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HARVARD-YALE
issue

Inside: Rivalry and Revelry in the Reign of Harvard Triumph

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The Indy is in it to win it.

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Audrey Effenberger '19

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As Harvard College's weekly undergraduate newsmagazine, the Harvard Independent provides in-depth, critical coverage of issues and events of interest to the Harvard College community. The Independent has no political affiliation, instead offering diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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The 133rd annual Harvard-Yale Game is this Saturday and regardless of what type of fan you may be, it is something that brings excitement and anticipation to all students. For some, it might be the excitement of selling your ticket for an outrageous amount to one of the alumni lurking outside of the dining halls after tickets get distributed. For others, it might be being surrounded by hundreds of people who have decided to come together and pretend that Harvard is the happiest place on earth and hasn't broken them even a little bit. It won't matter whether you spent the first half of the semester sharing Drew Faust memes about how disagreeable you find Harvard administration! This is the one day of the year where you are free to be off of your face on school pride (and likely other substances, too).

The Kid Screaming "Goal"

This is usually the kid who only went to a handful of football games in their life but it was during their year in marching band, so it's effectively been blocked out. You can find them excusing themselves every 15 minutes or so to Google different terms they hear the announcer yelling throughout the game.

The Yale Reject

This kid takes it very personally, which is saying a lot compared to the rest of the Harvard population. The sheer satisfaction at beating Yale makes up for the \$500 in Yale sweaters, pennants, stickers, posters, and mugs they forced their parents to burn after getting their rejection letter. While they've had time to reflect and realize that Harvard is pretty great if you're into guaranteed employment and being your grandma's favorite, the Harvard-Yale win is just the cherry on top.

Hungover Harvardian

This kid just woke up at 2pm and isn't even sure exactly how to get to the stadium, but they're running in the general direction of the bridge to Allston. Yeah, maybe that third tequila shot was entirely unnecessary but it's HARVARD-FCKN-YALE!!! So what if you pre-gamed so hard that you missed the game?? There's nothing like a stadium of screaming coeds and alumni reliving their glory days to cure that hangover.

Kid With State-School Friends

You've overheard them countless times muttering, "I should've gone to a state school" in Lamont basement. You know they've been keeping tabs on the parties and events their friends at Arizona State are up to through Instagram and Facebook. It may only be one weekend out of the year, but Harvard-Yale is essentially every holiday wrapped into one for this kid. No other time will the average blood-alcohol content edge towards resembling the

"Dec" Yale

Going for 10!

By HUNTER RICHARDS

drop in their GPA from high school to college so well.

Blocking Groupie

This kid's only there to be in all the photos their blocking group takes during the game because the FOMO is too real. Yeah, they might've bought the H tattoo for their cheek and showed up early for the tailgate, but all that dedication is really just to get a really good profile picture to prove to their mom that they're having fun in college.

Excited Freshman

You have absolutely no idea what's going on, but at least you know where the stadium is now. You still have no idea where the nearest post office or grocery store is, but you've got Yelp for that. If Harvard-Yale had an online review, it's be a lot of trolling from Yale students followed by a lot of references to how many of our presidents and leaders probably got as sh*t-faced as everyone else is about to get this weekend for the same reason.

Here's to a tenth win for Harvard, marking a full decade of adding football to the list of ways Harvard is better than Yale. We all look forward to Harvard's chance to "dec" Yale.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) has been pretty proud of the Dime Ivy she attends even before it pulls off a perfect 10!

INDY FORUM

Location, location, location.

The most obvious comparison to make between Harvard and Yale is their locations. While Harvard is situated along the Charles River in Cambridge, with lots of other colleges nearby, Yale is the centerpiece of... New Haven. I grew up about half an hour from New Haven, and I'll be the first to tell you that it's nothing to call home about. It often smells like swamp when the tide is low and Yale itself is one of the city's few redeeming qualities. I really only ventured to New Haven for a few reasons—Yale New Haven Hospital, the Apple store, and pizza.

Winner:
Harvard

Pizza!

