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Lt. Robert Favor, Ret.

Part 1 of 3:

The Capture of David Myers
Lieutenant Robert Favor
Texas Rangers, Retired

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[Part 2](#)

[Part 3](#)

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This is the story of my pursuit and capture of a man named Elton David Myers. Myers was without a doubt the most elusive and cunning criminal I ever dealt with. He and I played a game of cat and mouse for almost 18 years before he was shot and killed by a fellow escapee.

David Myers was born in McCulloch County, Texas, on March 22, 1948. His mother abandoned him as an infant. His father, a hard-working man, gave the baby to his parents to raise.

Photo courtesy of Robert Nieman

Jim and Cora Myers were very hard and stern, but they were good people. They lived on a small ranch in the northeastern part of McCulloch County. Jim Myers had homesteaded some ranch country years ago in New Mexico. His place had the only water for miles, and he protected his water at rifle point.

At his grandparents' place, Myers could roam at will, study nature, and learn how to live off the land. All these skills would be put into practice in the years to come. He spent much of his time with his old hound dog. Myers would hide from him and lay false trails, backtracking in order to elude his companion. This became another skill that proved useful later on.



Myers attended public school in Rochelle. As a youth, he entertained his classmates and teachers with his ability to pick locks. This talent would benefit him in later years, but would also eventually result in his



death.

Myers was not always entertaining, however. Due to stealing and committing burglaries, he was declared a juvenile delinquent and sent to the reformatory in Gatesville. After his release, he was in and out of jail for various other burglaries and thefts.

David Myers after Arrest Photo courtesy of Lt. Robert Favor

In 1968, he was sent to the Texas Department of Corrections in Huntsville to do three years for burglarizing the Brady Butane Company. It was about this time that Sheriff Luke Vogel got a taste of Myers slippery nature. As the sheriff was returning Myers to Brady, he permitted his prisoner to go to the service station rest room alone. Myers crawled out a small window and fled into the cedar breaks near Austin. I am not familiar with his capture, as I did not come on the scene until 1969.

During the summer of 1970, Myers was arrested in Richmond, Texas, in a stolen car. He was sentenced to one year in the county jail. As a result of this arrest, Myers would be a part of my life for the next eighteen years.

David Myers mug shot. Texas Department of Corrections, 1973. Photo courtesy of Lt. Robert Favor



Myers escaped from the Fort Bend County Jail in Richmond sometime around December 1, 1970. On December 13, Brady city policeman Bill Strickland

called me. He stated that he had just received a call from the Richmond Sheriff's Office concerning Myers' escape there. They believed he was at the residence of relatives on the Old Mason Road in Brady.

Chief of Police Dorman Gibbs accompanied Strickland and me to that residence. Prior to arriving, we determined who would go to which door. As we drove past the house, we could see Myers through the window, sitting in front of the television. It was already dark, so we drove past the house, parked, and walked back to the residence. As we approached, we saw that Myers was on his feet, nervously milling around in the room.

As I walked down the side of the house to cover the door

assigned to me, Myers passed each window just as I did. We reached the door at the same time, and he literally ran into my arms as he stepped out into the darkness. I quickly secured him in handcuffs, and he was placed in the county jail in Brady and returned to Richmond a few days later. He was assessed one year for that escape.

While Myers was at Richmond, a young, blonde-haired girl was incarcerated after being arrested in a stolen car. Her name was Sandra Marie Rider. Myers, a trustee, became acquainted with her while delivering meals to her cell. After serving three weeks, Sandra was released. She became very much involved in Myers' activities the next few years.



Myers also left the jail—he escaped. As a trustee, his job was to push the meal cart through the cellblock. During one evening meal, he walked away from the jail, leaving all the prisoners' meals undelivered.

Sandra Rider's early life was much different from that of Myers. She was born on July 15, 1953, in Miami, Oklahoma, and was the eldest of five children, having four brothers.

Sandra Myers Mug Shot.
Department of Corrections, 1973.
Photo courtesy of Lt. Robert Favor

She completed high school at Afton, Oklahoma, and attended college in Miami, Oklahoma, earning sixteen hours toward a degree in nursing.

Apparently, Sandra and Myers had discovered a mutual admiration while imprisoned. Sandra furnished Myers with her address in Afton. Within a week of Sandra's release and Myers' escape, he arrived at her home in Afton. He made the trip there in a new Chevrolet pickup he had stolen from Faubin Chevrolet in Mason, Texas.

Myers and Sandra left town immediately and went to Yeso, New Mexico, a ghost town twenty-two miles west of Fort Sumner (where Billy the Kid was killed and is buried) in DeBaca County. Myers' father owned a deserted hotel there, and the couple set up housekeeping and began a life of crime together that earned them the name of the "modern-day Bonnie and Clyde."



Yeso, New Mexico
David Myers and Sandra
Rider set up
housekeeping in this
deserted building.



January 30, 1973.
Photo courtesy of Lt.

Robert Favor

There were no utilities in the abandoned hotel. Raccoons, rats, and vermin had set up residence in the rooms. Sandra and Myers cleaned up one room fairly well, and Myers managed to get the water turned on. Aside from the filthy conditions, they were fairly comfortable.

In May 1972, Sandra and Myers were back in Texas, living with his grandparents. On the 18th, Myers broke into Clevenger's Exxon Station in Brady and Garrett's Texaco and Warren's Arco Stations in nearby Richland Springs. These three burglaries netted him a small television, a .22 revolver, and maybe twenty dollars in cash. The following night, he hit Stites Conoco Station in Rochelle and the local school. These two offenses gained Myers less than ten dollars.

On June 30, Myers broke into Byrd's Welding Shop and took a cutting torch, which he used in a burglary attempt in the office of Campbell Motors. Myers was unsuccessful in burning a hole in that company's safe. He had no knowledge as to how a cutting torch worked; he only succeeded in smoking the place up. That same night, he tried but failed to enter the Colonial Grocery Store.

On July 2, 1972, Myers broke into Byrd's Welding Shop in Brady for the second time and stole a complete cutting-torch rig. At some point, Myers had thrown a rifle that he had stolen from Campbell Motor Company into the San Saba River at the Old Voca Crossing. The cutting-torch rig wound up in the same spot. This rig and the rifle were later recovered.

The next night, July 3, Myers broke into McShan's Grocery in Brady. His efforts finally began to pay off. Here, he obtained nearly one hundred dollars in cash and approximately fifty cartons of cigarettes. Myers told me later that a Highway Patrolman had walked up to the window and shined his flashlight through it while he was inside.

Myers lived off the fruits of his burglary for a while—two days, to be exact. On July 5, he was at it again. George Myers, David's uncle, reported that his home had been entered, and five guns had been stolen.

We did not know until this time that Myers had escaped from the Richmond jail. The authorities there had not notified us of his absence, and we had no idea who was committing all these crimes. Once we got word of Myers' escape, he became the prime suspect.

On August 8, Sandra and Myers returned to Yeso, New Mexico. They made the trip back in a two-tone, blue, 1972 Ford LTD that they had stolen in Alvin, Texas, the hometown of Baseball Hall of Fame's Nolan Ryan. In that same city at about the same time, the stolen Chevrolet pickup from Mason was recovered.

Things settled down to normal until the post office in Rochelle was burglarized on October 23, 1972. The theft netted only three dollars. On November 9, a few dollars in change was taken from

the Coke machines at the Rochelle School.

On November 18, Myers burglarized Hendricks Grocery Store in Richland Springs. He took a large quantity of groceries, tobacco, ammunition, fishing gear, and one old Japanese rifle.

Later that same day, local Game Warden Bill Sprott and Highway Patrolman David Graves answered a trespass call near the rural home of Jim Myers. When they arrived, a car fitting the call-in description was sitting at the Meyers' home, and David Myers was fleeing on foot into the hills behind his grandfather's house.

All the property stolen from Hendricks Grocery was found in the car, and one of George Myers' shotguns was recovered. Myers had sawed the barrel off the gun. The car turned out to be the new, two-toned, blue Ford stolen in Alvin.

We maintained a tight blockade around the Myers residence. We now wanted David Myers for his escape from Richmond, and we also had a warrant for the burglary at Hendricks Grocery. Despite our vigilance, Myers remained at large.

On the morning of November 20, 1972, Golden Motors in San Saba reported that someone had stolen a 1971 Ford Torino. That afternoon, as Sheriff Barker was en route back to San Saba from Brady, he met Myers in this stolen car. The sheriff gave pursuit, but Myers lost him in the dust of the county roads.

The location where Myers had been spotted was in the immediate vicinity of his grandfather's place. I also knew that Sandra was there, so I drove out to the ranch.

As I approached, I saw Sandra standing beside the mailbox with her suitcases. She told me Myers had called her from Richland Springs, advising her to pack and wait for him out at the mailbox. Apparently, he had just made his call when the San Saba Sheriff spied him. I told Sandra to go back to the house, which she did.

Roadblocks were set up around the Myers ranch. The service stations in the area were furnished with a description of the car Myers was driving.

It had been several days since I had slept, so after getting the roadblocks set up, I went home for some much needed rest. Shortly after midnight, I was awakened by the ringing of my phone. It was a local service station attendant. He said that he had just gassed up Myers' stolen Torino, and he had seen a red bicycle in the rear seat.

It is very difficult to remain awake while sitting up all night, especially if you are all alone. When I drove up behind one of my roadblock vehicles, it was apparent that the officer had dozed off. After a few moments, I struck his rear bumper with my car. Needless to say, the officer awoke and jumped out, ready for action.

I went back to the area around the Myers ranch to alert the roadblocks. Then, since there was a brilliant moon out, I spent the remainder of the night driving the roads with my lights out. By doing this, I hoped I could spot Myers unaware. I had no luck

that night.

During this time, the Highway Department had placed some traffic counters on the dirt roads that lead to this ranch road. Myers later told me he thought they were some type of sensors, so he had very carefully driven around these boxes.

At 8:45 a.m., Sheriff Vogel and I were summoned back to the Myers ranch house. Mrs. Myers had gone to wake Sandra for breakfast and discovered she was gone.

