

Racists With Guns

Homicide detectives are the elite members of the Detective Bureaus of most major police departments. They are the investigators who best find the anomalies which is what homicide investigation is all about, finding what doesn't fit. And St. Louis City Police Department Detective Joe Brauer was one of the best before being assigned to DEA's Task Force in the early 1990's. A likable and easy going Detective, Joe rapidly became one of the most popular Task Forces Officers working with "The Feds." But to confuse Joe's affable ways with weakness would have been one big mistake. For Detective Joe Brauer was one "tough cookie," hardened by years of scrutinizing severed heads, mutilated bodies, and deranged intellects.

After a few days in the office, Joe and DEA Special Agent Darien Rentfro, a young and fairly new agent who was much wiser than his years, sort of mutually adopted each other. It was one of those perfect relationships where each party feeds off and learns from the other; the ideal blend of experience, know how, and inner drive. And as inseparable partners, Joe and Darien soon developed a tenacious style which made them two of the most productive investigators in the Task Force.

Rolling over one successful case into another, they hit upon a group of "white supremacists" who were selling "speed" to buy guns to kill black Americans. The kind of cretin you see on television with bib overalls and long beards but don't really believe exist. "Psychos" who lived in isolation far from the urban areas of St. Louis.

The case was not particularly difficult, a few "buys" followed by a "buy bust" for as much methamphetamine as the undercover could order up and a Search Warrant for main lunatic's shack in the country. AS anticipated, on the day of the arrest, the main player showed up in his baggy overalls with a pound of "speed" and a fully loaded 9mm automatic concealed on his person. And a search of his not so clean pick up truck produced

another fully loaded handgun in the glove box. He had come prepared to protect himself from his new customer if necessary but was shaken by the thought of armed to the teeth Task Force officers raiding his "house."

"My boy's in the house...he's only fifteen," the main psycho confessed. "Please don't hurt him."

"We're not going to hurt you son," DEtective Joe Brauer assured. "Why would we wanna do that?"

"Because he's not alone. There's somebody there with him," the bearded racist pleaded. "And he's not going to go easy."

It soon became clear that the baby sitter for the six foot, two hundred pound teenager was another supremacists recently paroled from Federal prison for making bombs. A lover of guns who had one with him at all times, even when he slept or used the bathroom. And there were also many other weapons in the house, rifles and handguns of all sorts, along with a stash of methamphetamine. It was going to be a potentially dangerous raid but it had to be done quickly before the "bomb maker" became suspicious that something had gone wrong.

The raiding party formed up on a black top country road about a mile from the narrow rutted dirt route to the supremacists commune. Two or three other shacks , from which the possibility of sniper fire existed, dotted the clearing and the raiders had to be cautious of them. Six vehicles, mostly four wheel drive and filled with heavily armed agents and cops, would be used in the assault.

Building up speed, the caravan raced down the black top and turned right onto the dirt road, straining the suspensions of the government vehicles and causing a cloud of burnt orange dust. Screeching to a halt, the raiders scrambled from their vehicles and took up assigned positions while the entry team ran to the front door of the wood clap board house . After a "brief" announcement, the ram man smashed open the door, dropped the ram and stepped aside. Detective Joe Brauer entered first coming face to face with the armed babysitter.

It would have been reasonable for Joe to defend himself but he held his fire, the overgrown teenager, frozen with fear, was standing nearby and could have been caught in a deadly crossfire. Instead Joe charged his opponent as he turned to flee and with a swift powerful blow knocked the gun from his hand. And as they wrestled to the floor, the enraged "bomb maker" tried to pull a second gun from his pants pocket. A shot rang out and Detective Joe Brauer, who by this time had pinned his antagonist to floor face down, waited for the pain. But the pain didn't come and an infinitesimal second later help arrived allowing Joe to release his vice like grip.

Slowly turning the motionless body over, the officers tore away its cloths looking for blood and a bullet hole. But except for the fact that the body began to convulse and its eyes had rolled back into its head, no other injuries could be detected. The errant bullet had ricocheted off a severely bent pocket watch in the baby sitter's front right pants pocket and harmlessly entered the floor. The likable Joe Brauer had scared the bold racist "bomb maker" half to death.

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