

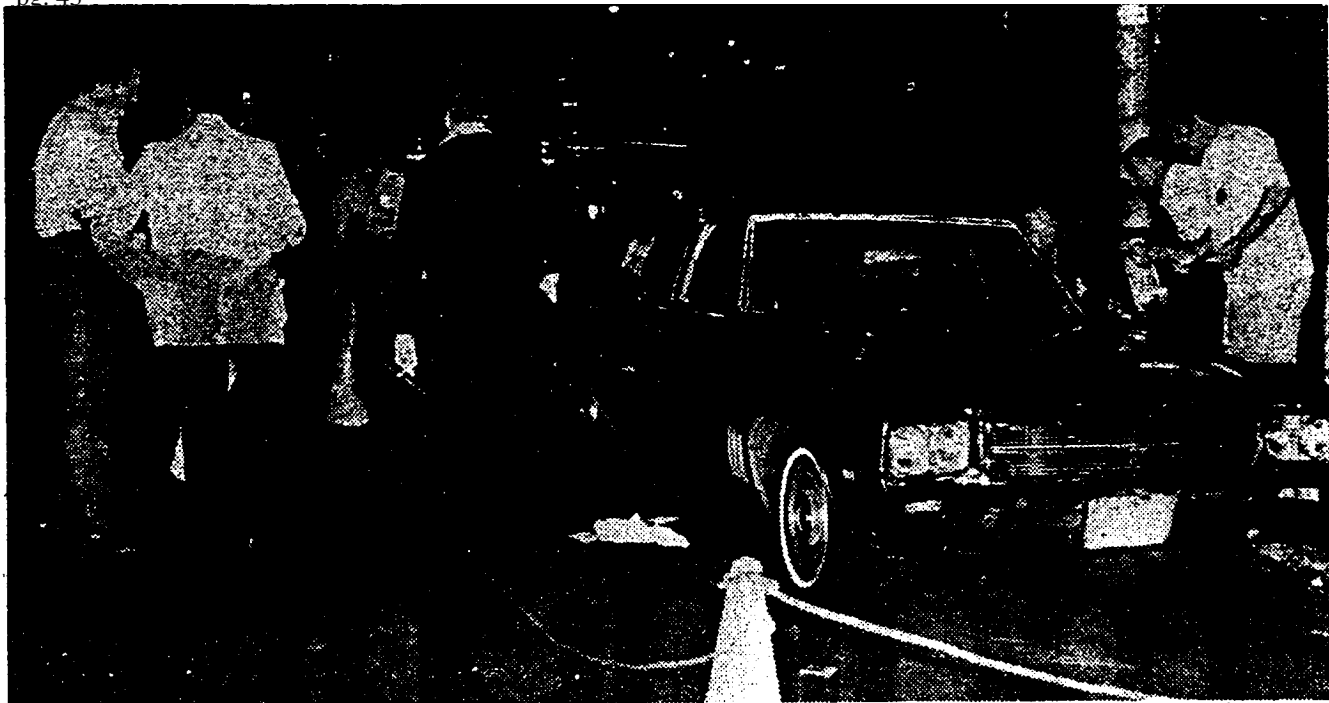
# Cry for Help Wakes Up a Brooklyn Neighborhood

By ERIC PACE

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Police at scene examining car in which latest victims were shot in Bath Beach, Brooklyn, early yesterday

## Cry for Help Wakes Up a Brooklyn Neighborhood

By ERIC PACE

"His voice was sort of high, like a little boy's voice, and he was screaming, 'Help me! Don't let me die!'" a 32-year-old Brooklyn housewife recalled yesterday.

She was one of the neighborhood residents who had gently slipped towels under the body of 20-year-old Robert Violante as he lay bleeding on a sidewalk early yesterday morning. Another neighbor comforted Stacy Moscovitz, 20, as she slumped, wounded and dazed, in a car nearby.

The people of the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn were quick to rush out of their homes yesterday morning and give help when the .44 caliber killer ambushed the young couple parked beside a lamppost in a neighborhood trysting spot.

