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LA REALITÉ SURPASSE LA FICTION

Some people dream, some people don't. What is a dream? It can be nothing, or it can involve a whole lifetime. So it was with a teenage boy growing up during the Great Depression of the thirties in New Zealand.

He spent most of his time as a shepherd caring for some 5,000 sheep. His days involved riding over the hills all day long on thoroughbred horses with his dogs at his heels. (The reason for the thoroughbred horses was a grandmother who bred racehorses). His was a way of life almost unknown today. With a little bag of cords and a bottle of iodine he roamed the hills looking for ewes needing assistance lambing and mothering up orphaned lambs to those mothers who lost theirs at birth. With a sharp knife he quickly cut the throats of sheep he could not help, skinned them, and threw the still warm skins on his horse; then on around the hills surveying his flock.

Sometimes it was bitterly cold and raining. Other times fair with fluffy cumulus clouds, but always alone with nature, only his sheep and dogs witness to his work. This type of life leads to dreaming and so it was he dreamed.

His grandfather had graduated from Harvard in the class of 1863 and his father from the class of 1888. With nothing more than teenage naiveté, he dreamed of going to America and to Harvard and learning about science and the world we live in. The impossibility of it all never really entered his mind. Like a stray dog he could at least sniff at the back door, find himself a job, and attend some classes.

Why was this teenager out caring for sheep? It was that his school had considered him mentally retarded, that he would be of more use tending sheep than wasting their time and patience trying to pass the school certificate examination. He could barely read and was unable to spell, which meant that he could not advance in the then British system of education.

He was highly dyslexic, he did not know it, and the school did not know it; he was, in their mind, just slow. We now know much more about this devastating affliction than we did then. Hardly a recommendation for Harvard, you will say. Three cheers for youth—sometimes it does not know its limitations and I hope it never will.

Thus one day while seated on his horse, looking across the hills where the horizon stretched for miles, he decided that he, too, would go back to America where he had been born and go to Harvard.

The war was on, Hitler was master of all Europe. Only Britain in its finest hour refused to surrender to the German blitzkrieg. There was no travel except for the armed forces; going to America from New Zealand was next to impossible, and out of the question. However, “Nothing ventured, nothing gained.” So he decided to try anyway. Loading his things on his old motorcycle, he headed for Wellington to look for a ship.

He immediately found a job loading hand grenades in the old Ford assembly plant and, when not doing that, haunted the American Embassy looking for a ship. Luck was with him. One night the USS *America* (during wartime commissioned the USS *West Point*) docked to pick up 150 RAF trainees for advanced flying training in Canada. He tried to see the captain, but the executive officer had to do. He pleaded his case with the exec, and they let him hitch a ride. Though he did not know it, the *West Point* had secret orders to proceed to San Francisco nonstop. What a wonderful piece of good luck. Thirteen day and some hours later, having broken the Pacific crossing record, the big ship slipped under the Golden Gate and, along with the RAF airmen, he found himself ashore on the San Francisco docks.

The airmen had a train waiting for them, but he had nothing. However, the RAF boys’ baggage was being loaded by American Express, and he started to help load the truck. With the truck loaded, it was his first ride—off to the railroad station to unload. The driver then took him home for the night in Oakland.

In the morning it was the local bus, for a 10-cent ride to the end of the line. He started for the Sierra Nevada mountains and Reno. With his pack on his back, a filling station map in his pocket, and 25 U.S. dollars, obtained from selling his motorcycle on the Wellington docks, he raised his thumb, starting to hitchhike towards a new life in Boston and Harvard.

On the morning of the seventh day out of Oakland, California, a truck driver let him off on the Worcester Turnpike near Chestnut Hill, where he had some relatives. You can imagine their surprise (in war time) to find this boy from New Zealand sitting by their front door when they came for the morning paper.

Thus ended the first chapter of a dream. Too wild, too unbelievable, and too impossible to be true. It was half around the world in 20 days on \$20. This was the story that was presented to Dean [Richard] Gummere at University Hall, Dean of Admissions.