The sheriff and I were able to follow the pair's path, for there were two sets of tracks for about a mile. They ended out on the highway, within 100 yards of one of the roadblocks.

Six miles north of this site, behind a set of cattle pens, a red bicycle was found. Tracks showed that a car had pulled away from this location, going north. Myers had stolen Sandra literally from under our noses. Five days later, the car used in this getaway was found abandoned in Yeso, New Mexico.

Myers must have decided to give us a rest because he didn't hit again until January 23. Once again, the post office in Rochelle was the target. Myers used a small, electric, hand drill to bore thirty-three holes in a circle around the safe combination. He drilled ten holes into the inner lining before giving up. The only things missing were three one-dollar bills.

Myers must have been exhausted from this effort because nothing happened in the next twenty-four hours. After that, he went back to the school again. This time, in addition to hitting the Coke boxes, he stole eleven electric, IBM typewriters.

On January 29, Sheriff Vogel and I went to Yeso, New Mexico. This place used to be a large cattle-shipping point, and large corrals still existed by the railroad. One structure served as a gas station, having one pump. It was across the street from the only other building being used, the post office. Across the street was the old hotel that belonged to Myers' father.

Sheriff Vogel and I returned to Fort Sumner for the night. The next morning, we went to discuss Myers and Sandra with Sheriff Jess Rogers and his deputy, Earl Turnbow. From them, we learned that the Yeso Post Office had been burglarized a day or so earlier.

Deputy Turnbow went to Yeso with us, and we went to the post office. Outside, we discovered that the tire and foot tracks left by the burglars were still in good condition. Sheriff Vogel and I immediately recognized them as being similar to the tracks we had searched for so many times.

All three of us then entered the post office. There we observed that the safe had been partially drilled, much like the Rochelle safe.

The postmistress told us that a rancher some ten miles north of Yeso might have some information concerning the Myers couple. We also talked with Mr. Marcel Achen, a county commissioner who lived in Yeso. He operated the gas station and had become

fairly well acquainted with Myers and Sandra but had not seen them for a while.

After we left the commissioner, Sheriff Vogel, Deputy Turnbow, and I went to the old hotel and looked through it. From the personal effects located there, it was obvious that a male and female had been staying in one of the rooms.

We then went to the Pete Wilson Ranch, which is located some ten miles north of Yeso. (Pat Garrett was sitting on Pete Wilson's bed when Billy The Kid entered the darkened doorway and was shot dead.) Mrs. Wilson kept a diary and told us she had made several notations in it concerning the Myers couple. The first entry stated that Myers and Sandra had arrived at the ranch on May 9 and worked every other day through the 16th of May. This was in 1972.

Mrs. Wilson made the notation on May 16 that Myers was returning to Brady, Texas, as his grandmother had suffered a stroke. During this time, Myers and Sandra were using the stolen Chevrolet pickup from Mason. I don't believe that Mrs. Wilson knew that the pickup was stolen. This was my determination based upon her description of the events.

Mrs. Wilson's next entry was on August 8. Myers and Sandra had returned to the ranch in a new, two-toned, blue, Ford LTD. They were at the ranch again on August 16, this time to wash clothes. Then on August 18, they ate supper with the Wilsons. Mrs. Wilson later noted that she saw them in Yeso on August 20. On August 26, the Myers and Sandra came by the ranch and told the Wilsons they were going to California.

The next time the Wilsons saw Myers and Sandra was on November 24. This time they were in a green, 1971 Ford Torino, the vehicle stolen from Golden Motors in San Saba. Mrs. Wilson recalled that Sandra remarked several times that this was a rental car. The Wilsons thought it strange that she would keep mentioning this. Later, they became suspicious: this was the third new car the couple had driven within a few months' time.

A blizzard blew in during this visit, forcing Myers and Sandra to spend the night with the Wilsons. The following morning, the weather cleared, and they returned to the old hotel.

The diary showed that the Wilsons saw Myers and Sandra on November 26 and 27. On this last visit, Myers said that he and Sandra were moving to Maljamar, New Mexico. He claimed to have a job as a welder there. That was last time the Wilsons saw the couple.

Sheriff Vogel and I said our goodbyes to the Wilsons and Deputy Turnbow and headed south for Maljamar. We arrived late that afternoon and contacted Edward Hailes, who operates Steve Carter and Sons Oilfield Trucking Company. Mr. Hailes told us that Myers had worked there from December 1-13 as a truck driver. Myers had come to him through the recommendation of Mrs. Russell Trammell, whose husband ran a welding shop there.

Hailes said the last time he saw Myers was on January 4, 1973, when he had stopped by to collect his last two hours' wages. Hailes and Myers had gone into the office, where Hailes took out

his checkbook and paid Myers for his work. The following morning, Hailes discovered his office had been broken into, and nine payroll checks were missing. Later that day, Myers cashed all these checks in Lovington. Each was in the amount of \$183.

In Maljamer, we also learned that Myers was now driving a white, 1973 Chevrolet Monte Carlo. We would learn later that this vehicle had been stolen in Vaughn, New Mexico, from the Chevrolet dealer. It had been on the showroom floor, and Myers simply drove it through the plate glass window.

During our interview with Mrs. Trammell, she said that she had known Myers as a child in Yeso. She had allowed Myers and Sandra to stay in her camper trailer for a short time. When she started to notice that personal items of hers began to disappear, she asked them to move out. Later, she recovered part of her property in a pawnshop in Lovington.

On January 31, Sheriff Vogel and I were checking pawnshops in Lovington when we located a radio that Myers had pawned. It was the radio stolen in the Yeso Post Office burglary. We sent word to the Sheriff in Fort Sumner that it was in Lovington. Finding nothing from Texas here, we returned to Brady.

In Brady, I learned that Detective Ray Alt with the Albuquerque Police Department had been trying to locate me. Alt had recovered several of the typewriters that had been stolen from the Rochelle School. Myers had hocked them at several different pawnshops.

Apparently, Myers thought he was cool in Albuquerque: he had given different addresses at the various pawnshops. The detective had checked each address and learned that one was correct: Myers and Sandra were staying at 167 Afrisco Southwest, Apartment A.

On February 6, 1973, on the instruction of my sergeant, Bob Mitchell (who later became my captain), I submitted the following inter-office memo:

***TO: Sergeant Bob Mitchell, Texas Ranger, Co. "F,"
Austin
FROM: Bob Favor, Texas Ranger, Co. "F," Brady
SUBJECT: Elton David Myers, escapee, burglar and
auto thief***

Sgt: As per your request, I, with a certain amount of reluctance, submit to you some information concerning the above named subject. I am not too proud of this old boy as he has continued to give me and everyone else the slip. It has gotten to the point it is embarrassing. Myers, who is a white male, date of birth March 22, 1948, is 5'11", 160 lbs., with blonde, curly, hair and blue eyes. He escaped from the jail in Richmond, TX sometime past May while serving a two year sentence for car theft and escape. The reason he left was that a white female named Sandra Marie Sandra, date of birth July 15, 1953, 5'6", 135, with blonde hair and blue eyes, had been released the previous day after car theft charges against her were dismissed. Myers was a trustee and just walked off.

He got with her in Oklahoma and returned to the home of his grandparents in the northeast part of McCulloch County sometime in May. From May until November this pair traveled between Yeso, New Mexico, and Brady, Texas, supporting themselves by committing burglaries of residences, schools, and post offices.

Since May, it has been determined this pair has been in possession of four new stolen vehicles.

I hold two grand jury indictments on Myers for burglary. Two offenses occurred in November. In January, they burglarized the same two places again.

Sheriff Luke Vogel of Brady and I trailed them to Yeso, New Mexico, and discovered they had broken into the Post Office there. From Yeso we trailed them to Maljamar, New Mexico, where he had burglarized a trucking company, stole several payroll checks, and passed them as forgeries in Lovington, New Mexico. He sold all the typewriters he had stolen in Rochelle on January 26 in Albuquerque.

On November 18, 1972, the Brady Game Warden and a Highway Patrolman responded to a game poaching call and flushed two people from a stolen car. A sawed off .12 ga. pump shotgun was recovered. It was identified as having been stolen from George Myers last July. Sandra was arrested and told the two officers Myers had a .380 pistol and would shoot it out rather than return to prison.

We have linked Myers to six felonies in McCulloch and San Saba Counties and four felonies in New Mexico.

This is nothing sensational, but maybe it will do.

*Bob Favor
Texas Ranger, Company E
Brady, Texas*

On February 8, Myers drove from Albuquerque to Brady to commit still another burglary. This time, he was accompanied by a youth named Clinton Michael Howlett, Jr. Sandra had become pregnant and was too ill to travel. Howlett took her place as a lookout.

During a heavy snowstorm, Myers and Howlett parked the stolen Monte Carlo about one mile east of Brady on the Prisoner of War Road. They walked down the railroad tracks to Durst Ford Tractor Agency and broke in around 7:00 p.m. Myers loaded all the loot into a 1967 Chevrolet that was parked inside and used it to carry their ill-gotten goods back to the Monte Carlo.

The store safe had been left unlocked, and Myers completely dismantled it. Later, I asked him why. He replied that he had never seen one just like it, so he took it apart in order to understand its mechanism.

After returning to the Monte Carlo and shifting their booty, Myers and Howlett left for Albuquerque. On the way back, they stopped in Sterling City and broke into two business places.

When Myers and his new partner arrived in Albuquerque, the police jumped them. We had notified the local lawmen of the latest burglary and assumed that Myers and Howlett would be returning to that city.

When confronted, Myers fled. After a high-speed chase, he crashed into a grocery store and fled on foot. Howlett was arrested in the car.

Myers jumped into the Rio Grande, which was dry at this point. To keep down erosion, the river had a large number of iron cross members and barbed wire. Myers was tangled in this mess when the officers fired at him. He surrendered.

All property from the Durst Tractor Agency was recovered, as was the Sterling City property. Sandra was arrested in the apartment and lodged in jail.

