

Murder Outside Haneyville

By

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Prologue

The full moon illuminated the northeastern countryside of Tennessee from the cloudless nighttime sky.

It was around 1:15 that Friday morning of August 21st, 1970. It was a cool night, and the temperature dropped to seventy-five degrees.

Traffic was non-existent on Stinson Road at this time of the morning, so all that was heard was the music of nighttime critters.

Stinson Road was a two-lane paved road that wound through the countryside just to the west of the small town of Haneyville.

This country road ran north and south and provided the folks of Haneyville with a route to the major city of Knoxville, Tennessee to the south and Lexington, Kentucky to the north.

Another road dead-ended on Stinson Road, and that was Haneyville Road. That two-lane road headed east and eventually turned into the main street of the town of Haneyville.

Haneyville Road winded through the countryside after Haneyville and headed northeast then ended at the small town of Rogersville, Tennessee.

A pair of car headlights appeared heading north on Stinson Road after it just turned off Haneyville Road. It was a 1962 red Buick Special two-door hardtop with red interior.

There was music in the air while the Buick drove north on Stinson. It was the lyrics and rock tune to “In the summertime when the weather is high” from the band Mungo Jerry. The windows were rolled down to enjoy the cool evening and to let smoke escape the inside of the Buick.

Behind the wheel of that Buick Special down Stinson Road was eighteen-year-old Tiffany Carlson. Tiffany had long brunette hair that ran down to the middle of her back.

Tiffany had big soft brown eyes and pouty lips with a small mole on her right upper lip that gave her character. And the mole helped, as she always turned heads and caused lust in the hearts of guys when she walked around Haneyville.

Tiffany wore a busy floral print blouse with Levi’s hip hugger bell-bottom blue jeans where they really showed off her tight butt cheeks. Her feet often wore brown chunky heel sandals. The sight of Tiffany sent the sexual urges of the young guys in Haneyville into hyperspeed. And a few of the older men also had nasty thought of being alone with Tiffany.

In the passenger side of the front seat sat nineteen-year-old Howie Anderson. He had shoulder-length blonde hair parted down the middle. Howie had not shaved for two months, and there were scattered patterns of some resemblance of a beard. He always wore a black tee-shirt and Levi bell-bottom blue jeans with black Converse sneakers with white socks.

Howie was the only guy from Haneyville that got to see the sweet side of Tiffany.

He just lit up a joint while the song In The Summertime by Mungo Jerry still blared on the AM radio station from Knoxville.

Howie took a drag on the joint then passed it over to Tiffany while he kept the pot smoke inside his lungs. He exhaled the second she took possession of the joint.

Tiffany took a drag on the joint.

"I got woman, I got woman on my mind," sang out Howie with his own version of the song and glanced over at Tiffany then blew her a kiss while Tiffany exhaled the smoke.

While she drove down the road, they both sang along with Mungo Jerry's tune and took turns smoking the joint.

Tiffany glanced in her rearview mirror. Her eyes widened a little and looked concerned. "Is there another car following us without its lights on?"

Howie turned around while he took a drag on his joint. He exhaled. "Naw, you're just stoned and seeing things," he said then turned back around and passed her the joint.

She shrugged that thought off, thinking he was correct. She took another drag while she continued her drive down the road.

"Why don't we hit the fuck spot?" She asked when she saw the entrance to a dirt road up ahead to the right.

She passed the joint back to Howie.

"That would be cool since it's a beautiful night with a full moon," Howie replied then he took another drag on his joint.

Then Tiffany slowed her Special down and turned right into the entrance of that dirt road.

A mysterious car with its headlights off drove past that dirt road and continued north on Stinson

Road. Tiffany was correct in that someone was following her Buick.

Then that mysterious car slowed down and turned left down another dirt road just north of the road Tiffany drove down. That dirt road led to a dirt parking area where guys would park their pickups to hunt deep in the woods.

The dirt road Tiffany drove her Buick down was only wide enough for one vehicle. It snaked around sizeable black walnut trees in the woods. The dirt road finally ended in large dirt clearing where ten cars could park side by side.

The clearing also had a sandy bank by Lake Haney. Some residents of Haneyville constructed this sandy clearing back in 1926. They built this clearing so the fishermen of Haneyville could have another location to launch their boats to fish in the lake for trout and bass.

But the clearing started to get another purpose by the young kids of Haneyville in the late 1950s. This became a popular spot for horny guys to make out with their dates in their cars. In the past, many kids of Haneyville were conceived in parked cars in this clearing. The kids started calling it The Fuck Spot back in 1967. But back in the 1920s through the early 1950s, this was a favorite fishing spot at the lake.