It was April, with the end of the University year not far off, that this “phenomenon” wandered into University Hall to see the dean of admissions. In retrospect it now seems rather incredible, but at that time, cloaked in the cloth of naiveté, it seemed simple enough. When asked if he had taken any Latin, the state of his math, history, geometry, chemistry, physics, his reply was very little, but he had a good background in animal husbandry, sheep farming, wool classing, butchering,

general agriculture, and could ride any horse you could find him. It must have been a shock to University Hall, but to him it was all natural enough. The dean of admissions' advice was: "You have almost a month before the SAT tests. Go study only physics and chemistry and take the SAT."

Now how to get some meaningful help? With a month to the end of the school year, he looked in on the Rivers School in Chestnut Hill (a private secondary school), told the headmaster his story, and asked if he would allow him to sit at the back of the class in physics and chemistry for this last month of the school year. It was another gift: the answer, "Yes, go to it." Here he met Dudley Williams, a Ph.D. student from MIT who taught the Rivers School science classes. Next thing he knew, he was studying most of the day and into the evening in a lab at MIT where Dudley was doing his Ph.D. research and could keep an eye on him and answer his questions. A free private tutor from MIT no less—someone must be looking after this guy!! His first purchase was a second-hand slide rule from Max Keezer's Establishment, a gadget he thought at first to be something akin to black magic. It was problems, problems, problems. He did not have the math, so that got thrown into the soup with physics and chemistry. It was a race against time, and all too soon it was off to the new lecture hall at Harvard for the SAT.

It was an extremely hot day in May and after sweating out five hours of exams, of a type of test he had never seen before and was totally unprepared to take, he felt like having been put through a washing machine. It was no use: Harvard would never accept such a performance, and he was not going to ask for or look at the results. Having been knocked out in the first round by the SAT, he returned to his job sorting wool near Boston's South Station.

Several weeks passed and he heard nothing from Harvard. Then one morning he noticed in the paper that, due to the war, Harvard was going to have a special intensified summer school starting tomorrow. Something had to be done and done now. Why not give it a try? What he wanted most was to get back with all those wonderful toys he had seen in the research labs at MIT. If you had instruments you could do things. Harvard was not all Latin and Greek, it had its toys, too. He wanted out of the wool business and into science. It appeared to him that nothing was going to influence the outcome of the war more, and our way of life after it, than scientific research.

With this in mind it was another unannounced and unscheduled visit to Harvard's Dr. Gummere. He had but one question. Would the university permit him to enroll in the special intensified summer physics class? Lady Luck had struck again—there was room in First Year Physics and Dean Gummere said, "Yes, let's see what you can do." Perhaps this does not seem like much to you, but to this ex-shepherd from New Zealand it was the whole world! He had a dream—that morning the dream became a reality.

Tomorrow it was to be Newtonian Physics in the Jefferson Laboratory at Harvard. He could not believe it. He could only conclude that he must have pulled the wool over somebody's eyes.

Dr. [Edwin C.] Kemble, of quantum mechanics fame, head of the physics department, was going to teach the course as all the younger professors were totally immersed in war research. Dr. Kemble had not taught freshmen for 20 years; however, he did a marvelous job of it. His only fault was he could not teach without using the calculus—more black magic.

Please remember we were at war, it was two lectures a day, five days a week, all summer long and no air conditioning. Very quickly in the first three days it became apparent that if something was not done immediately, this was going to turn into another disaster. He could not do the unending stream of problems. The demonstrations were awe-inspiring, the lectures fascinating, but you had to be well grounded in math, especially advanced algebra, to derive and set up the problems. To get on with Dr. Kemble, you had to be able to derive every equation you used from basic assumptions. For this interloper at Harvard it was 18 hours a day, learn how to solve all those problems, deriving everything as you went. All day long he wandered up and down the second floor of the Jefferson Lab, buttonholing any assistant professor he could find with one question: "How do you do this?" They all knew him, he was the black sheep amongst the flock.

Well Dr. Kemble had office hours every day, when you could come and ask questions. Very few students took advantage of this, but the black sheep was there every day. Dr. Kemble immediately saw the problem and started teaching him math and progress was being made. Dr. Kemble even took him home with him on occasion, watching how he attacked the problems. Now he had the head of the Harvard physics department tutoring him. That is about as far as you can go and it worked. The problems corrected by graduate students stopped coming back "F," started returning with C grades, then B grades, and even a few all correct. Others in the class of some 300 started asking him how to go about problems. He found that they knew far more math than he did, but most of them could not apply it. His one advantage was he could see how to go about setting up the problem.