New Haven pizza is one of the few things Connecticut has to be proud of, but it definitely does have the right to be proud. A few cult classics populate the tiny city, especially on Wooster Street. My personal favorite is Frank Pepe Pizzeria Napoletana, commonly known as Pepe's (which you must try at next year's game), but others prefer Sally's or Modern. Whichever you choose, it will be some of the best pizza you have ever had (sorry, Noch's).

Winner: Yale

Food Trucks.

On a related note, Harvard's food trucks are far superior to those found in the New Haven area. While the Science Center Plaza here is always bustling with at least a couple of delicious offerings, like Roxy's Grilled Cheese, Bon Me, or Ben & Jerry's, the New Haven food truck offerings are far less desirable. One might notice driving down I-95 the long row of food

trucks by New Haven's Long Wharf area—but I'd advise you not to stop. The cleanliness of those trucks is suspect, and my favorite, Sugar cupcake shop's truck, is usually found not in New Haven, but at the outlet mall in my town about half an hour down the road. Overall, Yale's selection of food trucks is subpar.

Winner: Harvard

CS50

If only Yalies would be honest with themselves—they are all jealous of us. Even their computer science program is jealous, and

By EMILY HALL

for good reason; they couldn't find someone to teach their students introductory computer science. Thus, they convinced David Malan to send them the taped Sanders Theatre lectures so they could partake in the glory that is the cult of CS50—or for them, CPSC 100 (although that seems to have less of a cult-y ring to it).

Winner: Harvard

Nightlife.

Each time Harvard-Yale is played at Yale, there is way too much HYpe (ha, get it?) about going to Toad's Place. For Harvard-Yale weekend, they do implement special rules to keep it open for mainly college students, but it's important to know that most weekends, that isn't the case. My friends and I went to Toad's fairly often in high school for concerts, and my parents still do—Toad's really isn't as

“hopping” as people think it is. While Harvard has its own issues with social life, partying with my parents, or high schoolers, certainly isn't one of them.

Winner: Harvard

Sports.

If you are a person who likes watching sports, you do not want to go to Yale. Their own sports fields are much farther from their main campus than ours -- just across the river -- and their Harvard-Yale record is significantly lacking (Harvard has won The Game for the past nine years—the longest winning streak in the history of The Game). Harvard also boasts access to lots of professional sports teams—the Red Sox, Celtics, and Bruins are easily accessible in Boston, and the Patriots are not too far away in Foxboro. New Haven doesn't have a single professional sports team, and the only national-level team in the state is the WNBA's Connecticut Sun. Baseball fans might have to stick with the Hartford Yard Goats, over an hour from campus, or the Bridgeport Bluefish, located in a city worse than New Haven (yes, it's possible).

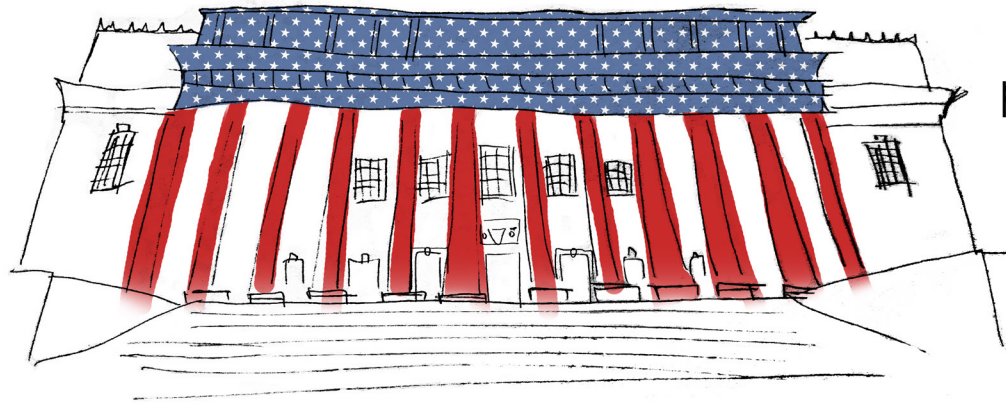
Winner: Harvard

If you're looking for Gothic architecture, pizza, and a really cool furniture store with an indoor ropes course attached, then Yale is the place to be. If you're interested in anything else: stick to Harvard.

