

The Redstone Rocket

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REDSTONE ARSENAL, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

DECEMBER 22, 1953

A CHRISTMAS STORY—

Or How Not to Earn Money for the Holidays

BY JOE SLUNK

(With due apology and proper respect to the memory of one Damon Runyon)

You hear a lot of people say that they are glad Christmas does not come around but once a year. That is how some characters feel it is okay by me—but personally I got a different idea on this particular situation.

Me, I wish the old Yule Season would come around about once a month. It is the only time of the year when gents and ladies and people in general act like they are thinking life is something more than eating three square a day and punching the old time clock.

Take what happens the other way. A number of local citizens are occupying the usual corner table at Willie's Place, jawing about such Christmas matters as how to get a little extra dough to buy the old lady a fur coat and so to run down to Miami for the big game, come New Year day.

It is Saturday and a Billy Godfly is complaining about his feet after a week of delivering mail. It seems that the Post Office is bad in need of extra hands to get around Christmas cards and such that they even hire Billy Godfly, who is known to one and all as a very untrustworthy character. Billy Godfly, who is a man with feet more at home resting on a bar rail than pounding the pavement, is very unhappy that his wife makes him go to work. "For five and a half days I do nothing but walk," Billy says. And next week it will be the same again.

"Always you are complaining," says Lighthorse Charley, who has never been known to do a day's work in his life. "Think of the poor slob who has to carry around those big bags all year."

"Yeah," says Big Eddie, "you would be ashamed of yourself if you were Billy Godfly. Think of all the people who will be happy because you bring them Christmas cards and such stuff."

Big Eddie is known to all for being a very generous heart, once he was once seen giving a quarter to the Salvation Army.

"I do not think work is a good thing for gentlemen to talk about," says Ears Logan. "Especially since it is the holiday season and Christmas will soon be here."

Ears Logan gets his name because after ten years of the prize ring, where he wins few prizes, he has two ears as big as those of a baby elephant—or maybe a full grown elephant, for that matter. However, when Ears Logan says that he does not think work is a good thing to talk about, people do not talk about it. At least, people who know Ears Logan do not if they desire to remain in good health.

"I suggest that we have another beer on Billy Godfly and forget the matter."

Everyone seems happy at this, except Billy Godfly, and soon Hilda is placing full glasses on the table.

Hilda is just collecting from Billy Godfly when Ears Logan notices that she is crying. Seeing how Hilda is always before him and full of stories about her sister's baby, Ears is somewhat surprised at this change of character.

"Hilda," Ears says, "what is it that you are crying about? Are you so sad that you think maybe a landlord will not have a happy Christmas?"

"It is nothing," Hilda says, but as she speaks a big tear rolls down her nose and lands with a splash on the table. Hilda tries to wipe the wet spot with a towel, but as soon as she gets it wiped, another tear falls.

"Surely you do not cry for nothing," Ears Logan says. "Maybe your sister's baby, what you are always talking about, is sick?"

"Oooh," says Hilda, and now her tears are falling so fast that she cannot keep them wiped up. With some dimes, crying is as natural as breathing; but with Hilda this is very rare. In fact, it is the first time I ever see her

carry on so.

"We are friends," says Big Eddie. "You can tell us what the trouble is and maybe right away one of us knows the answer."

"Oooh," says Hilda. "Maybe it is the horses," says Lighthorse Charley, who thinks about nothing else and cannot understand how a character maybe has something else on his mind.

"You know that I do not play the horses," says Hilda. And it is indeed true, as is well known by one and all. Even Willie, who never says anything good about anybody, tells us that Hilda is the best waitress he ever has. Since she starts working for Willie about two months ago, he tells how she saves her money and buys things for her sister's baby. It seems that the sister's husband is dead or something and Hilda feeds them and lets them live with her. Everyone agrees that Hilda is indeed a very fine person.

"Then what is it that makes you bawl like this?" Big Eddie asks.

