

Scrap City

New York either has some very odd art lovers or some very astute thieves. It takes a fair amount of determination to steal a four-ton cast-iron landmark building by James Bogardus, lamp posts from the Firemen's Memorial on Riverside Drive, or seven sections of bronze bridge railings by Carrère and Hastings.

This is a new high, or low, in vandalism. These marauders at least have some taste—or knowledge of the scrap market—with a particular bias toward good architects. If they are going to sell the bronze for 35 cents a pound, or the iron for \$100 a ton, only the best will do.

It is sad enough to see a city's treasures deteriorate through lack of care, its landmark objects growing dingy through neglect. It is worse to lose them through vandalism and theft, and it is the ultimate bad joke that only the vandals care enough to pay any attention at all. What is not allowed to rot and erode can always be carted away for junk. Scrap city, with morals to match.