



## **THE ROBBER BARONS**



**The year was 1901.**

**The start of the new century heralded the changes brought on by the Industrial Revolution. At the age of 45, you are one of the movers and shakers of the times, a captain of industry, respected, reviled, and feared by the millions whose livelihoods you control and destroy in the blink of an eye. You started out in the hard scrabble streets of the Bronx selling papers at the age of twelve and your business acumen had taken you to fortunes and power seldom known by lesser men. While the propaganda of Marx was the subject of intellectual discussions, in America you were the symbol of capitalism, a powerful financier who owned banks, railroads, and real estate from Martha's Vineyard to the far reaches of the West. What you don't own you control through intimidation and monopoly. You are J.P. Morgan, robber baron extraordinaire, and a force to be reckoned with.**

**While the laws of business competition would not change for another two decades, and the scandals of Teapot Dome and Enron were hardly front page news, the winds of change had started blowing in the direction of regulation. These gusts threatened the very foundation of your corporate greed. Powerful unions were spawning, child labor laws had been**

enacted, and, thanks to the path of an assassin's bullet, your nemesis had just succeeded as President of the United States, . .

**His name is Theodore Roosevelt, and his hobby is trust-busting.**

1. You lost your shirt in that last deal,  
The union strike slowed down the steel,  
Your scabbers are sent in with vim,  
To crack some skulls with results grim,  
Upon the cheapest labor your profits depend,  
It's time for business acumen,  
Your laundry ticket will stake your claim,  
If northwest on Montague you point your aim,  
Past a womanizer and dear old Anne,  
Is where Carnegie made his stand,  
There on the right he did replevin,  
What he lost at 137.
2. You find yourself now back in Court,  
To the 4, 5, 6 north you must resort,  
At City Hall you'll make your pitch,  
Against that competing government snitch,  
Jay Gould was the "master of trick and deceit,"  
Who told a senator about your latest feat?  
You sold defective carbines to General Freemont,  
'Twas not the way for your influence to flaunt,  
Stop him now with a good bribe,  
So you can rejoin the tribe,  
Unless this man with cash is fed,  
Your company is soon in the *red*.

As your strikers start to march,  
Stop the union through an arch.

3. The showpiece of one millionaire,  
Shows how your times were laissez-faire,  
At 62 Fifth you should foray  
Past electric trains and Fabergé,  
Up to Union Square and 14<sup>th</sup> Street,  
The N/R makes your ride complete,  
Walk east to fifth and south for Soho,  
Collect \$200 if you pass go,  
If business rivals you're to unseat,  
Please act respectfully discrete,  
And with the name of one inventor,  
You'll find your next epicenter,  
Parking is most often free,  
For a captain of industry,  
But of the photo rule you're here exempt,  
Hats are off, don't be unkempt,  
No clue sheets out, you are *on tape*,  
A rallier you *must not ape*,  
Hidden there are two animals true,  
Upon a stool just to polish your shoe,  
No great shakes if you don't find 'em,  
Just act with interest totally random,  
Through ships and parades and the good ol' West,  
It's the name that counts in this hard test.
  
4. At the tracks of a railroad empire,  
That Vanderbilt's 94 mil did sire,  
From deducing letters four,  
From the first name of an entrepreneur,  
In the order in which they arrive,  
Try three, one, six and five,

Where these four lines at west converge,  
Is the place where moguls merge,  
Continuing now in this vein,  
*Numerical* positions will also leave plain,  
If you try *any* middle intial and the letter last,  
A street intersection is soon cast.  
For instance in the J. P. Morgan name,  
The P would be 2 all and the same,  
When you rode in from below,  
Up to the northbound steps you'll quickly know,  
A robber baron jubilee,  
A fine artsy sight for all to see,  
Poorer barons must unite  
Or fall to crocodile appetite,  
But on this platform for another line,  
*E pluribus unum* is the sign.

5. Thanks to Czolgosz, McKinley's shot,  
But One Rough Rider can't be bought  
Find a place of accommodation,  
To plead your case with grand oration,  
Head back now to Union Square,  
And take a walk and get some air,  
On N. Broadway bound you'll soon alight,  
At a place to take a right,  
There's no Open Door Policy here,  
This trust buster is no profiteer.  
To the right of the front you search,  
Let the incoming working classes not besmirch.
  