But if Tiffany only knew that she was conceived in the backseat of a 1949 Ford in this clearing over eighteen years ago.

Along the southeastern area of Lake Haney was built the lovely town of Haneyville. The lake had an average depth of fifteen feet. But the months of July and August had the standard summer storms, so the level of the lake rose two feet.

Tiffany parked her Buick Special in the middle of the clearing by Lake Haney. They were the only ones out there tonight.

She turned off the headlights then shut off the engine. The quiet of the woods and the full moon shining on the lake added to the atmosphere.

The In The Summertime song just finished playing on the radio while Tiffany and Howie finished smoking that joint.

“Want me to lit up another one?” Howie asked Tiffany.

“Oh yeah, but let’s smoke it in the backseat,” replied Tiffany then she opened up her door and stepped outside.

Howie grabbed his plastic bag that contained his weed and four previously rolled joints off the front seat. He was prepared for tonight’s date with Tiffany and had one thing in mind all day.

He opened up his door and stepped outside.

Tiffany and Howie got in the back seat but left the doors opened. That provided a gentle cool breeze into the back of her car.

Then the song Evil Ways by Santana started on the radio.

Tiffany and Howie shared that other joint while they listened to the Santana song. They had a great buzz going and loved being alone in the woods with the full moon.

“Do you know what I want?” she said while she leaned over and started rubbing the inside of Howie’s jeans crotch. He had a boner in seconds and loved the feeling of her hand groping his private area.

“It’s all yours,” he said while he was now rock hard.

She unzipped his blue jeans.

They did not hear the cautious footsteps of someone approaching her car.

Tiffany pulled Howie's jeans down to his ankles, and underwear was not next since he did not wear any boxers tonight. Tonight was commando night, as he hoped he would get some more bare ass naked fun with Tiffany.

She immediately leaned down and started giving Howie a blow job.

He leaned his head back and moaned, enjoying the feeling of Tiffany's talented, warm mouth.

Howie was about to blow his load in Tiffany's mouth when a flashlight suddenly illuminated them from outside the driver's side of the car. He lost his boner and potential load explosion immediately.

Tiffany and Howie shielded their eyes from the bright light that was annoying.

"What the fuck do you want?" asked Howie and he was pissed that someone ruined his orgasm.

"There's plenty of other places to park," said Tiffany while she continued to shield her eyes from the bright light.

"Get the fuck out of the car," the mysterious man yelled from outside.

Tiffany and Howie looked scared while they recognized that threatening voice.

"Can't we please forget about this? Please!" asked Tiffany.

"I said, get the fuck out of the car," the mysterious man yelled louder.

Tiffany and Howie knew they had to obey and got out of the car.

Once they were outside the car, they got a glance of this man and saw that he wore blue overalls over a dirty white tee shirt and had a black wool ski mask to hide his face.

Then both Howie and Tiffany saw something on the mysterious man that helped give away his identity. It was his right hand and the fact that his pinky finger was gone at the knuckle.

“Why are you doing this and hiding your face?” asked Tiffany while she fought back from peeing in her jeans. This man always intimidated and harassed her in the past.

The mysterious man leaned over to Tiffany’s left ear. “Just because I fucking feel like it,” he whispered.

Tiffany could smell whiskey off his breath. Her eyes welled up, and her body trembled. She again strained from peeing in her blue jeans. “I won’t tell what you did to me. I promise,” pleaded Tiffany the second she feared the worst would happen.

The mysterious man ignored her while his flashlight illuminated the backseat of her car. He spotted the bag of weed and three rolled joints on the seat. “That shit is illegal in the State of Tennessee. You can go to jail for that,” he said while he shoved the bag into one of his pockets on his coveralls.

Tiffany and Howie just shook in fear, not knowing what to expect from this man.

The woods were quiet fifty feet away from Tiffany’s Buick Special.

An Owl hooted above from a branch of a tall black walnut tree.

The sounds of numerous twigs on the ground being snapped in half were heard.

That mysterious man had a Colt 45 pistol aimed at the backs of Tiffany and Howie while he marched them through the woods.

"Please let us so," Tiffany pleaded with the mysterious man while her eyes welled up.

"Shut the fuck up," the mysterious man replied and was determined to fulfill his drunken plans.

The Owl flew away from his branch into the night sky when the three humans were spotted down below.

"Stop here," the mysterious man called out the second they arrived at a small clearing between the trees.

Tiffany and Howie stopped.

