Preparations for GPC's 75th anniversary are in full swing when the company archivist, David Fisher, uncovers a stash of letters from the founder to a wartime sweetheart. Amid Hud Parker's declarations of devotion is a page featuring formulas for GPC's first product, Parkelite. But it seems clear from the document that Hud Parker was not the miracle plastic's true inventor. David recalls that a lawsuit was brought against the company in 1938 by the father of Karl Gintz, claiming that his son, by then deceased, had been the sole inventor of Parkelite. Hud and Karl had been fellow chemistry students at Princeton, close friends, and army buddies. The lawsuit was decided in favor of GPC, but, David believes, this newly unearthed document would have allowed the Gintz family to prevail. Now Hap Parker, grandson of the founder and GPC's current CEO, must decide what to do. His grandfather's name doesn't deserve to be impugned: Even if Hud hadn't invented Parkelite, he built the company that brought it, and many innovations since, to market. Newland Lowell, GPC's lawyer, counsels Hap that it may not be necessary to divulge the discovery. He lays out a convincing argument that this evidence might not have changed the trial's outcome and he states that no heirs to Karl Gintz have been located. He speculates, plausibly, that the two fellow chemists might have been collaborating on the innovation all along. Still, concealment makes Hap uncomfortable: GPC's corporate culture has always embraced integrity. He's just decided to make the finding public when a chance encounter with three managers gives him pause again. Is it fair to GPC's 8,000 employees to destroy a myth--even if it is a myth--that informs a vibrant and fair-dealing culture? Four commentators weigh in on this fictional case. [ABSTRACT FROM PUBLISHER]
The Skeleton in the Corporate Closet

The executives at GPC were all set to celebrate their company's 75th birthday. Then they discovered the secret compartment in the founder's desk

"David," Donna Cooper exclaimed. "You won't believe it, but these look like love letters! And look, they're from when he was in the service!" David Fisher, the corporate archivist for GPC Incorporated, hastened toward the young woman sprawled on his dusty floor but cheerily holding aloft a packet of yellowed envelopes. Unaccustomed to so much commotion in this room, he was still trying to process what had just happened. A moment ago, he'd been giving Miss Cooper, the writer hired to pen GPC's 75th anniversary book, a tour of his admittedly cluttered storeroom. Following at some distance, she'd chosen another path through the debris, only to reach an impasse. He'd glanced back just in time to see her give a shove to--of all things--the founder's writing desk. The brittle wooden legs, now in their 100th year at least, could hardly have been expected to scoot across the rough cement swirls of the basement floor. One had mapped immediately, the desk had toppled, and Miss Cooper had followed the whole wreck down.

Which was when, even through the air of the old storeroom, semiopaque with suspended dust, and even despite the early-stage cataract in his left eye, David spotted something that made his historian's heart leap. The back of the desk, now splintered, had mysteriously yielded a drawer, one he had never discovered in his years of puttering around it. Visible inside were some papers. Following his wondering gaze, the infuriating, wonderful Miss Cooper had spied, and matched out, the treasure.

A Bittersweet Discovery

She was right, of course. They were letters composed to a sweetheart by Hudson Parker after he'd shipped out with Company K, the 137th U.S. Infantry unit made up of recruits from Kansas and Missouri. The first was dated August 6, 1917--a full decade before he'd founded General Parkelite Company. David took quick note of the addressee: Mary Beatrice White. Not a name he'd heard before. Clearly this romance preceded Virginia, the woman Hud had married. David was faintly scandalized to realize that old Hud had squirreled away these letters, no doubt unbeknownst to his wife. At the same time, he was touched at the thought of an unforgotten first love. And although his first instinct would usually have been to don cotton gloves and carry the letters into better light, he instead cleared a bit of floor space near Miss Cooper and sat. There was an undeniable charm in having this young woman eagerly extract letters from envelopes and read them aloud.