"I can hardly talk about it because it is so terrible," Hilda says, wiping her eyes with the towel. "But since I know you are all kind gentlemen I will try and tell you. My sister's baby, Little Alfred, is now getting big enough where he will soon be walking. Only he will never walk because something is wrong with his feet." With this she starts crying again.

After listening to Hilda tell so many stories about the funny things that little Alfred does, we all feel like we know the kid, and this bit of information is taken with no little unhappiness by all, including Lighthorse Charley.

"What is wrong with his feet," Big Eddie asks.

"It is something that I do not understand," Hilda says after wiping her eyes again. "But it seems that he was born this way and nobody notices it before."

"But," says Ears Logan, "with all the smart sawbones around these days, maybe there is something they can do to Little Alfred's feet so that he can walk like other kids."

This only makes Hilda cry more. "The poor, poor baby," she sobs. "Never to run and play like other kids. And my poor, poor sister, who loves him more than anything else in the world." By now the towel she is holding to her eyes is overflowing, she is crying so hard.

Now, now," says Big Eddie, who is shedding a few tears on his own.

"Oooh," sobs Hilda, "and all because we do not have five hundred dollars. 'Poor, poor baby.'"

"What does five hundred skins have to do with Little Alfred and his feet?" Lighthorse Charley asks.

"The doctor tells us," Hilda says from behind the towel, "that there is a great surgeon here in town who went to all these big schools and places and learned how to operate on the feet of babies like Little Alfred. The only trouble is that he charges five hundred dollars, and I only have fourteen and seventy-five cents." Hilda gives up with the towel and starts on her apron, which she holds over her eyes to catch the tears. "And the doctor says that if Little Alfred doesn't get operated on real soon it will be too late and he will never be able to walk."

By now Ears Logan and Big Eddie are both crying and Lighthorse Charley is looking very unhappy, as is Billy Godfly, who has even forgotten how much his feet hurt. I am likewise feeling very sad.

"Hilda," says Ears Logan, "that is indeed a sad story, but I am afraid that if you do not start waiting on some customers you will be in much sadder shape than you are now, since Willie never likes dames around his place what let the customers get too thirsty."

Hilda lets out a loud sob and takes herself away. The rest of us look very mean at Ears Logan, because it is not a very nice thing to speak in such a manner to a dame with so many troubles, especially a nice dame like Hilda. "You are a man without a

heart," says Big Eddie between sobs and swallows of beer. "Why did you run her off like that without at least she gets a dollar from Billy Godfly here?"

"Because," says Ears Logan, "we cannot have a dame around when there is business to be discussed." With that he reaches in his pocket and slaps his wallet on the table. "Gentlemen," he says, "everyone please do likewise."

Since Ears Logan's voice is enough to make any guy do what he asks, even if you don't have to look at his mug (which is not very pretty), all reach into pockets and bring out billfolds.

"What is this," says Big Eddie, "a game or something?"

"Yes," says Ears Logan, "and we are all in it. Now you gentlemen please empty your rolls in the middle of the table." The way Ears Logan says "gentlemen" makes you wonder if you know what the word means after all.

There is much growling and grumbling about this, but since there is no doubt but what Ears means business, nobody says a word.

However, the rolls that are pulled out are indeed thin. In all, they come to something less than fifty bucks. Ears Logan does not seem at all happy about this.

"If any of you gees are holding out on me," he says, "I personally am making sure that such a thing never happens again."

We tell him that times are hard, as he well knows, and that we do not have any more money at present.

"This is not good," says Ears Logan, "for if I still remember the arithmetic what I learn before I am kicked out of the third grade, it means that we are short four hundred and fifty skins, which in this day and time is a lot of keel."

We all understand now why Ears sends Hilda away, although he is not a character what ordinarily goes in for charity or doing a good turn for anybody except Ears Logan.

"I always know you have a big heart," says Big Eddie.

"But that is not getting us four hundred and fifty bucks," says Lighthorse Charley.