6. Time to dress up for the rendezvous,  
Not allowed are athletic shoes,  
A collared shirt is necessary,  
Of shorts as well you should be wary,  
If it wasn't worth the guile,

You'd be hunting in some trash pile,  
To Shane at the bar you should make time,  
To sing along the Barons' chime,  
You possess it in bad rhyme,  
Don't call here, it's much too loud,  
Who is calling but a crowd?  
It makes me think of a telephone expression,  
That sends me quickly to oppression.

7. For a smoke to end that deal,  
To 42<sup>nd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> you must now steal,  
Lest you find yourself a bore,  
Find an upstairs humidior,  
But the cigar that you pick,  
Is boxed nearby for your next trick.  
Sing now the song provided,  
Or you just won't be invited.
  
8. What T.R. meant to bust,  
Was the Standard Oil Trust,  
What John D. shenanigan,  
Makes you now begin again?  
To his plaza take the B, D, F, Q,  
At a place of worship find your pew,  
Think about where this race might end,  
On that bench there's no time to spend,  
Was it that secret railroad rebate,  
That undercut the competitor's freight?  
And while you're by it take a bonus picture,  
Of wisdom and knowledge's conjecture,  
If they are truly the stability of all time,  
A catty corner walk would be sublime.

9. All at once the Progressive Party,  
Made labor unions somewhat hardy,  
Marxism has had its tryst,  
But you are a true capitalist,  
It's now time to lower the fist,  
Let John D. be the philanthropist  
All your charity is left for naught,  
It's time to sail upon your yacht,  
Captain Ron's got you afloat,  
At the Kerb's Boathouse there's a remote,  
Walk to 51<sup>st</sup> and Lex,  
The local 6 uptown is your fix,  
At 77<sup>th</sup> you stop and head west,  
Just south past Alice is your next test.  
The captain will help you navigate,  
Hurry there and don't be late,  
Of course it may be time to simply cab it  
And, with relief, lose that subway habit.
10. There are no people left to trample,  
You take Carnegie's example,  
Teapot Dome is yet to burst,  
But WorldCom's scandal was much worse,  
Take the 4,5,6 down to 68th,  
Walk five blocks down and don't lose faith,  
If you stroll to 63<sup>rd</sup> and Lex,  
The BQ Manhattan bound won't vex,  
At 34<sup>th</sup> an ascent will Herald,  
One western block will not imperil,  
Then let us know with a quick call,  
The number of column pieces in that side hall.  
To the left of two women half unclad,  
On two walls your clue is had,  
And charity can still co-exist,  
Even as a narcissist.

**HOTLINES: (310) 779-3057 MARC**  
**(310) 489-5031 SUZ**  
**(917) 554-5858 MARK**

## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. In shirt at Cleaners, 137 Montague



Five red circles under a grand old door, Through New Amsterdam of 1624,  
“The public be damned” said Vanderbilt, At 45° his head did tilt.

### 2. In red modern statue at City Hall



“I owe the public nothing” you  
declared, Even your shareholders soon despaired,  
You banking empire had taken over,  
Small businessman had run for cover,  
Captains of industry divided and conquered,  
Banking trusts were the barons’ password,  
Competition was crushed by market bullies,  
Who built themselves monopolies.

“I owe the public nothing! You declared, Even your shareholders soon despaired, For your banking empire had taken over,  
Small businessmen had to run for cover, Captains of industry divided and conquered, Banking trusts were the barons’s password,  
Competition was crushed by market bullies, Who built themselves monopolies.



### 3. At Forbes Magazine Gallery

Name of Inventor of monopoly Board

C H A R L E S B . D A R R O W

1 3 5 6 8 14



4. On Robber Barons at 14<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup>



Walk up the path that has been laid,  
Or very soon you will have paid,  
For all the fraud you've inflicted,  
On 20<sup>th</sup> a birthplace is depicted,  
Of yourselves don't make an ash,  
At 28 you'll get your stash,  
If the place is residential,  
Then try to act presidential.