"My dearest Mary;" she recited. "It began raining here this morning, and it is still at it. No drill today, so I will have time to write a letter or two: Impatient to find something juicier, she scanned the rest of the letter before handing it over. "Oh, look, David, how he signs it: 'With best of love to my own little girl.'" David accepted the letter and pushed his glasses down on his nose to peer over them. As always, he took a moment to appreciate the superior penmanship of an earlier age. Then his trained eye went to work on the page, drilling for facts that could be cataloged and cross-referenced with other accounts of the founder's war years. Donna, meanwhile, merrily called out other quaint snippets.
A half-hour passed in this way before David's joints, chilled by the bare floor, started to protest, and he suggested a change of venue. "Yeah," said Donna. "It's pretty musty in here, isn't it?" But as David took a moment to prop up the damaged desk and replace its drawer, Donna pulled another paper from an envelope. "Oh, this is the kind of thing you'll like;" she noted, unfolding what looked, curiously, like drafting paper. She thrust it toward him and promptly launched into the accompanying letter. "You will recall from my last letter that we expect to see action this week, Mary darling. Enclosed is a document I hardly expect you to find interesting but entreat you to keep safe till my return: Indeed, it didn't interest Donna, so she rose to her feet and briskly dusted her skirt. "Honestly, David, I don't know how you work in here. My eyes are beginning to burn: But when she turned toward him, she was dismayed to see him staring at the paper he was clutching, his own eyes filling with tears.

Our Founder, a Thief?

A day passed before David appeared at the door of Jill Pierce, the communications VP who was his boss, and asked for a meeting at her convenience. Masking her surprise (in her seven years as his superior, she couldn't recall his ever initiating contact), she invited him in on the spot. Soon she was holding the letter herself and listening to David explain its import. Shockingly, it proved that the formula for Parkelite—the miracle plastic that was the company's first patent and its bread and butter for two full decades—had been someone else's innovation, not Hud Parker's. Not to put too fine a point on it, GPC's revered founder was a thief.

David filled in the parts of the story she didn't know. Of course, she needed no reminder of what Parkelite was. Although it had long since been superseded by better materials, it had been a huge technological advance in its day. A dense synthetic polymer, it could be molded or extruded and had the advantage of not changing shape after being mixed and heated. Most important, it wasn't flammable like earlier celluloid plastics. Manufacturers had used it to make things like engine parts, radio boxes, switches—even costume jewelry and inexpensive dinnerware. At the height of its popularity, General Parkelite was producing some 200,000 tons of the stuff per year.

What Jill had never heard was that in 1938, a lawsuit had been brought against Hud Parker and General Parkelite by the father of Karl Gintz, claiming that his son had been the true, sole inventor of Parkelite. Hud and Karl had studied chemistry together at Princeton, David explained, and had been star pupils who had egged each other on. But as well as being competitors, they were close friends, even to the extent that when war broke out in Europe, they enlisted together. Both dreamed of becoming pilots in the Army's Signal Corps, and both easily made the grade. They were transferred to the 94th Pursuit Group and posted to France. But in August 1918—just a week, Jill noted with a shiver, prior to the postmark on the envelope she held—Karl had been killed in maneuvers when the wing of his French-built trainer had collapsed. David pointed out that the formulas and diagrams neatly lettered on the graph paper were clearly the genesis of Parkelite, which Hud Parker had patented in 1920. Just as clearly, they were the work of Karl Gintz. "This is the document," David concluded, "that would have allowed the Gintz family to win its case."

Unprepared for the Worst

Jill had kept her composure while David was in her office, but as soon as he left, she opened her desk drawer, fished out a bottle of liquid antacid, and took a slug. David's chief concern seemed to be who would tell Hap—that is, Hudson Parker III, GPC's longtime CEO and the grandson of
the founder. But that was the least of her worries. Clearly, this was a potential PR disaster, and her mind raced through the various ways it might play out. In honor of GPC's 75th anniversary, she'd introduced a heavy dose of nostalgia into this year's advertising. Hud Parker's image was splashed everywhere, along with the tag line, "He started it all." More like he stole it all, Jill thought bitterly, then felt guilty that such a remark would even occur to her. What a contrast to the pride she'd felt last summer when some focus groups she'd observed had come up with words like "trusted," "straight shooting," and "dependable" to describe the GPC brand. This was a catastrophe. And with all the extra planning that the special anniversary promotions required, she was already working flat out.

On her way to the CEO's office that afternoon, she lost her nerve at least three times. The fourth time, she even had Hap's doorway in sight, only to detour to the elevator lobby instead. She had a sudden determination to go down to the archives and urge David to destroy the incriminating paper and forget about it. But the fantasy died quickly as she recalled his haggard look in her office that morning. He'd already struggled with whether he could do that, she now realized, and decided he couldn't. She stopped short of hitting the down button and turned back toward the corner office.

