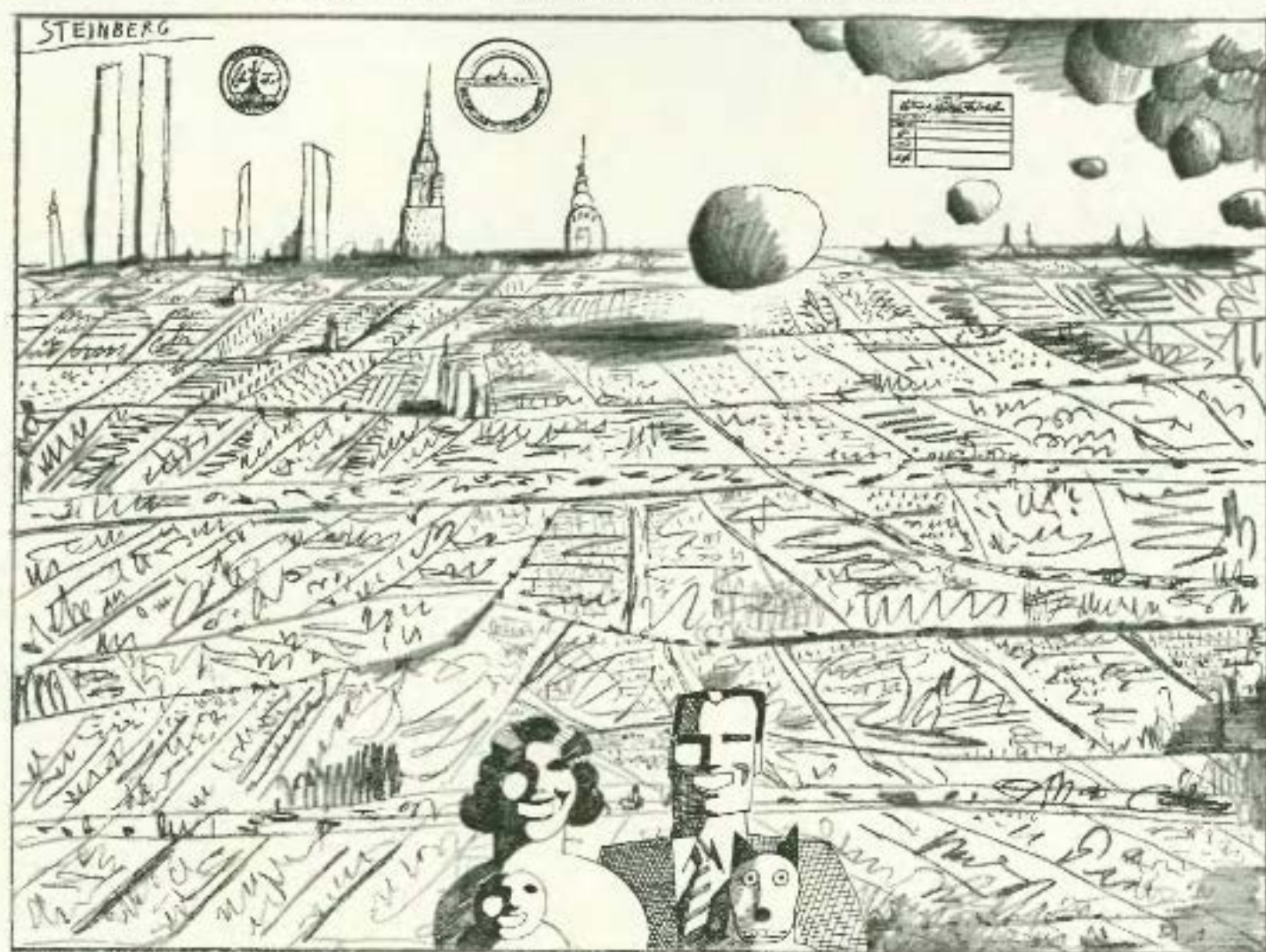


## ANNALS OF POLITICS

## THE POWER BROKER

II-IF THE END DOESN'T JUSTIFY THE MEANS, WHAT DOES?



WHEN, at the age of thirty-five, Robert Moses assumed his first two public posts—the presidency of the Long Island State Park Commission and the chairmanship of the State Council of Parks—in April of 1924, he had a park program but no money with which to carry it out. The program—the establishment of a system of parks and parkways on Long Island and throughout the state—was to be financed by a fifteen-million-dollar bond issue, which the Legislature had agreed to submit to the voters in a referendum. But the referendum was still seven months away; even if the vote was favorable, the money would not be legally available to Moses until the 1925 Legislature made specific appropriations out of the proceeds of the bond sale. However, at Governor Alfred E. Smith's request, the 1924 Legislature appropriated two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from general state revenues to allow Moses to begin work.

With some of this money, Moses

rented a suite on the fourteenth floor of the Vincent Building, at 302 Broadway. He reserved a large corner room for his own, laid down expensive carpeting, and hung expensive draperies. He bought for his own use one of the most expensive automobiles in America, a black Packard limousine, and hired a chauffeur. He filled the office with his friends, including Henry F. Lutz, who became the executive secretary of the State Council of Parks, and Raymond P. McNulty, who became the commission's counsel. And then Moses, who had spent four years of his life arguing that no personal consideration such as friendship should ever be allowed to influence civil-service appointments and that no civil servants should be exempt from competitive examinations, worked quietly through Smith's office to exempt his friends from civil-service examinations. He was so lavish in buying automobiles for his friends' use and furnishings for their offices that by summer he had spent more than sixty-three thousand dollars

of the two hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Harold Phelps Stokes, one of Moses' Yale classmates, was an assistant to Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. During Moses' first week in his new post, he dashed off a letter informing Stokes of a discovery he had made at the Fire Island Coast Guard Station. Since the last maps had been drawn, the ocean had piled up six hundred new acres of sand on Fire Island's western end. Moses asked Stokes to persuade Hoover to release the new acres as an addition to the adjoining two-hundred-acre Fire Island State Park. When Hoover agreed, Moses had in a single step quadrupled the state-park acreage on Long Island. That same week, with Al Smith's help, he persuaded the New York City commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity to release twenty-two hundred acres of city water-supply properties north of Merrick Road, in Nassau County. Moses also had discovered this forgotten city possession, and he want-



ed to use the land as part of the route for his Southern State Parkway, which would connect the city with beaches and parks he planned to establish at Jones Beach and elsewhere on the South Shore of Long Island.

Much of the remainder of the route envisioned for the Southern State Parkway was farmland. Moses quickly learned not to visit farmers during the day, when they were occupied with chores. In the twilight of Long Island spring evenings, the big black Packard with its uniformed chauffeur would be standing in the front yard of one or another neat little farmhouse in Valley Stream, Rockville Centre, or Merrick while inside, at the kitchen table, Moses sat, jacket off, tie loosened, and shirt-sleeves rolled up, drinking what he later remembered as an endless succession of glasses of beer and trading an endless succession of loud jokes with an endless succession of jovial but canny German and Dutch farmers, trying to bargain them down to the price—twelve hundred dollars per acre—that he had set for the right-of-way. Soon he had obtained options from a dozen farmers from whom he needed only land that was infertile or on the very edges of their farms and for which twelve hundred dollars per acre—payable in June, 1925, out of the anticipated legislative appropriation—was a good price.

A piece of property that Moses was especially interested in for parkland was the estate of the late George C. Taylor, in East Islip. When Moses approached some of Taylor's heirs, he received a pleasant surprise: they had already been thinking of selling. Talking to them earnestly and winningly of the public service they would perform by selling the land to the state, he persuaded them to accept two hundred and fifty dollars and give him an option, subject to approval by the other heirs, to buy the estate for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable in June. Next, he worked on the owners of land he coveted at Hampton Bays and Sunken Meadow, and they gave him similar options. Owners of land that Moses wanted at Montauk Point and Lloyd Neck seemed ready to follow suit. By the end of the summer of 1924, he seemed well on his way to establishing a state-park system on Long Island through the exercise of charm alone.

The charm could vanish swiftly, however. He joked and laughed with the farmers, but when one made clear that he would not sell his land Moses could change in an instant to quite a different approach, as he did in dealing with John Jacob Rasweiler, a Brooklyn-born farmer of German ancestry

who, with his five sons, had gone broke trying to raise lettuce, spinach, cabbage, and cauliflower on a farm in Valley Stream and then had sold it and bought another one in Malverne. "We all six of us broke our backs to make that farm pay," one of the sons, P. G. Rasweiler, recalls. He still remembers the day the "parkway business" started. "The farm was doing good," he says. "Then Moses came one day. He introduced himself as 'I'm Robert Moses, representing the State of New York. We're going to put a parkway through this section of Long Island.' He was very polite, very diplomatic, at first. But when he saw my father wasn't going to sell, he stood up in our kitchen and he said, 'You know, Mr. Rasweiler, the state is all-supreme when it comes to a condemnation proceeding. If we want your land, we can take it.' Father wanted to make an agreement with him—he didn't want to have to go to the lawyers—but Moses wanted to take twenty acres from us. The whole farm was only eighty, eighty-five acres. The twenty acres was the choice of the whole farm. It had been woodland; we had worked hard to get it cleared off. We had just gotten it cleared, and it was just about ready to begin making money for us. It was right in the middle of the farm; if he took it, all our rows would be cut in half—how could you plow? And he was offering us twelve hundred dollars—the same price he was offering for bad land on the edges of other farms. That wasn't fair. But when we tried to explain that to him, he wouldn't even listen to us. Father asked him to go on the north boundary line instead. Father said if he'd take it from the boundary and not from the middle, he'd give it to the state for nothing. But Moses said, 'No.' His whole attitude was: 'This is where we're going, and that's it.'"

The next day, as Rasweiler and his five sons were in the fields, a young engineer Moses had hired, Sidney M.

Shapiro, drove up with a surveying crew. "They just walked on the property and set up their things without asking permission," P. G. Rasweiler says. "Father asked them if they had papers from a court, and they didn't." The elder Rasweiler walked into his house, came out with a shotgun, put it against Shapiro's chest, and said, "I'll blow you to hell if you don't get off my land." Shapiro left and telephoned Moses, who said, "Get the state troopers and go back there."

"They wanted to scare you, I guess," P. G. Rasweiler says. "But Father asked the troopers if the surveyors could go on our land without papers, and the troopers asked the surveyors if they had papers and they said no, and the troopers said to them, 'You can't go on this man's property without papers,' and they went away. So we thought we had won, but the next day they set up their things on the next farm—Moses only wanted land on the edges of that, so the farmer was friendly to him—and got the survey lines they needed from there and they condemned up the piece of our property they wanted. We went to the Court of Claims and got twenty-seven hundred dollars an acre—more than twice what Moses offered us. We kept what was left of the farm, but it wasn't the same. I went into the trucking business—worked for my brother-in-law."

The charm could vanish just as quickly with a financier as with a farmer. Members of the Timber Point Country Club, which adjoined the Taylor estate, were shocked when they learned that Moses planned to turn the estate into a public park. Two of them—Horace Havemeyer and his young brother-in-law, the stockbroker W. Kingsland Macy—had even more reason to be disturbed than the ninety-eight other Timber Point members. Anxious to attract more of "the right kind of people" to East Islip, the two men had recently decided to buy the Taylor estate themselves, divide its 1,468 acres into fifty building lots, and sell the lots, at prices ranging from fifty thousand dollars on up, to fifty persons so right that they would even be invited to join the Timber Point Country Club. The proposition promised to be highly rewarding financially as well as socially. Now, to forestall Moses, they hastily persuaded their friends in the Deer Range Corporation—which had been formed by Taylor's heirs for the purpose of turning the estate into a hunting preserve—to overrule their officers, deny Moses the option he had been promised, and instead sell the estate to them for the





same two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he had offered, plus fifty per cent of any profit they made on subsequent resales. Learning of these machinations, Moses asked Macy to drop around to his office. When the stockbroker arrived, Moses bluntly ordered him not to consummate the deal. Macy refused to agree. What happened next he later testified to under oath: "Mr. Moses told me he could take my house away from me. . . . Mr. Moses told me he could decide the disposition of these cases all by himself. Furthermore, he added, they were going to take that place away from us and nothing we could do would stop it. . . . He told me personally that his power was such that he could seize my house, put me out of it, and arrest me for trespass if I tried to get into it again. . . . Mr. Moses told me . . . that he was able to control the press of New York City, so as to hold me up to such obloquy that I would not be able to stand it." And Moses was as good as his word. No sooner had Havemeyer and Macy actually bought the Taylor estate than, without even a pretense of negotiating with them as the law required, Moses directed Park Commission attorneys to draw up a notice of entry and appropriation covering the property and to serve it on the Pauchogue Land Corporation, which the two men had formed to develop the estate. And while the notice was being served, he stationed armed state troopers on the estate and instructed them not to allow anyone concerned with Pauchogue to enter it even to remove personal property they had left there.

