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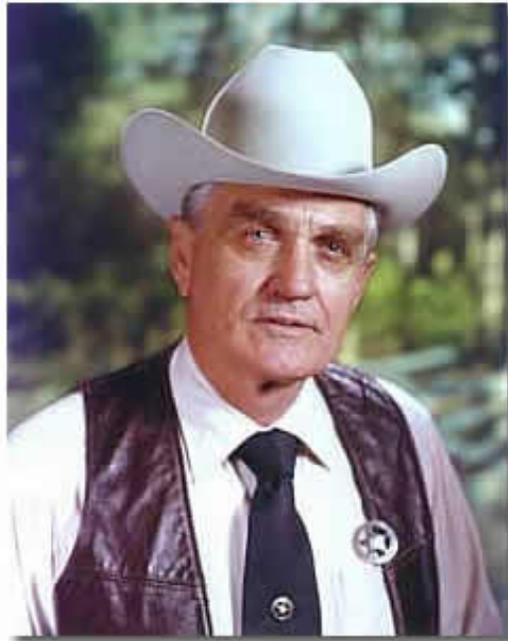
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Get The H**l Out Of Texas!

By Glenn Elliott

In 1976, Panola County Sheriff Johnnie Spradley and I flew from Shreveport, Louisiana, to Reno, Nevada, to return a suspected killer to Texas. We flew from Shreveport to the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport to connect to Las Vegas, and then we caught another flight to Reno. [Shreveport is only fifty miles from Carthage, Texas, which was part of Glenn's area of responsibility and the county seat of Panola County.]

When we arrived in Las Vegas, we had several hours of layover. I jokingly said to Sheriff Spradley,

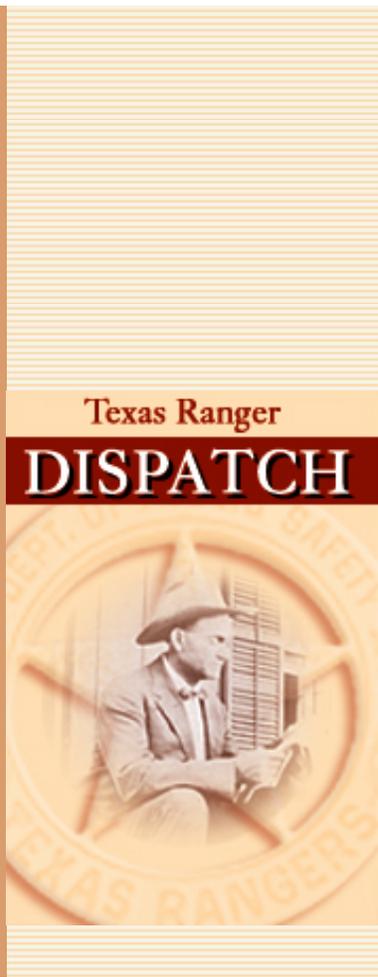
"Let's go to the bar and get a drink. We'll probably run into someone we know."

We had hardly sat down when a man walked up to us and asked me, "Aren't you a Texas Ranger?"

When I replied that I indeed was a Texas Ranger, he said that he was an FBI agent stationed in Las Vegas. Several years earlier, he had been stationed in Monroe, Louisiana, his first duty station. He said that I might not remember him, but we had met there during that time. He recalled that on a July 4, we (several Louisiana law enforcement officers and I) had recovered several million dollars in stolen equipment. The FBI had gotten involved in the case, and he had handled the paperwork for the federal trial in Monroe. I told him I certainly did remember him and the recovery. It would be hard not to remember the sweltering July heat in Monroe, Louisiana. (Unfortunately, too many years have passed, and I don't remember that FBI agent's name today.)

The agent asked what we were doing in Las Vegas and how long we would be there. When we told him that we had several hours before our flight to Reno, he asked if we would let him take us downtown and show us the sights. Johnnie and I readily agreed, and our host was most gracious.

Once downtown, we stopped at the Horseshoe Casino and went inside. We had no more than entered one of the lounges when a waiter walked up to us and asked me, "Are you a Texas Ranger?" When I replied that I was, the waiter said, "There's a man over there (pointing to a corner table) that wants to see you."



At the table was a man wearing very expensive clothes: the buttons on his coat were twenty-dollar gold pieces. Looking straight at me, he asked, "Do you remember back in the early '60s, you and your captain, Bob Crowder, came to my apartment in Fort Worth and Captain Crowder told me to get the hell out of Texas and never come back?"

"I sure do remember that visit. As I recall, Captain Crowder did all the talking."

"Well that was me. I'm Benny Binion and I own this place!"

He asked how long we were going to be there. We told him we were only passing through on our way to Reno. He invited us to stay at the Horseshoe on our return stay. The visit would be totally on him--we wouldn't need a penny. Unfortunately, we were unable to take him up on his invitation due to circumstances beyond our control.

In our next issue, Glenn tells another humorous incident in "He Was Taller Than That."

You can read the entire story of the case presented here in the chapter, "Headless In The Sabine," from the book, *Glenn Elliott: A Ranger's Ranger* by Robert Nieman.

Dispatch

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