Mothers called their children indoors, and proceeded to lock all doors and windows. One four-yearold youngster, armed with a large stick, walked back and forth in front of his home on Darlington Avenue, ready to capture the robber single handedly.

Within a lew minutes state and local police had the entire area surrounded. Trooper Pete Hausch spotted him once in the almost intangivie thicket and fired a shot over his head. The search continued until dark and then the state and local police, fortified by some New York police, patrolled the area.

It was due to the cool and efficient thinking of Mrs. Emily R. Venator that the youth was finally captured at $10: 25$ P. M. Calling on friends, 'she parked her car on Darlington Avenue, near North Street a short time after nine, When she reentered the car, she did an unaccustomed thing and glanced in the rear of the car. To her fearful surprise, she saw a pair of knees protruding upwards. As casually as she could she went back into the house she had just left and telephoned the local police there was/ someone in her car. Chief H. H. Voss and Officer Al Doremus were there within a few minutes and pulled the sleeping Breslin out. No weapon was found on him. Commissioner Chester A. Smeltzer and Councilman Chester Coe, who had cooperated in the search, were on the scene when the capture was made and Commissioner Smeltzer praised the state and local police for the splendid results achieved. Turned over to the state police, Breslin was taken to the barracks for finger printing and questioning and then turned over to the New York authorities.

Breslin said he was hiding under the front porch of a house on Darlington Avenue, one house away from where Mrs. Venator parked her automobile. At first claiming he lost the gun in the crash, Breslin the next morning led the authorities to the spot where he'd thrown it, a short distance from where he'd entered the woods. The nickle plated revolver wasn't loaded, and Breslin said it never had been as he (Continued on Page 5)

## Armed Fugitive

(Contiuued from Page 1) had been unable to locate any ammunition in the house from which he stole the gun.

Breslin, who stated he turned 16 on March 24, was committed to Warwick Reformatory for a previous holdup. Despite his youth he has already packed a lifetime into his brief sixteen years. Falsifying his age as 18, he obtained work in a war plant till the draft caught up with him. After four months in the Army, he went AWOL. He was married to a Red Bank, N. J.. girl and either been divorced or the marriage has been annulled.

# Armed Fugitive ${ }^{\text {44an }}$ Captured Here in Thrilling Hunt 

Ramsey Police Find Youth Asleep in Parked Car After Troopers Halt Escape

With all the suspense and apprehension of a movie thriller, an armed fugitive from the Warwick (N. Y.) Reformatory was captured on Darlington Avenue in Ramsey after a five-and-a-half-hour hunt by state and local police and cooperative residents last Monday, May 6.

Raymond Breslin, age 16, and a companion, Ronald Bennett, age 15, made their escape from Warwick but Bennett, was almost immediately apprehended and returned. Breslin, a Brooklyn boy, broke into an unoccupied home and stole a change of clothing and a 32 caliber revolver. Hailing a passing motorist on a back road near Lake Mombasha, he announced it was a "stick up" and took the car, a 1937 Ford V-8 coupe.

At 4:15 P. M. the Monroe, N. Y. police telephoned the alarm to the Ramsey State Police barracks, saying they believed the stolen car was heading south on Route 17. Troopers Roseberry and Hausch drove to the state line and waited. At 4:50 P. M. Breslin rode by and a 70 -mile-an-hgur chase on Ronta 17 and-uown North Central Avenue ensued. Meanwhile, Sgt. Jack Harris and Trooper M. Kraft, having received the report on the radio, raced through Ramsey's Main Street with sirens sereeming, hoping to bottle up the fugitive on North Central Avenue. Before the cars met, however, Breslin doing 55 miles an hour around the bend just below Lincoln Place, struck a telephone pole and overturned the car. Uninjured, he plunged into the swampy thicket which borders the street, and the five-and-a-halfhour search was on.

