A lady in a faded gingham dress and her husband, dressed in a homespun
threadbare suit, stepped off the train in Boston , and walked timidly
without an appointment into the Harvard University President's outer
office.

The secretary could tell in a moment that such backwoods, country hicks
had no business at Harvard & probably didn't even deserve to be in
Cambridge.

"We'd like to see the president," the man said softly.

"He'll be busy all day," the secretary snapped.

"We'll wait," the lady replied.

For hours the secretary ignored them, hoping that the couple would finally
become discouraged and go away.

They didn't, and the secretary grew frustrated and finally decided to
disturb the president, even though it was a chore she always regretted.

"Maybe if you see them for a few minutes, they'll leave," she said to him!

He sighed in exasperation and nodded. Someone of his importance obviously
didn't have the time to spend with them, and he detested gingham dresses
and homespun suits cluttering up his outer office.

The president, stern faced and with dignity, strutted toward the couple.

The lady told him, "We had a son who attended Harvard for one year. He
loved Harvard. He was happy here. But about a year ago, he was
accidentally killed. My husband and I would like to erect a memorial to
him, somewhere on campus."

The president wasn't touched. He was shocked. "Madam," he said, gruffly,
"we can't put up a statue for every person who attended Harvard and died.
If we did, this place would look like a cemetery."

"Oh, no," the lady explained quickly. "We don't want to erect a statue. We
thought we would like to give a building to Harvard."

The president rolled his eyes. He glanced at the gingham dress and
homespun suit, then exclaimed, "A building! Do you have any earthly idea
how much a building costs? We have over seven and a half million dollars
in the physical buildings here at Harvard."

For a moment the lady was silent.

The president was pleased. Maybe he could get rid of them now.

The lady turned to her husband and said quietly, "Is that all it cost to
start a university? Why don't we just start our own? "

Her husband nodded. The president's face wilted in confusion and
bewilderment.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford got up and walked away, traveling to Palo
Alto, California, where they established the university that bears their
name, Stanford University, a memorial to a son that Harvard no longer
cared about.

You can easily judge the character of others by how they treat those who
they think can do nothing for them. ----

A TRUE STORY By Malcolm Forbes