Final Score:
Harvard – 5. Yale – 1.

Emily Hall (emilyhall@college.harvard.edu) is proud of her Connecticut roots but even prouder of Harvard's victories over Yale!

Electoral Harvard College



Political
personalities
of the
Houses.

By HUNTER
RICHARDS

We have all been on this emotional rollercoaster that is the 2016 Presidential Election. For some of us, humor is the only outlet to express disappointment and deep sadness. This one is for us: the houses in terms of the Electoral College.

Cabot: California

Not because they are thousands of miles away; No, it's more because 54 of the 55 votes are from Dean Khurana lobbying in Cabot Cafe. It's not buying votes if you lure the voters in by featuring them on your Instagram page.

Pfoho: Nevada

It looked pretty close there for a minute, rivaling the anxiety of a sudden surge of aggressive emails over the list-serv. Like Nevada, there's one big party and then you're not really sure what else, but the Bell Tower doesn't light up near as much as Vegas.

Currier: Colorado

The first place you think of when the topic of marijuana comes up. If you're going to venture to the other side of campus, you're probably looking for one of the landmarks of campus (read: the Ten Man, Tree House, one of the Solariums, etc).

Eliot: Texas

We get it, you have Fete. Your house committee has so much money that Eliot could probably subsist on its own. All of the debates over housing always end with the Fete card but we just let them have it because we know they're all living in a walk-through common room-turned-bedroom.

Winthrop: Florida

You literally never know what to expect and you're always anxious about whether you're going to find asbestos, or just a small double, or if you're lucky, perhaps a palatial suite in Prescott.

Kirkland: New Hampshire

It took a lot of work to get through to them but they still prefer to do their own thing and keep to themselves. You're familiar with their general geographical location and know it's pretty close but not really sure exactly what's there worth seeing to warrant a visit.

Mather: Alaska

See, we all know there are 12 houses but we also usually only end up naming 11 easily before realizing we forgot Mather. Maybe it's the distance, maybe it's blocking out Mather Lather (and the subsequent pink eye). We're listening, but we already made our decision and just want you to feel included.

Leverett: Minnesota

Nothing says Midwest charm quite like a pack of Corgis out for a walk and the bunnies occupying the Lev courtyards. Lev doesn't exactly start much trouble but they really like to feel included.

Dunster: Michigan

After a year of construction, we had some high hopes. Now we just have more hallway doubles. We figured you had it all figured out, but now realize we should have listened to you more so you did not feel the need to lash out.

Adams: Pennsylvania

Maybe it's because everyone wanted Adams on Housing Day and there were only 140 beds for incoming sophomores, spread across only 40 rooms. However, we didn't see this one coming. The longer walks around all of the construction in the square seemed to give them more time to think about the election than we expected.

Lowell: Wisconsin

We really thought we had you pegged and it was all peachy with the Lowell tea and peaceful yellow dining hall, but we see now that the morning bells can take their toll.

Quincy: New York

Quincy might not be the biggest but they have got some heavy influence and certainly put in the work. We are more than willing to put that terrifying Man-Penguin video out of our minds and give them the benefit of the doubt for trying and always coming through for us.

Freshman Yard: Montana

You might be pretty big, but since it is your first year having to figure out how much Advil you're actually able to take in one day and whether you can eat eggs at every meal for a week, you are going to need a little more experience before you get that leverage.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is hoping to fulfill her civics Gen Ed requirement with this article.

Capturing the Pulse of Harvard-Yale

Freshman
perspectives.

By TUSHAR DWIVEDI

Harvard-Yale weekend: The scores of the last 9 years, the confidence that rocks Harvard, and the passion with which we support our team; within just months of being here, freshman have been swept up in the whirlwind that has led up to the weekend that is November 18th. But for a significant portion of current Harvard freshman, they could just as easily have been the ones on the bus or train, coming here for the first time.