The route that Moses had planned for his Northern State Parkway, which would connect the city with public parks and beaches that he hoped to establish on Long Island's North Shore, ran, west to east, through the estates of Mrs. Henry Phipps, E. P. Whitney, Winthrop Williams Aldrich, Henry Carnegie Phipps, Harry Payne Whitney, Francis P. Garvan, E. D. Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Bronson Winthrop, Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, and Otto Kahn. The Phippses, Whitneys, Aldriches, Garvans, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Rumseys, and Kahns refused even to discuss the parkway with Moses. One summer weekend in 1924, as they relaxed in the manor houses that they had so carefully secured against the public, they noticed outside their gates surveying crews setting up their telescope-like levels—and pointing the levels in their direction. When they dispatched servants to inquire what the surveyors were doing, the servants returned with the information that the surveyors were "laying



*"Gee, Mr. Martinson! Determining which issues have growth potential while simultaneously working to provide your clients with a reasonable annual yield is most certainly creative."*

out the route for the parkway." In some cases, before the guards could chase them away the surveyors laid out a line of red and white flags to mark the exact route of the parkway, and the flags marched straight across the lawns and right by the front doors of the astonished barons.

The barons dispatched their lawyers to Moses, and Moses did not treat the lawyers with the deference to which they were accustomed. One lawyer told Moses that there was enough power in Wheatley Hills, where many of the barons' estates were situated, to insure that no parkway would ever run through there. "Well," Moses replied, "we're going to teach the Wheatley Hills people a lesson." For all the barons' lawyers, he spelled it out bluntly: If their clients were willing to donate land for the parkway, its route could be shifted away from their houses to the borders of their huge estates. But the commission had the power to appropriate the land right next to their houses, and if they weren't cooperative it was going to do so.

"Appropriate?" the lawyers asked one another. What did that mean? In law offices all along Wall Street, lawyers hastily turned the pages of the act, drafted by Moses and passed by an unwitting Legislature, that had established the Long Island State Park Commission. Buried deep within it they found a clause empowering the commission to acquire land "in the manner provided by Section 59 of the conservation law." Section 59 of this forgotten law, they found, empowered the state to acquire land not by condemnation, which was a slow process, but by appropriation. "Appropriation" was defined as a procedure in which a state official could take possession of land by simply walking on it and telling the owner that he no longer owned it, and that if he wanted compensation he would have to apply to a condemnation commission. The appropriation method had never been used anywhere except in remote forests, and hadn't been used at all for more than thirty years. One attorney, after studying the law that Moses had drafted, wrote a friend,



"The powers most innocently expressed in Sections 8 and 9 are, in my opinion, when read in conjunction with Section 18, sufficiently broad to permit this Commission to take over the whole of Suffolk County."

And even while the lawyers were studying the powers conferred by the act, Moses was giving evidence of his intention of using them. In August, the owners of the Montauk Point land Moses wanted learned that Carl G. Fisher, the developer of Miami Beach, was planning to transform Montauk into a similar resort area. If he succeeded, their land would become immensely valuable. They notified Moses that they would not sign the option agreement. He responded by appropriating the choicest portion of their land—an eighteen-hundred-acre tract called Hither Hills. Then he appropriated twenty-two acres on Lloyd Neck. The lawyers told their clients that they were in for a fight.

The skirmishers made contact first over the Taylor estate. The attorneys for Havemeyer and Macy's Pauchogue Land Corporation told their clients that the powers given to the Long Island State Park Commission by the act that had established the commission were broad but that, broad as they were, Moses had overstepped them. He may have written the law, they said, but he had also broken it. Section 59 of the conservation law gave the commission the power to appropriate land, the attorneys said, but Section 59 also said that the power could be used only after negotiations with property owners had failed, either because no price could be agreed upon or for some other reason. Moses had never negotiated; he had never bothered to mention a price to any representative of Pauchogue. Moreover, the state constitution forbade any state agency to buy, condemn, or appropriate land unless it had enough money on hand to pay for it. Moses had appropriated the Taylor estate on December 4, 1924. The park bond issue had been approved in the referendum, but under its provisions none of the fifteen million dollars was available for the acquisition of land until each specific acquisition had been approved by the Legislature, and the Legislature had, of course, given no such approval. The Legislature hadn't even met since the referendum. Even if Moses contended that the two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars allocated to the Long Island State Park Commission by the 1924 Legislature could be used to acquire the Taylor estate—a contention of extreme-

ly doubtful legality—the Taylor estate was worth more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand. And Moses didn't have even that amount anymore. Before the appropriation, he had spent sixty-three thousand on "overhead expenses," and then there was the money he owed the owners of the land he had appropriated at Montauk Point and Lloyd Neck. The Taylor-estate appropriation, the attorneys said, was clearly illegal. They could surely demonstrate this to Governor Smith, they said, and before an appropriation could take effect Smith had to sign the appropriation form.

It had been obvious to Smith's advisers that he was uncertain about signing. One factor in the Governor's deliberations was his friendship with Moses, which had grown closer and closer since the Governor, who had taken such pride in his reputation as "the best bill-drafter in Albany," had discovered in Moses a bill-drafter even better than he. Often, after dinner in the Executive Mansion or in New York City, Smith would say, "I wonder what Bob's doing tonight—let's get him." Someone would call Moses. When he arrived, Smith would say, "Bob, let's go to Dinty Moore's," and the two men would sit for hours in a back room specially reserved for the Governor, drinking beer, cracking crabs, and talking. Sometimes the Governor and Moses would delight their listeners by going into a sort of rapid-paced comic dialogue on the Albany scene. Or if there was a piano handy, Smith would jump up, walk over to it, and say to Moses, "Come on, Bob, let's show these people what we can do." One of the men who watched Smith and Moses harmonizing on such occasions says, "There was a tie there that was beyond business or politics." As for Moses, with acquisition of power in his own name, his last restraints had vanished; he did not hesitate to mock to their faces men of wealth or influence. But he treated Al Smith with a respect that was unforgettable to those who saw the two men together. "When Moses was with Smith, he would always be spouting out ideas, pacing, gesticulating, talking," Carlos Israels, an attorney who knew both



men, has said. "But it was the talking and gesticulating of an enthusiastic boy with his father, a father whom he admired and to whom he was very respectful." And one of Smith's aides has recalled, "He acted to Smith as he acted to no one else, with deference and respect." Smith was always "Governor" to Moses. Moses never addressed him—either in letters or in speech—as anything but "Governor." And this was a fact more significant with Moses than it would be with other men. During the forty years after Smith left Albany, Moses served under five other governors. He never addressed them—in letters or in speech—except by their first names. He never called any one of them "Governor." For Moses, there would always be only one Governor.

Another factor that Smith had to consider was the efficacy of parks as an issue, which had been proved again in his 1924 reelection campaign. Running against the popular young Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., he had turned his campaign tours into appeals for approval of the park bond issue. Although the Republican Presidential candidate, Calvin Coolidge, had carried New York State, Smith had run nearly a million votes ahead of his ticket and won reelection. And, noting that the bond issue had carried by about a million votes, he felt that no small part of his victory was due to his identification with parks. Nonetheless, the question of the legality of Moses' appropriation still bothered him. The appropriation form that Moses was asking him to sign began with the words "I, Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the State of New York, being satisfied that there is available a sum representing



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fair compensation for the land to be entered and appropriated, do hereby approve..." How could he possibly be so satisfied? His advisers, listening to the Governor think out loud on the subject, believed he probably would not sign.

After the election, the Governor scheduled a closed hearing on the Taylor-estate appropriation, to be held in an apartment that he kept in the Biltmore Hotel. Havemeyer and Macy were confident when they arrived at the apartment with their attorneys. Moses, arriving with Raymond McNulty and another commission attorney, was not. But the outcome of the hearing did not hinge on legalities. Smith, anxious to learn for himself the basic position of each side, conducted the hearing informally, bantering, telling jokes, encouraging the principals as well as their attorneys to talk. And Havemeyer talked. Explaining why he didn't want a park in East Islip, Havemeyer said that he feared the town would be "overrun with rabble from the city."

In later years, Smith's biographers, describing the hearing, pictured the Governor as laughing at the remark and saying, with a grin, "Rabble? Why, that's me." The words Smith actually used were similar, but there was no grin. When Havemeyer used the word "rabble," Smith looked up at him. The laughter in the room died away. "Rabble? That's *me* you're talking about," Smith said. He reached out a hand and seized the appropriation form.

Trying desperately to turn his remark into a joke, Havemeyer said quickly, "Why, where's a poor millionaire to go nowadays if he wants to be alone?"

"Try the Harlem Valley Hospital," Smith said. The Harlem Valley State Hospital was a mental institution. As Havemeyer flushed, the Governor signed the form.

THE Taylor-estate fight transformed a quiet, conservative stockbroker and connoisseur of antiques into a major New York State political figure. The stockbroker was W. Kingsland Macy, a tall, slender former Harvard *Crimson* editor, a year younger than Moses, who invariably wore starched high, round collars and dark-blue suits with vests, and often pince-nez. Not wealthy, but well off, Macy seemed, with a seat on the Exchange and a modest but well-tended East Islip estate, the very model of the country gentleman—except that, unlike his brother-in-law Horace Havemeyer and the other members of the Timber Point Country Club, he was noticeably uninterested in making money. One observer of his career later wrote, "All the while he had a vague idea that he would like to enter politics, but he did not know how to go about it." And since he was an unsmiling man, with the thin, tight-pressed lips of the ascetic, very reserved even with friends, it seemed unlikely that he would find out. But, as that observer also wrote, "No man living excels Macy in the capacity for appreciating an outrage that has been perpetrated against his rights. He cherished and cultivated his wrongs as other men worship Old Masters." And now Macy felt that Moses had wronged him.

The day after the appropriation, new fuel was heaped on Macy's outrage. His lawyers had notified Moses that an

appeal was planned, and Moses' lawyers had agreed that the matter was still in abeyance and that therefore a hunting party that had been planned for the next day could be held on schedule. But the next day, stationed on the property were men in uniform carrying revolvers—state troopers, who refused to allow the members of the party even to remove hunting equipment they had previously left there, which had certainly not been included in any appropriation. Pheasants and mallards that the millionaires had raised were rounded up by Department of Conservation workers and put in trucks to be hauled away. Within days, Macy was receiving reports that crews of workmen had begun cutting down trees and demolishing buildings on the property.

Havemeyer was a businessman. Smith's actions had cost him an opportunity for a large profit, but at least he could, through the Court of Claims, get his money back, with interest. He saw no point in throwing good money after bad by fighting the state. But Macy no longer viewed the situation strictly in business terms. "There is a question of importance... because of certain fundamental principles of this Government which are being ruthlessly overthrown by the Long Island Commission," he told his partner in a letter. If Moses could do this to us, Macy said, he could do it to anyone. "No one's home is safe." The principles were too important to be surrendered without a fight, he said. He tried to persuade Havemeyer to invest in a legal fight to oust the commission from the property. Havemeyer agreed to pay half of all legal expenses up to



## A DEATH IN THE MARSH

twenty-five thousand dollars but said he would not spend a cent beyond that.

On December 30, 1924, Pauchogue's lawyers began the fight by asking the Suffolk County Court to enjoin the Long Island State Park Commission from altering the property until a trial could be held to determine if the appropriation was legal. Judge George H. Furman issued the temporary injunction on the day it was applied for, allowing the state troopers to remain on the property to insure that its condition was not changed before the trial but prohibiting them from interfering with its use by Pauchogue for whatever purpose the corporation wished, including hunting. And Furman added to his order a line that seemed to confirm Macy's contentions. The appropriation, the Judge said, was clearly illegal.

Hastily striking an alliance with the robber barons of the North Shore, Macy agreed that the best strategy was to cut off all Park Commission funds until new laws could be passed taking from the commission the right of acquiring land by appropriation. Because of the barons' control of the Legislature, there seemed little doubt that the strategy would succeed. But Macy was handicapped by principles. When a reporter from the *Times* asked Macy to show him around the Taylor estate, so that he could see if, as Macy had asserted, it was really inaccessible and, in any case, too marshy for use as a park, Macy disclaimed to seize this opportunity to sway the press. No, he replied, he did not want to influence the reporter's thinking. He was sure the truth would be obvious. He would not accompany him. "Macy," Moses said later, "was the amateur in politics." Once, Moses had been the amateur, but he wasn't any longer. And he knew how to take advantage of someone who was—as became apparent on January 8, 1925, on the front page of the *Times*.

"A FEW RICH GOLFERS ACCUSED OF BLOCKING PLAN FOR STATE PARK," the headline said. "R. B. MOSES OF LONG ISLAND COMMISSION TELLS OF FIGHT FOR SITE ON SOUTH SHORE. INFLUENCE USED, HE SAYS." The story began, "Robert B. Moses, President of the Long Island State Park Commission, charged yesterday that a little group of wealthy men was obstructing the commission's plan to create a state park on the South Shore, five miles east of Islip, and that legal action had been taken by them only when every avenue of social and political influence had failed." The next two paragraphs were a restatement of

1  
Crammed into orange vests,  
their faces burning with wind  
and whiskey,  
hunters were popping off  
on rabbits hills away,  
but the dogs were below the house,  
then on the marsh  
where a skinny creek  
staggered out through  
winter *Spartina*—  
two mongrels,  
a black and a gold,  
yapping across opposite banks,  
harrowing something,  
a sleek head between them  
in the water. Muskrat?  
But binoculars took in  
the eyestrip,  
the claws raised to incisors.