"Maybe we should ask Educated Jones for a suggestion on how to dig up the dough," says Billy Godfly. "It is rumored that he finished high school and is thus a very educated man."

"If Educated Jones knows how to scrape up four hundred and fifty skins he is not talking," Ears Logan says. "And since he is always trying to bum a fin off me I am thinking he does not know how to raise a dime."

"I have a great idea," says Lighthorse Charley. "With this fifty bucks we can make a few choice bets with a fellow I know and in no time at all we have five hundred smackers—maybe a grand."

"Nuts," says Ears. "We are not throwing this dough away on the horses."

"It is the time of Christmas," says Big Eddie, "maybe some gent with lots of dough and a big heart is giving us the money when we tell him what it is for."

"Nuts," says Ears. "What rich gee would trust you with five hundred bucks. Besides, Hilda would not take dough from an unknown gee."

But I am glad you are reminding me it is the time of Christmas, because I am thinking that I know how we can raise the dough."

Ears gets up and we follow him out of Willie's and across the street to where there is a certain store and pawn shop noted for having any and every item a person might want, including cupie dolls and brass knucks.

This particular place is known as the Junk Shop, although the proprietor, Uncle John Bible, does not like this name, since he claims that the junk he sells is not junk at all.

When we walk in the door we see Uncle John behind the counter trying to sell a phonograph machine (that looks like it was built by Edison personally) to a

seedy looking character.

We wait until the customer leaves and then Ears Logan goes over to Uncle John and says: "Uncle John, what is with the Saint Nick suits what you rent for parties and such during the time of Christmas?"

"Ah, yes," says Uncle John, "I have three suits and they are just like new. In fact, I send them to the cleaners only last year." He goes into the back of the store and soon returns with three boxes. I notice Billy Godfly slip out the door, since it is becoming clear what Ears Logan has on his mind to raise the four hundred and fifty bucks for Little Alfred. I am thinking that this is a good thing for me also, but then I am not so used to moving without making noise as is Billy Godfly.

"I can let you have them tonight, but I'll have to have them back tomorrow because they are promised to another party."

Ears Logan opens the boxes and checks the stuff. He seems satisfied because he says: "We are taking them, but tell this other character what wants them tomorrow that you gave them back to Santa Claus."

Even Uncle John knows that it is not a wise thing to argue with Ears Logan. "That will be fifteen dollars for the first night and twelve for each additional night," Uncle John says in his best business voice.

"Also," says Ears Logan, "you can chalk this up as your Christmas gift to a kid."

With that we leave.

This same day, gents and ladies rushing about the streets notice three more Santa Clauses around than is usual, but few give them any thought.

That night the take is counted in a back booth at Willie's. The take comes to something over eighty-five dollars.

"That is pretty good—for a start," Ears Logan says, stuffing the dough (most of it quarters and dimes) in a paper bag. "But things is got to pick up, since only a few more days are left before the day of Christmas is on us, at which time our racket is out of date. For it will indeed look strange to see three Saint Nicks patrolling the streets and asking for handouts after the day of Christmas is passed."

The next day, the three of us (Lighthorse Charley, Big Eddie and myself) are out bright and early on the busiest corners we can find. Big Eddie finds it necessary to remove another Saint Nick what beats him to a particular corner. But since Big Eddie has a way of persuading characters what disagree with him, it is not long before he is all alone on the corner, with only a few scattered strands of white beard on the sidewalk to show where the other Saint Nick attempts to argue.

Things are going fine for Lighthorse Charley, Big Eddie, and me, as I tell Ears Logan when he makes his round checking on our take. My pot is getting so heavy with nickels, dimes and quarters that I am having trouble holding it out to the passing throng.

"You are making a nice haul," says Ears Logan. "Keep up the good work. I must go and check on Big Eddie, since I am told that he is putting the strong-arm on characters who are not kicking in. It is my belief that Saint Nick should not be seen using a method to squeeze coins from unwilling souls—even for such a worthy cause as this."