The cross-admits: Ranging from those who only applied to two schools, to those seeking admissions success across all the Ivies, and those purely interested in both schools. There is nothing that distinguishes such individuals from their peers; the classes, stress, parties, jokes, and school pride are all still the same. It is easy to forget, however, that for many, an external factor, outside of their control, is the reason they are not making the trip here, rooting for their team. When looking across the stands, the divide across the field may seem huge, but the real distance comes down to much more practical, real factors.

We compare
Harvard and
Yale all the time

- and as students here, the answer is obvious, every time. Now that we are here, actually living in the dorms and surrounded by the Yard, the good, and the bad, of Harvard are easily apparent. But what about those few for whom Harvard vs. Yale was more than a football game. It was a major life decision for the coming four years and beyond. How do we make decisions when the culture and life at Harvard are so distinct, and the school seems just as foreign and imposing as Yale? I asked those around me, my friends and classmates, about the choice they made, and how they made it.

How many times have you been asked why you chose Harvard? For myself at least, it's a devilishly frustrating question - and the constant explanations eventually turned into just rote rhetoric. So I asked for just one word for why Harvard over Yale.

Money. Distance. Boston. A specific major, etc. The same reasons, repeated over and over again, in different ways and forms. This weekend, more than any, seems to highlight the differences between the two schools, and regardless of the rivalry, the competition and showmanship seems to rise to a whole new level. But when examining the students who had the opportunity to choose one over the other - a decision that transcends any rivalry - the results clearly show that external factors, unrelated to the character and heart of our schools, are a large part of why we are here.

I reached out to friends at Yale - those who chose Yale over Harvard - just to get another perspective. The reasons varied, but centered around the same themes - money, major, home. The reasons were almost the exact same as the ones students gave here, and the sense of elitism that often appears to put one school over the other quickly falls apart. The comparisons between Harvard and Yale are completely valid; most center around academics, culture, atmosphere, and the overall impressions and impact of the schools. The comparisons of students, however, tends to fall short. There is a fundamental difference in schools, but the fundamental character and motivations of

the students in each remains the same. The excitement and competition this weekend are things I have been looking forward to for a long time - the atmosphere and general buzz that has been building up is incredible. But when the students for Yale arrive, the campus will not differ quite as much.

Tushar Dwivedi (tushar_dwivedi@college.harvard.edu) is looking forward to cheering the home team this weekend!

This upcoming Saturday, thousands of students and alumni of Harvard and Yale will flock to Harvard Stadium in Allston to watch the teams collide for the 133rd time. Though “The Game” refers only to the matchup set to take place on the gridiron, the competition between the two schools extends far beyond the playing field. With that in mind, the Harvard Independent takes a look at the extracurricular activities available to students the night before and the day of The Game, and decides once and for all which school truly has the upper hand.

Friday Night

Harvard: There are few nights on the calendar where the legacy of Boston’s Puritan past is more vividly felt than on the eve before Harvard-Yale. The final clubs close their doors in response to the vast influx of visitors coming for the weekend, and the nightlife on campus is largely non-existent. The Houses throw mixers with their sister colleges from Yale, but turnout is typically small and the events subdued. Some seek to circumnavigate the increased liability on campus by throwing parties in Boston. For those over the age of 21, these are attractive options and are usually fun. However, for those under 21, this choice is unavailable, as Boston’s strict attitude toward fake IDs inhibits young members of the College from partaking. Thus, how much fun you can have the night before “The Game” ends up being highly correlated to your age.

Yale: At Yale, the saying goes that “All Roads Lead to Toad’s,” referring to the large nightclub located near the campus. While this is the highlight of the Friday night at Yale, there are other options aside from just this one.



