

# In Brooklyn, Neighbors Talk of Vengeance

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Everywhere in Brooklyn yesterday people were talking about "Son of Sam." They were trying to guess where he might strike next and how he had been living and keeping himself inconspicuous. And they were telling one another about the punishment he deserved, the way he should be made to suffer if he was captured.

The women on East Fifth Street in the Midwood section were telling the police about a possible suspect, a man they knew who "claims to be an ex-cop." The driver for the Avenue P Car Service said he had spotted a yellow Volkswagen on Ocean Parkway, and he had taken down the license number. Young men in the Bensonhurst section had organized little posses, armed patrols to tour the streets at night in their cars "looking for this guy."

And over on Bay 14th Street, where the victims of the .44-caliber killer were tended early Sunday morning, a young housewife remembered a strange man in a mustard-colored car who slowly circled and circled the block last Tuesday afternoon.

"I wonder if it was him," she said. She was not alone.

### Police Canvass Block

Detectives from the Brooklyn District Attorney's Office canvassed the block of two-family homes just a stone's throw from the little park through which the killer reportedly walked to commit the crime and then to make his retreat. (The park, according to residents of the block, is simply called 17th Avenue Park.)

"We're trying to find out whether anyone noticed anything unusual," said a detective from the District Attorney's squad. He had been temporarily marooned by a thunderstorm on a porch two doors away from the home of Anna May Arizzone, the housewife who saw the car circling the block last Tuesday. She said she had already told the police about it.

"I feel that he stakes out his areas long before he makes his hit," said Offi-

cer Walter Teper, who was guarding the house at 1740 East Fifth Street, where 20-year-old Stacy Moskowitz, the latest female victim of the .44-caliber killer, lived.

"He studies his routes of escape and he takes his opportune moment," the officer said, standing at the gate in front of the Moskowitz's neat brick home.

Women who did not want to be interviewed waited as he spoke to a reporter, their faces tense and their eyes full of suspicion. They were waiting to tell the officer about the person they knew who said he had been a policeman and whose strange ways struck them now as truly ominous.

### 'Somebody Knows Him'

"Everyone should be doing this," said one of the women, who did not want to be identified. "If everyone came forward and told the police about people they thought might be him, they'd catch him, because somebody knows him."

A gray-haired man was talking to a group of his neighbors who had stopped to chat on Avenue P near the block where the Moskowitz family lives. "I feel the guy is a real loner," he said, "because nobody has turned him in. He doesn't talk to nobody. Nobody knows anything about him."

A plump woman who was standing with the group added: "I personally think that when they got these calls from him that he was going to go to Coney Island that the Police Department should have put more people around here." Everyone agreed with her.

"They should put patrols in the parks that are near the highways," said the gray-haired man.

"You know how he'll be caught, in my opinion?" asked a man who had been listening to the others. "Not by police, but by an error."

The talk continued, and the group tried to imagine what they would have done if they had been there early Sunday morning and seen what the young

man parked ahead of the victims saw in his rear-view mirror. They would have run after the killer, they thought. No, they would not. It was too dangerous. And the mention of danger reminded them of their children. They were going to make their teen-age children stay home, they said.

Others heard the conversation and stopped to join the group on Avenue P. The talk got angry. The talk was of revenge.

"He should go to jail!" said the plump woman. "So they can say he's insane?"

"Exactly!" said two women on the outskirts of the group.

"He should be hung," said the plump woman.

"They should let the people take care of him," said one of the women on the edge of the circle. "It sounds terrible, but then you'd see—there won't be no more murders."

None of these people would give his or her name for publication.

### 'Looking for This Guy'

Up at the candy store at Kings Highway and Quentin Road the manager, an outspoken round little man with white bristles on his chin and bright eyes that became larger as he grew excited, had visions of a very gruesome punishment for the .44-caliber killer.

"You know what I'd do with him?" he said, in thick Brooklynese, "I'd cut both his legs off and say to the police, 'When you give me the reward, I'll bring the rest of the body.'"

"We're starting a group. Looking for this guy," said a 26-year-old laid-off construction worker who lives near the home at 1972 Bay Ridge Parkway of the killer's latest male victim, 20-year-old Robert Violante, and who said he had attended New Utrecht High School with Mr. Violante. The construction worker gave his name only as Vincent.

"Tonight," he said, "we're all going to go looking. And if we catch him, I'll tie him to the car. All the parents are going to be able to do their thing to this guy, and then we'll tell the police."

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