"Turn the fuck around."

Tiffany and Howie turned around.

"You're a fucking coward to run away like that. A fucking coward," the mysterious man said to Howie with anger in his voice.

"But you don't understand. I changed my mind. I'm heading down to Knoxville with Charlie in the morning. You can ask him," Howie pleaded while his knees shook.

"You're a worthless piece of shit and a fucking liar," the mysterious man said interrupting Howie's reply then immediately fired off a shot.

The bullet penetrated Howie's chest. He dropped to the dirt with eyes stunned that he was shot.

"Ahhhh!" Tiffany screamed out and tried to run in a panic. But the man was quicker, and he ran after her then whacked Tiffany on the back of her head.

She dropped face-first into the dirt on top of some dead leaves. Blood oozed out of the back of her head, soaking her hair.

The man shoved his pistol into one of the pockets of his overalls.

He removed his overalls and was naked in seconds. He dropped his coveralls in the dirt next to her body.

He got to his knees and rolled Tiffany over onto her back.

Howie was able to crane his neck in pain, and he could watch that man unzip Tiffany's bell-bottom blue jeans. He felt weak and on the verge of passing out.

"Please don't!" Tiffany cried out while he lowered them down to her ankles and slid them over her sandals.

Howie tried to move, but the pain in his chest was too excruciating disabling him to move.

"Please don't do this again," she cried out while he slid her white cotton panties down and over her sandals.

Then the mysterious man slapped Tiffany across her face a few times. "Shut the fuck up, or I'll kill you now," he yelled at her then slapped her across her face a few more times.

Tiffany shut up and was frozen stiff with fear. She also had a splitting headache from being whacked on the back of her head.

He ripped open her tee-shirt and was not surprised when he discovered she did not wear a bra over her C-cup breasts.

"I remember these sweet puppies," the man said while he squeezed her breasts hard, causing Tiffany to cringe in pain.

Then he recalled moments of seeing Tiffany strut around Haneyville with her erect nipples poking

through her shirt material. He had a boner that was aching for some free loving.

Then he saw a gold chain around her neck that had a gold heart attached to it. Also on the chain was a small silver key.

He looked at the back of the gold heart and saw it had "Howie" engraved on it. "How fucking sweet," he said with a sarcastic tone then yanked the chain hard. It broke off.

"Please don't take that," Tiffany pleaded with him while she reached out with her right hand wanting it back.

"Fuck you," the man chuckled while he leaned over and shoved the chain, key and gold heart into one of the pockets of his overalls.

He opened up her legs and got on top of Tiffany. She tried to force him off her body, but he was too strong. He slapped her some more across her face.

She got scared to death then went limp giving in to his forced perversion. She just had a blank, lifeless stare knowing she did not have a choice in this matter.

He started to pleasure himself with Tiffany's limp body. "You feel so good fucking Tiffany. Just the way I remembered," the mysterious man said while he humped at her crotch.

Tiffany just had that blank stare while he pumped his hips.

Howie lay on his back still in extreme pain in the dirt. He heard the grunting and moans of the mysterious man and glanced over. He saw him raping the girl he loved, and he was pissed. But he could not move to help her.

Howie craned his neck in the other direction. The full moon was able to provide enough light to where he

saw Tiffany's Buick Special parked in the clearing with the driver's door still opened.

He looked back at that man on top of Tiffany having his nasty way with her. "Stop," he cried out with the loudest voice he could muster up.

The mysterious man ignored Howie, as he was having too much fun with Tiffany's limp naked body.

Then it was over in a manner of minutes. The man got off Tiffany's naked body. He stared down at her with a satisfying smirk.

Tiffany looked up at the man, and she was pissed and decided not to take this anymore. "I'm going to tell Sheriff Powers. He's going to make sure you spend the rest of your life behind bars," she cried out in pain, as she still had that horrendous headache.

The mysterious man reached down for his overalls.

He reached in one of his overall pockets and removed his Colt 45. This pistol was from his Army days as a Military Policeman.

He removed his ski mask and glared down at Tiffany.

Howie watched while that mysterious man fired off a bullet into the forehead of Tiffany. She was dead with a lifeless stare up at the sky in seconds.

The man knelt down and grabbed Tiffany's jeans. He rummaged through all of her pockets then removed the driver's license out of the rear right pocket. He shoved her license in one of the pockets of his overalls.

Then the man looked over at Howie.

Howie's eyes widened at the sight of that man. He wanted to scream, but his voice gave out on him in fear. His eyes welled up. The last thing he saw before

another bullet from that man's Colt 45 ended his life ended was the bright full moon between the bare branches of a nearby dying black walnut tree.

