

“...The same upper and middle classes that hollered for reform have become the problem they once fought so fervently...”

of January 15, Josephine warmed to the friendly voice with a heavy Brooklyn accent on the phone. The man claimed to be with the Long Island Lighting Company and needed to know when the Farnetis would be home so the wiring could be checked and services restored. When informed that they would be attending a wedding in Manhattan that night, the man told Mrs. Farneti to be sure and leave the vents in the three fireplaces open “to keep toxic gases from forming.” She ignored the advice. Later, when the two returned in the early morning, they

found Greenlawn Road alive with fire trucks and police, and Mrs. Farneti learned from a member of the Arson Squad that these special instructions had been made to ensure total destruction. The arsonist had, early in the night, entered the house and poured gasoline throughout the first floor. The air from the open vents fed the flames as they raged through the house. Still, with professional preparations and heavy snow slowing the fire trucks, the house was quickly lost. As was the Farnetis’ young dog.

On Staten Island the son of a home-

owner who was planning to sell a house to the state as a hostel for retarded children needed seventeen stitches to close the gash a metal pipe had opened in his head. Apparently mistaken for his father while stopped at a red light, the teenager was dragged from behind the steering wheel and brutally beaten by a small mob. The next day the car’s windows were smashed. A phone call followed, asking the father, “Have you had enough?” The man had. His offer to sell the house was quickly withdrawn.

The district manager of a Brooklyn