2  
The gold mutt yelled behind it,  
hackles stiff as quills,  
blocking a way;  
and neck deep, the raccoon  
swiping, backpedalling;  
the black one bridging water  
to the gold;  
coon flashing into empty grass,  
both of them  
on the grizzled hump.  
Gone.  
Whanging a ladle and pan,  
I made trees shiver.  
Grass flailed up growls

and the whole triptych  
again, coon in the creek,  
spitting into the jowls  
of the black dog worrying it,  
overleaping them.  
Then the grovels of low business.

3  
And the petty thief's shadow  
scuffling on quilts of mulch,  
its owl quaver  
and funnel of cries down the dark?  
Dispatched  
to omnivorous heaven  
to throw back the bolts  
of swill sheds,  
to ramble the spectrum of eats?  
Between us and other deaths  
always some distance.  
Always this question  
in the minutes no one owns.  
Even the grosbeaks paused  
at haggling seeds,  
and the dogs,  
small in a lull of wind:  
occasional earlop,  
spot of grass turning gold  
as though from a quick  
patch of sun,  
whimper of licked cuts.  
On all those acres  
not a bleached spear out of place,  
and they crawled to firmer ground,  
blood seeded with wandering,  
while I counted seventeen houses  
on the hills.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

that theme. The "wealthy men" were allowed one paragraph—the fourth—for rebuttal; they were not heard from again until paragraph twenty-six, by which point the *Times'* readers had had spread before them, almost verbatim, Moses' press release. The release harped on the fact that his opponents were "wealthy residents," "rich residents," "rich people," possessed of "every sort of political and social influence." Nowhere did the release mention the fact that a judge had found Moses' action illegal. And nowhere in the story, which ran for thirty-one paragraphs, did the *Times* see fit to mention it, either. Unable to avoid mentioning the injunction, Moses said that it had been granted by a "local judge"—a phrase with implications. "We will fight it," he said. "Upon its outcome depends whether the public or a small group of rich people can have a playground there."

Any reader who persevered until paragraph twenty-six began to notice that there was another side to the story. Contrary to Moses' statement, Macy said at that well-buried point, it was not just "a few rich golfers" who objected to the park but a large majority of the residents of Islip Town and Suffolk County. And the point of the injunction, he said, was that Moses had violated the law and seized property without due process. "If the commission can do this, it can, by passing a resolution and getting the mere formality of the Governor's signature, seize any man's home, dispossess him and put state troopers there to prevent his re-entering," he said. "It is for that

ty-one paragraphs, did the *Times* see fit to mention it, either. Unable to avoid mentioning the injunction, Moses said that it had been granted by a "local judge"—a phrase with implications. "We will fight it," he said. "Upon its outcome depends whether the public or a small group of rich people can have a playground there."







"'Yours very truly.' Underline the 'very.'"

• •

reason that we have taken the issue to court." But when the *Times* finally gave him a chance to talk, Macy talked too much. Far from trying to dodge the "influence" issue, he sought to defend it. "We did use influence," he said. "But we could not go round and see every citizen in the state about the matter. We saw various representative men. And we did go to the Governor. Mr. Moses went to the Governor, too. Well, I am a citizen of the state of New York and I have as much right to see the Governor as Mr. Moses." Such public-relations naïveté, combined with the *Times'* slanting, made Moses' début in a headline on the front page of the nation's most respected newspaper a triumph. While Macy had won the first round in a court of law, Moses had won the first round in the court of public opinion.

In the former court, Moses could not evade the facts that the *Times* had relegated to paragraph twenty-six. When, as he had promised the *Times'* readers, he did "fight" the injunction issued by the "local judge," asking the State Supreme Court to invalidate it, Supreme Court Justice James C. Van Sicken refused. The injunction would remain in force until a full trial was held. Such a trial, Judge Van Sicken made clear, could result not only in the return of the Taylor estate to Pauchogue but in the assessing of substantial damages against the Long Island State Park Commission, against the individual commissioners (including Robert Moses), against New York State, and even, conceivably, against Governor Smith. To indicate his own feelings in the matter, Van Sicken ordered the

commission to pay Pauchogue a symbolic ten dollars in court costs.

Now Moses' only hope was the Legislature. If it appropriated—"segregated" was the legal term—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the bond-sale revenues for purchase of the Taylor estate, he could argue that the commission had seized the estate in anticipation of the segregation. This was a weak defense, but at least it was a defense. If the Legislature did not segregate the two hundred and fifty thousand, the commission, and Moses, would have no legal defense at all. There would be no money to pay for the land that Moses had taken. The Legislature, however, was controlled by the state's Republican Party, which was dominated financially by the barons, philosophically by a concern for the rights of private property, and politically by its desire to embarrass Alfred E. Smith, the man who had shattered its control of New York State. In the Republicans' view, one of Smith's appointees had broken the law and Smith had, by signing the appropriation form, helped him do it; thus they saw an ideal chance to embarrass the Governor by publicizing the facts of the case.

On February 11th and 26th, the Senate Finance Committee and the Assembly Ways and Means Committee held joint hearings on the appropriation in Albany. Throughout the hearings, despite the efforts of the Senate Finance Committee chairman, Charles J. Hewitt, to gavel him into silence, Moses was on his feet berating witnesses. "I never knew of persons to come before a legislative hearing with

dirtier hands than the people of East Islip!" he shouted at one. But shouting could not drown out the facts. To refute Moses' contention that only "a few rich golfers" opposed the park, more than a dozen elected officials testified that the majority of Suffolk's hundred and ten thousand residents and Islip Town's twenty-one thousand opposed it. When Moses himself was summoned to the stand, the questioner was F. Trubee Davison, a young assemblyman who had learned a great deal about asking questions since the day, a year before, when he agreed to introduce Moses' park bills without first finding out what was in them.

"Did you have the money available at the time [of the appropriation]?" Davison demanded.

"That is a question for the courts to decide," Moses replied.

"Well, did the commission believe it had the money available to pay a reasonable value on this property?" Davison demanded.

"Yes, we did," Moses said, explaining that he was referring to money appropriated to the Long Island State Park Commission by the 1924 Legislature.

"Well, let us see about it," Davison said. "The Legislature last year appropriated two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the Long Island Park Commission. Did you spend any of that money before the Taylor estate case came up?"

"Yes, some of it," Moses admitted.

"Then," Davison said, "how does your arithmetic work out? You had only two hundred and twenty-five thousand to start with and you admit



that you spent some of it. How could you have enough to cover the Taylor case?"

"We think we had it," Moses said.

Davison had made his point. After the hearings, Moses printed up "transcripts" of them—with his own damaging admissions omitted—and mailed them to state officials and legislators. But the officials and legislators had themselves been following the hearings. "I am . . . opposed to the illegal practice of appropriating lands when no funds are available to pay the owners," said the state's chief legal officer, Attorney General Albert Ottinger, a Republican. The state had "an obligation" to people whose property it took "without their consent." Assembly Speaker Joseph A. McGinnies said that the Legislature would strip the power of appropriation from the commission. And other Republican legislators said that the Legislature would certainly not segregate any money at all—ever—for the purchase of the Taylor estate.

The Republican majority in the Legislature drafted a bill segregating six million dollars of the bond issue for the acquisition of various parks but no funds for the acquisition of the Taylor estate, and stripping the Long Island State Park Commission of all its powers. The Legislature passed the bill. Smith vetoed it. The veto did not help Moses or Smith. They needed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If the money wasn't segregated, Moses' acts would be declared flatly illegal in court, and no governor would be able to put a good face on such a development—especially not a governor who was involved, even if only peripherally and only because he had been misled by an appointee. Early in April, Smith told his advisers that he would summon the Legislature back into special session to try to force it into the segregation.

Moses' only hope of not having to appear in court without the money, or the promise of money, for the appropriation was to stall court proceedings until after the special session. Frantically, the commission's attorneys employed every legal stratagem available. They moved to strike certain clauses out of Pauchogue's complaint. Judge Van Siclen denied the motion. They appealed his decision to the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court. The Appellate Division denied the appeal. They appealed the denial to the Court of Appeals. Then they went back to Van Siclen's court and moved to strike out

other clauses. Van Siclen denied the motion. They appealed the decision. April dragged into May. The case, Van Siclen commented, should have been tried long since. But the commission attorneys filed new motions. Then they sought "judgment on pleadings," a device that required the filing of a long series of briefs by both sides. Then they appealed the decisions to the Appellate Division. Every appeal was denied, but every one used up time. Macy raged at the delays, but Moses kept stalling.

So did Smith. All through April and May, Moses was gently nudging the Governor to call the special session. So, for less personal reasons, were his other advisers. Since he had a great issue, they said, wouldn't it be best to press it while it was still fresh in the public's mind? Wait, Smith said. He had thought of something his advisers hadn't. New York City wasn't hot in April. It wasn't hot in May. New Yorkers weren't yet desperate for a bathing beach such as the one the Taylor estate would provide. On June 1st, a Monday, the first of the summer's inevitable heat waves settled over the city like a soggy blanket. By the weekend, the temperature was in the nineties. The city's people fled. Traffic jams on Long Island were worse than ever. Policemen barring the gates to a town park in Huntington were assaulted by frustrated motorists.

On June 10th, Smith announced that the special summer session would open on June 22nd. The next day, in a speech that was carried on a statewide radio hookup, Smith presented the argument for parks. "There are people in this state who are opposed to parks," Smith said. "There are people in this state who are opposed to parks, to the park program, because they do not desire public parks or parkways too close to their private estates, golf clubs, and foxhunting and polo fields." In other speeches before the special session, he kept pounding on the theme of the few against the many, of wealth, privilege, and influence against the masses, of parks against the millionaires' golf clubs. In 1925, the mailboxes of legislators were situated near the "midway," the corridor between the Senate and Assembly chambers, on the third floor of the capitol. Each morning, as reporters headed for the legislative chambers, they could see those mailboxes. After each of Smith's speeches, the mailboxes were overflowing with letters and postcards supporting Smith.

And the press didn't help the Repub-

licans. In their editorials, all the city papers—with the exception of the *Herald Tribune*, which was notorious during the latter part of the nineteen-twenties for its espousal of the upper-class viewpoint—seemed to be vying with one another in whipping up public support for the Governor's stand, and the support for Smith and Moses spilled off the editorial pages into the supposedly impartial news columns. The paper in which this tendency was most striking was the *Times*, both because the paper strove so diligently for objectivity on other issues and because it had such a high reputation. Part of the explanation for the *Times'* attitude was the friendship of Adolph S. Ochs, the self-made man from Knoxville who had become the newspaper's owner and guiding spirit, with Governor Smith, the self-made man from the Fourth Ward. During the twenties, Smith regularly spent summer weekends at Ochs's summer home on Lake George. Another part of the explanation was that the entire Ochs family—Ochs himself; his wife, Effie; his only living child, Iphigene; and Iphigene's husband, Arthur Hays Sulzberger—were all intensely interested in parks. This interest was reflected in the news columns of the *Times* probably not as a result of any direct orders to editors or reporters but as a result of the understandable sensitivity of editors and reporters to their bosses' feelings.

Whatever the reason, the daily press coverage of the park fight made Smith and Moses look very good and the Republican legislators look very bad. The legislators realized this. Faced with an election in November, many of the assemblymen from New York City and other downstate districts began to panic. But in 1925 the Legislature was controlled by upstate New York, which was a stronghold of Prohibitionism, of Protestantism, of Ku Klux Klanism, and of Republicanism. The idea of spending millions for parks had appalled upstate voters in the first place. Opposing Smith's park policies could only help upstate Republican legislators, not hurt them. As the legislators arrived in Albany for the special session, bitter against being called to the capital in the summer heat, reporters asked them if there was any chance of a change in their position. "We'll melt in our seats first," one said. By a straight party-line vote in the Senate and with only three Republicans defecting in the Assembly, on the fifth day of the session the G.O.P. passed virtually the same bill that Smith had vetoed. The roll call was completed in the Senate at 5 P.M., in the Assembly





at 6:30. At exactly 7 P.M., the Governor vetoed the bill, in a sequence that, a *Times* reporter wrote, was "likely to set a mark in legislative history for the record-breaking speed with which it went the route from legislative approval to executive condemnation."

The facts that confronted Smith and Moses after the special session were bitter. Not a cent had been appropriated for park acquisition or development. The option on the two miles of beachfront at Hampton Bays was lost, and the land was immediately bought by three developers, who divided it into lots and began to erect bungalows on them. The option on Sunken Meadow was lost, and though the land was not sold, its value had obviously been tripled or quadrupled by the publicity. Other property on Long Island that Moses had coveted was being swallowed up by real-estate developments. More important—politically, at least—there was still no money to apply even a veneer of legality to the Taylor-estate appropriation. An angry Judge Van Sicken had scheduled the Taylor-estate trial for September 1st, and had said that no further delays would be tolerated. On that date, Macy was at last going to get Moses on the witness stand, and Moses was going to have to admit that he still didn't have money available to pay for the property he had taken.

"Well," Smith said to Moses one afternoon when the two men and Belle Moskowitz, the Governor's most trusted political adviser, were alone in the Biltmore apartment, "can't you get someone to give you the money to make the thing stick?" The kind of money they were talking about was too much for Moses' own family even to consider; real wealth was required, and the people with real wealth were the people who were angriest at him. No, he said, he didn't know anybody. And they couldn't take a chance on a turn-down; if they asked someone who refused, and the story then spread that they were desperate for funds to legalize the seizure, the Republicans would make capital of it, and so would Macy's lawyers. They could place only one phone call, and they

couldn't be wrong about the person it would go to. The two men turned to Mrs. Moskowitz, who had been sitting quietly in a corner. "August Heckscher," she said.