**History in the Remaking**

Three days later, it was Hap Parker who was deciding what to do with the unwelcome news and 80-year-old graph paper now in his possession.

He'd been shocked, of course, and indeed had lost an entire weekend working through the implications on a purely personal level. On Saturday morning, he'd driven the two hours to the lakeside cottage where he'd spent summer days with his grandfather half a century before. He sat cross-legged on the dock, looked across the glittering water, then put his face in his hands and wept. First for his grandfather, who regardless of this incident didn't deserve to be impugned. The Parkelite patent, after all, was only a formula. It still took a great man to build a great company-and he had. And he had hardly coasted on that initial success. Instead, he'd infused the whole organization with the importance and excitement of constant innovation. It was his continuing attention to R&D that had led to General Parkelite's next generation of products, which, along with those of competitors, had made Parkelite obsolete. He'd won the respect of business leaders - indeed, of his country. He was a World War I ace, for God's sake! And a fair-dealing businessman, philanthropist, and community leader. A compassionate employer, certainly. And a dear grandfather, revered no less by his grandchildren for his tendency to dote on them.

This line of thought led Hap directly to self-pity. For neither did he, who had always held himself to the highest standard- with his grandfather's example as his North Star- deserve to have his name smeared. What was that line from Exodus about the sins of the fathers? He struggled to retrieve a long-forgotten catechism. Something about being visited on even the third and fourth generations. And now a fresh horror occurred to him: How much would Chip suffer, and even little Teddy, if this became known?

If. Had he really allowed himself to think "if"? He meant "when:"

**Reputation-or Reparation?**
By Monday, Hap's thoughts were back with GPC and its employees, shareholders, and customers. He was listening to Newland Lowell, GPC's legal counsel, weigh in on the matter. No doubt about it, Newland was sharp. He'd come up with angles on this thing Hap hadn't anticipated.

As soon as he'd pressed the door shut behind him, in fact, Newland had broken into an improbable grin. "I know you're upset, Hap, so I'm going to get to the bottom line first," he said. "We haven't been able to turn up an heir to Karl Gintz." When he got no reaction, he hastened to pull out his other notes. "So. Let's take this from the top."

Newland first outlined a carefully reasoned argument that the letter, had it been introduced at trial long ago, would not necessarily have changed the verdict. The jury, he managed to persuade Hap, was fundamentally sympathetic to Hud Parker and not a little suspicious of Gintz's family. "If there's one thing I've learned," Newland said, "it's that jurors vote with their hearts and then find the legal hook to hang their emotions on." Besides, there would have been no proof that Karl hadn't meant to give the intellectual property to his friend and fellow soldier. "After all, no one else in his family was a chemist. They wouldn't have been able to make heads or tails of his notes. How do we know it wasn't his intent to let your grandfather take it forward? Maybe they were collaborating on it."

"But, Newland," Hap interjected. "If that had been the case, why wouldn't Hud have simply said so?"

"We're talking about a court case," Lowell reminded him. "His legal counsel would never have let him say that."

Hap fell silent again and let Newland continue to lay out his next argument: that there was no way of knowing when the letters Hud had sent to Mary Beatrice White had come back into his possession. It could have been years after the court case. "Not to mention," Newland added, "that if he needed this paper to fudge his own documentation for the patent, then why was it still in that envelope? Isn't it conceivable that the innovation was essentially your grandfather's but that Karl had taken careful notes on it to study and perhaps improve upon?"

Believing his arguments were carrying the day, Newland finally plunged into his last set of notes. These were legal strategies for "containing the discovery"- in essence placing a gag order on the few people in the organization who knew the truth. But Hap had already begun to chafe at what were sounding increasingly like elaborate rationalizations, and this was a bridge too far. He stood up from his desk and nodded to Newland. "Thank you, that's as much as I care to hear this afternoon."

Newland Lowell had known Hap Parker long enough not to mistake his tone, courteous though it might have seemed to others. He sighed as he swept his files back into his briefcase and rose from his chair. "Look, Hap. I'll be straight with you. I know you have a strong sense of what's ethical here. But you also have an organization to take care of. Your employees will be better off, not to mention your shareholders- hell, the world is better off if Hud Parker remains a hero. Don't be overly fastidious about this."