Many of Yale’s fraternities open up their houses to Harvard students and throw massive parties. These soirées last well into wee hours of the night, and are replete with fog machines, DJs, and enough alcohol to drink

to even the most ambitious liver’s content. As one grows tired of SAE and SIGEP, it eventually becomes time to transition to Toad’s. This is the pinnacle of the night. All students from Harvard and Yale, regardless of age, enter the cavernous club and rapidly descend into madness. Though it is rare that people remember their entire experience at Toad’s, it is even rarer that the parts they do are viewed with anything but fondness.

Advantage: Yale

The Pregame

Harvard: The day of The Game at Harvard typically begins early in the morning. People congregate in their dorm rooms and wet their whistles before heading out for the day. Some visit the final clubs to continue the festivities, while others make appearances at their House courtyards. After a few hours of inundating the bloodstream with alcohol and building excitement, it becomes time to head down to the fields adjacent to the stadium. Here, there are seemingly infinite options. Students can attend the House tailgates on the tennis courts, barter for food with alumni, or join the student tailgates on Cumnock Field. The field tailgates are where the pregame reaches its apex. An endless stream of students jumps from pick-up to pick-up to dance and partake in the revelry. The festivities do not subside after kickoff, and usually persist until about halftime, when security shuts it down.

Yale: The pregame at Yale usually begins in whichever room you are staying. The drinking is somewhat subdued during this period, as students devote most of their time to locating their friends and devising a plan for the day. The day does not truly begin in earnest until students make their way down toward the Yale Bowl. This is not so easy a task as one might think. Two and a half miles separate Yale’s Old Campus and the stadium. This necessitates either a half hour walk or a shuttle ride in order to reach the tailgates. While this seems fairly straightforward, the process is a severe pain, and puts a damper on the morning until the final destination is reached. Once by the stadium, students congregate in one of the

Gaming The Game

Match ups beyond the field.

By DEVON HIGHAM

many fields for a tailgate experience similar to Harvard’s. Though there is significant distance between the school-sanctioned and unofficial tailgates at Yale, they benefit from a laxer security presence, and do not end until the game itself concludes. However, the inconveniences associated with reaching and travelling between Yale’s tailgates detracts is an unavoidable blemish, and detracts from the overall experience.

Advantage: Harvard

The Game Itself

Harvard: It should be noted that the quality of the game is very much dependent on its stakes, and whether the championship is in reach for either team. That said, there are important differences between the stadiums that impact the viewing experience. Harvard’s stadium is significantly smaller than Yale’s. If this were a comparison between football powerhouses such as Michigan and Ohio State, this would be a disadvantage. However, this actually puts Harvard in a superior position to its New Haven counterpart. The smaller size means that the stadium can be fully filled for The Game, and that its importance can be reflected in its lack of empty seats. However, the act of actually sitting through “The Game” is a somewhat painful experience. Though the concrete seats conjure up images of the Roman Coliseum, the aesthetic joy erodes in direct

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proportion to the seat of one's pants over the course of the three-hour game. Students often find themselves visiting the vendors housed within the stadium in response to their hard-drunk hunger as well as their need to escape the pain permeating their backsides.

Yale: The Yale Bowl is a large stadium, on par with those of many top tier programs. However, due to the fact that the team finds itself in the Ivy League, the stadium is never filled. Even the most impatiently awaited incarnations of "The Game" do not manage to sell out. This detracts from the experience, and reminds attendees of the harsh fact that the matchup between Harvard-Yale is now

an afterthought, and a far cry from the 1920 game that drew 80,000. Despite the Yale Bowl's size it houses neither bathrooms nor vendors. Students must exit the stadium and search for the sparse locations where they may nourish or relieve themselves. The process can take longer than one would like, which is the last thing that anyone desires after a long, booze-fueled day of football and its myriad gifts.

Advantage: Harvard

Therefore, as both teams and fans prepare for The Game and we take a look at our chances this year, Harvard-Yale comparisons abound.

These lineups may be a little redundant with the current 10-year streak, but even Harvard students need a little affirmation sometimes!

Devon Higham (devonhigham@college.harvard.edu) sees the advantage as clearly Harvard's on and off the football field.



