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HAWAII



TO YOU



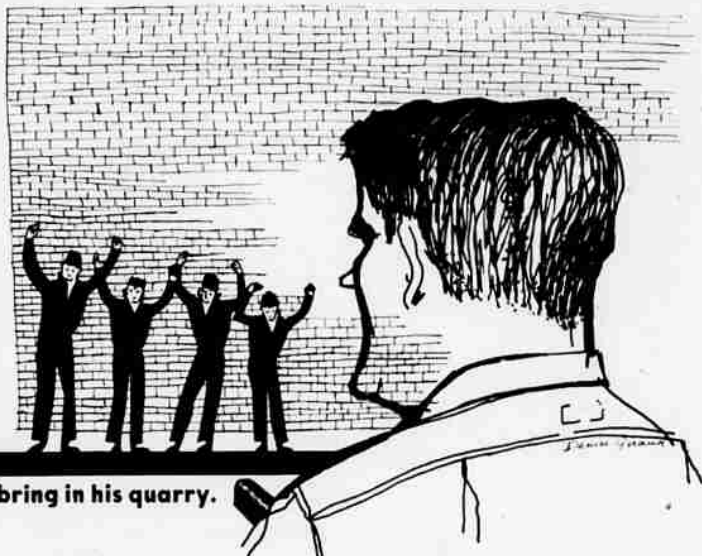
HAWAIIAN
PUNCH



Fruit juices
blended to a
little queen's taste. On your
grocer's shelf or in his freezer.

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Page 2: Underwood & Underwood.
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Case of the Precarious Capture



It took courage for this cop to bring in his quarry.

by William T. Brannon

Art by Denise Giraud

NUMEROUS PICTURES of four wanted men had passed through the hands of Detective Tim O'Connell at Chicago Police Headquarters during the Summer of 1935. The four had been identified as a vicious holdup gang that had eluded police for months. O'Connell was eager to go after them, but his orders kept him tied to a desk.

As he was driving home one afternoon, he saw a car ahead containing four men. He squinted at the occupants and recognized them as the four fugitives. He slowed down, staying as far behind them as possible. Two men in the rear looked back frequently, as if afraid of being followed.

Finally the car stopped. O'Connell went on past and drew up in front of an apartment house. In his rear-view mirror he could see that the men were still in the car, watching to see what he was going to do, apparently suspicious of him.

This was his chance. But how was he going to capture four of Chicago's toughest criminals, all undoubtedly armed and wary?

Without looking to either side, O'Connell strode into the apartment house. In the vestibule, he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and loosened his collar. Then he went back outside, a newspaper folded under his arm. He sat down on the front steps, lit a cigaret, and opened the paper as if to read.

Their suspicions apparently lulled, the four criminals left their car and strolled down the street. As they came abreast of him, O'Connell suddenly stood up, his revolver drawn. At his crisp command, the startled men held up their hands in surrender.

"Line up over here," O'Connell ordered, "your faces to the wall. And keep your hands up."

The detective backed cautiously out onto the sidewalk, near the curb, where he could see in every direction. A small boy was coming along the sidewalk, staring at the unusual scene.

"Look, sonny," O'Connell called, "go call the police and tell them to send some men, will you?"

"Not me, mister," the boy replied, backing away. "I'm not doing any favors for any copper!"

Suddenly the full impact of his problem hit O'Connell: the neighborhood he was in had spawned numerous criminals, including many killers. A bitter hatred of policemen existed, even among its law-abiding residents.

O'Connell hailed passing cars. Some stopped, took a good look, then hurried on. Silence or flat refusals greeted his appeals for help.

It was 5:30 when O'Connell stopped the four men. They were still against the wall at 6:30 and O'Connell was worried. He knew it would be foolish to try to take his captives in without help. He would have to keep them at a distance or they would mob him.

By 7:30, O'Connell's arm was almost paralyzed from holding the gun. The bandits were tired, too, of keeping their hands up. In the beginning they had growled and threatened. Now they began taunting him.

"You might as well be a statue," one of them ridiculed. "Nobody around here will help you!"

"You're stuck, copper," another chided. "And there's not a thing you can do about it."

"I could shoot you," O'Connell retorted. "In fact, I may have to. Just keep still and don't make me mad!"

A growing crowd of onlookers had gathered. It would be only a matter of time until some of them converged on him and rescued the prisoners.

The street lights came on at 8 o'clock. The spectators congregated in hostile groups in the shadows, but O'Connell knew they were there.

He had a hot potato and couldn't let go of it. He knew he'd be lucky to get out of this alive, but he stuck to his purpose. By 8:30, the crowd had grown to the proportions of a mob.

Five more minutes had dragged by when a passing car skidded to a stop on the far side of the street. With a clashing of gears, it backed up, made a wide circle, and drew to the curb in front of the strange tableau. Three burly men in dark suits tumbled out and came forward on the run.

This is it, O'Connell thought: here are some more of their gang. He backed away, flourishing the gun so that it covered the three new men as well as the four still standing against the wall.

Then, as the light fell on their features, O'Connell recognized the newcomers as detectives. They quickly handcuffed the prisoners, all four of whom were later convicted and sent to prison.

O'Connell's harrowing experience had some notable results: from that time on, all Chicago police traveled in teams of two or three; the installation of two-way radio was speeded up; a new respect for law and order was born, even in the city's toughest neighborhoods.

And Tim O'Connell no longer had to fret about being chained to a desk job. He was given his own squad and became one of Chicago's outstanding detectives.