Doing the Right Thing

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Packing up for the day, Hap had made up his mind. It was absurd that a company whose culture was all about honesty and integrity would tolerate a lie at its core. Maybe there was no one deserving of reparations out there, but surely the company deserved to pay some. He'd find some heir, somewhere.

He wasn't 20 yards down the hall, though, before he encountered a group of three GPC managers, two of them quite new to the company and the other a veteran. As he approached, he overheard the veteran, whose back was to Hap, saying patiently to one of the others, "Well, but, of course, Kevin, that just wouldn't be right." Then, catching sight of Hap, he fell into step with him, hoping to sound out the boss on some other matter.

Just out of earshot, Hap tilted his head back toward where the three had been standing and asked, "What was that about?" The manager explained that Kevin had proposed a marketing idea that seemed a little, well, not exactly underhanded, but .... The kid had come to GPC from a competitor with a certain industry reputation. "You know, people there learn to work all the angles and do a lot of things with a wink," he shrugged. "Don't worry, though. He wasn't comfortable there-that's why we got him."

"So you think he's got the potential to be a GPC'er?" Hap pressed.

"Well, that's the great thing about a strong culture, isn't it, Hap? It rubs off. He'll soon pick up on how things are done around here."

The unintended irony of those words made Hap queasy. Suddenly, he couldn't imagine damaging the strong belief in GPC held by this decent man and his 8,000 coworkers. Maybe Newland was right, he thought, and he was being too narrow in his ethics—even self-indulgent.

Julia Kirby

Was it possible for the right thing to be a lie?

Four commentators offer expert advice.

My first thought on reading this case was, "I'm sure glad this isn't me." Like Hap Parker, I'm a direct descendent of a founder of our company. Church & Dwight, best known for the Arm & Hammer brand, was started in 1846 by my great-great-grandfather, Austin Church, and his brother-in-law, John Dwight. Like Hap, I have a strong sense of what's at risk here. The Arm & Hammer brand is far and away the company's most valuable asset. The prospect of something damaging our reputation is frightening.

And yet I've tried to prepare our management for exactly this kind of crisis. In my internal communications with officers of the company when I was CEO, I laid out this position plainly: "Protect the Arm & Hammer brand, not dollars, not personal reputation:" These words were written with full awareness that such an action would require real trade-offs. Aggressively protecting a brand doesn't come flee. It means publicly admitting a problem if one exists, even though that admission might incur cash costs, a higher cost of capital, or government actions against the company. Trying to minimize financial losses at a cost to the brand is a sure loser.
If I were in Hap's shoes, I'd do three things immediately and simultaneously. First, I'd assign a really capable person the task of searching for Karl Gintz's rightful heirs. I'd make it clear that I was not looking for a once-over-lightly review that thinly veiled a true intent to pay out nothing. I'll had to go outside the company to get that level of truth seeking, I'd do so.

I'd also assemble a committee to examine the question of reparations. In that group, I'd want our inside counsel plus lawyers with expertise in intellectual property. Getting from a concept on paper to a patent and then on to a business isn't easy. We would need to weigh in on what value was created and when in the process that occurred. I'd also include an ethicist on the committee. From within the company, I'd choose a respected senior board member and a naysayer who would defend the company's interests. With luck, that group would come to an agreement on the value of the concept. I'd chair the committee and would make the final decision, if necessary. Naturally, the board would have to ratify the decision.

The third vital thing for Hap to do—again, without delay—is to get some first-class PR advice. Undoubtedly, the aim will be to have enough time pass in the committee work I just described so that any announcement and payout need not happen at the peak of GPC's 75th anniversary. Controlling the precise timing of a disclosure is legitimate, and good PR counsel will help Hap prepare for the possibility that the news will break earlier than desired. If Hap gets a call at 4:00 in the afternoon from a reporter on deadline, he'd better be able to respond by 4:05, or he won't like what he reads in the morning papers.

I'll say it again: Brand reputation is everything. I've thought exceedingly carefully about what it would take to protect Arm & Hammer's good name not because I fear any specific or significant threat to it but because an asset this important deserves to be top of mind. Perhaps Hap Parker has taken GPC's and his family's reputation too much for granted; otherwise, he wouldn't have been so blindsided by what has happened. One thing is for sure: He needs to recover quickly from this shock. How this situation shapes up will largely depend on how well he can get out in front of it. His best defense will assuredly be a good offense. Well handled, GPC's actions and accompanying publicity will not just defend the brand; they will materially enhance its value.