The day of the final examination arrived and the main Jefferson Lecture Hall was filled, and the blue books passed out. We had just time to look over the questions when there was a bloodcurdling scream from the middle of the room and one student straightened out like a board with an epileptic seizure and was carried out of the hall. Hardly a reassuring start for his first final examination. When the results were in he had made a B on the final and brought his grade up to a good solid C for his first half-course in physics. There were two more half-courses, heat and light, then electricity, and it now went better and better. The slide rule was no longer black magic, it

was his most treasured possession.

This special summer school was something of an experiment for the physics department. Could they teach a year and a half of physics in the eight to 10 weeks of summer school? He believes it was a special intensified program done at the request of the armed forces.

All too soon the summer was gone, the last blue book filled with equations and handed in. The black sheep had passed with ever improving grades. Now, having a year and a half of physics behind him and all the confidence in the world, he returned to University Hall and the dean of admissions. When received in the dean's beautiful office, he asked for two things: please call Professor Kemble, who knows me; then tell me if I can stay for fall classes. Dr. Gummere picked up the phone and called the physics department, mentioned his name, and listened. He put down the phone, thought for a minute, and said, "Yes, you have my blessing, you can register as a regular student for the fall." The impossible dream was now a reality. He was now a student at Harvard!! Largely due to the staff of the physics department and a famous professor's personal generosity. How many universities have professors like that, willing to give up their private time pro gratis to a student who continually bothered them over and over again with "How do you do this?"

Now, 65 years later, it still seems unreal. One of Harvard's greatest strengths, I believe, is that, though it has very strict entrance requirements, none of them are set in concrete. If it wants to bend them from time to time it can, and I hope still does. Let those clamoring for special affirmative action take note, say nothing, and leave it up to the universities to handle in their own way special cases for admissions.

After the physics, the first part of the freshmen fall term was something of an anticlimax. Chemistry went well and the only real problem was English A, which for a severe dyslexic was a bit of a nightmare.

Everyone talked about the draft. Everyone was registered and your number could come up at any time. His great-grandfather had been a midshipman on the sloop *Hornet*, in the War of 1812. He decided that to volunteer for the navy was his best choice. The V-12 training program was coming in and to his surprise it was to be conducted at Harvard. Now it was the navy that sent him to Harvard to continue taking much the same classes as he had been taking. Now he was being paid to go to Harvard. WHAT NEXT! He thought he was the luckiest man in the world.

One special course which the astronomy department came up with was basic navigational astronomy, taught by Professor [Bart Jan] Bok and Mrs. [Frances Woodworth] Wright. Surely celestial navigation would be of prime importance in the navy. With that in

mind, he turned to Mrs. Wright with the eternal question, “How do you do this?” With his background in physics, the celestial navigation was not that difficult.

Now let me say a few words about Mrs. Wright, who I believe was the first female to ever teach at Harvard. [*Editor’s note:* She was among the first, but not the first.] Mrs. Wright had a wonderful personality and was a great teacher. Many a ship’s position during the war was fixed as the result of her teaching. Now with science courses like this, and wearing the uniform of an apprentice seaman, life at Harvard was becoming more relaxing and very interesting. He could not get over being paid to go to Harvard.

All too soon the Harvard experience was to come to an end. We apprentice seamen in the Navy V-12 program were put on a train bound for Chicago and Northwestern University, where the navy had its “ninety-day wonders” school. You went in as an apprentice seaman and 90 days later you came out a commissioned officer in the U.S. Navy! It was here that our real naval training started. It was navy 24 hours a day. Instruments, big guns, explosives, ship handling, diesel engines, turbines, and even knot tying. For this shepherd it could not have been better; he thrived on this curriculum. The most feared and often failed course was celestial navigation. It did move fast and it was hard. However, thanks to Harvard and Mrs. Wright, for once he discovered that he had the edge over most of his class. Now for navigation in the evening study time it was to him they came to ask, “How do you do this?” What a change had taken place; it was incredible. The war turned this shepherd upside down. Now he was instructing his classmates how to do it.