**David Myers
Brady, Texas Mug Shot,
1973
Photo courtesy of Lt.
Robert Favor**



On February 11, 1973, I forwarded to Sergeant Bob Mitchell the following inter-office memorandum:

Sergeant:

Reference to my inter-office memorandum to you dated February 6, 1973, on Elton David Myers, be advised that as usual most of the better stories have happy endings.

Myers was arrested by the Albuquerque, New Mexico, P.D. on February 9th, acting on information supplied them by this writer, but not before he returned to Brady during the snow storm of the 8th and committed another burglary. Durst Ford Tractor Co. was his target this time.

Myers was accompanied by a young man named Clinton Michael Howlett, Jr. They burglarized two places in Sterling City on their return trip. They were jumped by the Albuquerque P.D. as they returned to that city. He was driving the white Chev. Monte Carlo he had stolen some time back in Vaughn, New Mexico. During the chase, he wrecked it on a grocery store. We can now put at least 17 burglaries and auto thefts on him in Texas and New Mexico.

I plan to go to Albuquerque later this week when my

*court obligations permit to return this trio to Brady.
Respectfully,*

*Bob Favor
Texas Ranger, Co. "F"
Brady*

On the morning of February 15, Sheriff Vogel and I departed Brady and went to Albuquerque. That city's police department had all of our recovered stolen property assembled and waiting upon our arrival.

The next day, the sheriff and I interviewed Myers and Sandra. Both confessed and gave lengthy statements regarding their various crimes in Texas. After interviewing Howlett and his attorney, we felt that justice would best be served by releasing this boy. Howlett was a simple-minded youth, easily led, and probably did not realize the consequences of his actions.

Sheriff Vogel and I loaded a U-Haul trailer with the stolen property and then pulled out of Albuquerque on the morning of February 17 with Myers and Sandra in possession. We drove in heavy to light snow until we got to Eden, Texas. Since we did not have any leg irons at this time, I felt the best way to keep Myers from running was to lock his boots in the trailer. We made the thirteen-hour ride back without a hitch. As we passed through Sterling City, we stopped long enough to return the stolen property to Sheriff Jim Cantrell.

The 198th District Court was called into session on February 26, 1973. Elton David Myers pled guilty to a charge of burglary and was given an eight-year sentence in the state penitentiary. His pregnant wife, Sandra, found the court to be more lenient with her: she was given a two-year probated term. The next morning, Sheriff Vogel and I transported Myers to Huntsville to start serving his sentence.

Sandra Myers
Photo courtesy of Lt. Robert Favor



Peace and quiet in general settled over the countryside as we went about our usual duties. It was a welcome relief: the past nine months had been very hard on everyone and was an expense and worry on the citizens of this area.

Over the next few months, I saw Sandra on occasion. After the baby was born, she came into town to show it to Sheriff Vogel and me. On one visit, she told me that while we were returning from Albuquerque, Myers had gotten a bobby pin from her and picked his handcuffs open. Since his boots were locked in the trailer, however, he had decided to re-secure himself.

Sandra's baby died about a month after birth. Sometime in July, she went to Houston to live with one of Myers' cousins in order to be closer and be able to visit Myers in prison.



Myers was very distraught over the death of his child and became highly agitated when he learned he could not attend the funeral. I don't recall if he ever got to see the child or not.

§

NOTE: Be sure to check the next issue of the Dispatch for part two of the three-part series.

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Lt. Robert Favor, Ret.

Part 2 of 3:

*The Capture of David Myers
Lieutenant Robert Favor
Texas Rangers, Retired*

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Lt. Robert Favor spent many years chasing David Myers, a criminal who continuously escaped from prisons and evaded authorities. In 1973, Myers was once again captured. He pled guilty to a charge of burglary and was given an eight-year sentence in the state penitentiary. His pregnant wife, Sandra, found the court to be more lenient with her: she was given a two-year probated term. Sheriff Luke Vogel and Ranger Favor transported Myers to Huntsville to start serving his sentence.

After observing the manner in which the guards at the maximum-security Ellis Farm in Huntsville operated the towers at night, Myers became well acquainted with their procedures. He also discovered that on the same night each week, one guard tower was unattended. It was on this night that he would make his escape.



David Myers

After the guard made the bed check on August 27, 1973, the nearly impossible happened: Myers managed to escape. He made a dummy for his bed out of a blanket; he had already blackened his underwear with shoe polish. The underwear was the only article of clothing he would wear in his escape.

Myers had manufactured three keys from plastic (he never revealed how he obtained the key patterns), and he let himself out of his cell with one of them. Suddenly he found himself in the prison yard. The only thing between him and freedom was a double chain-link fence. The two rows of fence were ten feet tall and ten feet apart. Barbed wire was on top.

Myers approached the first fence, climbed slowly to the top, twisted through the roll of barbed wire, and let himself to the ground. He repeated the ordeal at the second fence. As he told me later, he expected to be shot dead the whole time and then be hung up in the fence.

Myers ran to the officers' housing area and stole a small bicycle, which he carried nearly a mile to the highway. He wanted the dogs to follow him to the road until he got on the bicycle. The animals would lose his scent, and this would lead the prison personnel to think he had been picked up. Once on the pavement, Myers rode the bicycle to Huntsville, some eleven miles away.

Several times, Myers lay down in the grassy ditch to allow traffic to pass. As he approached a trailer park on the edge of Huntsville, he discovered a 1973 Chevrolet pickup with the keys inside. It belonged to Jimmy Oliver.

Myers took the car and drove to his cousin's house in Houston. Sandra had visited Myers in prison the previous day, so he knew she would still be there. I'm sure she was expecting him.

Myers and Sandra immediately drove to McCulloch County (Brady). On the morning of August 29, the Brady Butane Company reported a burglary. Numerous camping items had been stolen. Also missing was Smokey, the German shepherd guard dog that had been on a wire run at the rear of the store.

Myers told me later that he had walked up on the dog as he was approaching the store from the rear. After he and the animal both got over their initial fright, Myers determined the length of the dog's chain, distracted the animal with one hand, and caught him by the neck with the other. He threw the dog to the ground and lay on him for a while. He told me that while he was holding the dog down, he whispered in his ear. I asked him what he said, and he replied,

"Dog, from now on, I'm the boss." Myers then unhooked the animal from the run and took him inside. He kept the dog for several days.

This was the third time Myers had burglarized Brady Butane, including the instance in 1968 when he made his first trip to prison. He certainly did not use much imagination when he kept breaking into the same place. But, for that matter, Mr. Gene Williams didn't use much imagination either. Myers had found the safe combination on the wall next to the safe in 1968, and it was still there for his benefit this time.

Once again, Myers wasted little time in becoming a nightly nuisance to the area business places. The very next night, he broke into the Colonial Grocery Store in Brady and stole a large amount of groceries and dog food—and the safe. An electric drill stolen the night before the butane company was found at the scene.

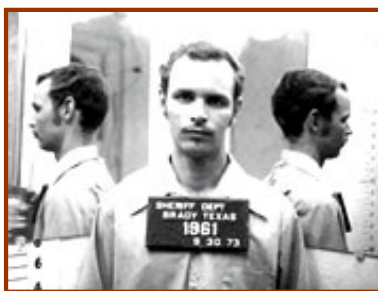
Myers discarded the safe without opening it. However, he had a habit of listening to KNEL, the local radio station in Brady. Bill Strickland, who was the

chief of police at this time, gave a summary of Myers' activity each morning at 10:00. This was how Myers learned that the safe contained some \$1,100. He also learned that the dog he had stolen was named Smokey. Myers recovered the safe and took it to a friend of his in Houston who owned a machine shop. There they used a power hacksaw to cut it open and get the money.

It was about this time that a warrant was issued for Sandra on a revocation of probation, primarily due to her having stopped reporting to her probation officer. Burglary charges would come later. On the night of August 31, Myers revisited Golden Motors in San Saba and stole a 1972 Ford Torino. The pickup he had stolen in Huntsville was recovered a block away. The Torino was recovered in Houston the next day. Inside was the Colonial safe, cut in half. Naturally, the money was gone.

With \$1,100 in his pocket, Myers saw fit to give us a reprieve until September 4, 1973. On that night, Campbell Motors would be the business to have the honor of a visit from Myers. After getting inside the auto dealership, Myers had to move several cars around in order to get the auto of his choice: a new, red and white, Pontiac Grand Prix. Certain evidence found at this break-in tied it to Myers. After investigating so many of his burglaries, it didn't take long to tell whether or not it was one of his jobs.

About the time we were investigating this burglary, Jess Askey, a Highway Patrolman from San Saba, located a disabled 1968 Chevrolet station wagon abandoned in the open-range country south of Richland Springs. By checking the vehicle identification number, we learned that this vehicle should have a license tag with the number RWK-307. It was registered to Robert L. Regian, of Houston. Regian was a first cousin to Myers.



Robert Regian

We also located an old truck parked near Campbell Motors that had been stolen during the night in Richland Springs. We assumed at this point that Myers had acquired a new member to his group.

When J.R.B. Grocery Store manager Joe Elliot opened for business on the morning of September 6, he discovered that someone had broken in during the night. The thieves had beaten on the safe but were unsuccessful in opening it. However, they had found the store's receipts in the office—Mr. Elliott had forgotten to put them in the vault. The burglars took \$7,056.16, of which \$2,443.88 was cash. They also grabbed groceries and dog food. Indications were that three people had been in the store. From the various pieces of evidence, we assumed it was Myers and company who were responsible for this burglary.

As it happened, the burglars had barely escaped getting caught. On that particular night, there were several additional officers in Brady, including Wallace Spillar, a Ranger from Austin, who was riding with me. When I pulled into the store's parking lot to have a look, I had remarked, "They are probably inside this place now." Sandra later told me she was serving as lookout and saw Spillar and me drive up, get out, and look inside. Due to the location of the safe, we hadn't seen that anything was amiss.