Dwight C. Minton

The problem with this case is that the parties involved think it is about a lie or bout lying. It is not. The case is about how to handle a piece of new, unwanted, ambiguous information in ways that serve the company's best interests, are compatible with moral decency, and yet are also in some sense deceptive.

The differences between lying and deceiving are important for moral, legal, and other practical reasons. To lie is to make a statement you want someone to believe even though you don't believe it yourself, especially when the other person has a right to expect you to mean what you say.

Compare that with deception. I define deception as the intentional misrepresentation of some aspect of reality as you understand it for the purpose of influencing what someone does or does not perceive, assume, or understand. Lying is one way to deceive, but there are many others. You can influence what is (or is not) perceived, assumed, or understood by hiding what is salient (through silence, omission, disguise, distraction), by showing what is not salient (through
misdirection, mimicry, imitation), and perhaps by speaking in terms "rather clearer than the truth;' as former Secretary of State Dean Acheson once put it.

This case presents an opportunity to deceive without resorting to lying. It's altogether possible for Hap Parker to do this and simultaneously to serve the company's best interests in a way compatible with moral decency. Moral decency involves taking others' interests into account while doing what you can to bring about a good result, all things considered. This position accepts the burden of weighing and rating five fundamental types of values in deciding the best thing to do. These values, as set out by philosopher Thomas Nagel, are: specific obligations to individuals and institutions, such as family members or the organization where one works; general rights that everyone has, such as freedom from assault; utility, or the effects of what one does on everyone's welfare, not just on those with whom one has special and direct relationships; the intrinsic value of certain achievements in science and art; and commitment to one's own projects that, once begun, take on remarkable importance.

The divisions among these values run deep, and no unifying value exists to bridge these divisions. Impartial principles (like "always tell the whole truth") play a part, but not the only part, in moral judgments. Context and particulars matter, too. I care for my child not because doing so is universally recognized as a father's duty or because it will benefit the general welfare; I care for him because he is my child. I would have different motives for caring for your child.

As the CEO, Hap has an overriding commitment to his project, GPC, which includes the 8,000 individuals in the organization. Making public "the truth" may well hurt rather than help that project and those individuals. Furthermore, it is not clear that the public or any individual has a right to this information (call it truth, if you must). We do not have the same obligation to share information with or tell the truth to our adversaries as we do to our partners in voluntary agreements.

Hap should see that company officials take advantage of this opportunity for a discussion about the practical worth of making conceptual (philosophical) distinctions that point to the right thing to do-in Emily Dickinson's words, when to "tell the truth but tell it slant:' In writing the anniversary book, Donna Cooper should take account of the new, unwanted, ambiguous information by extolling Karl Gintz as the founder's brilliant college classmate, a brave soldier, and a close personal friend who, had he lived, may well have collaborated with Hud Parker in the development of the company.

David Nyberg

Hap Parker and David Fisher have my sympathy. In my capacity as the director of the David Sarnoff Library, I was recently contacted by NBC in connection with its arrangements for celebrating its 75th anniversary. Although Sarnoff was one of NBC's founders, I found myself having to defend his reputation. He had been at the helm of RCA and NBC during several patent infringement suits, the outcomes of which some still dispute. Sarnoff is sometimes regarded as a ruthless executive for RCA, where he spent virtually his entire career.

My advice to GPC, now that the apparent smoking gun of Parkelite has been found, would be to put a professional historian on the case. Donna Cooper is probably only a marketing writer, and Fisher, apparently maintaining the archives in the twilight of his career at GPC, will appear biased, whatever his intentions. The firm needs a Meg Graham or David Sicilia, which is to say a
PhD with investigative and analytical skills, a published record of scholarly corporate histories, and an ability to write for a nonacademic audience. She or he will probably not answer the question of invention, given the black holes of definition, evidence, and motive. But a historian can examine those issues and explore the alternative explanations so neatly posed by GPC's corporate counsel. Scholarly research can also pay off in other ways.

