough when poured down it as if it was water. One day in a geology class the text seemed to give the idea that the modern house was evolved from ^{the} Echippus of Ngoring; but said Prof. McAdams: "You must remember, ladies and gentlemen that the Echippus was no bigger than a horn cat."

It is interesting to note that Prof. McAdams was the chief one in planting the trees that now adorn the campus. I quote from Dr. Bortlett: "In 1858 he secured authorization from the trustees to spend \$200. in starting a nursery."

The students assisted him in bringing wagon loads of trees from the woods west of the village and in planting them in various parts of the campus. Some of the boys claimed individual trees as their own. The college is indebted to him for much of its beauty to-day.

Standing south of the main
 building and west of the Association
 Building is a silvate maple tree
 planted there by his son here in
 my time.

There are two ^{oak} trees - standing just across the street from
 the church, planted there by Judge
 John A. Shank and James Strasburg.
 (I have a fine photograph of them made
 by Strasburg) This is their story.
 They shoddered matlocks; went down
 Alam Creek; dug up two oak saplings;
 carried them on their shoulders
 across Alam Creek; laid them down
 on the ground, and were about to
 plant each the one he carried.
 But one was longer and more
 slender than the other. Shank was
 the stocky, short man; Strasburg was
 the tall slender man. So, they
 decided to trade saplings, and to-day
 the tall tree is Strasburg's and the
 shorter tree to the west is Shank's.

I first met R. J. McFaulden in his recitation room. When I came to Oberlin I was an advanced student, having studied in three academies, and was subject to examination for admission. I had studied and enjoyed science very much.

There were no formal questions before me. On the contrary, we just sat and talked science for about two hours, and then he exclaimed, "Why, we have had a delightful visit together" - and we became friends. Then and there, I took chemistry with him for a year, just because I wanted to. In this second year he introduced a manual which we thought a difficult text - Rescoe - an English author. After one of our initial examinations the students fell down pretty badly. I came upon him about a week later. He had been reading the papers and I found him greatly discouraged. He said to me:

"I can't understand it, I can't understand it," I said: "Well Professor, I think I know at least part of the reason. This book is difficult to them, very difficult. The subject matter is all new to them, but to you, it is all old and seems to be easy."

That seemed to relieve him somewhat.

Doctor McFadden was a good man, a good scientist, a good teacher, — a Christian scholar — the type of man and teacher that would make any college great. But he cared more for his students than for his science.

He kept the neatest and most complete class records of his students I ever saw. Just recently his son Gilbert showed me some of these class records — when I found my own name and record.

I was not in the home very much, but I have every reason to believe that it was a home

8.

where love and sweet fellowship
reigned - beautiful home-life.
I have seen a wonderful letter
written from that same Shilo
battering-ram in which was poured
out great love and solicitation
for the wife and children.

Thomas McFarlane was Professor
of Natural Science for twenty-two
years; his son Louis was adjoint
professor for two years, then after his
father's death vice professor for
twenty-three years - twenty-five in all.
Another son - Thomas Gilbert - served
two years, 1898-1900. Miss Corn A.
McFarlane taught English for a
year and was Dean of Women for
several years. Altogether the
family served, with distinction, our
loved Otterbein for sixty-two years!
It was eminently fitting, that at
my suggestion, the fine new
Science building should be

9.

Called - "The McFarlane
Science Hall"

And now as I write this, (Dec. 4, 45),
after sixty eight years since I first
met him, Dr. McFarlane, my teacher
of science, still stands before me,
the same tall man, the great
man, the great teacher of science,
undiminished by the lapse of so
many years, I have no doubt
now.

T. J. Samuels.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

POST OFFICE BOX 188, NORTH END STATION

DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

April 10, 1946

Mr. Ralph W. Smith
79 East College Avenue
Westerville, Ohio


Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you for your explanatory letter regarding "The Spirit of Otterbein" and its possible publication. When your first letter to Dr. Kettering arrived we just automatically assumed that the book was about ready for publication. However, with just a few of you doing the job of collecting material we can well understand the monumental task before you. So from now on we won't plague you with follow-up letters; we'll just keep in touch with you from time to time to see how things are progressing.

We like the idea of your publishing the story of Dr. Clements in pamphlet form. It sounds like an excellent idea, and it will be one less job to do when you put your book together. Thank you for the promise to send several copies.

Thank you for the news on the good doctor. We are sorry to hear of the changes that have taken place in him, and his failing memory. It is too bad these things have to occur when the machinery begins to break down.

Yours very truly,


Edward E. Stimson, Jr.
Technical Data Department

EES:EH

April 6, 1946

Mr. Edw. E. Stinson, Jr.
Technical Data Department,
Research Laboratories Division,
General Motors Corporation,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Stinson:

Your good letter of the Mch. 29th. relative to "The Spirit of Otterbein" and more particularly the article by Mr. Boyd about our good friend, Dr. Frank O. Clements, was forwarded to me here in Lincoln. My work as auditor of the Ohio Insurance Department takes me all over the country and there are times when I am away from the home base for some time.

I hasten to explain that the "Spirit of Otterbein" in its final printed form is a long way in the future. I am sorry that that is so, but a small group of us is gathering whatever data we can about Otterbein's famous to the end that someday we or someone may be able to put it in printed form.

However, there have been some calls for this appreciation by Dr. Clements' fellow workers, that we are endeavoring to get it into print in a pamphlet form very soon. When this is accomplished, I most certainly see to it that you are furnished with several copies.

My latest word from Dr. Clements is to the effect that he is in moderately good health. You would be distressed at the change that has taken place in the past year or two. He is not at all the keen minded person that he was and his memory is very poor.

Sincerely yours

RESEARCH LABORATORIES DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

POST OFFICE BOX 188, NORTH END STATION

DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

March 21, 1946

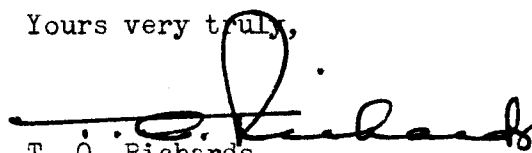
Mr. R. W. Smith
Room 809 Cornhusker Hotel
Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you for your letter of March 15, 1946. As yet I have not had an opportunity to talk to Mr. Boyd concerning setting up some information as to projects handled by Dr. Clements. I think that in the course of a little time, we could get something together and possibly Mr. Boyd and I would be able to visit Westerville later on in the year. I am sure we will find it most interesting.

As soon as I have had an opportunity to see Mr. Boyd, we may be able to set up some plans.

Yours very truly,



T. O. Richards
Laboratory Control

TOR:DN

copy to Gail
Hoover 3/27

RESEARCH LABORATORIES DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

POST OFFICE BOX 188, NORTH END STATION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

March 29, 1946

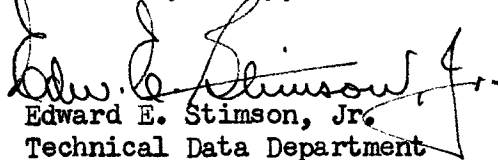
Mr. Ralph W. Smith
79 East College Avenue
Westerville, Ohio

Dear Mr. Smith:

Is "The Spirit of Otterbein" off the press yet? If it is, we would like to receive three copies — two for our own files and one for Mr. T. A. Boyd, who wrote the article on Doctor Clements over Mr. Kettering's signature.

And how is the good doctor? Although I am a stranger to him and he won't know my name, will you be so good as to convey to him the best personal wishes of his former associates here at the Laboratories?

Yours very truly,


Edward E. Stimson, Jr.
Technical Data Department

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