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When I entered the Ranger service in 1988, I was assigned to Company “B” Headquarters in Garland, Texas. I had the pleasure of working for Captain James Wright and Lieutenant David Byrnes.

In Garland, I also got to renew an acquaintance I had first made as a Highway Patrol trooper in Del Rio. I had met Howard Dunham when he was the Ranger in Ozona, and we worked numerous investigations together in Garland until he transferred to Texarkana, following Max Womack’s retirement.

Dunham and I worked a lot in the Dallas area, and we enjoyed it. We both really made an effort to learn our way around the area as thoroughly as possible.

I recall Dunham had an interesting adage he would sometimes share. He would say, “I would rather come to work without my gun than to come to work without my Mapsco.” (Mapsco is the manufacturer of popular state, city, and street maps.)

One day, Dunham was assisting a police department in obtaining possession of a stolen shotgun. The Dallas Police Department had recovered the shotgun, and Dunham asked if I would care to accompany him to that city to pick it up. I agreed, and away we went.

Arriving at the DPD, we made our way down to the property section. At this time, that area was located in the basement of the downtown police building. The entrance was one of those two-section doors, the type where the lower half with a small countertop can remain closed while the upper half is open. This is called a Dutch door, I believe.

Dunham walked up to the door and was greeted by a young female clerk. He identified himself: “I’m Howard Dunham, with the Texas Rangers.” He was dressed in our normal Ranger attire: tie, double-belt gun rig, Colt .45 resting in an engraved holster, and Ranger badge pinned to his starched, white shirt. (Yes, he did occasionally wear white shirts.)

The clerk appeared to accept his introduction, so Dunham continued. “I would like to pickup a stolen shotgun.”

The clerk’s acknowledgement quickly faded to confusion. She replied, “The shotgun can only be released to police.”

Dunham, maintaining his composure, replied, “I am a police officer.”
By now, the clerk was obviously confused. She responded, “I thought you said you was with the Texas Rangers?”

I was standing behind Dunham’s right side. At about this time, I observed a uniformed Dallas police officer standing to my right, nearly doubled over in laughter. He looked up and told Dunham, “Ranger, tell her again where you work!”

We did obtain the stolen shotgun. But first we had to convince the clerk that Dunham was really a police officer—a real Texas Ranger, not a member of a baseball team.