In the process of writing a primary source material for the history of the University of Puget Sound, I am somewhat reticent to talk about myself. On the other hand, probably it should be information which could be available for the future, if deemed necessary or wise.

I was born in Primrose, Nebraska, on May 30, 1908. Primrose is a little town of about 123 people, about 100 miles west of Omaha and 40 to 50 miles north of Grand Island. It is made up mainly of Irish immigrants who came in the early days to settle there. My grandfather, John Maxwell, was one of the first three to homestead in the Cedar Valley, which is part of the Valley in which Primrose is located. I recall talking with my Grandfather on occasions, and I can still hear his rich, Irish voice as he talked about migrating as an immigrant from Belfast, and he had lived in County Down in Antrim before coming. My Grandmother, whose maiden name was Dobson, had worked as a sales girl in a tobacconist's shop. Her first husband, by whom she had two children—Elizabeth and William, was a young man working in the docks and it was his duty to clean the ships inside after they were emptied. One ship carried cholera and he picked up the disease and was dead in three days, leaving her a widow with two little children. My Grandfather used to go to the tobacco shop and he and my Grandmother became very much interested in each other and married. He worked as a laborer and then said that he would like to come to America and then send back for her and the family. She asked how much it would cost and he told her and she said she had been saving a part of her wages each week and had enough money to send him to America. They talked to her parents about it, with whom they lived,
and they did not like the idea. So my Grandfather, surreptitiously, went out a window at midnight, came to America in steerage, worked as an immigrant putting the grades for the railroads as they came west, and saved his money. Finally, he sent for my Grandmother, who left the two children with her Mother and Father and came to America. It was rather a traumatic story, because she knew that she would never see her parents again and could not communicate with them because they did not read or write. My Grandfather and Grandmother met at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and went west to Boone County, Nebraska, by covered wagon. He homesteaded and his wife homesteaded and some of the older children homesteaded and the family became rather influential landowners in Cedar Valley. My Grandmother's brother, John Dobson, came and he also homesteaded nearby, and a friend from Ireland by the name of William Reed, so the three of them really became the nucleus of the settlement of Cedar Valley. My Mother grew up and went to school and became a school teacher. My Father migrated from Iowa, around the Council Bluffs area, where his family lived for some time. My Mother and Father were married in 1899.

My brother, Everett John Thompson, was born in 1904. He went through Primrose schools, went to business college and became second in command for the management of property for Standard Oil for the State of Nebraska, prior to his retirement and to his death. My folks adopted a young girl from the Childrens Institute in Omaha by the name of Mae and she lived with them until she was married and had her own family. She died in April of 1963. My brother, Everett, died in June of 1963, and my Mother died in September of 1963. My Father died in 1953.
My Father had been a businessman in Primrose, having had a store and also a farm. We moved from town when I was three years old to the farm, which was about two miles south of Primrose on the south edge of Cedar Valley, a rather rough farm and difficult to farm. I lived there while I went through school and until I went to college in 1926.