Smith was doubtful. He knew that Heckscher, a seventy-six-year-old multimillionaire philanthropist, was a recreation enthusiast and had already donated a playground in Central Park. But a playground cost a few thousand dollars; what was required here was a quarter of a million. Heckscher was an elf of a man—so short that when he sat on a chair his shoes dangled several inches above the floor—with a snow-white goatee, a snow-white fringe of hair around a bald pate, spectacles, and a perpetual serene little smile. Giving the money would probably involve him in the lawsuit, and he hardly seemed the type of man who would voluntarily enter so savage a fight. But Mrs. Moskowitz, who had worked with Heckscher on various charities, thought he would, and she telephoned him. He agreed immediately. If it was true, as Moses' opponents were to charge, that the little millionaire demanded in return that the park be named after him, Moses must have considered this a small price to pay for the opportunity to be able to say in

court that he had the money to pay for what he had taken.

Even with Heckscher's contribution, the court fight did not go well. Macy's attorney, Charles H. Tuttle, said that if Moses used the Heckscher money to reappropriate the land, he would be confessing that the first appropriation had been illegal, and Macy and his partner would be entitled to damages for that first appropriation. And the second appropriation would be as illegal as the first, he said, because state law required that the money for a land appropriation come from legislative segregation, not from some other source. Moses apparently feared that Tuttle was right. Smith tried privately to persuade Macy to accept Heckscher's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, plus twelve thousand more that the millionaire had donated to take care of accrued interest, for the first appropriation and drop the fight. Macy indignantly refused.

At times, Moses seemed almost desperate to avoid being put under oath. On the day he was scheduled to be examined, he didn't show up in court. Tuttle asked Judge Selah B. Strong to cite him for contempt, but Strong accepted a commission attorney's explanation that Moses had believed that ar-



*"They either have more taste than money or more money than taste, but I can never remember which."*





*"To you, my dear. In twenty-seven years you've never stepped out of character."*

rangements had been made for him to be examined at his office. When he did finally take the stand, in an examination before trial, he did not make an impressive witness. Testifying under oath, he swore that he had never been advised by anyone that the Taylor-estate appropriation would be illegal unless the Legislature segregated money for it. Had he not been advised precisely that several times, orally and in a written memorandum, Tuttle demanded, by Deputy Attorney General Irving I. Goldsmith? No, Moses said. Tuttle thereupon produced the Goldsmith memorandum to that effect and waved it in front of Moses as he sat in the witness chair. Before the start of the actual trial, Moses, apparently convinced that the first appropriation would be declared illegal, took the step of reappropriation, and his attorneys began a new series of delaying actions, in an attempt to stall the proceedings until January, when a new Legislature would convene in Albany and would conceivably segregate bond money for a reappropriation of the land. Assailing the commission's "dilatatory tactics," Norman S. Dike, the latest in the relay of judges sitting on the case, said that the trial would begin October 19th without fail. On October 19th, he called the case—and Moses was not present. Tuttle asked that he be punished for contempt, but Judge Dike accepted a commission attorney's explanation that he had told Moses it would not be necessary for him to appear. The commission attorney then moved

for a jury trial, and when Judge Dike granted the motion the start of the trial was delayed until December. On December 7th, the commission attorneys filed more than six hundred pages of briefs asking for dismissal of the case, but Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice John MacCrack peremptorily denied the motion, and there was a note in his decision that the commission could only have considered ominous. The *Times* reported, "In his decision yesterday Justice MacCrack . . . ruled that the commission had not [had] at the time the Taylor estate was seized the funds necessary."

There had already been ominous developments on another front. Jones Beach, the barrier beach that stretched along the South Shore of Long Island, was owned by the townships of Hempstead, Oyster Bay, and Babylon, and although the Long Island State Park Commission could buy, condemn, or appropriate land owned by private individuals, state law provided that property owned by a township could be transferred to other ownership only by a vote of the township's residents. Moses had decided to try Babylon, where he spent his summers, first. On July 17, 1924, he had appeared in the Babylon town hall and asked the town board to hold a referendum. The five board members just stared at him. They had been elected, placed in their seats at the board table, by the votes of the baymen, and they knew that one way to make sure they would not be reflected would be to demonstrate

anything less than complete vigilance over the priceless heritage of the sacred bay bottoms. Within two months after Moses' request for a referendum, not only the Babylon town board but the governing boards of other Suffolk County municipalities—and their chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and civic associations as well—were lined up against the proposal, and Judge James B. Cooper, editor and owner of the *Babylon Leader*, could proclaim with satisfaction that "the project at present has as much chance of carrying as a Great South Bay clam has of growing teeth." When Moses turned to Oys-

ter Bay, furious Oyster Bay citizens formed a Save Our Beaches Committee, and within days it had a membership of thousands. In desperation, Moses turned to Hempstead, although he knew that votes in Hempstead Township—as, indeed, in all of Nassau County—went whichever way the county's ironfisted Republican boss, G. Wilbur Doughty, wanted, and he had been unable to persuade Doughty to want the Jones Beach development. Doughty allowed the proposition to be placed on the ballot in the November, 1925, election, and the vote against it was 12,106 to 4,200.

At the end of 1925, Moses might well have thought he had lost his entire dream of parks and parkways. It had been almost two years since he announced his revised and broadened park-and-parkway plan, a plan that included parks and parkways not only on Long Island but throughout New York State—along the Niagara Frontier, in the Genesee Valley, in the farmland of the Taconic region, and among the peaks of the Alleghenies, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks. Now the parks and parkways were still nowhere but on the map of Moses' imagination. After all the talking, all the planning, all the fighting, they simply didn't exist. And on December 31, 1925, there seemed little possibility that they would come into existence in the near future. If one looked ahead a decade, even a generation, it appeared unlikely that any substantial part of the dream would be a reality. With-



in three years, almost all of it was a reality.

THE reasons for the realization of Moses' state park-and-parkway plan were many and complex. But the key reason was simple: the further evolution of Robert Moses.

The construction of parkways, like the construction of conventional highways, was a potential source of great wealth to politicians. Parkways meant construction contracts. Politicians who had a say in which firms received those contracts could expect financial remembrances from a successful firm—if, indeed, they, or a relative, or a trusted associate known in political terminology as a "bagman" did not actually own a piece of it. Parkways meant real-estate transactions—generally either purchase or condemnation, both of them methods under which landowners could expect to do well financially. State public-works officials, eager to begin construction and not deeply concerned about price, because the money they were offering was not their own, were traditionally more generous than private buyers. If politicians were the landowners—if they bought the land that had been selected for the parkway route at pre-parkway prices, from owners who didn't know that the parkway was coming, and then sold it to the state at right-of-way prices—they could expect a large profit. And parkways meant development: areas long static because of their inaccessibility, sleepy countrysides of farms and little general stores, suddenly became desirable locations for factories and housing developments when a parkway brought them close to a city or a large town. A politician who bought land in such an area at pre-parkway prices and developed it himself could reap a fortune.

To take advantage of the financial opportunities provided by a parkway, politicians needed foreknowledge. And politicians had a weapon they could use in obtaining it: if they were not given the foreknowledge, they would not approve the building of the parkway. The young Robert Moses, the idealist of Yale and Oxford and the Bureau of Municipal Research, would not even have considered trading contracts or information for approval. Even the older Robert Moses who submitted his referendum to the voters of Hempstead in 1925 was unwilling to play that game—witness his three-to-one defeat—although he

must have known what it took to get things done in Nassau County. Hempstead was controlled by G. Wilbur Doughty. "Today they talk about political bosses," says former G.O.P. national chairman Leonard W. Hall, who during the nineteen-twenties was a Nassau County assemblyman. "They don't know what a real boss is. Doughty was a real boss. When he spoke, the discussion was over. He always kept his word; he was known for that. But cross him and you were finished. There's no one like him today. We used to call him the Last of the Mohicans." Doughty, a square-faced man with a walrus mustache, had an almost visionary concept that rural Long Island would one day be a populous suburban area; he was always interested in suggestions for public works that could help open the Island to development. But his vision was heavily mortgaged to practicality: he ran one of the most corrupt political machines in the state ("In Nassau County," one observer said, "zoning was bought and sold like potatoes"), and much of the corruption revolved around public works. Doughty's brother-in-law, Uncle Andy Weston, was president of Both & Weston, the largest contracting firm in the county; along with Hendrickson Brothers, another firm with which Doughty had close ties, Both & Weston habitually received the lion's share of county contracts. And since many G.O.P. county committeemen happened to be on the

payrolls of the two construction firms, the firms helped Doughty keep them in line. The link between Nassau politicians and contractors had come close to surfacing in 1922; in that year, a State Supreme Court justice had begun an investigation that turned up a loan from Both & Weston to Assemblyman Thomas A. McWhinney. But McWhinney persuaded the Legislature to pass a bill establishing a commission to investigate the justice—a move that effectively stymied the justice's investigation. Moses had followed the case in the *State Bulletin*, a reform publication that he edited; calling the bill "legislative brigandry," he had nominated it for his "Worst Resolution of the Session" award and had castigated the Nassau G.O.P. machine and McWhinney, whom he termed "the creature of the machine."

But then in late 1925 Moses held a series of private meetings with Doughty. There is, of course, no record of what took place at these meetings, and no proof that any deal was entered into. But certain developments ensued:

(1) On December 11, 1925, Moses announced that future planning for Jones Beach would be conducted in conjunction with a delegation from Hempstead Township, which would, of course, have access to commission plans showing the precise route of the proposed Meadowbrook Parkway to Jones Beach. The chairman of the Hempstead delegation turned out to be Assemblyman Thomas A. McWhinney. And Moses was soon meeting regularly and on an extremely friendly basis with "the creature of the machine."

(2) Within two months after Moses and McWhinney began meeting, a lawyer who was a member of the Nassau G.O.P.'s inner circle formed a corporation with a group of associates. The only business the corporation ever transacted was the purchase and sale of land, and the only land it ever purchased and sold was two hundred and sixty-five acres of undeveloped, all but worthless meadow and swampland, ninety-nine and a half acres of which would become the right-of-way for the Meadowbrook Parkway, and the remaining hundred and sixty-five and a half acres of which would, when the parkway had been completed and the land's value enhanced, be sold by the corporation to private developers.

(3) When the contracts for Park Commission projects on Long Island were awarded, a substantial





number went to Uncle Andy Weston and to Hendrickson Brothers.

(4) The Last of the Mohicans abruptly left the tepee of the commission's opponents and smoked the peace pipe with Robert Moses, supporting every one of Moses' Long Island proposals.

Doughty's friendship gave Moses his first real hold on Jones Beach. After the meetings between the two men, the Republican boss told Moses to resubmit, with some minor revisions, the proposal so roundly defeated in the November, 1925, referendum. Moses did so in November of 1926, and the three-to-one margin against the proposal magically became a three-to-one margin in favor of it—Hempstead Township voting, 18,872 to 5,076, to cede to the Long Island State Park Commission "all right, title, interest, and jurisdiction . . . to all that certain town land . . . commonly known as . . . Jones Beach." More immediately, the Moses-Doughty friendship altered the balance of power in the over-all state-park fight. On December 21, 1925, ten days after Moses announced his plans to cooperate with McWhinney and the Hempstead Township delegation, the Suffolk County Board of Supervisors passed a resolution asking the Legislature to abolish the Long Island State Park Commission. They sent it to the Nassau County Board of Supervisors, expecting that body to concur in the request, as it had the year before. To the shock of the Suffolk officials, Nassau declined to do so. The two counties in which the Park Commission was operating were no longer united in opposing it.

Upstate Republican legislators might be insulated in their rotten boroughs, but it wasn't only legislators whose names would be on the ballot in 1926. Al Smith would be campaigning for reelection, and the Republican strategists were determined to knock him out of the governorship. They had already persuaded the man they regarded as their strongest candidate, Ogden Livingston Mills, to leave Congress and run against him. There was a United States Senate seat up for grabs, too—a seat then occupied by James W. Wadsworth, the former Assembly Speaker and one of the most powerful Republicans in the state. No sooner had the Legislature convened, therefore, than Wadsworth summoned the legislative leaders to an Albany hotel suite and told them that a compromise on the park fight was in order. The compromise could not be over the Northern State Parkway, he said—the interests of too many of their friends

were involved there. But the Taylor estate was a different story: Havemeyer, the only Timber Pointer with real influence, didn't seem really interested; Macy did, but Macy had little influence of his own. The Taylor estate, the Republican leaders agreed, could be sacrificed.

Smith, with his park plans stalled and the potentially embarrassing Taylor-estate court fight hanging over him in an election year, was not averse to a compromise. In a secret meeting with Hewitt, the Senate Finance Committee chairman, and Eberly Hutchinson, chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, the Governor agreed that he would not ask for funds to acquire the right-of-way for the Northern State Parkway until Moses came up with a route acceptable to the barons, and he also agreed that after the right-of-way had been acquired he would not ask for funds to begin construction until the Southern State Parkway had reached the point at which it would connect with the Jones Beach Causeway—a point about twelve miles into Nassau County. In return, Hewitt and Hutchinson agreed that the Southern State Parkway could be built and that the entire proceeds of the park bond issue, fifteen million dollars, would be segregated in 1926. Work could therefore begin immediately on Moses' upstate park program and on his Long Island projects, including Jones Beach, the causeway leading to it from the Southern State Parkway, and Deer Range (soon to be August Heckscher) State Park.