Myers also told me later that Sandra had cased the store earlier, at his request, and had reported that there was a "cracker box" safe. Apparently,

this was a term she had heard Myers use, for it certainly did not accurately describe the safe, which was an enormous Cannonball. Myers laughed when he actually saw it and, feeling that it would be good experience for Regian, let his cousin beat on it for an hour.

Myers and Regian had gained entry into the grocery store by getting into an abandoned creamery located across the alley, hand-walking a pipe across the alley between the two buildings, and then entering the store through an air conditioner on the roof. All this time, Myers was armed with a sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun, and Regian had a .45 pistol. Later, Myers showed me the vacant house two blocks away where they parked the stolen Grand Prix.

The Myers trio had been staying in the small, south Central Texas town of Smithville at this time. When they completed the J.R.B. Grocery burglary, they started back there with all their loot. En route, they threw the stolen checks away, but Regian kept Mr. Elliot's gold wristwatch.

As the trio drove through Llano, the dog Smokey answered a call to nature in the rear seat of the Grand Prix. Myers became infuriated and wanted to kill the dog. Sandra told me later that she was able to settle Myers down, and they just dumped the dog.

(Smokey was later found in Llano by a Mr. Tubblefield, who had been the sheriff of that town at one time. After several months, he became attached to the dog, and it took a lot of persuasion before Tubblefield agreed to release the animal. Smokey was eventually recovered and spent several more uneventful years on the wire run before succumbing to old age.)

A few days after the burglary, Huntsville Texas Ranger Wesley Styles, who had been keeping an eye on the Houston-based relatives of Myers and Regian, called to say he had arrested Regian. He had also recovered several items from Regian's mobile home that had come from J.R.B.'s, including Mr. Elliot's watch.

Sheriff Luke Vogel and I met the Huntsville Ranger and his prisoner in Smithville at the mobile home in which Regian had been arrested. The mobile home had been purchased with the J.R.B. money. A few days later, Regian signed a release of his home to 198th District Attorney Murray Jordan to be turned over to the grocery firm.

The mobile home was not all that Regian had acquired with the J.R.B. money. We also learned that he had bought a 1965 Mustang in Austin under the name of David Lee Eickmann. The license-plate number was entered in N.C.I.C.

With the proceeds from the Colonial Grocery Store, Regian had bought Myers a Colt .45 pistol and himself a 12-gauge, double-barrel shotgun. They had immediately sawed off the barrels of the shotgun and returned to the motel in Houston where Sandra was. Myers had loaded the gun with #4 buckshot, and as he snapped it shut, both barrels went off, blowing a large hole in the bed beside Sandra. Myers did some repair work on the shotgun and corrected this problem. One can only imagine what the maid thought the next morning when she made the bed in that room!

Myers told me later that if Sandra had been killed or injured by this faulty gun, he would have taken it back to the Sears store in Houston where it had been purchased. He would have located the salesman, showed him how it misfired, and then killed him.

Regian said that after acquiring them, Myers and Sandra carried these weapons with them on all their jobs. They intended to engage the law in a gunfight if cornered. Regian also said that the couple was moving to the hills of northern Arkansas to lay low for a while.

The sound of my phone ringing awakened me around 1:00 a.m. on September 22, 1973, five days after Regian was arrested. The voice on the other end said, "I'm John Brooks, sheriff in Shelby, Montana. What's the deal on this 1965 Mustang you have entered in N.C.I.C.?"

I gave him a quick rundown on the Myers couple. Sheriff Brooks told me the car was parked beside a grocery store in Shelby. I informed him that his grocery store was most likely being burglarized at that time and he should get some help. I told him that Myers had a .45 and a shotgun, and he should expect some gunplay when the fugitive came out of the store.

I went back to sleep, only to be awakened once again around 4:30 a.m. It was the Montana sheriff again. He told me I was right on all counts. The officers had challenged Myers and Sandra as they came out of the store, and Myers had immediately begun firing. He escaped in a hail of gunfire, but the sheriff was able to arrest Sandra.

At this point, I suggested that the sheriff place an armed guard at the jail because Myers would steal a car and most likely be back the next night. He would enter the jail at gunpoint to rescue Sandra or else take a hostage to exchange for her. I said that Sheriff Vogel and I would be in Shelby as soon as we could drive up there.

Sheriff Vogel and I pulled out of Brady at 6:00 a.m. and ate dinner in Casper, Wyoming, at 10:00 p.m. We had put 1,100 miles of the trip behind us but still had 750 more to go.

Early the following morning, I called Sheriff Brooks and learned that Myers had been arrested around 3:00 a.m. Sheriff Vogel and I arrived in Shelby the middle of the afternoon.

Shelby, Montana, is a railroad and wheat-farming community of some 5,000 residents. Its only other claim to fame is being the location where Jack Dempsey fought someone in a heavyweight title fight in 1925.

I shall never forget the sight that afternoon in the hospital in Shelby. Myers was lying on his back. He wore handcuffs on each wrist, which were secured to either side of the bed. He also had on leg irons that were threaded through the footboard. A deputy sheriff was stationed at the foot of his bed, armed with a shotgun.

When Myers saw me, he grinned and said, "Boy, am I glad to see you! I need to scratch my nose, but I'm afraid to move." I told him he had best not even try to move or the deputy might shoot him.

Myers told me he had crashed a stolen car into a creek bank a few hours earlier and was paralyzed from the waist down. He had a small gash between his eyes and a notch cut out on his left ear, the result of a bullet that had struck him the night before when Sandra was arrested.

I told Myers that we were leaving the next day with Sandra, and if he could walk, he could go with us. Otherwise, we were going to leave him. He grinned at me and said, "I think I'm already getting some feeling back."

Sheriff Vogel and I went to the courthouse to see Sheriff Brooks. He told us about the capture of Sandra and Myers.

When Sandra had been put in jail, under guard, the officers seized the Mustang that Myers had parked beside the grocery store. Myers, in the meantime, slipped back into town, broke into the Chevrolet agency, and stole a new Chevrolet. He fled west to the Rocky Mountains and remained there the rest of the night and most of the day.

Sometime after dark, Myers had driven into Brady, Montana, a small town south of Shelby in Pondera County. He was in the process of abandoning the stolen Chevrolet when two deputies drove up. Gunfire erupted, but Myers escaped across a wheat field in the darkness.

The Pondera County officers called for help, and a large number of officers responded. Myers was pleased to see so many officers show up at the shooting scene.

Myers made his way to a farmhouse, where he found a late-model Pontiac Firebird with the keys in it. In Shelby, Sheriff Brooks knew not to be caught up in all the turmoil. He had one police car remain in Shelby and kept the guard at the jail.

Myers drove through Shelby to see if any lawmen were in town. He failed to see the police car, but the officer in the car was very alert. He got the license number of the Firebird because he was suspicious as to why a citizen of a neighboring county would be driving slowly through Shelby at 3:00 a.m. A registration inquiry furnished him with the owner's name. He requested the Pondera County Sheriff's office to call this citizen to see if he knew where his car was.

Meanwhile, Myers had turned around and was approaching Shelby from the north. He was set to make his raid on the jail to free Sandra. Prior to abandoning the Chevrolet, he had been in Shelby and stole a motorcycle, parking it near the jail. The plan was for Sandra and he to ride cross-country through the wheat fields into Canada, just thirty-five miles away.

This was not to be. All of the officers in the Brady area were arriving in Shelby just as Myers was. Myers panicked at the sight of so many police, turned down beside the railroad tracks, and sped away. By now, the officers were throwing a good bit of lead in Myers' direction and pierced his car numerous times. When the car was recovered, it had more than 100 buckshot and bullet holes in it.

Things were going fairly well until the road played out at a dry creek. Myers had enough speed to barely get across, but he crashed head on into the far bank. He was thrown clear of the car and his guns, and he jumped up and ran nearly a mile before the injury to his spine from the wreck immobilized him.

The officers in the chase soon reached Myers. They were accompanied by a local reporter, who just happened to have a tape recorder. He interviewed Myers as he lay on the ground. Myers said very little except to cry and beg for

mercy, as he thought he was dying.

The citizens of Shelby had become alarmed after learning they had a desperado in their town. After hearing a noise in his house, one citizen armed himself with a .44 magnum and proceeded to shoot himself in the foot.

Sheriff Vogel and I interviewed Sandra in her jail cell. She gave us a statement concerning her activities with Myers, beginning the night he fled the Ellis prison farm.

Myers was placed in the hospital in Shelby. The day after Sandra gave her statement, Myers did the same thing.

I was in Myers' hospital room taking his statement when District Judge Phillips entered with his staff to proceed with the extradition hearing. Judge Phillips became infuriated because Myers was giving me a statement. He remarked that Myers was crazy to ever talk to any officer because all they were interested in was sending him to prison. I attempted to explain my position when Judge Phillips flew into me. I told him I thought his views were peculiar and added that the Rangers always had a good relationship with the Texas judges. Judge Phillips was not impressed. At any rate, I got my extradition papers signed. The judge left, and I continued with Myers' statement. As he had told Judge Phillips, "The Ranger is the only lawyer I need."

Later, both Sandra and Myers waived extradition and agreed to return to Texas. They both were arraigned in Montana before the Toole County justice of the peace on burglary and theft charges in Shelby.

Sheriff Vogel sold Myers' Mustang to a local car dealer. The money was later paid to the J.R.B. Grocery, as it was the money from that robbery that Myers had used to purchase the car.

Just prior to noon, as we were preparing to return with our prisoners to Texas, we were confronted by two Montana Highway Patrolmen and one Pondera County deputy. They said they had been ordered by Sheriff W. L. Hammermeister to take custody of Myers and return him to Conrad, the county seat of Pondera County.

I told the officers that since we were going through there, we would be glad to stop and let them arraign Myers on their charges, one of car theft and one of assault with a deadly weapon. The officers wanted Myers in their car, but since the district judge had released him to me, I felt like keeping him.

We proceeded to Conrad and met with Sheriff Hammermeister. He wanted a letter that he had prepared to be signed by Judge Phillips, the district judge who had released Myers to me. The letter stated that the sheriff was not giving up the right to return Myers at a later date for trial in Montana. Judge Phillips was nowhere to be found. Neither was the justice of the peace, for that matter.