I graduated as valedictorian from Primrose High School in 1926, and on the 16th of April that same year I preached my first sermon in the local Methodist Church while the minister was away at Conference. I had always been interested in the academic side of school, although I did letter in basketball, and became very much interested in the Church largely through the influence of Reverend Guy Ballard. I recall that the Reverend Mr. Ballard took me to Lincoln and introduced me to the Chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan, whose name was Schreckengast. Because my Father had been an invalid since Christmas of 1918 and had five operations in three years and had been hospitalized that entire time, there were no resources for me to go to school. Reverend Ballard told the Chancellor these facts and the Chancellor asked me, "Young man, will you work if you come to school?" I said I would so he said, "Come and we will see that you get through." By virtue of being a valedictorian, I had a half tuition grant in any one of the church-related schools in the state and I chose Nebraska Wesleyan. I went down and I was able to secure my board and room by getting up at four o'clock in the morning and cleaning up the Coyote Cafe. Coyote was the folkname for the athletic teams of Nebraska Wesleyan. I swept the auditorium for the other half of my tuition and I read meters for the University Place Electrical Company for my clothes, spending money, etc. This went on for the first year and
I was able to make a reasonable adjustment and still do that much work and get good grades. During the summertime between my freshman and sophomore year, the district superintendent of the Norfolk District of the Methodist Church called and asked if I would be willing to take a summer assignment at a little town called Bristow where the minister had left. I went to Bristow and had a very interesting time and the district superintendent came to me before school started and said that I could stay there and do my Conference Course of Study and I wouldn't need to go back to school because I could get much farther much quicker if I stayed on at Bristow. I had had a successful first year at college and I did not want to stop, so I wrote to him and said I was going to go back to Nebraska Wesleyan at Lincoln, which I did. The Methodist Conference met in September and I was appointed to a town called Garrison. It was a very difficult assignment because a returned missionary had been at this church for a year or two, while he was on furlough, and he lived in the parsonage and he gave full-time service to the church, and I was a young sophomore who could only be there from Friday to Monday. I recall that I went up on the train on Friday afternoon and got there about six o'clock in the evening, I had young people's meetings that evening; then I called on Saturday, and after two services on Sunday took an early morning train back on Monday which got me to Wesleyan at about 10:30 or 11:00 so I missed the 8:00, 9:00 and 10:00 classes. This was allowed by various professors, although it did handicap me from the standpoint of being able to achieve academically as much as I would have liked. I still got good grades but could have gotten much better grades had I been there for those class sessions.
Because it was an adjustment from a full-time minister to a part-time minister, I did not enjoy the relationship because everyone expected me to spend much more time with the young people and also in calling and in other ministerial duties than I was able to do. At the end of that one year, I asked to be transferred and I was transferred to a church called Roca, where I remained until I went to graduate school. It was a very interesting and maturing experience.

I recall in my senior year Nebraska Wesleyan was visited by Professor Gilbert. My roommate, Elmer Bostock, and I signed up to go to Drew. Most of the men from Nebraska Wesleyan had gone to Boston. When we got to Drew, we found that we had work as night watchmen—he took the first half of the night and I took the second half of the night, when we carried the nightwatch clock all through the buildings to check on fire, vandalism, etc. We found, too, that the young people east of the Mississippi got scholarships; people west of the Mississippi got opportunities, which we did not especially appreciate!

While at Nebraska Wesleyan, I met Lucille Burtner and we had our first date on Thanksgiving Day in 1927. We were very congenial and enjoyed each other very much and, of course, this resulted in our being married in 1931. We had a most interesting, happy college relationship, although it was in the midst of the depression.

At Drew University, I took the normal course in theological studies, which was Greek, church history, theology, and other allied subjects. I worked as a night watchman and at other work around the campus and at the end of my first year I was able to secure a church at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. It was an old whaling settlement of the area and had had a very interesting and historical heritage. Some of the Revolutionary War incidents were in that general area and it was always a joy to discover the historical
heritage. While there, I organized a Boy Scout troupe and I had 32 young men from
the Irish people in the town, whose incomes were limited to sons of those who were
the caretakers of the very huge estates. Mr. William Jennings, who was then
president of Standard Oil of New Jersey built a special Scout cabin for me to use
and I have many lifelong friendships from that group.

While in the senior year at Drew, one of the professors suggested that I compete
for the Delaplaine-McDaniel Fellowship, which was a fellowship that paid for two
years at Oxford University or one other university on the continent. I studied
diligently in preparation for the competitive examination and the thesis which was
more or less an honors thesis and when the results were in, fortune smiled and I
found myself possessing the Delaplaine-McDaniel Fellowship for study at Oxford.