The mysterious man quickly got redressed in his overalls.

He walked over to Howie and removed Howie's wallet from the rear pocket of the dead teen blue jeans.

He reached in one of the top pockets of his overalls and removed a cigar and lighter.

He lit his cigar then walked away toward the Buick Special, leaving a train of cigar smoke into the quiet night.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and that mysterious man was back with a shovel.

He started to dig two graves by two eight-inch high rocks that were not there a little while ago.

Two days had passed and forty-two-year-old Ernie and forty-one-year-old Kathy Carlson sat down with Sheriff Gus Powers in his small office.

Gus Powers was in his mid-sixties and had been the Sheriff of Haneyville for the past thirty years. He had planned on retiring in five years and spending his golden years catching trout and bass from Lake Haney.

Deputy Rodney "Rock" Riley stood nearby and puffed on a cigar while he watched the paperwork being filled out.

Rock Riley was a muscular man who just turned thirty years old with a black crew cut. But he only had one visible flaw. He had the pinky finger on his right hand chopped off at the knuckle. He was that mysterious man from that full Moon night.

He showed no emotion while he watched a worried to death Ernie and Betsy jot down the application information.

Off at another desk sat Deputy Wallace Mayer. He was an old school buddy of Rock's and joined the Haneyville Police Department when Rock went into the Army. Wallace was instrumental in getting Rock a job as a deputy when he got discharged from the Army. But Wallace had dreams of a better career than being a deputy and stated to attend night school down at Knoxville.

Then an hour later, forty-two-year-old George and forty-one year old Betsy Anderson sat down with Sheriff Powers. They filled out a missing report on their son Howie. Deputy Rock Riley also watched this meeting with no emotion.

After George and Betsy left the Sheriff's office, Rock turned to his boss. "I'm figuring those kids might have run off to maybe Canada. Maybe Howie was too chicken to be drafted into the Army."

Sheriff Powers glanced at Rock after he filled the report in his filing cabinet. "I reckon that's a possibility," he said while he closed the filing cabinet drawer.

"I'm going to walk around town and check on things," Rock said while he headed to the door.

Sheriff Powers nodded while he headed off to the coffee pot for another cup of coffee.

He poured his fourth cup, went into his office and pondered where could these two kids be at this exact moment.

"Wait for Rock, I still want you to go down to the clearing. Look around and see if you can find any evidence of foul play," said Sheriff then he took a drink of his coffee.

"Yes sir," said Deputy Rock Riley then he left the station.

A little while later, Deputy Rock Riley had his 1965 Ford Galaxy black and white patrol car parked in the clearing by Lake Haney. He puffed on a cigar while he stood along the sandy bank of the lake and was in deep thought while he stared at the lake. He flicked his cigar into the lake then headed off into the woods.

Deputy Riley walked back to the scene of the crime. He saw the two rocks and leaves and twigs that were scattered all over the dirt. The killer did an excellent job of not making the area look like two graves were dug there two days ago.

Rock spent the next ten minutes picking up small branches and piling them up over the graves.

After he was done, Deputy Rock Riley removed another cigar from his shirt pocket, lit the cigar then walked off, leaving a trail of smoke.

A little while later, Deputy Riley went back inside the police station just off Wildwood Avenue.

He walked up to Sheriff Power's office door.

"I went out to the clearing and found no evidence what so ever of any foul play. I think these two kids actually ran off to Canada," said Deputy Riley.

"Okay, I'll probably close the report stating that," said Sheriff Powers then he took another drink of his coffee.

Deputy Riley walked away with a smirk and a little bit of a victory dance while he headed back to his desk

Two weeks had passed.

Sheriff Powers got a letter without a return address. He opened up the envelope and looked at the letter.

"Sheriff. I saw in our newspaper that you have two teens that went missing two weeks ago. I would like to remain anonymous, but I saw two teenagers

hitchhiking while I drove to Lexington that morning. It was around two that morning, and they were on Stinson Road heading north to Lexington. They matched the description in the newspaper. I thought you might want to know,” Sheriff Powers read the letter out loud. “I guess they did run away,” he said while he placed the letter in the case file for Howie and Tiffany.

He got up and placed the case file folder in the closed cases drawer of his filing cabinet. If he only knew who typed and mailed that letter.

He sat down and made a phone call to George, Betsy, Ernie, and Kathy about this letter. They all we sadden to think their kids ran away from home. Kathy and Betsy cried for hours.

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