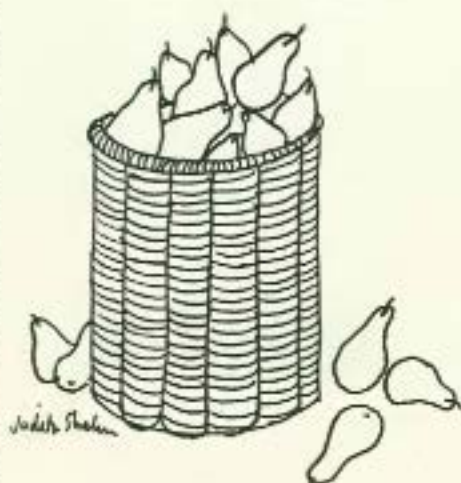
Macy got his first hint of what was happening when he learned that the segregations of the fifteen million dollars included an item of twenty-five thousand dollars for "Deer Range Park, permanent improvement of buildings," and a hundred and seventy thousand dollars to begin the purchase of right-of-way for the Southern State Parkway, the strip of concrete that

Macy had been afraid would reach out toward East Islip. Rushing to Albany, he confronted Hutchinson, and the Assemblyman answered his questions evasively. The amateur in politics realized that the professionals had betrayed him.

Hewitt and Hutchinson had been pleased with the compromise with Smith. They thought that by postponing work on the Northern State Parkway until twelve miles of the Southern State was built they were consigning the former road to some distant limbo. And since they could outvote Smith two to one on the committee set up to supervise park expenditures, they assumed they could keep the pace of construction on the Southern State slow. If delay was important to them, so was economy. Their upstate conservatism had been affronted by the thought of spending even a million dollars on parks and parkways in a single section of the state; they could see that the actual amount involved would eventually be far more than a million, but they wanted to keep it as low as possible.

But no sooner had Hewitt and Hutchinson given Moses a hundred and seventy thousand dollars for Southern State right-of-way—confident that that amount would allow him to buy only a mile or two—than the Nassau County Board of Supervisors, suddenly and mysteriously enthusiastic over Moses' projects, purchased additional miles and presented them to the Long Island State Park Commission as a gift. Playing on the greed of real-estate developers who owned land in the parkway's path, Moses persuaded them, too, to donate right-of-way, so that the rest of their property could be opened to development. Abruptly awakened to the fact that the New York City water-supply properties could be used as right-of-way, Hewitt and Hutchinson realized with a shock that the land for the Southern State was almost all in Moses' hands—all the way out to that magic point where it would trigger the start of work on the Northern State.

Although no funds had been appropriated for surveying and engineering, there were suddenly surveyors and engineers out on the right-of-way, men furnished by the State Department of Public Works—whose Long Island office just happened to be situated in Babylon, near Moses' headquarters. Moses had acquired as parkland the estate of the late financier August Belmont, named it Belmont Lake State Park, and turned the Belmont mansion into Long Island State Park Commission offices. These D.P.W. men, Hewitt and Hutchinson were told, were





drawing up plans with unprecedented speed.

The parks on Long Island were also being developed at a rate that Hewitt and Hutchinson could hardly believe, since they had kept appropriations for such development small. When they checked, they found that park roads were being constructed by D.P.W. crews and that park buildings were being refurbished by Department of Conservation crews. They took a look at the bills that Trubee Davison had introduced for Moses in 1924, and found in them a specific provision that while the Long Island State Park Commission would have final say on the design of parkways, as well as full control of them when they were completed, their physical construction could be financed out of D.P.W. allocations. They learned that the landscaping was being financed out of "routine" 1926 Department of Conservation requests for "tree nurseries," and that the Lloyd Neck property was being developed with a Conservation Department appropriation for "oyster culture." When they indignantly protested, they were told that the property could certainly be used for oyster culture. There was nothing the slightest bit illegal about anything Moses was doing. The best bill-drafter in Albany, they realized, had been at work again.

And when they protested to the Governor, he bourbon-coated the pill he was making them swallow. Inviting them to see for themselves what Moses was doing, he suggested that they come to New York City, sleep over at the Biltmore, and go on to Long Island in the morning. At the Biltmore, "the Governor got Hewitt and Hutchinson to stay overnight in his apartment," Moses later recalled. "They were drinking bozos, you know, and they were really putting it away. As the evening wore on, the Governor put some records on and he was teaching these two fellows to dance. I left at 2 A.M. Lutz stayed until five, and he told me that it was about then that the Governor and he and Hewitt put Hutchinson to bed. Hewitt got up at seven the next morning and ordered a big breakfast for himself and the Governor, and they went in to ask Hutchinson what he wanted, and Hutchinson sort of groaned, lying there in bed, and said, 'Governor, go away. The stomach revolts at the thought of food.'" During the tour, Smith was at his friendliest. "You see," Moses said, "in so many cases things come down to personalities, to the human factor. And they loved the Governor." And even if they hadn't, what



*"Must you work while we're eating?"*

could they do? The D.P.W. and Conservation Department budgets had already been approved. Money was being spent under them. If they tried to reopen the budgets, it would be a mess. And what would the press say? After all, there was the election coming. They decided not to interfere with the program.

THE court fight still loomed ahead of Moses, but Smith was able to help him with that, too. During 1926, Moses continued his technique of stalling off the trial while talking as if there was not the slightest doubt about its outcome. In an article he wrote for the *Times* in May outlining the over-all progress of the Long Island park plan, he said blandly, "The state has acquired by eminent domain Deer Range park at East Islip." All through May, Moses' attorneys continued filing motions and, when judges overruled the motions, appealing their decisions to higher courts and, when the higher courts threw out the appeals, taking them to still higher courts. Three separate dates were set for the trial, and on each of them appeals were still pending and the judge had to grant a postponement. All through May, Moses' laborers were converting the old Taylor mansion into administration

offices and other buildings on the estate into a cafeteria, comfort stations, and bathhouses, and hacking rough roads through the woods so that motorists could reach them. By mid-May, "Deer Range State Park" was open to the public.

On May 25th, State Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong received word from Albany that the Court of Appeals had thrown out the last of Moses' appeals, in a decision that supported every one of Macy's contentions, even to the point of saying that if the commission's right to peremptory appropriation was upheld "the conclusion logically follows that it has a 'charter wide as the wind, withal,' and it might seize for park purposes all the lands in Suffolk and Nassau Counties." Scheduling the trial for June 3rd, Judge Strong told Walter H. Pollak, who headed a team of five attorneys handling the case for the commission, that he would not postpone it again for any reason.

On June 3rd, Pollak was not in court. One of his four colleagues told Strong—falsely—that Pollak was occupied in another courtroom. Strong said the trial was going on anyway. "We will not participate," Pollak's colleague said, and all four commission attorneys walked out of the courtroom, leaving the commission without





*"Would you mind turning down your damn alpha waves a little? I'm trying to read!"*

was cross-examined only cursorily. As soon as he stepped off the stand, the Judge adjourned court. The Judge joined the Governor in the private railroad car for lunch.

In the newspapers, Smith's appearance dwarfed the legal issues involved in the trial. Whether it had the same effect in the mind of Judge Dunne is unknown, and that is unfortunate—because the Judge, not the jury, decided the case, and his directions to the jury, which precluded it from making a decision on the essential point at issue, were rather sharply at variance with those of the many other judges who had been involved with the case. Dunne directed the jury to find that the first appropriation of the Taylor estate

counsel. Strong adjourned the trial for a day to give Pollak a chance to appear. On the next day, Pollak and his colleagues were again absent. Strong again adjourned it for twenty-four hours—and again no attorneys appeared. On the fifth day, the Judge allowed a jury to be chosen and told Macy's attorney, Charles H. Tuttle, to present his case. The jury found that both appropriations of the Taylor estate had been illegal, the first because the commission did not possess two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the second because, while it had the money, the money came from a private gift instead of from a legislative segregation—the only legal source of funds for a peremptory appropriation. The jury assessed the three members of the commission—Robert Moses, Townsend Scudder, and Clifford Jackson—twenty-two thousand dollars in punitive damages. Strong "perpetually enjoined" the commission from entering the Taylor estate and ordered the state troopers removed forthwith. Watching the Judge sign the injunction and hand it to the Suffolk County sheriff, watching the sheriff leave the courtroom to serve the injunction on the troopers, Macy thought he had won at last.

The day after the verdict, Pollak, suddenly free of other court engagements, appealed on the ground that the Long Island State Park Commission had not been represented by counsel. A

Brooklyn Supreme Court justice denied the appeal, calling the lack of representation a "deliberate and intentional" attempt to delay the proceedings. But the Appellate Division agreed to hear the appeal in its fall term, and stayed the Supreme Court justice's injunction until then. The troopers returned to the property. During the summer, Moses took reporters on trips to "Deer Range Park," and the reporters rhapsodized about the families enjoying its facilities. In the fall, the Appellate Division upheld Pollak's appeal and ordered a new trial. And this trial, which was the closest thing to a legal showdown that occurred in the case, contained a new factor: Al Smith's appearance as a witness for Moses.

Platoons of reporters followed the Governor as he, Moses, and Mrs. Moskowitz boarded a private car on a Long Island Rail Road train for the three-hour trip to Riverhead. At the station, he was met by a delegation from the American Legion, which sang his theme song, "The Sidewalks of New York." At the courthouse, where he was met by another crowd, Smith was escorted to the chamber of James A. Dunne, the judge presiding at the trial. Dunne talked with the Governor in private and then escorted him into the courtroom so that he could give his testimony; he was on the stand for only fifteen minutes, spent most of the time recounting the Biltmore hearing, and

had been illegal but that the second had been legal, and that the property therefore now belonged to the Long Island State Park Commission. The only function of the jury, he told it, was to decide whether Pauchogue had suffered substantial financial damages as a result of the first seizure. If it had not, he said, the jury should fix the damages against the commission at six cents. The jury did so.

Macy believed until he died that Smith's entrance into the case had played a role in the Judge's removal from the jury's hands of the right to make a decision on the key point in the case: the legality of the second appropriation. "The Governor came down and took the Judge out to lunch—what chance did we have?" he said later.

Whether Dunne's decision would have remained the binding legal word in the case if the two sides had continued the legal battle on equal terms, making use of all their remedies at law—if the Pauchogue Land Corporation had been able to press its appeals through higher courts, as the Long Island State Park Commission had pressed its appeals—is impossible to determine. For the two sides weren't equal. Lawsuits take money. The state's supply of money is ample. The private citizen's is not. And now W. Kingsland Macy was running out of money. When he and Havemeyer agreed to



split all legal expenses up to a limit of twenty-five thousand dollars, Macy had thought that this amount would be sufficient. But even before the trial before Dunne began, the twenty-five-thousand-dollar mark had been reached. To Macy, the idealist, the case represented something that was more important than money. Appeals attorneys told him that if he was willing to press the fight vigorously he would probably win, although the victory might not come until the case had been transferred out of the state courts and into the United States Supreme Court, which would focus on the basic Constitutionality of the use by a state agency of one individual's money to seize the property of another. Macy authorized them to proceed. But Moses' attorneys continued to make motions and file briefs, and when Macy's appeal from Dunne's decision finally reached the Appellate Division, in July of 1928, legal costs had mounted to more than forty-three thousand dollars—a burden beyond Macy's financial resources. By April of 1929, his attorneys were dunning him for payment of a bill for eleven hundred dollars. Although the case was eventually brought before the Court of Appeals, which upheld Dunne's decision, and an attempt was made to bring it to the United States Supreme Court—Justice Louis Brandeis brought the legal fight to an end on January 21, 1929, four years after the Biltmore hearing, by refusing to issue a writ of certiorari, which would have enabled the Court to hear the case—it was obviously not pressed vigorously in these last stages.

Moses had never stopped developing the Taylor estate, as if its acquisition were a *fait accompli*. By the spring of 1927, he had laid concrete for access roads and parking fields, set out scores of stone fireplaces and picnic tables, erected wooden bath-houses with showers and lockers, and finished renovating the mansion and outbuildings, at a total cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. During the summer of 1927, the estate had tens of thousands of visitors. By the time the higher courts came to rule on the question of whether or not the Taylor estate was a park, it *was* a park. What was a judge to do? Tell the state to tear up the roads and tear down the buildings—to spend tens of

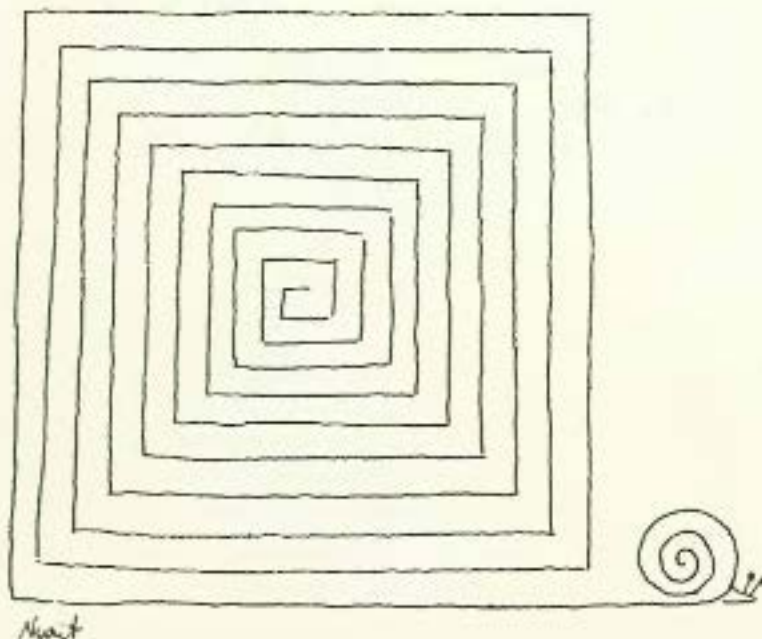
thousands of dollars of the public's money destroying what hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public's money had been spent to build for the public's benefit? Tell the people who had visited the Taylor estate that they could visit it no more? In theory, of course, judges should not be influenced by such considerations. But judges are human, and their susceptibility to such considerations was undoubtedly increased by Moses' willingness to attack publicly those of them who ruled against him, as he had done in his reference to the "local judge"—thereby letting the public know exactly who it was who was closing the park to them.