It was largely through the very fine combined efforts of Lucille that much of this
work was done as she was the typist for the thesis and helped me a very great deal.
At the suggestion of the dean of the University, Lynn Harold Hough, I took a year
to prepare for the use of the fellowship, especially in Greek and other aspects of the
work that I would be taking at Oxford. While doing this, I was able to work on the
residency for my Ph.D. degree during that same time, also passing the qualifying
exam for admission to residency for the Ph.D. degree.
The faculty of Drew Theological Seminary voted on May 17 to permit you to apply for doctoral candidacy under the old regulations.

Cordially yours,

F. Taylor Jones
Registrar
M. KERENSKY VISITS OXFORD

Recent Developments in Russia Denounced as Fascism in Soviet Disguise

It was Bolshevism that had given birth to Fascism. M. Kerenkty told the Oxford University Liberd Club in Town Hall, Oxford, last night.

"After having given birth to Fascism, Bolshevism is at present being rejuvenated and transfigured in the image and semblance of its offspring," he said.

"Stalin's great and small reforms, applied during the last two years, have led to one goal—the Fascisation of the ruling party's dictatorship."

"In Soviet Russia, Fascism marks the first step on the path of economic Jacqueline, prenat an enormous increase of men enjoying power and economic well-being.

In this sense, and only in this sense, Stalin has ordered the democratisation of dictatorship."

"The new Soviet Constitution—the most democratic constitution in the world—contains a most important political innovation, entirely borrowed from Hyser and Mussolini. It recognises the existence in the U.S.S.R. of only one party, and this party alone is granted the monopoly of political activity."

PERSONAL DICTATORSHIP

"At present, in order to catch up with the most democratic constitutions in the world," Benitz, Roosevelt and Churchill, have been forced immediately, in their respective countries, an existing political parties except their own, and send the members of these hostile parties to prison or into exile.

"Moreover, they might as well prove their true democratic spirit by putting to death the leaders of their own inside opposition."

"In Russia all the power evenly belongs to one man, to one autocratic ruler—Stalin. Thanks to a new and careful selection of men, the Bolshevist Party has gradually been converted into Stalin's personal party, inspired with a single program—the ruler's orders.

"A profound rift has occurred between young Russia and the idea of proletarian dictatorship. The new generation, has revived national consciousness : the idea of Russia of the Fatherland, it has replaced in youthful minds the lifeless doctrine of Lenin and Lenin. Patriotism has become an official doctrine."

COMFORT FOR A CLIQUE

"In this land, ruined by Communist Russia, only a very few are capable of wealth and happiness. Those few have formed a new privileged class, destined to support the autocratic power which has replaced Lenin's old party.

"All the reforms which Stalin has brought about do not eliminate the crucial defect of all dictatorships, the complete absence of liberty. Without free thought and self-government it is impossible to reconstruct a ruined country."

"All reports arriving from Russia point to the fact that the ruling power and the union have remained inseparable, that the struggle, far from being appeased, is growing more and more bitter."

"The Russian, pathfinder class is deprived of every possibility of defending itself; it is subjected to such ruthless methods of exploitation as have long ceased to exist, and have been forgotten in Western Europe."

"The tragic situation of the Soviet workers has revealed the fundamental error of Lenin and Stalin, who were firmly convinced that a socialist system would be created without the free man."

OVER-SIMPLIFIED

"They considered that human beings were building material, something like bricks. They believed that it was sufficient to appropriate the people's riches and instruments of production, to transfer them into the hands of a tyrannical bureaucracy, to force the population to work for almost nothing, and, in and behold, the consolidation of the Soviet State was achieved."

M. Kerenkty declared that the Soviet Union's foreign policy of pacifist means had been inspired by the collapse of collectivisation and the fear of war.

"I believe," he said, "that there is very little conscious Machiavellism in the Moscow attitude, but a great deal of political confusion, a confusion caused by the inside struggle between national and international currents which is still going on in the Kremlin."

"A real solid European power will only be established by a genuine democratic constitution that has been created in Russia, and which it is