It seems some Yalies may have already begun flocking to Cambridge. *Francesca Cornero*



Straus Cup, (meet Harkness Cup). Brooks Canaday/Harvard University

Hark! The Harkness

Harvard-Yale
Intramurals.

By KELSEY O'CONNOR

Every other year, Harvard's undergraduate population skyrockets on the third Saturday in November. Yalies come in droves to share in the rivalry of The Game. Friday night is filled with celebration and Saturday morning with tailgates and trash talk. But we must be careful not to put all of the rivalrous pressure on the football game because the third Friday of each November is the day of the Harvard-Yale Intramural Championship Games! The champions in each intramural sport at Harvard face off against those from Yale and the winners are awarded the coveted Harkness Trophy.

This year at Harvard, Pforzheimer's soccer team, Leverett's flag football team, Mather's frisbee team, Winthrop's volleyball team, and Eliot's basketball team will all challenge the Yale IM champions in these sports. Tradition seems to prevail automatically, propelled by enthusiasm for intramurals and supported by little institutional memory. The school spirit that springs to life every year for this epic event was born by the genius Edward Harkness in 1935.

On November 8, 1935, the Crimson announced that the Harkness Trophy had been presented to Harvard and Yale to be kept by the winner of the

most intramural victories between the two colleges during the weekend of the football game. The original championships consisted of nine sports: football, touch football, basketball, swimming, golf, squash, crew, tennis, and baseball. According to the article, Mr. Harkness considered intramural athletics the best kind and believed that Harvard students should only compete in intercollegiate competitions against Yale intramural teams.

Fast forward to the 1950s and intramural football was the sport of the day. Each Harvard House and each Yale College would field a football team and sister houses would compete. So not only was the varsity football game the one to watch, but the play-by-play of each intramural football contest was reported as well. According to one report in the *Crimson*, 480 men from Harvard and Yale participated in intramural football games in 1950.

In 2016, intramurals are far less of a news item around the time of Harvard-Yale, with the focus around the football game and relevant festivities. However, at Harvard, both this weekend and year-round, intramurals are alive and well. Nakoa Farrant '18 of Leverett House is the undergraduate leader of intramurals at Harvard. He writes "One of the great things about this IM tradition is that it expands the Harvard-Yale rivalry to more than

just the rivalry between the varsity football teams that most people care about on Saturday. These fun contests offer an opportunity for students from Harvard and Yale to compete and get to know each other in the process."

It seems that the continuance of IM competitions is fueled not so much by the tradition itself, but rather by an eternal and true desire to best Yale at every possible opportunity. Additionally, the Championships are mandated in the Intramural Rulebooks of both universities. This inherent need to demonstrate Crimson's superiority is especially apparent given the disappearance of the physical Harkness Trophy in the 1970s. With no physical prize, the winner of the Harvard-Yale IM Championship has only the glory and pride of besting the other to carry him to next year. And it has carried intramural athletes through 81 years of competition and will carry them through many more. Winthrop volleyball captain Matt Disorbo '17 looks forward to this Friday's competition writing "We played in this game two years ago and had an excellent time; it almost made us feel like we were a part of the athletic action of the weekend. It helped that we obliterated Yale in straight sets."

Kelsey O'Connor (kelseyocconnor@college.harvard.edu) predicts that the Varsity Football team won't be the only one crushing Yale this year!

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“Gentlemen, you are now going out to play football against Harvard. Never again in your whole life will you do anything so important.”

— T.A.D. Jones, Yale football coach, 1916

When the Crimson take to the gridiron come Saturday afternoon, they will do so with a pair of opportunities in play. The first is the chance to win at least a share of the Ivy League title. Should Harvard win The Game, and Princeton and Penn win their respective games against Cornell and Dartmouth, there will be a three-way tie for the league championship. I am not particularly thrilled at the prospect of three co-champions in an eight-team league. It comes far too close to turning the Ivy League trophy into a participation ribbon, and I would much prefer some other means of determining a lone victor. This could rely on point differential, overall record, or alternately a more capricious method like a coin flip or single combat. In any case, it would be preferable to three champagne showers in three different states.