Feelings were getting on the edgy side when Hammermeister announced he had to go to Helena on business. He left, and that put the chief deputy in charge. Finally, the justice of the peace arrived, took care of Myers' arraignment, and we loaded up Myers and took off. I really felt bad about the jam this was placing the chief deputy in. I called him after I arrived back in Brady. He told me that the sheriff had really flown into a fit of rage when he returned and learned what had happened.

As we drove out of Conrad, I gave Myers a road map. I wanted him to plot us a route out of Montana that would keep us on the same road that Sheriff Hammermeister would be using on his return from Helena.

During our return trip to Texas, Myers related to us how he had planned to rescue Sandra from custody. His first step had been what he actually attempted. That, of course, had resulted in his arrest. His second plan had been what we figured: he meant to take a hostage and simply exchange the victim for Sandra. Another idea he entertained was to waylay Sheriff Vogel and me along the way back to Brady, Texas, in the event we took Sandra with us.

Myers was simply full of possibilities. As we drove down the road, he shared yet another method of rescue with us. He said he had thought he could beat us back to Texas, kidnap Mrs. Vogel, a family member of Mr. Murray Jordan (the district attorney in Brady), or one of my children. He felt that he would have brought us to our knees if he had used this angle. At this point in the conversation, I told Myers that all of our business up to this point had been strictly about the law, but if he ever mentioned my family again, I'd kill him where he stood.

With that, the conversation changed to a lighter tone.

About midnight, in the Crow Indian Reservation south of Billings, Montana, and some five or six miles north of the Wyoming line, we were confronted with numerous red flashing lights. I simply turned on my red lights and proceeded down the road. I was driving a Ford with a 500-horsepower engine. I kicked it up to 140 miles per hour, and we arrived in Sheridan, Wyoming, where we spent the night. The Sheridan Police Department was a gracious host and kept our two prisoners secure while we slept. The next night, we were in Brownfield, Texas; then home.

Some two or three days after we returned to Brady, Myers agreed to lead Sheriff Vogel and me to a remote area near Smithy where he had hidden the new Pontiac Grand Prix he had stolen from Campbell Motors a month earlier. This car had the license tags on it that belonged to Regian's old Chevrolet station wagon. Myers had pulled into heavy brush and covered it with dead limbs. Had he not elected to show us where it was hidden, there is no telling when it would have been discovered.

Myers was the type of person who would not respond to normal interrogation. I had studied him long and hard, however. I learned that a few words of praise about how well he either did or might have done something usually led to a boyish grin and a few minutes of cat-and-mouse play. Then he would be ready to tell the truth in its entirety. It was in this manner that we were to learn about all of Myers' business.

We all breathed easier for a few days. Then Sheriff Vogel called me early on the morning of October 14, 1973. I thought he was going to cry. He simply said, "They're gone." No other explanation was necessary. I hurriedly dressed and went to the jail to see how it had happened.

I learned that Regian had been put in a single cell, but Sheriff Vogel, being a man of compassion, had let Myers and Sandra share a cell together. Sandra

was pregnant again and spent most of her time sleeping or resting. Myers, on the other hand, spent most of his time planning and preparing for one more escape. Unknown to Sheriff Vogel, the pair had saved all their butter patties and plastic spoons.

A few years back, the jail had gotten all its locks replaced. One key now fit every cell as well as the two outside doors. Myers had pulled the key from the keyhole while Sheriff Vogel was attending the cell. He quickly pressed it against a slice of bread to make a pattern and then replaced it.

When Myers felt he had enough material—spoons, combs, and toothbrush handles—he placed it all in a cup. Using Brute aftershave lotion for fuel, he melted the plastic and shaped it into a key. He then cut the grooves and ridges with a razor blade.

On the 13th, Sandra was ill and had been taken to the doctor that afternoon. She did not want to go, but Myers had insisted. She was soon returned to the jail.

After supper, Myers lubricated his arm with the butter, squeezed it through the bars, and used the makeshift key to unlock the cell door. He then let Regian out. They sat in the runaround for several hours, watching the police station.

Around midnight, Myers, Sandra, and Regian made their way downstairs and let themselves out. They went to a used car lot nearby, and Myers selected a 1968 Buick. After obtaining the keys from inside the building, they immediately went to Myers' grandparents' rural home. There they were given gasoline and thirty dollars. (We learned this later from Sandra because the grandparents denied having seen them.)

After leaving the older Myers' home, the three fugitives proceeded to Corpus Christi. They were nearly there by the time they were missed in Brady.

The following day, Myers and company went to George West and pulled several burglaries. They abandoned the Buick and stole a brown Ford. On October 18, the trio returned to Mason County. There they started a crime spree that led us on a long and merry chase that lasted until November 9.

The first place burglarized was Faubin Chevrolet in Mason. The only thing missing was a .25 caliber pistol and a new Chevrolet pickup.

Several other places were also burglarized in Mason that night. The new Chevrolet pickup was later found, drained of gasoline and abandoned in the city cemetery. Apparently Myers had used the pickup to transport the various stolen items to the car.

On October 21, Brady Sporting Goods was burglarized. We could tell at a glance this was Myers' handiwork. Our suspicions were proven correct when we matched one of Myers' fingerprints on a plastic gun sleeve left lying on the floor and on a loaded shotgun lying on the counter. Myers and Regian had loaded two shotguns and laid them on the counter for easy access should they need them.

Besides three sleeping bags and related camping gear, Myers and Regian took a large amount of ammunition for the various stolen weapons, including several boxes of .25 pistol shells. The following guns and ammunition were

stolen: one .30-06 rifle, 30 boxes of shells; one .243 rifle, 25 boxes of shells; one .22 rifle, several boxes of shells; and a .20-gauge pump shotgun with ammunition. It appeared now that Myers and company were getting tough.

Four nights later, McBee Grocery Store in Brady was burglarized. A large stock of groceries were stolen, very little being perishable goods. Although a passing motorist observed this crime occurring at 4:15 a.m., he elected not to mention it until the following day.

In the next few days, several thefts occurred in Mason. Among the stolen items were a small motorcycle, a canoe, various guns, and fishing tackle.

On the morning of November 4, 1973, the Ford that was stolen in George West was found abandoned southwest of Mason on a ranch near White's Crossing on the Llano River. An intensive manhunt was then launched, as motorcycle tracks were discovered leading from this car toward the river crossing. Officers from the surrounding counties began pouring in, roadblocks were established, and area was sealed off. The overall operation was under the leadership of Sheriff Don Keller of Mason. Sergeant James England of the Kerrville Highway Patrol organized the roadblocks.

Due to the rugged terrain, aircraft help was requested and supplied. Joe Butler, an FBI agent from Fredericksburg, obtained the services of an aircraft from the Pedernales Electric Co-op. Butler flew with the pilot, and they scoured the rugged river country for several miles. We would learn later that it was this action that flushed the trio of thieves from the security of their cave home overlooking the river.

As Myers, Sandra, and Regian lay in the mouth of their cave, resting and reflecting on the past and most likely the future, the small airplane flew by slowly at about the same level as the entrance to the cave. Alarm turned to panic when it flew back by in a few minutes. Myers immediately made plans to flee the area. He knew about a car across the river at a ranch house.

After paddling the stolen canoe across the river shortly after midnight, the three escapees crept up to the ranch house. They pushed the car away from the house before starting the engine. The owner had left the keys in his 1973 Chrysler.

Myers and his companions drove into Mason from the south, passed through town, and headed west on US 377-29. Five miles out, at the fork of the two roads, they approached a roadblock. Myers slowed as though he were stopping but then sped through. He abandoned the car at a short distance and in a hail of bullets. Left behind was a 12-gauge shotgun and the .30-06 from Brady Sporting Goods.

I immediately advised Sheriff Keller that I was calling Warden Bob Cousins of the Ellis Prison Farm to send his dogs to us. Warden Cousins had told me earlier that if we needed them, they were available. This call went out around 1:30 a.m. Warden Cousins arrived in Mason around 10:00 a.m. with Captain Ramsey, a dog sergeant, one convict dog handler, and some twenty dogs.

I must take the time to tell about these hounds. They were the meanest-looking, most ill-tempered animals one could imagine. They were a mixture of Redbone, Bluetick, Walker, and a trace of Bloodhound, and they weighed from seventy to ninety pounds each. Any ideas about their inability to trail a human being were soon dispelled.

The dog sergeant was furnished a saddle horse, as were Sheriff Keller, Ranger A. Y. Allee, Jr., Trooper Ben Walker, and myself. The sergeant released about eight or ten of his hounds in the area where the Myers trio had fled some nine hours earlier. After casting about for approximately five minutes, the lead dog "Mississippi" bugled, and the chase was on. One thing we had failed to take into consideration was the grass burrs. They nearly put us out of commission before we got started. Several of the dogs simply quit the chase because of them.

After trailing the trio for several minutes across the pastures, we lost the trail at a county road. The sergeant said the trio had walked down this road rather than crossing it. The traffic and the lapse of time had destroyed the scent. From the direction of travel, it appeared they were heading back to the rugged river country. We rode out several false leads the remainder of the day.

Warden Cousins had gotten the local boot maker to outfit his hounds with buckskin boots. That was a comical sight watching the reactions of the dogs to their newly acquired footwear. Most of the animals readily adapted to the boots, however, and that proved to be a great help the following day.

I must mention at this time that we had located several caves along the river that Myers had stocked with food. One such cave in particular was well supplied and appeared to have been much used. Sheriff Keller and I decided to have someone set up camp in that cave in the event the group tried to get back to it. This cave was located just above the waterline, with a bushy willow tree in front of it. You had to wade out into the river to get to its entrance.

I shall always have a warm spot for the four game wardens who agreed to take on this task of waiting in the cave. We would have no radio communications with them: they would be on their own. My only request was that they set up a guard so that, in the event Myers should return, he would not catch them all sleeping. These men responded well. Actually, the game wardens were a tremendous asset to us in many aspects of this search because they knew the country so well.