Ears Logan moves off down the street and I am left with my pot and cow bell, both of which Uncle John is good enough to furnish, although I do not say he does so of his own free will.

It is not ten minutes before I see Ears Logan returning. Only this time Big Eddie, wearing his Saint Nick suit and white beard, is with him. Both seem to be in somewhat of a hurry. In fact they are running so hard that I fear for the life of any character who is not able to get out of the way.

Behind them, and trying as hard as he can to catch up is Fats Jerkson, a cop known far and wide for being a very unpleasant character. I do not wait to be

told what is happening, since it is clear that Ears Logan and Big Eddie do not have time to stop and answer questions. Instead I take out with them.

Since Fats Jerkson weighs something in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pounds and is no taller than a fox terrier, it is not long before we have lost him in the crowd. We cut through an alley and cross another street, where it is safe enough to walk up the block to Willie's. All the time Ears is giving Big Eddie a hard time for strong-arming characters and getting the cops wise.

We are seated in the back booth for only a few minutes before Lighthorse Charley comes in all out of breath. It seems that Fats Jerkson is also chasing him.

We are all very unhappy, because after taking a count we find that we only have a total of two hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

"This is indeed serious," Ears Logan says. "Our racket is broken up and we do not yet have enough dough to pay for Little Alfred's operation."

With three Saint Nick's sitting in the booth, characters are beginning to look around at us and we decide to go into the back room and change to street togs, which we do. When we come back to the booth, Ears Logan is looking very sad. In his hand is a pair of big white dice.

"Boys," says Ears Logan, "there is only one thing to do. I am taking the two hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents entering a game. It is the only way."

Now there is not one citizen in this town what has not at one time or another taken Ears in a crap game. In fact, he is known to one and all as being the sorriest crap shooter in town. If he ever wins a dime in a game, it is a well kept secret. We try every way that we know to talk Ears out of this idea, but, like I say, he is a character what does not like to change his mind.

There is nothing for it but that Ears must go find a game. Since Lighthorse Charley, Big Eddie, and I have a part interest in this money we go along with him.

The game is not hard to find and it is not long before Ears is at the table, waiting his turn at the dice.

"Gentlemen," says Ears when the dice come to him, "I am staking fifty skins on this roll and I wish you to cover me." Since Ears is never known to win in a dice game, all the characters present are indeed happy to cover the bet.

Ears rolls against the board and I am very unhappy to see Big Richard come up, since in the game of dice Big Richard is well known for being a very hard point to make. I can see Lighthorse Charley turning slightly pale as Ears makes the next roll. The dice show three and four, which means that Ears loses his fifty bucks.

"Gentlemen," says Ears, "If you do not mind, I will try my luck again, only this time for one hundred skins." No one minds, since it is the easiest money they ever made. The bet is covered and Ears rolls a crap, and another hundred bucks is gone. By now, Big Eddie is sitting in the corner with his face in his hands. Lighthorse Charley is now green.

Ears Logan, however, does not seem to mind at all. It is like losing one hundred and fifty bucks on three throws of the dice is something that happens every day with him.

"Gentlemen," says Ears Logan, "I know it is not customary but if there are no objections I am keeping the cubes for one more roll." Everyone is very happy to let Ears try another roll. He carefully places the last sixty five bucks on the table, which are quickly covered.

"However," says Ears, "since these cubes do not seem to like me, I am using my own." With that he pulls out the big white dice and rolls. What should come up but a seven. Everyone is

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Christmas Story

(Continued From Page One)

greatly surprised—everyone except Ears.

"The pot stands," says Ears. This time the covering is not so fast, but finally the hundred and thirty dollars are matched. Ears rolls again, and again a seven comes up. "The pot still stands," Ears says.

However, not one character seems eager to cover. "What is the matter," says Ears. "Are you getting suddenly tired of the game?"

"It is time I am going home," says Jackie Smilie, who is never before known to leave a crap game with money in his pockets, and judging from the stack of bills on the table in front of him he has plenty of cash left. In fact it looks like maybe he is winning quite a pile.