In light of the hollowness of a tripartite crown, the greater share of honor lies not in winning the league, but in winning The Game. Harvard has the chance to extend their series-record winning streak to ten in a row. Entire generations of Harvard students have come and gone without ever tasting the bitter fruit of defeat, while the Elis have forgotten even the whiff of triumph. Should Harvard win, it will mark the seventh consecutive graduating class who never lost a Game.

This is all of relatively little consequence to most of the current undergraduate population. I know from direct observation that a large portion of the student body is incapable of either catching

for the *Love* of THE GAME

or throwing a football, and I am confident that a significant number have never actually seen a football game. I also have a sinking but growing feeling that there are a few particularly unhappy people who view The Game as little more than an exercise in barbarism, a vulgar relic of a time when Harvard still vaguely resembled a regular college. These are the type who blivate on the necessary abolition of The Game and all other games as they eat Greek yogurt and sip \$14 coffee.

Still I make an appeal to the yogurt-eaters who would fain ignore the significance of The Game, and ask them to consider a line my old high school football coach once uttered. In the fall of my senior year, as my teammates and I sat in the locker room, he explained the significance of winning not merely for ourselves, or our fans, or our school, but for perpetuity. “Years from now, you’ll come back for reunions,” he told us, “and the only thing you’ll remember and talk about are these games.” Even then, that sentiment struck me as rather sad. At its core was the idea that, after four years of high school and forty years of whatever came next, the only conversational stalwart would be memories of football games which everyone else had long forgotten. But there is a certain truth to it as well. Already, just four years down the road, a host of high school memories have fallen by the wayside, but I remember well which games we won and lost on Friday nights in the fall.

I am mindful of all this as I turn my thoughts toward The Game this weekend, and to commencement in the spring. I suppose in May, we will dwell largely upon who wears which

And a remembrance of it.

By JESS CLAY

academic laurels, and which old Latin titles are affixed to our degrees. But in time those too shall fade amidst the blurred outlines of memory, and I think that amnesia is likely for the better. But I suspect that years from now, we might still well remember whether we won or lost The Game in the fall of 2016. It will be an ironic twist on our real-time experience, because after the tailgates many people will forget there is a game being played at all, while others will not know the result until they try piecing their lives back together at two o’clock on Sunday afternoon. But the verdict of The Game will inevitably enter our long-term memories, as if by osmosis, and it will stubbornly linger like the name of an almost-forgotten classmate from elementary school.

Years from now, when we shall have grown fat and gray and return to ancient Cambridge, there will be a new generation of Harvard students standing in the shoes we now fill. They will doubtlessly look upon the old Harvard crowd with disbelief at how removed they are from us. We will try to be politically correct, of course, only to find our vocabularies sorely outdated for the newly enlightened undergraduates. They will say things