THE final hearing, before the State Court of Appeals, was the twenty-fifth separate appellate proceeding in the Taylor-estate case. The case was, the *Herald Tribune* said, "a landmark in eminent domain." It was also a landmark in the lives of two men, W. Kingsland Macy, who before it arose had vaguely wanted to enter politics, had been precipitated by it into the political arena, and had found he enjoyed fighting there. And he had learned many tricks in his first bout. After fighting Robert Moses, he said later, fighting anyone else was easy. Becoming active in 1925 in the Suffolk County Republican organization, Macy had within a year thrown out its leader and seized his place. When the Depression loosened for a moment the barons' stranglehold on the state's G.O.P. organization, Macy tore it from their grasp, and by 1930 he was Republican state chairman. Later, the G.O.P.'s Old Guard closed ranks and ousted him from the state chairmanship, but he ruled Suffolk County unchallenged for twenty-five years.

When he decided it would be useful to him to be in the State Senate, he sent himself to the State Senate; when he wanted to go to Congress, he sent himself to Congress. While he was regarded as a conservative, many of his views were liberal, and he made progressive innovations in the Suffolk County government, but to achieve his aims he ruled the county like an old-time political satrapy. Ruthless and cunning, he seemed to know every trick of bending men to his will, and he bent them so successfully that he came to be called the King of Suffolk County. When, after Macy had fought his way to power, Moses needed his help and made overtures of friendship, Macy accepted them. Although the strength of their personalities often led to clashes, the onetime "amateurs in politics" were for more than thirty years the closest of political allies—so close, in fact, that in 1961, when Macy knew he was dying of cancer, Moses was the only person outside his immediate family whom he wanted to see.

Moses, too, had learned from the Taylor-estate fight—his first use of power—lessons that would govern his behavior for the rest of his life. One, hammered home in his consciousness by the results of his accommodation with G. Wilbur Doughty, was that the simplest method of accomplishing his aims was to use his power in all its manifestations, including those that as recently as a year previously he had shrunk from using. So thoroughly did he embrace this concept—and its embodiment, the "creature of the machine"—that when a vacancy occurred on the Long Island State Park Commission in 1927 he persuaded Smith to appoint Tom McWhinney to fill

it. What difference did it make if the state bought the right-of-way for the Meadowbrook Parkway from a bunch of Republican insiders instead of a bunch of farmers? What difference did it make if he gave a road-building contract to Uncle Andy Weston? What difference did it make to the public, and what difference did it make to him? What did he care if Doughty's friends profited from his dream? If they did, he had learned, the dream had a good chance of becoming a reality. If they did not,





question of himself, and he answered it. No. The method he had adopted to turn his Long Island dream into a reality was the way to accomplish something. It was the way to get things done. It was, he concluded, the only way.

A MILLION dollars was the amount allotted to Long Island out of the fifteen-million-dollar bond issue. Moses had told the Legislature that a million would be the cost of the Long Island program. He knew that actually the million would pay for only a small fraction of the program. But he had learned how to get things done. With the million, he drove a lot of stakes.

Instead of spending the million to complete a few parks, he spent it to acquire land for many—for Montauk Point State Park, Hither Hills State Park, Wildwood State Park, Sunken Meadow State Park, Wading River State Park, Orient Beach State Park—and to at least begin development of all of them, and also of the previously acquired Fire Island State Park, Hempstead Lake State Park, Valley Stream State Park, and Jones Beach State Park. By the end of 1926, the beaches of Long Island, once reserved for the rich, were dotted with wooden bathhouses open to everybody, and families that weren't interested in ocean swimming had to travel along Merrick Road only two miles beyond the city line before they came to the ninety-seven wooded acres and calm blue lake of Valley Stream State Park, with its hiking trails, picnic tables, fireplaces, floats, diving boards, and rowboats awaiting their use.

By the end of 1926, moreover, the road was begun that would free city drivers from the tyranny of Merrick Road. By the time the surveying for the route of the Southern State Parkway was completed, it was August. D.P.W. engineers protested that it was too close to the cold, damp Long Is-



*"I'm so sorry you've been inconvenienced, Wotan. I just naturally thought when I said 'God' that I would get—you know—Jehovah."*

land winter to begin construction. But there was plenty of time to drive stakes. To show the public quickly how beautiful his parkways would be, Moses decided that the first segment would be a 2.78-mile loop around the huge reservoir in Hempstead Lake State Park, the prettiest portion of the whole route. On August 28, 1926, with members of the State Council of Parks, a handful of engineers, and an uninterested construction gang as an audience, Moses dug a spade into the soil near the reservoir and jerked it out. The earth that came up with it was the first ever turned for a Robert Moses road. As he stood there, still holding the spade, a foreman gave a signal and laborers began to shovel dirt into the small, spoke-wheeled dump trucks that in the nineteen-twenties served as earthmoving machines. Moses stepped back and watched the work begin.

Hutchinson and Hewitt were amazed and angered by Moses' progress in 1926. Counting the D.P.W.

and Conservation Department funds he had used, he had already spent on Long Island parks far more than the million dollars that was supposed to pay for the whole Long Island park-and-parkway system, and now he submitted park-improvement requests that totalled another million dollars or more. And who knew what innocent-appearing items in 1927 D.P.W. and Department of Conservation budget requests concealed additional funds that Smith was planning to make available to Moses? A wholly disproportionate share of the state budget was being spent on Long Island. In a private confrontation with Smith and Moses, Hutchinson and Hewitt said that Moses' plans were too grandiose. The cost was beyond the ability of the state to pay, they said, and parks were simply not needed on the scale he proposed.

The conflict came to a head over Jones Beach. More and more, Moses' dreams

centered on the desolate strand. Often in the late afternoon, he would tell the skipper of the Apache, the commission motor launch, to take him across the bay, and, alone except for the gulls, he would stride restlessly beside the waves. In 1926, public bathing beaches in America fell into two classes: ill-equipped huddles of shabby, unpainted wooden bathhouses that contained nothing but toilets, showers, and lockers; and "boardwalk beaches," such as Coney Island and Atlantic City, which had surrendered the beauty of their seascapes to roller coasters, weight-guessing games, fun houses, howling barkers, three-throws-for-a-dime-and-win-a-dolly booths, and other carnival concessions. But Moses was thinking neither of unpainted wood nor of carnivals.

One day, he invited to Jones Beach Gilmore Clarke, Harvey W. Corbett, and several other distinguished architects, landscape architects, and engineers, and a handful of younger staff



members from the commission whose work had impressed him. As the little group of men stood on the vast, empty expanse of sand, Moses began pointing. One bathhouse would be over there, he said, and the other over there. But they would be almost a mile apart, the men with him remarked. Yes, he said, and it should be understood at once that he wasn't talking about ordinary bathhouses. These were going to contain fifteen thousand lockers. In addition to lavatories and shower rooms, they were going to contain pools for swimming, diving, and wading, and the swimming pools were going to be large enough to accommodate hundreds of bathers at a time. There were going to be canopied terraces above the pools, so people could sit in the shade and watch the swimmers, and there were going to be other terraces, on which people could eat at tables set beneath gaily colored umbrellas. The bathhouses were going to contain solariums. They were going to contain restaurants in every price range. Although they were at a bathing beach, they were going to be constructed not of wood but of stone and brick, and the stone and brick were going to be of the finest quality. They were going to be surrounded by landscaped lawns, shrubbery, and flower beds. And he wanted the bathhouses designed with as much care as the finest public buildings in America. With this difference: Most public buildings in America were too heavy and stodgy, designed only to impress and awe. The bathhouses would have to be quite large, of course, but they were buildings for people to have a good time in; the architecture must encourage people to have fun. They must be airy and light, gay and pleasant. There must be a thousand little touches to make people feel happy and relaxed. And he didn't want the bathhouses to spoil the panorama, to dominate it. The panorama was long, low lines of sand and dunes and the sweep of the ocean. Let the lines of the bathhouses be long, low, and sweeping, he said—horizontal rather than vertical. One other thing, he said. The bathhouses were going to have at least one innovation never included in any public or private building in America: diaper-changing rooms. He had designed them himself, he said. They would be divided into cubicles, and each cubicle would contain only a wastebasket, a washbasin, a mirror, and a shelf for a mother to lay her baby on. And the shelf shouldn't be table height, he said. He had watched mothers

changing diapers, and higher shelves would make it easier.

Yanking an envelope from his pocket, Moses began to sketch on its back: two "X"s to represent the bathhouses, lines to show how they would be connected on the beach side by a wide boardwalk, on the bay side by an Ocean Parkway. Midway between the two "X"s, where the causeway from the mainland would join the parkway, he drew a large circle between two squares. The causeway would



end in a circle, he said. People who didn't want to use the bathhouses could drive around it and into the squares—parking lots large enough to hold ten thousand cars—and then walk with their families to the beach through underpasses below the parkway; or they could drive around the circle, stop on the beach side, drop their families off, park, and walk back to the beach to join them. Or, if they didn't want to go to the beach at all, they could simply keep driving on the parkway, east or west. The families that got out at the circle would walk to the beach along a broad mall that ended at the boardwalk, and along the boardwalk would be open-air cafés serving inexpensive meals and a restaurant with cuisine, atmosphere, and service equal to the finest in America. And stretching off to either side would be outdoor games: pitch-and-putt golf, table and deck tennis, shuffleboard, roller-skating rinks, softball fields set in little stadia. For the evenings, there would be handstands and dancing under the stars. He sketched in restaurants, parking lots, playing fields, and handstands until there was no more room on the envelope.

One of the architects standing around Moses said, "Are you crazy?" The others knew what the architect meant. One later said, "It was the scale of the thing—nothing on a scale like this had ever been done in public recreation in America. Here we were on an absolutely deserted sandbar—there was no way even to get there but by boat—and here was this guy drawing 'X's on the back of an envelope and talking about bathhouses like palaces and parking lots that held ten thousand cars. And landscaping? Landscaping on a sandbar? We weren't even sure anything would grow on a sandbar. We thought he was nuts."

The men gathered around Moses included some big names in American architecture, but those men didn't think big enough for him. When they began drawing up tentative plans, the plans

naturally included a water tower, since fresh water had to be provided in great quantities in any large park. But their water towers were conventional water towers: aluminum storage tanks set on four spindly uprights, they were exactly like the towers that in other parks were invariably the most unsightly feature of the landscape. Moses determined to turn the potentially ugliest part of the park he had planned into its most beautiful. He already knew that he wanted a focal point for the beach—a beautiful centerpiece, big enough to be seen from miles away, that would be a symbol of Jones Beach; something that visitors could identify with—and it might as well be the water tower. But he had a hard time getting the architects to think in his terms. "I was very anxious to have this water tower mean something architecturally," he said years later. "I got the top people out there and I asked them about it. The first suggestion came from our chief engineer, and I said, 'That's the God-damned stupid thing I've ever heard.' And then someone suggested a lighthouse, and I said, 'No, God damn it, we're not going to have any lighthouse.' We already had a lighthouse, for God's sake." He was referring to the Fire Island lighthouse, which was visible from the eastern end of the strand. On the next trip to the beach, Harvey Corbett suggested that the water tower be designed like an Italian campanile, or bell tower. There were many different types, Corbett said, and he started to reel them off. Among them he mentioned the one in Venice. "I like the one in Venice best," Moses said. One of the men there has recalled, "He pulled out another one of his envelopes and sketched the campanile in Venice right there—and that's how the water tower was done. And that's the way almost everything was done. He had the architects and engineers there, but he was the architect and the engineer of Jones Beach. He's more responsible for the design of Jones Beach than any architect or engineer or all of us put together."