"Now Jackie," says Ears, "you make me very unhappy when you do not wish to cover me. Maybe you think my cubes are loaded or something."

Jackie is quick to assure Ears that he thinks no such thing. It is only that his old lady is looking for him at home.

"I am indeed glad to hear that you do not want to keep your spouse waiting," says Ears, "since always before you do not mind if she waits all night. But I am sorry you do not wish to cover my bet, because I am likely to believe that you do not think I am honest. And I do not wish to believe such a thing."

Jackie Smilie is not a dumb character, although that is the only good thing you can say about him, and it is not hard for him to see that Ears Logan is between him and the door. It is with much effort that Jackie counts out two hundred and sixty dollars, the amount in Ears' stake.

"I am making it the hard way," says Ears, and he rolls another Big Richard, four and six. "I do this on account of I wish to see that my good friend Jackie Smilie gets his dough's worth." With that, Ears rolls again, and what should come up but another Big Richard.

Ears Logan picks up the five hundred and twenty dollars. Lighthouse Charley has by now regained his natural color and Big Eddie is about to explode, he is so excited. Personally, I am still a little dazed by the whole thing.

We come in expecting to see Ears Logan lose the whole pile and what happens but he wins enough dough to make the five hundred we need for Little Alfred.

"Gentlemen," says Ears. "I am returning twenty skins to the table, since five hundred is all I am needing." It is quite a unhappy crowd, especially Jackie Smilie when Ears leaves and Lighthouse Charley, Big Eddie, and I follow him back to Willie's.

Hilda is behind the counter when we get there, but she follows us to our regular table thinking to take our order, and maybe get a dime tip.

"Hilda," says Ears Logan, "we have personally been talking with Saint Nick and he tells us to hand this over to you." He tells us to hand this over to you." He puts the five hundred dollars on the table. Hilda stares, not able to say anything, like maybe she is not sure what goes on. "Go ahead," says Ears. "It is all yours. Five hundred skins for Little Alfred's operation. And please, in the future do not cry on the table where your customers are drinking beer."

Hilda is not yet able to speak, but she takes the money and looks at it like it is a million dollars or something. Her face looks very good and bright, like she is just back from an interview with the Angel Gabriel. Finally she manages to say in a voice too low for me to hear. But I do not have to hear her words to know what she means, and I look at Lighthouse Charley and Big Eddie and see that they know too.

"And now," says Ears Logan, "bring us some beer since it has been a hard day." Hilda goes to get the beer and I say to Ears.

"How is it that you manage to win so much dough, when it is known by all that you never win before?"

Ears looks very sad. "It is this way," he says. "I am a honest man, as you well know, and I make it a point never to deal a crooked game or use loaded dice. But there is a time when a guy has to close one eye in order to see well with the other one." With that he takes the two big, white dice out of his pocket and puts them on the table. On picking them up it is no trouble to tell that these particular dice are not on the up and up. They are

FORMER ARMY EM DEDICATE CHRISTMAS SONG TO MILITARY

Washington (AFPS) — A former private first class may help make a first class hit for a couple of ex-sergeants first class.

The two ex-sergeants — Stan Zabka and Don Upton — turned tunesmith and wrote a song called "Christmas Eve in My Hometown."

The tune came to the notice of one Eddie Fisher — the former Pfc. He cut the disk with a Hugo Winterhalter arrangement, and the first airing of the record will be through the facilities of the Armed Services Radio Service.

The recording is not for commercial release; it's an exclusive treat for all American troops overseas.

Stan Zabka, former News Chief of AFN in Europe when Eddie Fisher was touring the continent giving soldier shows, approached the star singer with the song. That was back in 1952. Stan picked up a German band that was playing for service club dances around Frankfurt and set up a recording date.

Introduced Dec. 1, 1952, the song became a local favorite and AFN disk jockeys reported it to

be the most requested Yuletide song across Europe.