The captain of the wonder school was a sort of naval grandfather; he worked his command with skill and it was hard work—of that there was no question. But he really knew how to get the most navy into us seamen in the least possible time. All week we labored, but at midday Saturday we went on liberty till Monday morning. “Go out on the town,” he would say, “and come back ready to work on Monday morning.”

Now during the war Chicago was known as one of the best liberty ports in the country. Everything was being done for men in uniform.

Our command bulletin board every week carried a list of debutante parties to which we now midshipmen were invited. Just sign up for the one you would like to go to. So it was off to the country club in Winnetka or to Lake Forest for a bang-up party. Other weekends it was to go dancing at the Trianon to the music of Lawrence Welk. Chicago let it be known service men were welcome everywhere; they could not do enough for us.

About five o’clock each afternoon we had a short time free and some of us would go for a walk along Chicago’s lakefront. Quite often we would pass a lady on the

sidewalk with eagles on her shoulders. A lady colonel—it was unheard of in those days. I am sure she was quite sick of having to return the salutes of so many midshipmen. I believe at the time she was the only lady colonel about. Scuttlebutt had it that she was the famous Oveta Culp Hobby.

(Gulp) Midshipmen school was the happiest and it seemed the most rewarding part of this fairy tale. As commissioning approached, all those with an average of 3.5 or better in each subject did not have to take the final exam. It was the only time that he was ever excused from all finals. Our commissioning day arrived and we were seated on the Navy Pier to hear the Secretary of the Navy speak. We took the oath, threw our hats in the air, and we were ensigns.

All this which he has told happened in less than two years. It was unreal, a metamorphosis from tending sheep to tending ship. True the ship was small, some would have called it an overgrown yacht, but it was a commissioned vessel in the U.S. Navy, a wooden mine sweeper, a Y.M.S. Only 125 feet long, with a crew of 40; built for a skipper and three officers, in reality it usually had only two. Again Lady Luck had struck. On a vessel of this size you got to do everything, you learned everything about operating a ship. As the only one who could navigate celestially he became instant navigator. His skipper was a yachtsman lawyer from California and most unusual in insisting that every officer learn to handle the ship as well as he could.

Ninety-day wonders really did not know much when they came aboard their first ship. With the captain and a good chief as tutors you learned fast. It was training that in normal times money could not buy. It was into the Philippines we went generally on independent duty, making pre- and post-invasion charts, checking out anchorages for mines and wrecks before larger vessels ventured in. The ship was on loan to the Royal Australian Navy, which made all the charts for the Pacific campaign. In reality, wooden mine sweepers were semi-expendable. They sort of went everywhere first for a look around and a sweep of the bottom.

Unfortunately, when the war came to an end for the real navy, it did not end for the minesweepers. They had to stay and go back to sweep mines from all the places that had been bypassed as the American forces advanced against Japan. For this reason our little war went on for another year before we could return home. In retrospect it was great training: all the more senior officers went home and us young punks were left to remove the mines.

Now as an around-the-world yachtsman, I tell everyone that all I know about the sea I learned from the U.S. Navy. Finally, the minesweeper was decommissioned in Subic Bay and given to the Chinese.

Now it was back to Harvard to pick up our degree studies where we had left them. There was a different atmosphere at Harvard after the war; everyone was a returning veteran. The wonderful G.I. Bill came into being and once again this now much changed ex-sheepherder found himself being paid to go to Harvard. It had been extraordinary, it had been wonderful, it was unbelievable how so many strokes of good luck had dovetailed together to make this saga a reality.

Now as his degree moved on, storm clouds started to gather on the horizon. Science courses were no real trouble, hard work took care of them. Some courses he would like to have taken just had too much outside reading for a dyslexic. If you read slowly you are at a great disadvantage. There are only so many hours in a day.

Towards the last half of his senior year the storm struck. He walked into a waiting booby trap. It came in the form of a visit to the dean's office. Never, never underestimate the long arm of the dean's office. It changed his whole life and reaches him even to this day. The famous Dean [Charles W.] Duhig asked sarcastically, "When do you think you are going to pass your language requirement? In graduate school?"