Finding the bathhouse designs submitted by the architects unimaginative, Moses selected those of an unknown young member of the commission staff, Herbert Magoon. Magoon had designed two vast pleasure palaces to sit upon the sand. One was a long, low, sweeping expanse of brick and stone and green-tinted glass. Its central portion—an open terrace raised just five feet above the beach, behind which there were wide expanses of green-tinted glass separated by thin stone



columns that held another, setback terrace, surmounted by canopies—was separated from two long wings of glass and brickwork by two plain, square, flat-topped medieval turrets. It was simple, almost austere, from a distance, but Magoon's detail drawings showed Moses that the turrets and the walls had been cunningly worked with a thousand little devices of stone and brick. The other bathhouse was also of stone and brick but was much gayer; it was Middle Eastern—in fact, almost Moorish. If the first bathhouse, despite its lack of height, resembled a medieval castle like those from which knights rode forth to join the Crusades, the second looked more like one of the castles the knights saw when they reached the Holy Land. Each of its two towers—sixty feet high, which seemed very tall against the dunes—was topped with a green turret that swirled upward into a little spear point, suggesting the helmets of the sultan's warriors whom the knights might have had to fight. Moses was ecstatic over the designs. He loved them, he said. But the morning after he first saw them he called Magoon in and gave him endless lists of small changes he wanted to make.

Moses decided for himself how the bathhouses should be faced. He was determined to have the stone and brick of the façades blend in perfectly with the beach on which they stood. One of the samples brought to him was obviously the perfect type of stone—Ohio sandstone was gray, tinged with just enough tan and blue to catch the colors of sand and sea. Selecting the brick was harder. Nothing seemed exactly right. Then one day, passing the Barbizon Hotel, on East Sixty-third Street, he noticed that it was faced with brick in a random pattern of beige, brown, and brownish red that would catch the color of the sand and complement it. He decided that, to give the Jones Beach development unity, every structure of any size built there would be faced with Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick. The architects hastened to explain to him that Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick were simply not used on public buildings. They were among the most expensive of all facing materials. Why, if they were to be used on structures as large and elaborate as the ones he wanted, each bathhouse would cost what Moses had originally said would be the cost of the entire Long Island park system—a million dollars. Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick it was going to be, Moses replied.

Hutchinson and Hewitt were not impressed. "These were guys from the

backwoods," a man who knew them recalls. "When you said 'water tower,' to them that meant a tank on four skinny poles. A bathhouse was a little wooden thing you put up for fifty or a hundred bucks so the boys couldn't watch the girls undressing. And here Moses comes along and tells them he wants to spend a million dollars on one." They flatly refused to give him anything like a million dollars for a bathhouse. Only after the Governor had pleaded with them for hours did they consent to appropriate a total of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to cover the water tower and both bathhouses.

Moses' architects expected him to tell them to scale down their plans. "You just go right on the way you were doing," Moses told them. "You forget all about what the appropriation is. I'm never going to put up just a tank on poles." He had already informed Smith of his plan. "I told him, 'We'll put all the money into the foundation for one bathhouse, and then when it gives out we'll go back and tell them they'll have to give us more or leave the foundation just sitting there with no building on top of it.' The Governor thought it was kind of a good joke."

The foundation laid, Moses invited Hewitt and Hutchinson down to see what he had done. To make matters sicker, blowing sand had completely buried the foundation the night before the party arrived, and there was not a trace of it visible. All that existed, as far as the two legislators could see, was a godforsaken sandbar that could be of no conceivable use to anyone—and the fact that somewhere on it, *on their authorization*, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money had been spent. They raged. They demanded that Smith fire Moses. In Moses' words, "They went to the Governor and said, 'Get rid of that son of a bitch and we'll go along with something reasonable.'" When the Governor refused, Hutchinson and Hewitt said they would see that Moses was impeached. And they guaranteed the Governor that every appropriation for every park in the state would be cut off until this mess was cleaned up.

But Moses had applied his lessons well. When his antagonists began to think about the situation, they realized that they were trapped. What, exactly, for all their power, could they do? Charge that he had misled them—thereby admitting that they hadn't investigated the project thoroughly in



"Say, Dad, is it true you were born before jet airplanes, the atomic bomb, TV, and everything?"





*"The metropolitan news was depressing, the national news was depressing, and the international news was depressing. That leaves it all up to Dr. Frank Field."*

a time for full realization of a dream that encompassed three long parkways and a score of huge parks. His only hope, he knew, was to complete enough of the parks and parkways before Smith left office so that the public could see how great they were going to be and would demand that they all be completed. So Moses drove himself, and he drove his men.

Moses filled the upstairs bedrooms of the Belmont mansion with engineers and architects. He himself worked downstairs. "Belmont had had this tremendous dining room, and there was this huge table there, and Moses made it his conference table," William J. Junkerman, an attorney who had been hired to assist Raymond McNulty as commission counsel, recalls. "The conferences would start at nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes you couldn't leave until after midnight. And you

advance? Deny him further funds—thereby insuring that the hundred and fifty thousand already spent would be utterly wasted? And wasn't the overriding issue the same one—parks vs. no parks—with which Smith had defeated them in 1924? Did they want to make him a hero again? There was, really, very little they could do. Trying to salvage some revenge, they refused, in making the 1927 budget appropriations, to give Moses any money at all for the second bathhouse, for which the foundation had not been laid, and they saw to it that the funds they gave him for other Long Island park projects were far less than he wanted even to complete the buildings already begun. But these were small satisfactions. They knew that the money needed to complete the projects to Moses' specifications could easily be provided by Smith out of appropriations to other state departments.

**D**ESPITE its outcome, the battle over the bathhouses filled Moses with a sense less of triumph than of dread, of a need for haste so frantic

that it was almost desperation. Time was running out on his dream, he was afraid, and it was running out fast.

The battle had shown him how little chance he would have of completing his dream without the unflinching support of Al Smith in the governor's chair. Though he had obtained from Hutchinson and Hewitt more money than they had ever imagined they would give him, he knew that all he had obtained was only a fraction of what the dream needed for full realization, and he knew that he could never hope to receive anything near the full amount from the Legislature, for the public itself might well waver in its support for park projects if it knew the full cost. Al Smith was going to be a candidate for President in 1928, and that meant that he could not, under state law, be a candidate for governor. On January 1, 1929, there was going to be a new governor. If he was a Republican, he would be hostile. And even if he was a Democrat, he would not be Al Smith. January 1, 1929, was less than two years away. And two years was far too short

just worked like hell all day long. Supper was a matter of dashing out and getting a bite to eat as quick as you could." Having insisted that the engineers in charge of a project prepare a schedule showing the date on which each of its phases would be completed, Moses would move up the deadlines—by days, by weeks, sometimes by months—until the engineers felt it was absolutely impossible to meet them. And then he insisted that they be met. "The time was never long enough," Gilmore Clarke recalls. "But that was all the time you were going to get, and he let you know it." The men who stayed didn't resent Moses' methods. "If he drove other men hard, he drove himself harder," Junkerman says.

Moses was also supervising a dozen non-park projects for Smith, and had to commute to Albany—four hours away by train. During legislative sessions, he tried to make his trips on Mondays, because the Legislature convened each week on Monday evening and it was then that G.O.P. strategy became apparent, and the Governor liked to have his advisers gathered in





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the Executive Chamber ready to counter it. In order to get in a full day's work in Albany before the Executive Chamber session, Moses left his New York apartment at 6 A.M. to catch the early train to the capital, for the car trip was made tortuous by the lack of a through road. When the session broke up, usually well after the last train back had left, at midnight, Moses would ask Smith for the use of a state car and chauffeur. He had a lot of work to do back on Long Island, he'd say, and if he drove back at once he'd be able to start in the morning. His Albany duties weren't the only ones that pulled Moses away from Long Island. To supervise the State Council of Parks, he had to spend at least part of three days a week in New York City, and to inspect the regional commissions' upstate projects he was constantly being driven to or from Watkins Glen or Chittenango Falls or Letchworth State Park.

But when his car pulled up in front of the Belmont mansion, Moses never seemed tired. Junkerman says, "He might have been working in New York and not arrive out at Belmont until three o'clock in the afternoon, but then he would work from three until ten o'clock or midnight." Saturdays were no different. "Hours didn't mean anything to him," William H. Latham, who was then a young staff engineer, says. "Days of the week didn't mean anything to him. You worked when there was work to be done, that was all." And there was always work to be done. Since none of the staff members dared leave the mansion until Moses did, they longed for him to get a telephone call from his wife, Mary, which usually got him away from the big table and back to his summer house, in Babylon. "Sometimes Ray McNulty would slip out and call her and put her up to calling," Junkerman says. One Saturday night, repeated telephone calls from Mary failed to bring Moses home, and at ten o'clock she showed up at the mansion. Striding into the conference room, she "just took him by the car in a very nice but firm way" and pulled him to his feet, Junkerman says. "He laughed and went along—and then we could all go home." For Moses, however, going home did not necessarily mean stopping work. He gave Arthur Howland, his general manager, a key to the house in Babylon and told him to stop by every morning on the way to the mansion. Almost invariably when Howland arrived, at about seven-thirty, there would be waiting for him on the flat-topped bot-



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tom post of the bannister a large manila envelope crammed with notes, memos, and handwritten letters ready to be typed and mailed—an envelopeful of testimony to what Moses had been doing during the night, while his men slept.

There were other reasons, too, that the men who stayed didn't resent his driving them. "It was exciting working for Moses," one of the commission staff members explained once. "He made you feel you were a part of something big. It was almost like a war. It was you fighting for the people against those rich estate owners and those reactionary legislators. And it was exciting just being around him. He was dynamic, a big guy with a booming laugh. He dominated that scene in the mansion. He would sit there with people running back and forth around him, and he would be banging his hand down on that big table and giving orders—and when he gave orders, things happened. Howland would go hurrying out of the room, and twenty-five draftsmen would hurry to their tables and start drawing, or surveyors would jump into their cars and head out on the road."

And, some former employees have recalled, incongruous as it might seem to use the word "fun" in connection with unremitting work, it was fun to work for Bob Moses. "There was a very informal atmosphere in the mansion," one engineer says. "Everyone worked in shirtsleeves—my recollection of Moses is of him sitting with his tie pulled down and over to one side and his sleeves rolled up—and there was always a lot of joking going on." And the joking, according to the engineer, went both ways. "You weren't afraid to kid him."

He and Mary organized outings and insisted that Howland, Latham, Shapiro (the engineer in charge of the Jones Beach development), W. Earle Andrews (a staff engineer), McNulty, and Junkerman—and Tom McWhinney, with whom Moses was getting along famously—bring their wives and children along. The outings were very informal—fishing trips on the Apache, or clambakes—and they were fun. McWhinney's daughter, Dolie Adams, who was in her late twenties at the time, recalls, "We used to go over to Fire Island for the whole weekend. There was an old frame building at the Coast Guard station there, and

we'd sleep in it on cots—all the men in one room and the women and kids in another. There weren't any stores on Fire Island, so we'd bring most of our food along and go trolling from the Apache or clamming for the rest." While the women were cleaning the catch, the men would dig a great hole in the sand, cover its bottom with logs, and light a fire for the clambake. There would be bonfires on the beach at night, and singing.

Moses set the tone. His clothes were a great source of merriment. His pants were khakis faded white, or corduroys only some of whose holes had been patched. Possibly because his hairline was beginning to recede, he wore, no matter what the weather, a hat—the same hat. "Robert!" Mary would cry. "Take off that hat!" Everyone would laugh. "It was one of those fedoras with a big brim, and it was completely shapeless and all stained," Dolie Adams says. "It was the funniest hat you ever saw. And Bob would never take it off except when he went swimming." He helped arrange the logs for the clambake, helped clean up afterward, helped with the children. Because an outing would keep Charlie Smisek, the Apache's skipper, away from home all weekend, Moses insisted that Mae, Charlie's wife, come along, and went out of his way to make the Smiseks feel at home. "There was no side to Bob Moses at all then," an acquaintance says. "The only thing that set him apart was his swimming, which

had been extraordinary since his college days and still was: hurling himself through a big roller, he would appear on the other side of its tumult, heading straight out into the Atlantic, far beyond where even Latham, an athlete and outdoorsman, would dare to go.

Of all the reasons that Moses' men didn't resent

his driving them, the one most frequently mentioned in their reminiscences is that he brought out the best in them. Moses was forever encouraging his architects and engineers to use their imagination, to make their designs different from and better than any similar designs done before. When the men designing a drawbridge for the Meadowbrook Parkway submitted their first design, he said, "I know you can do drawbridges. Can you do beautiful drawbridges?" In their second design, the bridge operators' quarters were no longer the standard ugly



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shacks but turrets faced with stone worked with the silhouettes of sailing ships. One architect thought he had surpassed himself in designing bridges for other roads, but when he came to design bridges for the Long Island parkways he found that Moses had some new standards. Moses wanted variety, he told him. Not only were the bridges to be designed to harmonize with the landscape, and not only were they to be faced with stone, but every bridge on every parkway on Long Island—more than a hundred of them—was going to be different from every other bridge. Engineers assigned to design guardrails and light poles for the parkways expended tremendous effort making iron poles graceful. But iron wouldn't blend in with a rustic setting, Moses said. Guardrails and light poles would have to be made of wood. But it had been proved that no form of wood guardrail would resist the impact of a speeding car, the engineers said. Moses sent them back to ponder the problem again, and this time one of them thought of drilling holes in wooden rails and inserting strong steel cable. Then all the rails on all the parkways could be of wood.

As always, it was on Jones Beach that Moses' imagination focussed. If the political difficulties involved in creating a park there were enormous, the physical difficulties were of a size to match. Building on a barrier beach proved to be a very different proposition from building on the mainland. Commission engineers found themselves faced with a succession of problems such as engineers never encountered on mainland jobs. Cleveland Rodgers, Moses' first biographer, later wrote that sometimes it seemed as if Nature herself had "joined forces with the skeptics and obstructionists who had fought Moses all the way from Albany to the beach." But Moses refused to let Nature stand in his way.