This year Eddie was shopping for a new Christmas ballad, remembered "Christmas Eve in My Hometown," and contacted Broadcast Music Inc. which published the song.

The song was recorded again, this time with the Fisher-Winterhalter combination which is about as solvent as the Ft. Knox Gold Depository.

"This time we did it up in real style," said Eddie. "Hugo made a special arrangement with violins, a choir—the works. We're dedicating it to the Armed Forces all over the world as a kind of appreciation for everything. Maybe next year they, too, will be spending Christmas in their hometown."

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what is known in the trade as "educated" dice, which means that by tapping them on the table you can make any combination in the book come up.

"Since I am a kid," Ears says, "I never use these dice in a game. Because if there is one thing I hate it is a dishonest crap shooter. But today I use them on account of I do not want Hilda crying in my beer anymore. Besides I always want to get back at Jackie Smilie, who once takes me for two grand."

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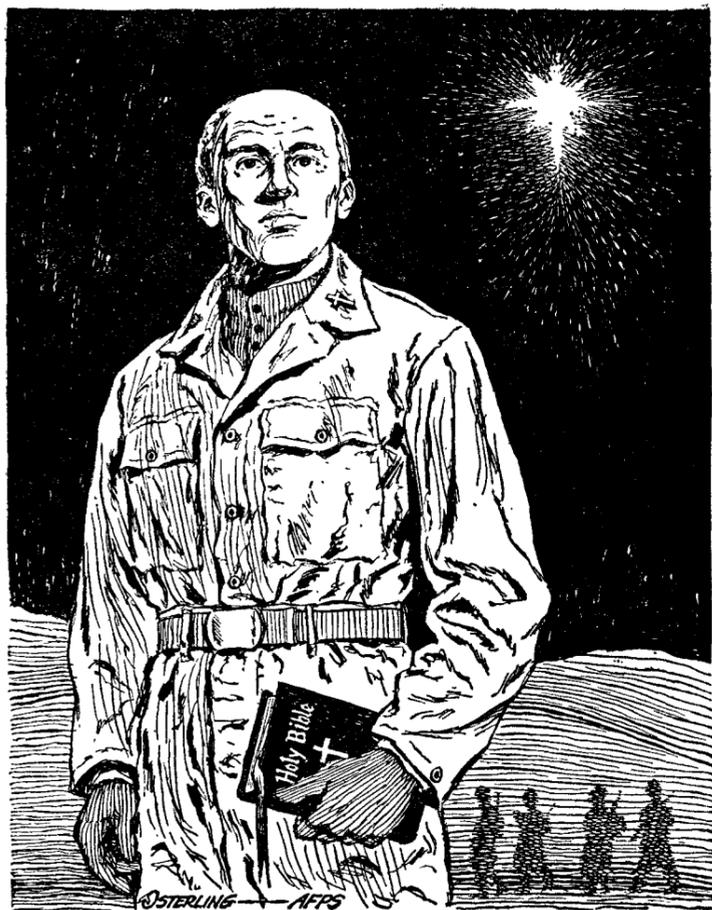
THE JEWEL SHOP
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T & E DIVISION

BY MARY NEIL COLLIER

The Christmas Dance sponsored by Mech Br. was a great success—everyone seemed to have had a good time. One of the high lights of the evening was the exhibition dance by Jim Turner and Rudolph, The Red Nose Reindeer. It was sorta hard to tell which was which. Another exciting moment of the evening was when Bernice Land caught Mr. Huth under the mistletoe.

Technical Service Br. is sorry



stances she wanted to be sure that Santa visited that home. Myron went down town and bought each child a Christmas present.



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to have lost Kenneth C. Shipp to Electronics Br. and Russell D. Walker to Mission Planning and Coordination Office. Upon losing Mr. Shipp and Mr. Walker Tech. Svc. welcomes three new comers:

Mrs. Barbara Medlen, Mrs. Dora Hastings, and Geraldine Pearson.