Captain Butch Albers, my captain at the time, arrived later on in the evening. He took one look at Ranger Henry Ligon and myself and told us to get some rest. This was Thursday evening, and the hunt had begun on Monday. I guess we were a dirty, rotten-looking pair. Captain Albers relieved us at 8:00 p.m., but he told us to be back at midnight. Henry went to the motel in Mason; I drove to Brady, took a hot shower, and changed clothes before I returned to Mason. I found Ranger Ligon at the motel, ready to go. We were in the James River country when we heard on the radio that Myers and his running mates had just been shot out of a pickup near Streeter on US 377. It was 4:45 a.m.

Ervin Geistweidt of Streeter had awakened at 4:40 a.m. to see his 1968 International pickup being driven away. He called the Mason Sheriff's Office, which relayed the information to the roadblocks. At that time, Myers was stopping for the roadblock just west of Streeter that was manned by members of the Fredericksburg Police Department and their chief, Milton Jung.

These officers challenged the truck's occupants, who elected to speed away. Several shots were fired, the tires were deflated, and the pickup crashed out of control through the fence, dumping its occupants into the darkness. In their haste to escape, they left behind the .20-gauge shotgun that was stolen from Brady Sporting Goods.

Werner Schmidt and his son Gary, who ranched in the area, were serving as our wranglers. Sheriff Keller dispatched an officer to their ranch to bring the horses to us. The motel was also called to advise the warden of the latest developments. In a short time, the prison personnel arrived with the dogs and the Schmidts brought the saddle horses.

A few minutes past 5:00 a.m., we were on horseback. We elected to allow Gary Schmidt to go with us, as he was familiar with the country. With the dog sergeant in the lead, the rest of us followed: Sheriff Keller, Ben Walker, Ranger Allee, a Burnet County deputy, Gary Schmidt, and myself.

We lit out in hot pursuit. That was some ride, going at a fast gallop in a heavily mesquite-wooded pasture and not knowing if you were going to get brained any minute by a low-hanging limb. One thing I recall is watching the sparks from the shoes of the horses striking the granite rocks.

Daylight finally broke. We put up the slow dogs and turned Mississippi and the rest of the pack loose. With the fresh trail, they really got with it. We had to give our horses their heads in order to stay within earshot of the hounds.

We broke out on top of a rim rock. As we were looking for a way off, we got the first glimpse of our quarry. We saw the three of them in a valley about a mile away. We could tell that one of them was carrying a long gun.

The dogs had little trouble in getting off the rim. We horsebackers finally found a crack that allowed us to follow, and we put the spurs to our mounts, trying to overtake the dogs.

It was about this time that Myers decided to slow things down a bit: he began laying false trails. He would send Regian ahead to a tree and then have him backtrack to the fence where he and Sandra were waiting. The three would then walk the bottom wire for a couple hundred yards. This confused the dogs for several minutes and allowed time to give the criminals a little more distance. This fence deception was repeated several times.

The last trick Myers used was wading a creek. Mississippi was up to the challenge, though. After a few minutes of casting, he bugled once again and the chase was resumed. The dog sergeant told us we would catch them before they could lay another false trail.

We spurred our horses as though we were in a race. Although the dog sergeant had told us not to get between him and his dogs, we could sense the catch was imminent. It was every man for himself.

Gary Schmidt was riding a classy black horse that showed all of us his rump. Behind him was Ben Walker on his tough Appaloosa that had been ridden all week. The rest of us were bunched. As we approached the Allen Terrell ranch house, we realized we were too late. We saw a large number of people milling around the house and corrals.

Two game wardens, Gus Kiderka and Bennie Schriver, had been checking the ranch houses in the area for vehicles with keys in them. They had driven up to the house and come face to face with Myers. He was trying to hot-wire a dune buggy and was armed with a .243 Savage lever action rifle. Fortunately, it was jammed with mud and would not fire, although he gave it a try as the wardens were getting out of their car.

When Kiderka approached with his .270 rifle, Myers quickly shucked the disabled .243. Regian and Sandra were lying in the grass nearby, and Regian had the good sense to realize his .25-caliber pistol was no match for Kiderka's long gun. He quickly dropped it, and Sandra and he both surrendered.

Gary Schmidt's wife Jimmie, although a stalwart ranch woman, had harbored no desire to stay alone in her ranch home, knowing it lay in the path of the fleeing desperados. When the wardens had come by her house a little earlier, she loaded up with them. It was her frantic voice over the wardens' radio that had brought the other officers to the ranch house.

As we rode in, seven minutes behind the capture by the wardens, everyone was standing around like fence posts. They had been told by Captain Ramsey to stand still and the dogs would not attack. I rode up to Regian, and he was standing in shackles. He gave me a feeble grin and said, "Good morning, Mr. Favor." When I reached Warden Cousins' car, I saw Sandra and Myers in the backseat in chains. Nothing was said; we just looked at each other.

The three fugitives were suffering from poison ivy all over their bodies, and their feet were solid, bleeding blisters. They had also had very little to eat or drink for three days. Despite this, I am sure that if Myers had put Sandra up in a tree safely out of the reach of the dogs, we would have still had a chase on our hands. As of that morning, we had run them approximately nine miles. They were captured around 9:00 a.m., and this chase had lasted approximately four hours.

We all returned to the Mason County Courthouse. It seemed as though everyone in the county was there. Many parents brought their children in to see the trio of thieves, and numerous school-age children made their way to town when word spread of the capture. For a while, the place took on a circus atmosphere.

The prison personnel left right away with Myers. Sandra and Regian were locked up in the Mason County Jail after both gave me signed statements.

The search had begun on Monday and was concluded with the trio's capture on Friday morning. Approximately 250 officers were involved, some coming from as far away as San Antonio, San Angelo, and Ozona.

The Hill Country Inn in Mason had set aside several rooms for the officers to sleep in shifts, and a local restaurant carried the tab for meals. Many of the officers refused this courtesy extended by Mason County but, even so, the food bill was in excess of \$1,200. The Mason County Commissioners had to send fence-building crews in behind us to repair the many fences we had cut while on horseback following the dogs.

I would like to mention two sheriffs in particular whose continuous presence throughout the entire search served as an inspiration. Some of the younger officers had become restless and wanted to pull off. Sheriffs Billy Joe Haney of Menard and John Lockett of Junction will always be remembered as a stalwart team that insisted that the blocks remain intact. They told us the fugitives would be forced to the surface if we maintained a tight security on the area.

The following day, Robert Regian led several of us to White's Crossing, below Mason. He directed us to a particular drift. As he began to pull it apart, the stolen motorcycle appeared.



Motorcycle Hidden in Drift

The following day, a Saturday, I was somewhat rested. I had slept Friday night for the first time since I had gotten up on Monday morning.

Several of us made our way down the river to the Lee Roy Schmidt Ranch. Regian showed us the stolen canoe the three had used to travel up, down, and across the river. We then used

that canoe to cross the river to where the home-base cave was.

As we approached the bluff on the opposite side, we spotted an oblong opening about twenty feet up the face of the bluff. This opening was about thirty-five feet long, starting at a point on one end and rising to nearly six feet on the other end. The high-end opening was covered with a wagon sheet, wedged in a crevice just above the top of the opening and disguised with vines. A handmade ladder made from tree limbs was leaning up to the opening.

As I climbed the ladder to the cave entrance, I faced a sight that really did outdoorsman Myers justice. He had stolen a bale of Coastal Bermuda hay, spread it out, and then covered it with a blanket. On this were three sleeping bags. A large store of canned goods and other nonperishable groceries were neatly stacked around. Several weapons with ammunition were nearby, as was fishing equipment. Myers had even fashioned a cook stove with a nice supply of firewood. Regretfully, I had left my camera in the car when we paddled across the river in the canoe, so I have no photographic record of the cave.

A large number of .30-06 shells had been pulled apart. Myers had put the powder in a small metal container, trying to make a hand grenade. I doubt it would have worked, but at any rate, I wouldn't have wanted to come up against it.

Regian explained that when they were in this cave, they would pull the ladder up and lay it in the long, narrow part of the cave. The wagon sheet was large enough to provide privacy and wind protection as well as a shield to keep the cooking fire from being seen. Had Myers not panicked when the airplane flew by that day, it is possible they would not have been discovered. The entrance to this cave was accessible only by boat. We removed all the groceries, guns, and other articles from this cave.

In Mason and in Brady, Robert Regian and Sandra Myers pled guilty a few days later. They each got forty-eight years, to run concurrent on a twelve-year sentence. In addition, Sandra had her two years' probation revoked, which gave her a total of fifty years. Robert and Sandra received a grand total of ninety-eight years between them.

This story will be concluded in issue 13 of the Dispatch – April 2004.

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Lt. Robert Favor, Ret.

Part 3 of 3:

*The Capture of David Myers
Lieutenant Robert Favor
Texas Rangers, Retired*

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[Part 1](#)

[Part 2](#)

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Lt. Robert Favor spent many years chasing David Myers, a criminal who continuously escaped from prisons and evaded authorities. In Parts 1 and 2, Myers leads lawmen on many chases after numerous escapes. In 1973, he and his two cohorts, wife Sandra and cousin Regian, were sentenced to lengthy prison terms.

During the next 18 months, Ranger Troy Porterfield and I would transport Myers from Huntsville to Brady for various court hearings some three or four times. It was on one of these trips that Sandra wrote me from Goree Prison, requesting I come by to see her. She told me that while they were in Houston on one of their trips, Myers had pulled two armed robberies. She gave me some of the details and requested that I question Myers about them.

On one trip en route back to Brady with Myers, I brought up these robberies. One thing I learned about Myers was that if you bragged on how good a particular job was, he could not resist telling all about it. Such was the case in this instance.

The first robbery was on June 15, 1972, at a Dairy Queen. Myers got \$600 from the store manager, who was forced to open the safe. This occurred right at opening time. As the employees came to work, Myers tied them up with adhesive tape.