This requirement had been put off for as long as possible as he knew it would be a real disaster, but there was no way out. He was assigned by Duhig a doubled-up French course. Disaster struck almost immediately. It was not that he could not learn a few French words, but the other students went past him as if he was standing still. In the past if things were not going well in a class, he just doubled up the time spent working on it and the problem would fade away. Not so this time. It was a stream of F's. He doubled, then tripled the hours spent on French, he let his other classes slide, spending more and more time on the French. It was of little use, it made him sick to his stomach to go to class. He could not cope. It was the first time that no matter what he did, it made no difference; he could not handle it.

Through Dean Duhig, the dean's office spoke: "No language requirement, no degree." It was quite hopeless and ended with a double F. He had all that was necessary to graduate except the language requirement. What to do now?

It was a one-way ticket to England buy a new BSA motorcycle and off to France. France still had war rationing and to someone who did not know how to get around and could barely ask for a piece of bread, it was not an easy experience. One of his friends also in Europe for the summer wrote him a form letter. "This man will work in your fields for X francs an hour, a liter of wine a day, and a place to sleep." Armed with this letter he set out for the Champagne, where he worked through the *moissons* helping harvest the grain. Then it was off to southern France for the *vendanges*. By the time September rolled around he could speak a little peasant French and he

returned to Paris.

Now he presented himself to Dr. Robert Courier at the Collège de France. Dr. Courier had long exchanged research with Harvard's famous Professor [Frederick] Hisaw. He asked for a place to work where he could study towards a French scientific degree. Dr. Courier made several calls and there was a place available in Laboratory of Organic Evolution, where he would be the only non-French student. This laboratory was directed by another member of the institute, Professor Pierre Grasset. Now with a laboratory to work in and as a graduate student, sans le diplôme de Harvard. There began 15 months of intensive work. It was off to the slaughterhouse at six in the morning to the very ancient abattoirs de la Villette. Here he collected horse pituitary glands off the slaughterhouse floor. With these he extracted and separated the gonadotropins FSH and LH. Now with these extracts he went to his friend Charles Thibault, who was working at Rambouillet on artificial twinning of sheep. It was pioneering work that eventually has led us to Dolly.

As for the French, he did not dare take any of the excellent courses for foreign students. He knew it would be a repeat disaster. You may well ask how did he study science in France if he could not read the language. The answer is simple: most of the professional journals he needed were printed in English. These were available in the library of the Pasteur Institute.

If he was to learn French it would have to be like a child, orally. It was total immersion 24 hours a day. Speak no English, see no English, hear no English.

Again it was the G.I. Bill of Rights that made this possible. It was \$65 dollars a month to live on. Free rent came from being a sort of semi-concierge, as well as looking after a coal-burning furnace in the Chateau de Marie Walewska, which was now a Montessori school.

When the children went home each day, the chateau was for all intents and purposes his. He lived in what had been Marie Walewska's garderobe. With no rent to pay it was possible to get by on \$65 a month. To double his buying power required selling the U.S. currency on the French black market. You could not get American currency in France. This required a long, and in winter cold, motorcycle ride across France to Switzerland cash the check for U.S. dollars and return to Paris. Slowly, very slowly his French was improving. He likes to tell people that he learned his French *sur les trottoirs de Paris*.

Now several well-educated French families started to introduce him to French culture. A new way of life was a free bonus here for the taking. No wonder Franklin and Jefferson had been so intrigued by France.

A week before he was to present his thesis at the "salle de these" in the Sorbonne, one of the French students in his laboratory came and announced that they were all coming. "Not to hear what he said, but how he said it." Hardly something to build one's confidence. The

defense of his thesis describing his research for half an hour in French and answering questions of his jury, “three French scientists” for another half hour——came off well. He was awarded his diploma *Mention Très Bien*.

It was now that Lady Luck returned in the form of a French Fulbright scholarship. The impossible had occurred again. Armed with a graduate degree from La Sorbonne and a French Fulbright in his pocket, he started writing to his friend, Dean [Sargent] Kennedy, at the Harvard dean’s office. He does not remember just what was in these letters, but they were not over-complimentary.