The humid air, stirred by breezes from Gravesend Bay, spread the sound of the horn on the couple's car when it suddenly began to blare.

Mr. Violante apparently leaned on the horn button, trying to attract attention, after the attacker had crept up to the brown Buick, pumped four shots into it and stolen off on foot through the shadows of nearby Dyker Beach Park.

"It was this weird, long honking sound," recalled Stephanie Nuccio, 15 years old, of 8867 Bay 16th Street, grimacing with horror.

Seconds later, when a neighborhood resident named Dotti rushed to her window, awoken by the noise, she saw nothing strange in the light of the street lamp, except that the Buick's brake lights were flickering on and off.

"Then I saw the guy get out of the car; he had on a blue shirt and blue pants, and there was this big dark stain on his clothes," she said later, hooking her hands tensely in her blue-jeans. "He was screaming with the pain, saying, 'Help me!'"

Dotti and her 34-year-old husband, David, threw on clothes and raced to the Buick. Mr. Violante, on his feet, lurched back toward the car, smearing its top with his blood, and tottered into the lamppost.

The neighborhood quickly came alive. Gently, one man got Mr. Violante to lie down and wait for medical help: he lay, face up, on the gritty sidewalk beside the stretch of lawn that adjoins the parkway's inland side.

"Now the wounded guy was screaming, 'Where is the ambulance, where is it?'" David said.

### Towels Brought Out

Another neighbor brought out towels, Dotti recalled, and tried to staunch Miss Moscovitz's bleeding as the slim victim sagged against the seat, her head still more or less erect.

Mr. Violante seemed to be having trouble breathing, and a policeman helped to turn his body over, face down.

"You try to do what you can to help," said Dotti, a wiry woman with glasses and a strong face. "So I put a towel under his face so it wouldn't get in the dirt and weeds. His face was all swollen by then."

Meanwhile, bystanders helped Miss Moscovitz to get out of the car and coaxed her to lie down on a stretcher, though she wanted to walk around, Dotti recalled. Within 15 or 20 minutes the couple had been carried off by ambulance to Coney Island Hospital. They were then transferred to Kings County Hospital.

For Dotti and her husband and for other residents of the quiet, tree-shaded reaches of south west Brooklyn, neighborliness soon gave way to pangs of fear and horror. Then came criticism of the police, talk of forming vigilante squads, calls for vengeance.

Dozens of policemen, perspiration pouring from their faces, were searching for bullets and other clues around

the shooting site, near Shore Parkway and Bay 14th Street, but anxiety was running so high by midday yesterday that Dotti and David insisted on withholding their last name. Other worried neighbors did the same, for fear the attacker might come back and do them harm.

By early morning the neighborhood, which is home to mostly Italian-American and Jewish families, was in tension's grip. Youths stared grimly at where the police from the Emergency Squad raked through the lawns beside the parkway, looking for the missing fourth bullet. One bullet was found in the car's steering column, detectives said, and the two others in the victim's bodies.

Further north, in shady East Fifth Street, neighbors looked silently up at the trim brick facade of the two-family building, 1740 East Fifth, where Miss Moskovitz lived with her family.

A face peered out through the green plastic curtaining behind the balcony. Then Miss Moskovitz's 16-year-old sister, Ricki, stepped out—her great dark eyes were impassive—flanked by a policeman.

"I really can't talk, I can't answer any questions," she said and disappeared, as a second policeman looked out a small window in the front door.

"Son of Sam — I thought he might make trouble in Brooklyn sometime, but never in this street, this is our home," said Vincent Simonelli of 1710 East Fifth Street. A burly telephone company worker, he was one of the neighbors keeping a kind of vigil under the leafy trees.

Another neighbor, Mark Rubin, an art director, who lives at 1707 East Fifth Street, said, "It's scary, this maniac striking, it's like he's saying he can strike anywhere. I tell my wife to be careful, but there's no way of really protecting yourself."