The next robbery was on July 8, 1972, at the Coffee Cup Restaurant in Houston. This job only netted Myers \$317. He had worn a ski mask during these two thefts.

Due to the accurate account Myers gave Ranger Porterfield and myself, the Houston Police Department was able to clear those two robberies.

As I stated before, Myers needed little encouragement to talk about his exploits. He also liked to tell about his future plans for criminal behavior.



On one trip, Myers told me that he was going to rob a supermarket because he knew he could get several thousand dollars from one. He would go to Mexico to some small village, donate money to the priest, give the poor peasants money, and buy several of the men 30-30 rifles. He would then write me a note telling me where he was. He knew I could not resist the temptation to come for him. When I arrived, his hired guns would shoot me down.

On one of the times Myers was arrested, he had a long, electrical extension cord with the female end cut off and the naked ends tied together. He also had some molding clay, an electric drill, and a small bottle of butane. He intended to drill a hole in the safe, charge it with butane, insert the electrical cord, seal it off with clay, plug it in, and blow the face off the safe. He had experimented with a fireproof cabinet, and it had proved successful.

I also recall him saying on one of our many trips to and from the prison that "it was too bad" we were not on the same team. He thought that he was good at pulling jobs, breaking out, and running from the law, but no matter what he did, every time he looked up, there I was. He thought we would have made a "hell of a team."

The date was finally set for Myers' trial for the burglary of Campbell Motor Company, the place where he stole the red and white, Pontiac Grand Prix. Ranger Porterfield and I went to Huntsville to pick up both Sandra and Myers. She had been subpoenaed by the defense. Once again, Sandra had written me

requesting I pick her up first because she wanted to talk with me.

Sandra had been allowed to visit Myers a short time prior to my arrival. He told her he had a plan that would affect his escape and would also allow him to free her. She assured me she did not know what it was he had on his mind, but she was certain he was going to try something. Sandra told me this because she loved Myers and did not want him killed trying to escape. She said she knew I could best handle Myers without getting him hurt. I thanked Sandra for this information.

When we arrived at the Ellis Prison Farm to get Myers, I discussed this conversation with Warden Bob Cousins to see if he had any ideas. The warden stated that Myers had been nervous and restless lately, but he could add little else.

Myers was brought to the warden's office. He was stripped naked and issued another set of clothes. We went through his personal belongings he was taking with him, but nothing out of the ordinary was found. We proceeded to Brady, and the trip was uneventful.

Due to the publicity the trio of Myers, Sandra, and Regian had gathered over the past year or so, San Saba was selected as the trial site on a change of venue. Jury selection began on the morning of January 6, 1975. Testimony began that afternoon, and the following afternoon, Myers was given a life sentence as a habitual criminal. He was just two months short of his twenty-seventh birthday.

Security had been very tight in the courtroom. Officers had been stationed at strategic locations to discourage any ideas of escape that Myers might have had. No incident occurred.

On this trip back, Myers went to sleep--at least he pretended to go to sleep. I turned my mirror down where I could see him when we would meet a car. All seemed okay, but what Myers was actually doing was unlocking his leg irons and handcuffs.

As we entered Huntsville, the first traffic light caught us. When I stopped, Myers opened the door and fled. My first thought was how in the devil did he do that with all that iron on him? It didn't take long before I was on the ground in hot pursuit. I left the car sitting where it was.

Myers was running down the center stripe of the road. I knew I could not get a clean shot at him for fear of hitting someone else. After about one block, Myers elected to leave the road and run in behind a service station. I fired two times at him--or rather the sound of him. We were both mired down in the deepest mud I ever got into.

I ran up to a small creek bank and could hear Myers down in the water. I fired once more at the noise. I then saw a faint outline of a person in the creek about thirty-five yards away. I yelled at him, but got no response. I took a good steady aim, or as steady as I could, as I was completely winded from my run through the deep mud. At any rate, I put one more shot in his direction and was relieved to hear a resounding thud that a bullet makes when it makes contact. Myers squalled and hit the water face down. My first thought was, "Well, old boy, we've been through a lot, but I

guess this is where it ends.”

I stood there on the bank waiting for him to sink, but he started thrashing around and begging me not to shoot him again. I ordered him out of the muddy creek waters and was surprised to see that he was not punctured. What had happened was that my bullet had gone through the side panel of his coat. Myers and I both thought he had been hit.

We once again chained Myers down and went the last five miles to the Diagnostic Center where all convicts are received. It was at this time we discovered two homemade keys in Myers’ mouth.

When we had driven up to the rear gate of the Diagnostic Unit, a flood light had come on and a guard with a shotgun stepped out. He asked, “Who is it?”

I replied, “Texas Rangers with a convict that has rabbit blood. Is your shotgun loaded?”

He replied, “Well, unload him. We’ll see how far he gets.”

Naturally, Myers made no further effort to flee. It was at this time, while the prison guard was searching him, that Myers started to dry vomit, and Sheriff Barker saw the homemade keys on his tongue. Sandra had been right.

I guess we were lucky in more ways than one. Both Sheriff Brantley Barker and myself were wearing business suits, and our coats covered our revolvers. I think this alone had kept Myers from reaching over the seat and trying to grab a weapon while we were in the car.

The prison personnel received Myers and gave us a receipt for him. As we drove away, I could not help but reflect over the events of the past five years. In a way, it was sad. Mostly, it seemed such a waste of talent. Myers possessed so much to have squandered it away.

Sandra was the first to be released. She was paroled on March 9, 1977. Regian followed her on January 17, 1978.

Myers served time in the Texas prison system from January 1975 until he was paroled on his life sentence as a habitual criminal in the early summer of 1983. During this time, I had promoted to sergeant and was assigned to Company E in Midland. I had pretty well put Myers out of my mind.

I don’t recall how I learned of Myers’ release from prison. It might have been through a conversation with Ranger Gene Kea of Eastland. I recall Kea telling me that an old convict had been captured inside a building in Eastland during the act of burglary. He had been identified as Elton David Myers.

Knowing Myers as I did, I knew this was not the only crime he had committed after being released from TDC. With this in mind, I drove the 220 miles to Eastland where Myers was in custody in

the county jail.

At my request, the sheriff unlocked Myers' cell, allowing me to enter. The door was locked behind me so I could be alone with the prisoner. The cell was a rather large one, and I could see Myers lying on a bunk, reading a book. He gave me a rather annoyed look, thinking I was a new cellmate he would be living with. I just stood there for a few moments watching him. Myers looked my way again and recognized me. He jumped up from his cell, ran over to me, and gave me a big, hearty handshake.

We visited about the old days for a little while, and I asked him what he was doing in Eastland County. Myers grinned and told me all the years in the pen had slowed him down. This was the first time he had ever been caught inside a place he was burglarizing. I reminded him he had been out of circulation for eight years, and a lot of things had changed during that time. We both had a good laugh over it. He settled down to a cordial conversation with me. He asked how his Grandmother Myers was doing, and we also talked about his eight years in prison.

Eventually, our conversation turned to Myers' more recent activities. Since his parole, he had tried his hand at selling cars in Abilene. We had a few laughs over some of the scraps he had gotten into while repossessing some of the cars.

Myers got quiet for a moment and then said, "Bob, I need to tell you about some things I have done since I was paroled."

I remarked, "I knew you had something on your mind, but I have to leave for now. I will be back in a little while."

The sheriff let me out. I returned about an hour later, bringing with me two Coca Colas for Myers and me. I also had a tablet to take some notes on.

Myers told me of several burglaries he had committed. He also told me he had some guns and other items stashed. Myers knew he was heading back to prison, and he wanted the victims and their property reunited. Myers told me where his car was in storage and said that all the items he had stolen were in there. He advised me to remove the back seat, and I would locate everything hidden in the springs.

Myers asked me to contact his stepmother in Abilene and advise her he was on his way back to prison. I told him I would, and I also thanked him for the information on the stolen property.

Ranger Kea and I went to the storage location and, as directed, we found all the stolen items. I then proceeded to Abilene and passed the information on to Myers' stepmother that he had requested.

Myers was given a ten-year sentence in Eastland and was returned to prison. He was paroled again in 1987. I was not aware of his parole until some time later.

During the summer of 1988, all of West Texas was experiencing

a rash of safe burglaries. Studying the reports, it was obvious all the jobs were being committed by the same person--someone who was skilled in this art. Myers immediately came to mind.

Upon contacting the records section of TDC, I learned Myers had been on the ground for nearly a year. Through sources, I learned that he had a girlfriend, Ella Mae Sisco, who lived in Odessa. I visited with her and learned that she and Myers had recently visited with his Grandmother Myers in Rochelle. During this visit, Myers had become very angry with Ella Mae and had beaten her with a TV cable. This beating somewhat diminished her admiration for him, and she agreed to help me locate Myers. He was arrested a short time later and placed in the Ward County Jail in Monahans, Texas.

Little to no evidence existed that would link Myers to the safe burglaries. I learned that a number of officers were going to the Ward County Jail to interview him. I drove over to Monahans and met with these officers to advise them of Myers' disposition. I felt I could be of some benefit to them in talking with him.

Several of the officers were already in the process of questioning Myers and were not getting anywhere in their efforts. I went alone into the cell and visited with Myers for a few minutes. Basically, I told him I thought he was good for these burglaries. The manner in which they were done indicated it was his work because I knew of no other safecracker that had the expertise that he had.

This type of conversation went on for a few minutes. Then Myers smiled that smile I had seen so many times. He entertained the officers the rest of the day giving them detailed statements of his handiwork.

During this cleanup, Myers admitted to Ranger George Frasier of San Angelo that he had committed a burglary in San Angelo of a place that sold money orders. Myers later traveled to San Angelo with Frasier and dug up the money orders, the writing machine, and \$15,000 of money orders that were ready to be passed.

While he was confessing, Myers implicated his half brother, who resided in San Angelo. During the next few days, as these interviews wore on, we learned the half brother and his girl friend were to deliver a car to Monahan and park it near the jail. We also learned there would be a stash of money hidden under the dash of the car.