5. At TR's birthplace



Railroads, oil, steel and bank,  
Of one of these you hold the rank,  
It's time for a drink of the perfect name,  
What Soup king here made great fame,  
At an Apartment of the very same,  
You might soon be taken to task,  
If of a bar you remember to ask  
Head east to Park and up to 23<sup>rd</sup>,  
The 4,5,6 north will clear your herd.  
You should stop at the big middle,  
Where you'll recite that dandy diddle,  
Lest your fortunes begin to sag,  
Musical inspiration's in your bag.  
But order a round of Robber Barons first,  
To quench that greedy money thirst,

Your capitalist motives are hard to hide,  
But Shane will send you on your ride.

IN BAG:

### MUSICAL INSPIRATION

( Sung to “Money”, by Pink Floyd)

“Money, it’s my way  
Hire workers with little pay and they’re o.k.  
They’re the lower class!  
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash  
New car, caviar, four star daydream  
It’s just one great monopoly scheme  
Money get back  
I’m alright Jack, keep your hands off my stack  
Money it’s a hit  
Don’t think I’m some goody good philanthropist  
I’m in the high fidelity first class traveling set  
Labor unions make me upset  
Money it’s my crime  
I earned it squarely, every last nickel and dime,  
Money so they say  
Is the root of the good I’ve done today  
And if you ask for a raise it won’t faze that I’m not  
Giving one away.”

6. In limo at Campbell's apt.



A cigar would be just fine,  
Of the J.P. Morgan kind,  
The Sherman Anti-trust Act makes you blue,  
But Peter Thornhill holds the clue,  
You need to toast to a no-comp. contract,  
Again it's time to interact,  
If with Marx you must contend,  
Then four brothers you should pretend,  
You'll need to wear your glasses and act the part,  
Of rich barons with no heart,  
Sing that second ditty in your bag,  
Or at this place you're sure to lag  
Among the things your brain is stewing,  
What now are the poor people doing?

7. In cigar

It's time for you and a feller to meet,  
One John the Rock you must soon greet  
The B,D,F,Q at 5th/42<sup>nd</sup>,  
North to 50<sup>th</sup> you should soon reckon,  
*Pat* yourself upon the back,  
When you discern the right track,  
If there a couple is being wed,  
With patience to 34 you'll soon be led.



8. Under pew 34 at St. Pat's Cathedral



Your charity was disavowed,  
Your tax deductions weren't allowed,  
If Catholic doctrines are of no avail,  
Perhaps it's time for a good sail,  
The trail for profits gets much hotter,  
When you head to Conservatory Water,  
It's not time to get too mental,  
When there's a Park that is quite Central.  
A booth there stands like a beacon,  
If a yachting cruise you're seekin'.

9. On sailboat at Conservatory Water



That festive spirit is sure to win,  
If you get yourself to Penn,  
Down 7<sup>th</sup> don't let your spirits harden,  
On the lower level of Madison Square Garden,  
Pick up your LIRR ticket from Otis Banks,  
With coolers ready he deserves your thanks,  
Upon a car you'll soon alight,  
Westhampton Beach is in your sight,  
It's the 8:48 LB/Hempstead/Montauk bound,  
At Jamaica you'll aground,  
At 9:07 there's a Jamaica change,  
Across the platform to a train you rearrange,  
It is destined for Montauk too,  
But Westhampton Beach is your cue,  
There take a cab to 14 Blueberry Court,  
In E. Quogue is your resort.  
You are the party animal on the train,  
Get on the right track without refrain.

Your charity showed its forte,  
With a view of the Delacorte,  
Who knew that you could be so mental,  
With a Park that was so Central?  
But in a turret you still scheme,  
Of an empire of which you dream.

If you're being matter-of-fact,  
Think about the Sherman Anti-trust Act,  
All at once the Progressive Party,  
Made labor unions somewhat hardy,  
Marxism has had its tryst,  
Are you really a capitalist?  
Isn't it time to lower the fist,  
And call yourself a philanthropist?  
Isn't it the reason for your prayers?  
Now build a castle for your heirs,  
Not your progeny with their silver spoon,  
But for the People's communal afternoon,  
Go back to the station from whence you came,  
And the B, D uptown will be your game,  
If your financial empire is to be first,  
Get off your train at 81<sup>st</sup>,  
In your bag a map is near,  
Your canine will tell you where to steer.