In T & E we can always look around and see sad faces and happy faces. Anna Ruth "Tootsie" McLemore and Willa Thompson seem to be "sporting" the happiest smiles this week—but then they have reason to do so—both are now "sporting" diamonds. Guess we'll hear wedding bells soon.

Laura Jordan, Projects Br. came to work late one morning as a result of over sleeping. The next day she received a present—yes, a brand new alarm clock.

Also noticed Doris Markham has been sleepy-eyed the past few days. She and Freddy, her husband, just bought a new television set, Doris, these late TV shows must go!

One would be shocked to know just how many nickles are put in the Coke machine each day. Maggie Williamson says the flavor of Cokes is improving—wonder why she thinks so.

Finally got the facts as to why Frank Petcher didn't attend the Christmas Dance. Bob Taylor says a girl caught Frank under the mistletoe at last year's Christmas Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Nunnely are the proud parents of a baby daughter—their first.

Tech Svc Br welcomes a transfer from the Pentagon, Washington, D. C., Mr. James W. Hyden. Mr. Hyden and his family lived in Arlington, Va., but are now living at 34 Bide-A-Wee Drive, Darwin Downs.

Bob Overall, Mech Br, attended a church wedding during the Thanksgiving holidays—his own. Bob and his bride, the former Jo Ann Welchance, are residing at 512½ Adams Ave. Congratulations Bob.

It is always good to hear of someone doing a good deed. Myron Couch heard of a family of four small children who lost their father as a result of a hunting accident on Thanksgiving day. Myron didn't even know the family, but after hearing the circum-

Season's Wishes

It is our our sincere wish that all the goodness of this glorious holiday may be yours to enjoy to the utmost. Merry Christmas!

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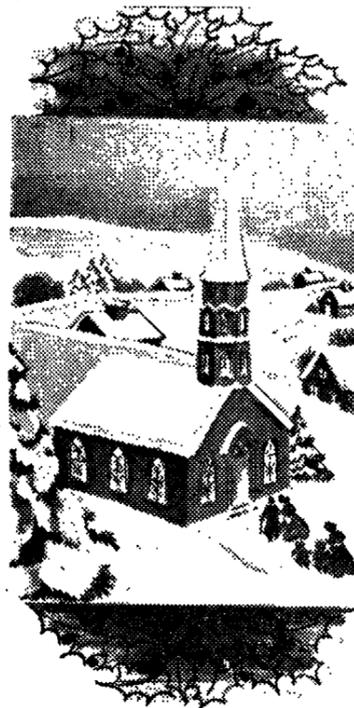
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OUR FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

SAIUTE TO OUR SECRETARIES



BY HELEN REED

In spite of what mothers and daddies are instructed to tell their children about the policeman being a friend, many people still feel a little uneasy when they go into a place suggestive of a police station.

What a pleasant surprise it is to visit the Provost Marshal Office at Redstone. The air radiates with friendliness, cooperation and good will. One instantly feels that the men and women in the PMO are there to help.

One of the key figures in this organization is Mrs. Marvyn Flynn coordinated the plans, found a traffic sergeant to assign to the visitors, and the tour was as smooth as silk. Good public relations for the arsenal, excellent cooperation with other arsenal agencies, and the credit goes to Mrs. Flynn.

Laurin Carroll, chief of operations at the PMO, says that she

fits his definition of education. Everyone over there who wants to know something asks her, and if she can't give the immediate answer, she knows where it can be found.

Throughout the organization she is respected for her attention and kindness to the others who work there. When a newcomer ar-

rives on the job, she takes him "under the wing" until he is accustomed to the routine.

Since Mrs. Flynn has been there almost from the time the Provost Marshal became a separate division (PMO was established in July 1950—Mrs. F. came in October that year) she knows everyone, (Ruby). She is the secretary to Maj. Vance, and chief of the PMO administrative branch which also covers the registration section.

Mrs. Flynn says she feels she is accomplishing something because she CAN help people.