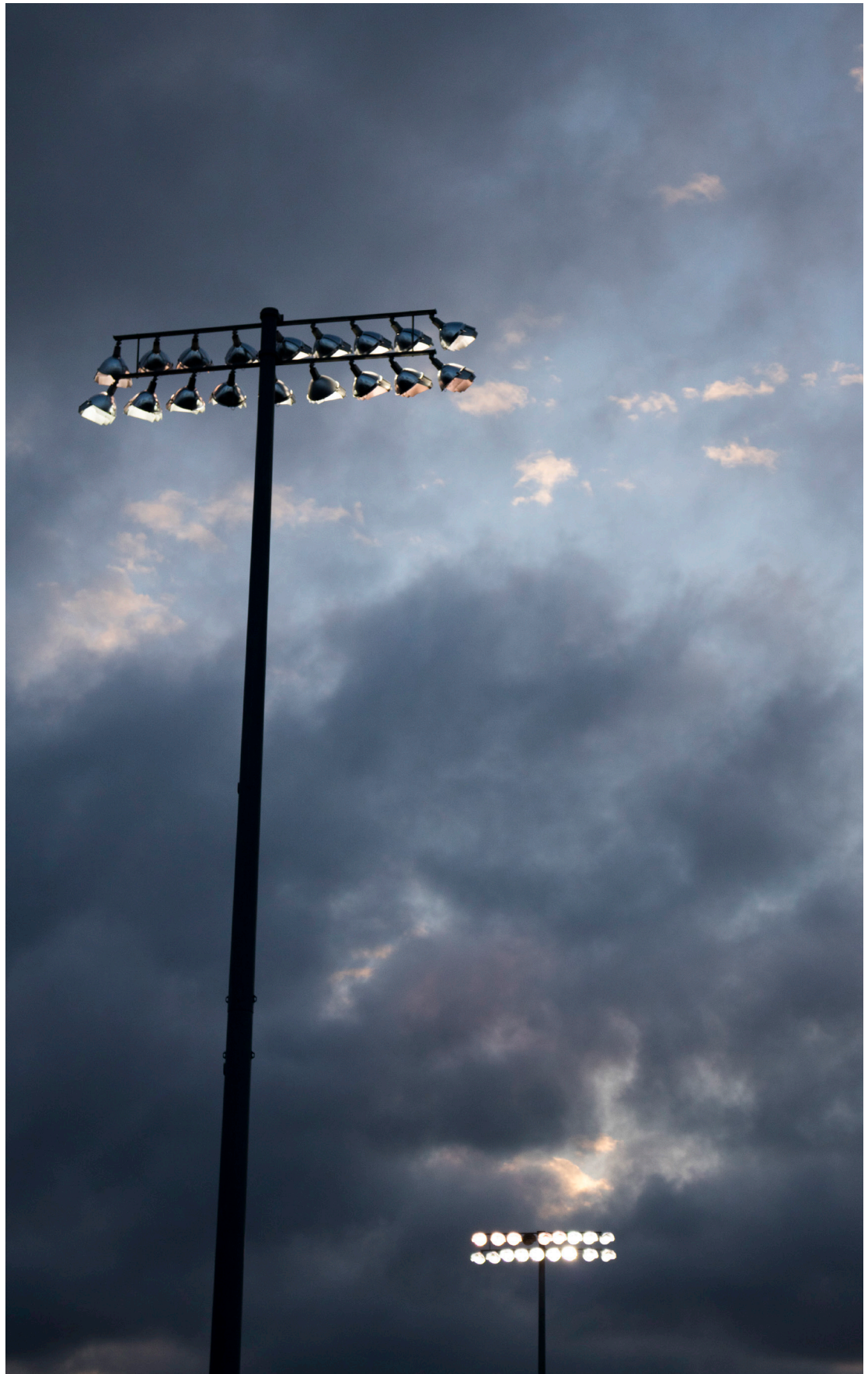
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that make no sense to us, and we, in turn, will struggle to give them suitable answers about how in the hell Trump got elected president.

Yet we will speak easily enough about The Game. I cannot say how Yale will fare at so late a date. Perhaps they will have at long last given up on trying to pass muster as an academic institution, and turned their humble college into a big-time football school. Perhaps they will have abolished the football program entirely, after untold years of futility and frustration. But at any rate, if the Harvard kids ask about The Game, I will turn on waiting heel, and tell them that I was in school during a Golden Age of Harvard football, when we beat the Yalies like rented mules, and we torched the rest of the Ivy League as Sherman did Atlanta. The undergraduates will be horrified at these uncouth similes, but their protests will fall silent against the gleeful gloating of their elders.

To all who would disregard The Game this Saturday, think only of what a favor it stands to render our future selves. And should Fair Harvard, by some miracle, fall victim to the upstarts from New Haven, then let us be grateful for the tailgate and tradition in this season of thanksgiving.

Jess Clay (jclay@college.harvard.edu) wonders what the Yalies will be grateful for after this weekend.



The Stadium. *Francesca Cornero*

captured and shot



By FRANCESCA CORNERO

The Indy wishes everyone a great time at Harvard-Yale,
and the best of luck while Harvard-Turkey spotting!