It turned out that behind the scenes big brother had been watching all the time. Harvard initiated a research project, “Inability to learn a foreign language,” researched by Kenneth T. Dinklage. This research soon revealed that they were dealing with a very complex problem. To put it simply: while finding that dyslexia came in “several flavors,” it boiled down to the victim just missing a few wheels which functioned in very specific areas. Dyslexia is a very crippling handicap. It is genetic in nature, running in families, popping up here and there. These victims usually have an enormous difficulty learning to read in primary school—some never reading beyond the third- or fourth-grade level—and they just can’t learn to spell. Those few who struggle on and achieve some academic success are all slow readers. They may like to read, but the process is just slow. There is at all times great compensation taking place to get around the handicap. For those few who manage to get into a good university, a serious foreign-language requirement is a booby trap just waiting to explode in their faces.

It is interesting that this rather notorious Harvard student was able to make the grade to a point where he would just as soon speak French as English. You could say he was now bilingual. (Long is the arm of the Dean’s office.) He can still hear Dean Duhig say, “When are you going to get your language requirement? In graduate school?” Real progress only came by total immersion. It came by changing the major pathway from the optic nerve to the auditory. This cranial nerve change relieved the difficulty more than anything else. Evidently this got around the glitch of missing or defective genes.

Harvard is right—every educated person should speak more than one language. But in reality, how many really can? You have to go and live in the foreign country. You have to totally divorce yourself from English-speaking people, and probably the poorer you are, the better off you are. It is not an easy formula, but it works. Not only does the student learn the language, but he receives the culture of the country at the same time.

It seems worthwhile here to introduce one story that illustrates the cultural dividends that are out there just waiting. During the winter, he was dating a blonde French secretary who worked in the Bureau d’Aggregation de la Sorbonne. One day she said that she thought it was

time for him to be introduced to the French theater.

She invited him to go to the Comédie Française to see Molière's Harpagon [*The Miser*]. The day arrived and he picked her up on his trusty motorcycle and it was across Paris to the Comédie Française. As a secretary, she was poorly paid; thus he expected they would be seated in the highest balcony, commonly called *Le Pigeonnier*. She presented her tickets and they were ushered down a narrow, single-file passageway which suddenly ended in a raised box above the left-hand side of the stage. It was the Royal Loge of King Louis XIV. You can imagine the shock. Not only was he introduced to Molière in the Royal Loge, but they were seated on the same chairs used by the King. These had been brought up from the basement especially for them. Money cannot buy an experience like that; truly "*Inoubliable*."

How did it happen? It turned out that his date was a good friend of the director of the Comédie Française. When she told him she wanted to introduce a special American friend to the French theater, he told her to let him take care of it. It was a blockbuster. An experience like Harvard, that lasts a lifetime.

Now when he thought he had reached the pinnacle of good luck, more good fortune was on its way. The top man in the world of reproductive physiology at the time was Sir John Hammond, at Cambridge University. Now, having some vacation time and needing advice for his research, it was off to England on his trusty motorcycle, to pay Sir John a visit.

Sir John was a cross between an English squire stud breeder and a Cambridge don. He was one of those rare individuals who is as much at home talking to a Scottish shepherd as to a world-renowned biochemist. He was truly a mixture of a farm boy and scientist all rolled into one. His laboratory at Cambridge was a sort of agricultural United Nations with students from all over the world, all doing research in different aspects of reproduction. Sir John was extremely accessible and generous. A sort of grandfather watching over his rather exuberant "pack" of graduate students. All sorts of what many professors would have considered odd or impossible experiments were allowed, in fact encouraged. At home in his spare time, like a farm boy, Sir John ran a 600-animal rabbit-breeding colony. This was used to supply his research students with experimental animals. Outside of Cambridge there was a farm with bulls, cows, sheep, etc.—all used to study the physiology of reproduction. All this was paid for by the British Agricultural Research Council.

You must realize that the British, having nearly starved to death in two world wars, were very aware of the true value of their farming community. Alas, this is not the case here in the United States, where we consider that food will come from the supermarket forever.

It was in this environment that he found himself on arriving at Cambridge. Dr. Hammond

showed him what his students were doing and had some good suggestions for the research in France. While it was now possible to artificially obtain twins or triplets, was it a practical technique and did it offer any hope of being of some commercial value?