Surveillance was maintained on the San Angelo couple as they drove to Monahans. After the car was parked near the jail and the couple departed back to San Angelo, a search revealed \$350. The car was disabled and left where it was sitting,

After Myers had cleaned up all of business with the officers, his cell was searched. A fifteen-foot, braided rope made from strips of his blanket was extracted from the drain in his lavatory. Myers was removed to another cell. No other attempts to escape from the Ward County jail were made.

Myers pled to all the safe burglaries and was given thirty-five years in each of the thirty-five offenses, with the sentences running concurrently.

Myers had told me that when he was paroled in 1987, he had a boot-making job in El Paso. However, due to what he claimed was heart attack, he retired from that work. Apparently, his safecracking work was less strenuous than making boots.

After completing all of his court appearances, Myers was transferred to the Tom Green County Jail in San Angelo to receive his last sentence before being returned to prison. Ranger Fraiser had acquired a good, working knowledge of Myers, and he attempted to tell the Tom Greene County authorities about his escape record. It fell on deaf ears. They had a new jail, and no one could escape from it.

The Tom Greene County Jail was built in the same manner as the McCulloch County Jail in Brady. Myers had given Sheriff Vogel and me a walk through, pointing out the weaknesses and where he thought he could escape. He told us he did not want to break out of the Brady jail because he was tired. Myers later escaped from the Tom Green County Jail exactly in the exact manner he had showed Sheriff Luke Vogel and I on our visit in Brady.

This proved to be Myers' last escape. He made the mistake of taking two other prisoners with him: Harold Nicholas Coplin, in custody for aggravated armed robbery; and Michael Ray Penny, in custody for forgery, unlawful possession of a weapon, and burglary.

Once the trio was out of jail, they broke into a local business and stole a 1979 Chevrolet pickup. After breaking into one other business, the three men drove to Eden, in Concho County. Myers wanted to deal the officers in that town a little misery as he had been arrested there a few months earlier.

Myers, Copelin, and Penny burglarized the Ford Motor Company but were unsuccessful in getting into the safe. They did take a 1987 Ford Aerostar. Myers had had to move several vehicles in order to get this car out. Fifteen years earlier, he had done the same thing in order to get the new Pontiac Booneville in Brady. All three men were identified by fingerprints left at the scene. The '79 Chevrolet pickup was recovered a few miles from this location.

Officers checked the residence of Myers' grandmother. She denied having seen him and went to stay with relatives. Mrs. Myers was afraid of her grandson after having witnessed the beating he had given Ella Mae.

I contacted the DeBaca County Sheriff's Office in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in order for the Yeso Hotel to be checked. I also contacted Sandra Marie Rider's mother in Oklahoma and advised her of the escape. I was told that Sandra had married and was raising a family, living in another state.

Eight days after the Aerostar was stolen in Eden, it was found abandoned near Baird. There, the local Chevrolet dealership was broken into and a 1989 Pontiac was stolen. The following day, it was recovered, abandoned near Big Spring. No vehicles were

reported stolen in Big Spring, so the method of travel for Myers and his associates was unknown. We were to learn later that they had a stolen vehicle stashed near Wichita Falls. They had picked it up prior to dumping the Baird Pontiac.

The trio returned to San Angelo, where Copelin and Penny picked up their girl friends: Cecilia Walker, age 23; and a fifteen-year-old female. After Penny, Copelin, Walker, and the juvenile female were apprehended in Carbondale, Illinois, it was learned that the five subjects had crisscrossed all over Texas, committing burglaries to sustain themselves.

Myers had told the other four in his little group that he wanted to give "Old Bob" as much trouble as he could before they were caught. Penny said that Myers wanted to get me good before going back to prison. One night while driving through Midland, Myers had showed them where my office was located and said that he wanted to set off an explosive and watch it burn.

Ranger Fraiser and Tom Green County Deputy Captain McCarty flew to Carbondale, Illinois, and on November 16, 1988, they returned the four fugitives to Texas. On the way back, Penny and Copelin joked about the offenses they had committed while they were running.

These offenses included killing David Myers! Penny claimed responsibility for this, remarking that "Old Bob" had made a career out of chasing Myers and, now that he himself had killed Myers, "Old Bob" could go ahead and retire.

Copelin and Penny claimed Myers had bragged to them about having pulled so many jobs. They also said that Myers laughed about how I was always chasing him, but he managed to elude me. They thought he was just blowing smoke because he seemed to have spent a hell of a lot of his life behind bars.

We learned that after Myers and his companions thought they had done enough in Texas, they went to Mid West City, Oklahoma, where Myers knew of an available "safe house." This is a place convicts learn about while in prison where they can go to stay low for a while.

Meanwhile, Myers had become attracted to the fifteen-year-old girl, but she spurned his sexual advances. Cecilia, however, agreed to go to bed with him if he would stop pestering the young girl. This suited Myers to a tee. The only problem was that the young girl snitched them off to Copelin and Penny. The two men were infuriated with Myers over this, but they were afraid to confront him about it. They decided it was time to go their separate ways and leave Myers at the safe house. After loading everything in the car, the four conspirators left the house. Myers was lying on the living room floor with his chin resting on the back of his hands, watching TV.



Penny went in the house to shoot Myers, but he chickened out. Upon returning to the car, he was admonished for his failure, as it was his girlfriend that Myers had bedded. Penny



therefore returned to the house and shot Myers twice through the back of the head. The four then fled Oklahoma and were arrested six days later in Illinois. The

juvenile told of the killing and gave the address to the officer.

Mid West City officers went to the address and discovered Myers in the same position: on the floor, resting his chin on the back of his hands, his very dead eyes staring at the television, and his body in a goodly state of decomposition. Immediate identification was not possible.

I furnished the Oklahoma authorities with Myers' fingerprint records as well as scars, marks, and tattoos. Positive identification was then made, and all agencies were advised of the arrest of the four fugitives and of the killing of Myers.

Myers' body was returned to McCulloch County, Texas, at the request of his grandmother, Cora Myers. He was buried in the Cowboy Cemetery beside the body of the infant son that was born to Sandra and him. This was the child that had been conceived some fifteen years earlier while Myers and Sandra were spreading havoc over Texas and New Mexico.

Reflecting back over the years, I feel that Myers had the ability to have been a productive citizen and could have accomplished about anything he wanted to do. His mechanical mind knew no limits. But he chose the type of life he lived; no one forced him into it. I think it was the thrill of performing, the excitement of the chase, and the possibility of beating the "Ranger" that spurred him on and ultimately led to his death.

Oh, yes. I did retire, but it was not until 1992.

This story is told as accurately as I can tell it from all of my old reports.

Robert C. Favor, Lieutenant (Retired)
Texas Rangers, Company "E"
Midland, Texas

Notes

Michael Penny pled guilty in Oklahoma to a lesser charge of first-degree manslaughter on November 2, 1989, and was sentenced to ten years.

Harold Copelin's murder charge in Oklahoma was dismissed on October 6, 1980.

Copelin and Penny were each sentenced to TDC for a term of five years for their escape in Tom Green County, Texas.

Following Myers' parole from prison in 1987 and prior to his last escape, he committed the following offenses:

1. Burglary Mason 12-06-87
2. Burglary San Angelo 03-27-88
3. Burglary San Angelo 03-3188
4. Burglary Anthony 00-00-88
5. Burglary El Paso 00-00-88
6. Burglary El Paso 00-00-88
7. Burglary Monahans 01-06-88
8. Burglary Monahans 02-15-88
9. Burglary Post 12-08-87
10. Burglary Sweetwater 11-23-87
11. Burglary Anson 12-01-87
12. Burglary Breckenridge 12-07-87
13. Burglary Breckenridge 12-07-87
14. Burglary Fredricksburg 12-05-87
15. Burglary Van Horn 01-24-88
16. Burglary Baird 12-16-87
17. Burglary Baird 04-03-88
18. Burglary Baird 12-24-87
19. Burglary Andrews 12-16-87
20. Burglary Odessa 02-26-88
21. Burglary Odessa 02-05-88
22. Burglary Midland 02-11-88
23. Burglary Abilene 03-15-88
24. Burglary Abilene 12-18-87
25. Burglary Abilene 12-18-87
26. Burglary Abilene 12-31-87
27. Burglary Llano 03-19-88

This is a fairly accurate list of the burglaries committed by Myers prior to his final escape.

Myers, Copelin, and Penny escaped in the early morning hours of October 2, 1988, and committed at least four burglaries and thefts that night. The following is a list of offenses that can be linked to this trio:

1. Burglary San Angelo 10-20-88
2. Theft San Angelo 10-20-88
3. Burglary Eden 10-20-88
4. Theft Eden 10-20-88
5. Burglary Baird 10-23-88
6. Theft Haskell 11-04-88

This is as accurate list of offenses I can come up with prior to the escapees leaving Texas. I have no idea as to what crimes they might have committed after that.

The following poem was penned by a Mills County Courthouse employee who got a big kick kidding me about my ordeal with the Myers bunch.

Ranger Bob

There was a Ranger named Bob
 Who thoroughly enjoyed his job,
 Until Myers escaped from the pen.
 It brought all enjoyment to an end.
 Bob hunted Myers until his feet were sore,
 And when he rested, Myers robbed a store.
 The paper called them a modern Bonnie and Clyde,
 Finally they were caught, so Bob took a ride.

Texas Ranger

DISPATCH



Clear to Montana, to bring them in—
He wanted to get Myers back in the pen.
But he locked them up in the Brady jail
Where they were held without bail.
But alas, Myers made a key,
The cells he unlocked were three.
They stole a car and again they fled.
This made ole' Bob see red.
Once again a manhunt was begun,
And Bob can tell you it was no fun.
Roadblocks were set up, but Myers went through,
And all around the air turned blue.
After days and nights with no sleep or rest,
And much advice given in jest,
Finally Myers was caught and wouldn't you know,
It wasn't by Bob, but a friendly GMO!!! *

B.H.J

* GMO – Game Management Officer or Game Warden. These men were a great help during the manhunts for the Myers gang.

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