**Money, it's my way  
Hire workers with little pay and they're o.k.  
They're the lower class!  
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash  
New car, caviar, four star daydream  
It's just one great monopoly scheme  
Money get back  
I'm alright Jack, keep your hands off my stack  
Money it's a hit  
Don't think I'm some goody good philanthropist  
I'm in the high fidelity first class traveling set  
Labor unions make me upset  
Money it's my crime  
I earned it squarely, every last nickel and dime,  
Money so they say  
Is the root of all good today  
And if you ask for a raise it won't faze that I'm not  
Giving one away.**

SUNG to Abba's "Money, money, money"

"Money, money, money,  
It's a rich man's world.  
We're pro-business, yes we are  
Enron and WorldCom are much too far,  
What is up with our interest rates,  
We just thought we'd be Bill Gates,  
Of child labor laws we're are so pissed,  
Here we are, philanthropists!  
What's all this about minimum wage?  
We thought our trains were all the rage,  
And didn't we build most of your parks?  
What's this now about Karl Marx?"  
Money, money money,  
It's a rich man's world."

HI! Bennie or Maria-in case I missed you here's the clue.  
On Saturday 8/30, in the mid-afternoon a team of three to four people will be in wearing bowler hats. They are the "Dead Rabbits" from Gangs of New York. This is supposed to be their confrontation with their enemy, Bill "The Butcher" Cutting. They are to say the following lines in their best bugs bunny accent:

" Oh my heritage you did destroy,  
In the name of the Bowery B'hoys.  
My father you stabbed from behind,  
Vallent was a hero of an Irish kind,  
Now its time for vengeance red,  
A duel in a square I'll take to bed,  
We are the Dead Rabbits now revived,  
To stop the violence that you've contrived,  
Death for you would be a gift,  
On the Hudson you should be adrift!"

You should respond with:

You pathetic pansy with such balls,  
It's time for you to climb the walls,  
Here let me show you what I'll do,  
With a Dead Rabbit stew.

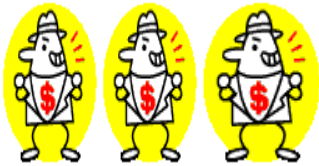
He/she cuts up stuffed rabbit. Once or twice.  
And hands it to the team. (it has the clue in it)



**In stuffed rabbit ( in case you need a spare)**



**Okay I hope that you'll regress,  
To a place for some progress,  
For Bill the Butcher, you're no match,  
It's time for an organized plan to hatch,  
The draft riots are now brewing,  
In Washington Square you will be stewing,  
Face it now at nine o'clock,  
In British flight you place some stock.  
Near where Holley makes his stand,  
The cannons fire at his command.**



**CLUE NUMBER SEVEN**



## CLUE NUMBER SEVEN

**Hello, Gabriella!**

**Thanks for working with us. We couldn't pull this off without merchants like you!. The four bags have the letters for four different canolis. They would spell out Girl Props . Com., their next site. The "dot" is an individual canoli.. You may just want to stick it on the outskirts of the pastry but still in the cream because it may be hard to find. They know that if they eat them, which eventually they will, that they have to be careful. I think the letters are pretty easy to find. We tried it at home. I have not referenced your name as a contact there in the event you won't be there.. Just let someone else at the pastry counter know what is going on.**

**The team arrives with bowler hats on but than has to place bunny ears on their heads and tails on their butts . Then they have to burst into song. It's the Peter Cottontail song I've attached.**

**Only afterwards, to the liking of the listener, (once is about all you can take) do they get the canolis. And the plastic animal should be nearby but hopefully out of reach of the curious public.(children)**

**It would be nice if the canolis could be set aside in the display with the swords that are flagged in each of them. That way your staff would know not to sell them. And the team would know they've come to the right place (it's their emblem). However, I understand this may not be possible. If not, just place them in a box, perhaps with a sword into the top.**

**I've enclosed the payment in the bag. Once again . . Thank You!**