The time arrived to thank Sir John for his help and head back to Paris. He was about to walk out the door when Sir John asked, "How would you like to come to Cambridge and work for me?" It then became necessary to explain that, as much as he would like to come to Cambridge, he had just been granted a French Fulbright scholarship, which for him was from rags to riches. These Fulbright scholarships were absolutely not interchangeable between countries. The long and the short of it was simply that he could not afford to come to Cambridge.

Leaving Cambridge, he motorcycled towards the English Channel, stopping to spend the night with a New Zealand acquaintance, now director of London University's Agricultural Farm. On hearing that he had turned down a place under Sir John Hammond, the professor exploded, "The top man in your field invites you to come to his laboratory and you refuse!" The following morning it was back to Cambridge to accept Sir John's generous offer. It took two more days in Cambridge to get accepted by Hammond's own college, Downing College, and join the University as a graduate student.

Still I am sad to say, "sans le diplome de Harvard." Now back to Paris he went to explain to the French Fulbright Commission, in French of course, the money problem. The French Fulbright was returned to the French authorities and in return the Fulbright Commission wrote a letter to their counterparts in England.

A week or so later the English replied that they had already awarded all their Fulbrights for the year, but in this case, they would grant a special one. Lady Luck was still following him. A French Fulbright became an English Fulbright, something never done before.

He now considered that he had acquired enough conversational French to satisfy any university's language requirement.

He was just waiting his chance if he returned to America to turn up at Harvard's French department and tell them what he thought about the whole thing, in French of course.

This was the beginning of three years of research at Cambridge University, England. The Fulbright Scholarship was so generous that he was able to get two years out of it. In the third year, the British granted him a British Agricultural Fellowship. Thus ends a shepherd's dream. It was extraordinary and beyond anything imaginable. Definitely he was the luckiest man alive.

This saga cannot end without adding one more story. One day, while walking on the sidewalk in front of King's College Chapel, someone yelled his name. There in front of him was Denniston from New Zealand. Thirteen years before, at the New Zealand secondary school which had labeled him mentally retarded, Denniston was the top boy of the school. The dux of

the upper sixth form, while he was the bottom of the lower third, bottom boy of the school. “What are you doing here?” remarked Denniston.

“Going to school,” was the cheery reply.

“Where?” said Denniston.

“At Cambridge, of course,” said he.

“What are you reading?” said Denniston.

“Nothing, I am a research graduate student. And what are you taking?” he asked.

“French,” was Denniston’s reply.

“It seems to me that you are about a hundred and fifty miles off course. Why are you not in Paris?” At this point he switched into French. The expression on Denniston’s face will never be forgotten.

Thank you, Dean Duhig. The arm of the dean’s office is long and the deans of his day would undoubtedly have chuckled at this story. They were right—every educated person should be able to handle more than one language. However, for a dyslexic it is a ticking time bomb.

A year or so later he received a letter from University Hall with his “sheepskin” and a letter explaining that Harvard had modified its language requirement, waiving the requirement for students who could prove themselves to be dyslexic.

By now you probably would like to know what happened to this very odd Harvard graduate.

He has never had a job with anyone, always being self-employed. The ability to freeze and store semen at cryogenic temperatures was a discovery which came out of Hammond’s laboratory at Cambridge. Now, needing to make a living, he went to Texas and set up the first laboratory specializing in collecting semen in the southwestern United States. Of his three children, his two daughters are both practicing large-animal veterinarians. One has continued his work and now is a specialist in superovulating and the freezing of embryos for shipment all over the world.

He and his wife are stud breeders of Red Brangus Cattle and have been for the past 30 years. Nine months of the year they sell breeding bulls to ranchers; the other three months are spent on his yacht sailing and chartering up and down the Caribbean from Puerto Rico to Trinidad and South America. Of course, it goes without saying that he visits the French islands on each sailing venture.

Thank you, Navy. The navy has a saying: “Some officers would rather be captain of the ‘honey barge’ than second in command of a capital ship.” I guess he is one of them. For him, life has been a ball and still is. One day he is afraid he will wake up and find it to all have been a

dream.

Some people dream, some people don't. Thank you Harvard. Thank you, Dr. Gummere.

It has been a ball.

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