None of Moses' engineers had expected work on the barrier beach to continue in winter, because drifting ice packs that kept boats off the Great South Bay for days at a time could maroon anyone caught on the strand. But, with Smith's time as governor running out, winters could not be wasted. Moses told the engineers taking surveys for the causeway to cache emergency supplies of food in a shack

on the beach and keep working. Even on mornings when the wind whipped the bay into waves and ice coated the piers, Shapiro led his hip-booted surveyors into boats for the trip across. One day while they were on the strand, ice packs closed the bay. It stayed closed for ten days. All the cached food ran out except pancake batter, and the surveyors lived on pancakes. For the rest of his life, Shapiro was never able to stomach another pancake. But when the ice cleared and the surveyors returned to Babylon, Shapiro could tell Moses, who was standing on the dock waiting for a report, that ten days' more work had been completed.

The completed surveys contained the worst possible news. The mean level of the existing barrier beach, Moses was told, was only two feet above mean sea level. During storms, the ocean rose six, seven, or even eight feet, and covered the strand almost completely. This did not matter as far as the portion of the beach that was to be a beach was concerned, but the portion that was to hold Moses' buildings and parking lots and parkway would have to be built up to a mean height of fourteen feet if all these were not to be submerged in every storm; and if he wanted a road seventeen miles long along this portion, it would have to be built up to that height for seventeen miles. The job could be done, of course—floating dredges, huge pumps mounted on



barges, could suck up from the bay bottom hydraulic fill, which would become sand when it was dry, and pipelines could spill it out over the strand. But approximately forty million cubic yards of fill would be required. The job would take months, and it would be expensive. Even Smith quailed at this, and Moses had to talk fast and hard to persuade the Governor to go along. But he did persuade him, and in 1927 the largest floating dredges in the United States were brought in as soon as spring cleared the ice from the bay. The job could not be completed by the time ice set in again in the winter, but Moses refused to let the dredges leave. Their crews could live on them, he said, and all through the winter of 1927 they did, and the pumps kept working. "Night after night, they kept working till midnight," Shapiro later recalled.

When the sand from the bay bottom



was spread on the barrier beach, it proved to be the worst problem of all. It was beautiful to look at, dazzling white and fine-grained, but the fineness meant that when it dried it blew. Even the lightest breeze stirred it into the air in swirls so thick that the strand looked like a desert during a violent sandstorm. "It was always blowing in your face when you worked," Shapiro recalled. "When it got bad, it would fill your eyes, your ears, and your nose as fast as you could clean them out. You'd be choking and coughing. You'd be talking to somebody not three feet away and an especially violent gust would come and you couldn't even see him anymore. You couldn't even see your hand in front of your face." During the day, workmen would dig an excavation. At night, the sand would fill it in—so thoroughly that the workmen couldn't even find its edges. After the causeway was finished, sand piled up on it waist high. The sand sifted through the radiators of workmen's cars and clogged their carburetors and chipped paint from their bodies. One workman who left his car with its rear end turned into the wind for a few days came back to find all color completely erased from its rear license plate.

Moses dispatched landscape architects to other Long Island beaches to find out why the sand on natural dunes was more stable. They reported that it was because of the presence on those dunes of a form of beach grass whose roots, seeking water in the dry sand, spread horizontally rather than vertically and thus held the sand around them in place. But to be effective, they reported, the grass had to be planted thickly—hundreds of thousands, even millions, of clumps would be required to hold down the new dunes on Jones Beach—and it could be planted only by hand. In the summer of 1928, on the desolate sandbar on the edge of the ocean, amid half-completed buildings that looked like ancient ruins, was a panorama out of the dynasties of the pharaohs: scores, hundreds, of men, spread out over miles of sand, kneeling on the ground digging little holes and planting in them tiny bundles of grass.

**H**ANGING over Moses was the realization that every battle he won in his fight for Jones Beach brought him closer to one that there seemed no way of winning, and whose loss would mean that his dream would remain substantially incomplete. Every step he took to develop the land ceded him by Hempstead and Oyster Bay brought him closer to the day when

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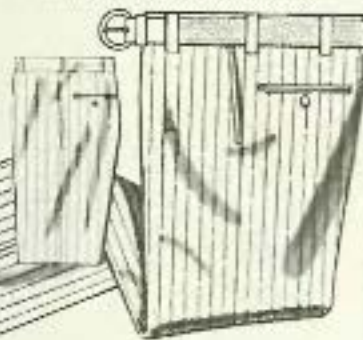
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he must face up to the fact that the rest of Jones Beach was not his. Its eastern half—six miles long and occupying twenty-four hundred acres—still belonged to the Town of Babylon. Hutchinson and Hewitt might think that the park he was laying out was already too big; he knew that if it was to serve the metropolitan area adequately it would one day have to be far bigger, and that the only place for expansion was onto Babylon's land. He also knew that if he didn't get that land before the Wantagh Parkway and the Ocean Parkway made it accessible and immensely valuable, he would never get it. And unless he got it, there was nothing to prevent Babylon from building a road to connect with the parkway and lining it with hot-dog stands, gas stations, and tiny, ugly summer bungalows that would march right up to the edge of his great park and spoil forever its pristine beauty.

Babylon's baymen had never forgiven Moses for his attempt to grab the town's "sacred birthright." When Mary went shopping in town now, the tradesmen eyed her coldly. Sounding out the town-board members again about a referendum, Moses found them still fully aware of their constituents' feelings. The town board assured its constituents that there was not going to be any referendum. And without one there was, under the state constitution, simply no way in which Moses could get the Suffolk township's land.

But Moses at last found a weak spot in the defenses Babylon had erected against him. "I heard about it by the sheerest kind of accident," he has recalled. "I was thinking then about learning to drive. I never really did—and I was practicing one morning in a Model T in the driveway of this big estate out in Babylon owned by a guy named Willard Reid, whose father, who had been dead for years at this point, had been a Democratic county-court judge in Suffolk, the only Democrat on the county court, at the time Grover Cleveland was elected for the second time. I saw Willard sitting on the porch rocking and drinking, and he called to me and said, 'Come on up and have a drink.' So we sat rocking away there and talking, and after a while he said, 'I hear you're having some trouble getting some land.' I said, 'Yes, we are.' And he said, 'The Babylon fellows don't want to cooperate?,' and I said, 'No.' And he said, 'I re-

member a story my father told me once. You know the whole question of the ownership of the bay bottom in Babylon Town came up a long time ago, and my father and a fellow in Amityville named Samuel Hildreth were appointed to pass on it. And I think you'd be interested in what was found. You'll never find the decision in Riverhead [the county seat, where court records were kept], because the supervisors will have made sure it's missing. But Hildreth is alive.' I said,

'Tell me more, Willard.' He said, 'I think I've told you enough. You go and see this Hildreth fellow in Amityville, and you tell him I told him to talk to you.'

"I did, and Hildreth said that way back—in

1848, maybe, or 1856—two bills had been introduced in the Legislature. See, before that, the underwater rights in the bay, the bay bottoms, had belonged to the state. But one of these two bills transferred the rights in Nassau County to the various towns in Nassau along the bay, and the other transferred the rights in Suffolk to the various Suffolk towns. Well, everyone on Long Island always just assumed that both of these had passed, but Hildreth told me that when he and Judge Reid looked into it they found that, for some reason no one seemed to know, maybe just an oversight, only one passed—the Nassau one. I said, 'Do I gather, then, that half the bay bottoms belong to the state? That Babylon doesn't own its bay bottoms at all?' And I put all our bloodhounds on it, and I found those bills, and I found that Hildreth's story was true. Well, in all this time the supervisors could have gotten the ownership of those lands transferred without any trouble, but I guess they had just decided to let things lie and had kept issuing licenses to fish the bay bottoms when they had no right to. And so I blackjacked them. We told them that we'd trade them the Jones Beach land for the bay bottoms. Well, they didn't want to trade. They didn't want to give the land. But we told them that if they didn't, we'd let the people know that the town didn't own the bay bottoms after all, that they'd been issuing licenses when they had no right to, that in all the years that had been available to remedy the mistake they had never taken the simple step of obtaining title to the bay bottoms, that they had been negligent in their stewardship of the





town's 'sacred heritage.' " To be convicted in the public eye of such negligence would have been even worse for the supervisors than to give away the barrier beach. The bay bottoms were much more important to the baymen; that was what their livelihood depended on. "We blackjacked them, that's all. We threatened to tell. And we said, 'Now, there's one way to adjust this thing.' "

The way—the ultimatum that Moses presented to the town board—was to authorize a referendum on ceding Babylon's portion of Jones Beach to the state and to issue a ruling that would give Moses a real chance of winning it; the voting would not be restricted to the town's taxpaying property owners but would be open to everyone who lived there, including the several hundred Long Island State Park Commission and D.P.W. employees who had recently moved into Babylon apartments. This ruling would violate common sense and common practice—generally only property owners, a town's taxpayers, were allowed to vote in referenda involving the permanent removal of town property from tax rolls—but Moses did not leave the board members much choice. If the referendum passed, giving the beach land to the state, he told them, the state would, in turn, quietly give the bay bottoms to the town, and they could go right on issuing licenses; if the referendum passed, he would never tell their constituents about their negligence. And if it didn't pass, he would.

To lull the town's baymen and property owners into overconfidence, the town board did not explode the bombshell about voting eligibility until shortly before the election. Everything, in fact, was done so fast that the old-time residents never had a chance to organize. Without warning, at a routine meeting held on March 14, 1928, with few residents present, the town board, saying for the record that it was opposed to the beach-ceding but felt that "the people's voice" should be heard, authorized the referendum and scheduled it for the same day as the party primary elections—April 3, 1928, less than three weeks away. "Judases!" cried Judge James B. Cooper, the editor of the *Babylon Leader*. Nonetheless, the Judge could not conceive that, even with the voter-eligibility ruling, the transfer of the beach property would be approved. No politician, he didn't understand certain other tactics that the town board had adopted; for example, he saw no sig-



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houses, baseball fields, and bridle paths. Picnic areas with hundreds of tables sat under their trees. Slides, swings, and jungle gyms dotted their clearings. Their lakes were decorated with floats, diving boards, rowboats, and canoes. Deer Range State Park contained miles of paved roads for cars and dirt roads for horseback riders, acres of athletic fields, bathhouses holding thousands of lockers, a boardwalk, a bathing pavilion with restaurants and snack bars, an inland canal a thousand feet long for rowboating, and a marina where sailboats could be moored. There were more bathhouses, more boardwalks, more playing fields, more snack bars, more picnic areas, more campsites at Sunken Meadow, Wildwood, Orient Beach, Montauk Point, and Hither Hills State Parks. On Jones Beach there stood now, awaiting only the finishing touches, to be added in 1929, a bathhouse like a medieval castle, a water tower like the campanile in Venice, a boardwalk, and two restaurants.

And Long Island was only one segment of Moses' state-park system. By the end of the summer of 1928, the scattered little historic reservations that Moses had inherited had been expanded into a system that included fifty parks, totalling more than a hundred thousand acres. When he had the parks, Moses built roads to link them with the nearest highways, and suddenly families in Rochester and Syracuse and Albany were visiting places they had hardly heard of before—not only Letchworth State Park and Watkins Glen but Boonville Gorge, Rudd Pond, Rearing Brook, and the Copake Ore Pit. It is probable that in the history of public works in America never had so much been built so fast. —ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the second of four articles about Robert Moses and the uses of political power in New York. The third article will appear in a forthcoming issue.)

Q. How do I use a quartered lemon that comes with the fish course?

A. Spear it with your fork and squeeze, protecting your dinner partner from squirts by cupping your palm around the lemon. Discard the dinner plate.—*Manila Times*.

And leave in a huff.

DETROIT—(AP)—Negotiators reached a tentative agreement yesterday to end a 12-day strike by communist guerrillas at the Fisher Body Fleetwood plant in Detroit.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Now, now.



## Ana Maria is always a little hungry

**ANA MARIA ANDRADE, AGE 6. Mother dead. Father deserted. Child lives with sick grandmother who also cares for four other grandchildren and baby who boards with her. Total income for 7 people \$9.25 per month. Two meager meals a day . . . coffee for breakfast, sometimes bread. Lunch—rice, beans and corn meal. Dinner—none. Never milk or meat. Children always hungry. Lives in mud hut on top of hill. One small room. No facilities. No beds. Two mattresses, two blankets, two sheets all in poor condition. Used clothing from other poor families. Grandmother grieves for grandchildren she cannot decently care for.**

Long lines of children and families as needy as Ana Maria anxiously wait outside our offices seeking the help that Foster Parents Plan can give them and their families, but PLAN cannot do it without your support. Choose to assist a boy or girl from Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Indonesia, Peru, the Philippines, the Republic of Korea or Viet Nam. Your pledge is used for our programs of medical and dental care, counseling from social workers and material and financial aid. You receive a case history and photograph. You write and receive regular letters (originals and translations). The letters, and annual progress reports, allow Foster Parents and Foster Children to develop warm, affectionate relationships. Communications from headquarters show you how your contributions are used for programs and services.

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PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

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