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By DAVID F. WHITE Special to The New York Times
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YONKERS, Aug. 11—Sam Carr, a 64-year-old answering service owner who lived around the corner from David Berkowitz, learned today that his brooding neighbor had been identified by the police as the "Son of Sam" and he, himself as the "Sam" of the suspect's obsession.

The revelation came as a disturbing surprise to Mr. Carr, even though he acknowledged in an interview that he had had a "gut feeling" that an angry man who had once shot and wounded Mr. Carr's dog might be the 44-caliber killer.

Mr. Carr had first begun to suspect that Mr. Berkowitz — whose name he didn't know—might be the Son of Sam when he saw a police sketch of the wanted man in July.

The sketch looked strikingly like a man who had attacked his dog Harvey last April after two mysterious letters had arrived from a "a citizen" complaining about the dog "howling all day." One of the letters threatened Mr. Carr's life, he said.

Mr. Carr telephoned the New York

Police Department, but at first he got no reaction, he told reporters at an impromptu news conference late this afternoon on the grounds of the Hudson River Museum here.

Thinking that thousands of such calls must be going to the police each day, he persisted. "When they didn't contact me," he said, "I contacted them [again]."

Last week, police officers "cross-examined" him, he said, but gave no indication that his "gut feeling" might be plausible.

Today, sitting on a park bench in front of the museum with his daughter, Wheat, 26, the slight, gray-haired man said he had been stunned to learn that his feeling had been confirmed.

"I couldn't even think it," Mr. Carr said. "How could you think it . . . with a person of that caliber."

Mr. Carr had met earlier with his lawyer, Louis Ecker of Yonkers, at the lawyer's office, and later at the Carr home at 316 Warburton Avenue. The white-

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The New York Times/Chester Higgins Jr.
Sam Carr leaving his home in Yonkers yesterday to see his lawyer.

MAN DUBBED 'SAM' HAD 'GUT FEELING'

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shingled, two-story house also serves as a business office for Mr. Carr.

The police said that there had been many telephoned threats against Mr. Carr throughout the morning and that two officers had been posted in front of the house.

Today, Mr. Carr's telephone-answering service, on the ground floor of the building, was swamped with calls, some from as far away as Sydney, Australia. The police turned reporters away from the Carr property. Questions from reporters were submitted to Mr. Carr and his lawyer before Mr. Carr agreed to meet them at the museum.

In the first of the mysterious letters Mr. Carr said he had received in April, the writer described Mr. Carr's black Labrador retriever Harvey as a "public nuisance," adding, "Our lives have been torn apart because of this dog."

Then nine days later, a letter in the same handwriting and signed, like the first one, by "a citizen," told Mr. Carr:

"I have asked you kindly to stop that dog from howling all day long, yet he continues to do so. I pleaded with you. I told you how this is destroying my family. We have no peace, no rest.

"Now I know what kind of a person you are and what kind of a family you are. You are cruel and inconsiderate. You have no love for any other human beings. Your [sic] selfish, Mr. Carr. My life is destroyed now. I have nothing to lose anymore. I can see that there shall be no peace in my life or my families [sic] life until I end yours."

Also last spring, Mr. Carr said, he was contacted by an unidentified couple who said they had received a get-well card signed "Sam and Frances Carr." The couple said they had not been sick, and Mr. Carr said he had not sent the card.

Mr. Carr appeared nervous and strained throughout the day. When he talked with reporters at the museum, he answered their questions crisply and quickly.

Mr. Carr, looking bewildered and frightened, seemed the most surprised of all that a 24-year-old stranger named David Berkowitz had regarded him as the commanding force behind a year of shootings that had terrified New York.