One benefit would be to head off a situation in which Karl Gintz attracts an impassioned following. He wouldn't be the first inventor to achieve cult status. Among Sarnoff's detractors are those who insist that the one true "father of television" is Philo T. Farnsworth. One supporter has created a substantial Web site called farnovision.com. Therein he claims that Sarnoff sent RCA's acclaimed inventor, Vladimir Zworykin, to "prowl around" Farnsworth's lab under false pretenses and steal a critical electronic camera design. Meanwhile, fans of another brilliant man, E. Howard Armstrong, accuse RCA of outright conspiracy. Armstrong worked with RCA's research staff for years and even married Sarnoff's secretary. Ultimately, however, he sued the company for conspiring to suppress one of his greatest innovations, frequency modulation (FM) radio broadcasting.

GPC's industry may have less fierce enthusiasts than broadcasting. Still, the Parker family can expect a continuing strain of negative opinion if it tries to downplay this discovery. Americans love the myth of the brilliant lone inventor victimized by the soulless corporation. Hud Parker had the benefit of looking like the former, and if he now more resembles the latter, the backlash may be dramatic. Once the media and the public have damned Hud for one thing, they'll pile on others. When the Titanic sank in 1912, Sarnoff was a wireless operator for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. For 72 hours, he retrieved information about the ship's fate and its survivors. Recently, some doubt has been cast on the veracity of Sarnoff's account; this has led to doubts about his real accomplishments, as seen at NBC. Revisionism can easily take place, accurately or not, when the tide turns against an outstanding individual.

After the historian's research is delivered, if Hap still believes that Karl was wronged, he should give the man his due in reparations and reputation. GPC can legitimately celebrate Hud's role as the man who delivered Parkelite to market. Hud was not the inventor with a eureka moment but the engineer-entrepreneur who made Parkelite a reality and a commercial success. This leaves plenty of room to celebrate Karl as well. In the long run, telling the world about Karl Gintz may bolster everyone's reputation, including Hud's.

Alexander B. Magoun

This case, like many that arise in the business world, has a solution that is simple and complex at the same time. The ethical solution is simple: The existence of the document with the original formula for Parkelite must be disclosed. The complicated part involves how the disclosure should be made.

A company whose culture is grounded on ethical, fair, honest conduct cannot seriously consider concealing the existence of a document like this. Concealment will rot the hearts of the employees who know about it and will erode their conviction that they work for an organization that lives up to its avowed principles-especially when it counts, when there may be costs to pay and embarrassments to suffer. It is when the potential costs are high that an organization, like a person, signals its most basic values and morals. It's true that the company may be damaged by the disclosure of the real origin of Parkelite. But such an outcome is not a good reason to conceal
the document, since nondisclosure may also harm the company and its employees. A difficult outcome argues for care in the way the document's existence is disclosed. That is the complex part.

Honesty and fairness dictate that GPC seek to find any valid heirs of Karl Gintz. We see Hap Parker resolving to find some heir, somewhere, even if that person or entity doesn't "deserve" the reparations. His resolve is right, but he's wrong to disparage their fair claim. If Karl did deserve credit and compensation for the creation of Parkelite, then his heirs also deserve compensation. The amount of recompense, however, is unclear. Efforts must be made to uncover the origin and intent of the diagrams and formulas that were discovered. This could perhaps be accomplished through analysis of the court records from the trial, which would reveal how and why Karl's father came to bring suit in the first place. If no heirs can be found, GPC should use an appropriate allocation to establish a charitable foundation in Karl's name to publicly acknowledge his contribution to the success of the corporation. This type of foundation could take a number of forms, such as an educational foundation to provide scholarships to deserving science students or an organization to promote the teaching of chemistry in high schools.

GPC must make every effort to assure its employees and the public that the discovery of the letter and the formulas do not in any way change the company's overarching commitment to ethical and honest behavior at all times. GPC should repeatedly state that no officer of the company knew of the document's existence until the recent discovery, at which time the content of the document was made public. The significance of the letter and document may remain ambiguous- it is impossible to know if these materials would have made a difference in the trial and their existence does not necessarily mean that the founder was a thief or a cheat. Hud Parker may well have forgotten about the document's existence. GPC's current CEO must assure investors, customers, employees, suppliers, and other stakeholders that telling the truth is always the only option the company has. Hap may apologize for his grandfather's failure to disclose and explain the document, but his grandfather's error of nondisclosure should not be hidden and thereby repeated. However, the disclosure should be done in such a way as to minimize the harm to employees, to the memory of the founder, and to the future prospects of the firm.

David M. Messick