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THE DEADLINE FOR ADVERTISING IN THE MAY-JUNE '01 ISSUE IS MARCH 15TH.

For details about Harvard-In-Business, please contact Kelly McSheffrey at (617) 496-6686. appeared to represent a minority strain within the family. Worse yet, Gardner, who claims to be studying journalism, doesn't seem to understand that in today's world, the publisher of a newspaper, like Willes or Downing, isn't the owner but is a hired agent of the owner or corporation.

Based on these misconceptions about the *Times*, the article suggests broadly that family-owned newspapers are more willing to forgo profits than newspaper chains. I'm afraid the reality of the *Times* supports only the conclusion that some families have had a greater and more lasting commitment than others to the newspapers they inherited.

JAMES MANN '68 Columnist, Los Angeles Times Washington, D.C.

Howard Gardner replies: The Los Angeles Times became a publicly traded company in the 1970s. Its management changed dramatically in the middle 1990s. The major published accounts of the Staples incident, including the 14-page supplement published by the Times on December 20, 1999, all place the blame squarely on CEO Willes, publisher Downing, and editor Parks. It makes no more sense to exonerate these individuals and to blame the corporate board than it would to exonerate physicians of malpractice because they happened to work for a profit-hungry HMO. Nothing in the article equates newspaper ownership with the job title of publisher.

WHEN IS 29≠29?

ALAN SCHWARZ ASKS ("The Saga of a Great Headline," November-December 2000, page 83) that the author of the Crimson headline "Harvard Beats Yale, 29-29" come forward and identify himself. I write here to do that. I was at that game. I called the Crimson that afternoon, giving the afternoon editor those words and telling him to use them as a headline. I walked under the stands on both sides that day, when all concerned refused to leave Soldiers Field for some time after the outcome: the Yalies because they were stunned in silent disbelief, our side because of a delirium that we still sometimes feel to this day. John D. Roberts, a freshman classmate of mine, encouraged and witnessed my phone call that day.

The league title was on the line, so the

air had a charge to it. Fans of the sport know that Yale halfback Calvin Hill went on to help the Dallas Cowboys become "America's Team." Vic Gatto. Brian Dowling. Pete Varney. Frank Champi. Tommy Lee Jones. All played that ballgame. I sat on the 50-yard line, but during the famous climax, I was in the aisle, standing. Classmate Rich Genz left the Stadium with about five minutes showing on the clock to sling plates at work in the dining hall. Thanks be to God for my scholarship. I learned something that day. A football game cannot end on a defensive penalty.

Suffice it to say that no college football game has ever looked the same to me since. Not until 42 seconds show on the clock and one team leads the other by *more* than 16 points, can I declare a winner—and then not because I don't believe that such a deficit could be overcome, but because I've never actually *scen* it happen, the way I saw a 16-point deficit erased that day. Thank you, Harvard Football, for a Great and Classic memory.

THOMAS M. ZUBATY '72 Plymouth, Mass.

Editor's note: John D. Roberts '72, M.D., of Richmond, Virginia, testifies as follows: "It's true, and it's actually one of my clearer undergraduate memories (harp glissando—thinking back...)

"It was after the game, and several of us were gathered in my room, Hollis 32. Tom said words to the effect of, 'Wouldn't it be cool if the *Crimson* had the headline "Harvard Beats Yale"?' I thought it was a great idea and encouraged him to give a call to the *Crimson* office, which he did.

"The next week Newsweek included a copy of the headline in its report of the game. Newsweek had queried the Crimson concerning the origin of the headline, and reported some lame story that it sort of bubbled up in newsroom discussions. For more than 30 years I've harbored some resentment that Tom never received his due for his stroke of headline-writing genius."

I FEEL LIKE A CITIZEN of Mark Twain's Hadleyburg, where everyone tried to lay claim to a virtue they did not possess. No doubt there will be many claiming to be the person who talked to *Crimson* photographer Tim Carlson '71 on the field that day and gave him the famous headline.

I had driven up from New Haven, (please turn to page 96)

LETTERS

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where I was enrolled as a graduate student after obtaining my Harvard College degree in 1967 (though I stayed social '66, the class with which I had entered with sophomore standing). My wife was with me, and we sat with my sister and the Dunster House senior who later became her husband. We were all in the senior undergraduate section, thanks to a complaisant non-attending senior who had proffered his coupon on our behalf.

When the game ended, we all streamed enthusiastically onto the field, giddy not so much with alcoholic spirits as with the euphoric wine of the last 42 seconds (I remember telepathically telling the Harvard team to try an onside kick, and, when that worked for a touchdown, to try it again). I accosted a person with press credentials somewhere in midfield, toward the open end, and asked if he worked for the Crimson. He answered yes. I said, "Harvard beat Yale 29-29. There's your headline. Use it!"

He seemed a bit startled by my vehemence, but nodded and edged away toward wherever he was going. I think he may even have uttered a quick "O.K." to bring our interaction to a speedy close.

After that the four of us repaired to Dunster House to watch the quiz show College Bowl. I will long remember the feeling of gratification when the Crimson ran "my" headline.

> WILLIAM J. CLARK '66 Greenwich, Conn.

Editor's note: Mary Clark, the claimant's sister, and her husband, Gaillard L. Schmidt '69, well recall being at this game, but have no memory of sitting with William Clark, or of watching television with him afterwards. She has spoken with someone who did see her brother at the game; that person also has no memory of Mary or Gaillard being with William, but does recall that William was wearing a horrid black coat. "I am a librarian and a researcher, and I believe in caution in matters of this nature," says Mary Clark. "I can't deny my brother's story, but I certainly can't confirm it." She spoke with another person who attended the game and who recalls that the air was full of cries of "Harvard Beat Yale." Her view is that her brother is remembering a collective creation as his own.