Here's an example of something she did for the PIO one day, of relative unimportance, we know, but still a big problem at the moment.

A prominent man from Huntsville called to say that he was expecting some out-of-town business associates who had an interest in coming to the arsenal. He asked us to find someone who could accompany them to the places they wished and were entitled to see. We called Mrs. Flynn. Swiftly she his job and his problems. She so kindly and graciously answers the phone in Maj. Vance's office that one feels safe and secure when she has heard the tale of woe.

While talking to her, she emphasized that everyone over there is anxious to be of assistance to arsenal personnel and visitors.

She is from Athens, and commutes to the arsenal. Her husband is associated with a Columbus, Ga., contractor, and gets home on weekends. They have a daughter, Joann, 7.

Mrs. Flynn's very first job was with the county agent's office in Athens for three months.

She really started her career in 1941 at Huntsville Arsenal, and stayed there until 1946 as secretary to the executive officer.

From 1949 until 1950 she worked for the Veterans Administration in Athens, coming back to

Redstone when personnel increased here. She remarked that she had never expected to be back at the arsenal after resigning in 1946 to start her family, and it was a lot of fun to meet people again with whom she'd previously worked.

When she came back, it was to work for O. L. Green, then chief of the civilian guards. In July, 1952, she was transferred to be the secretary to Maj. Fail, Provost Marshal.

Her secretarial training was received at Draughon's Business College in Nashville.

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Warm Wishes at Christmas



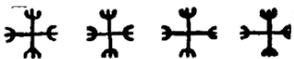
May this happy Yuletide season brim over with all good things —with surprises as merry and pleasing as the findings under your Christmas tree. To all our friends, both old and new, go our warmest and sincerest wishes for a Joyous Holiday Season.

RELIABLE STORES

Phone 47

220 N. Washington

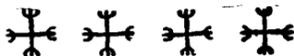
Huntsville, Ala.



May the glory of Christmas remain in your heart throughout a bright New Year.

THE BOOK SHOP

RUSSEL ERSKINE
HOTEL BUILDING



AMMUNITION DIVISION

By Wamon (Skeeball) Robinson

Your reporter for Line 8 has been making a survey among the employes here, and I am passing the results along. These opinions are not necessarily mine and are not to be construed as such:

Ammunition Division leads one of the most varied and harrassed lives in existence.

From the time he signs on with Civil Service his life is not his own, but is governed by the shims and inclinations of the Safety Division, the Inspection Division, and the whole military and civilian personnel.

On rising in the morning, he gets to his work by mule team, car, truck, bicycle, roller skates or any other means of transportation possible.

On reaching the gates to the post he must submit to rigid "shake-down" by the guard on duty. The guard looks for matches, cigarette lighters, flints, and Boy Scout firemaking equipment. Before entering these sacred portals he must also submit his permanent pass and badge to the guard. Should the photograph on the pass resemble the individual in any way, it is taken from him, and classed as a mistake on the part of the photographer; then he is issued another that makes him look like a fugitive from justice.

On reaching his place of em-

Mudgett Is Army's Information Officer

Headquarters Third Army, Fort McPherson, Ga. — Major General Gilman C. Mudgett, former Deputy Chief of Staff, Far East Command, has assumed his duties as Chief of Information, Department of the Army.

General Mudgett was named by Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens last August to succeed

ployment, the operator must line up at the tool crib to draw his tools and equipment for the day's work. Equipment consists of a worn pair of coveralls that were originally white, but are now spotted with blue-grey paint, silver paint, red paint, black paint and grease; gloves with one or more fingers missing, and some worn obsolete tools that must have seen service during the Civil War. The tool crib attendant is a surly grouchy character who is suspicious of everything and everyone.

Nothing is loaned, but everything is signed for personally.

After reaching the assembly line, the operator is assigned his work for the day by the foreman in charge of each room. If an operator ran his job efficiently the day before, it is a sure bet that he will not be assigned the same job again.

The foreman is a character in whom the milk of human kindness has curdled. Any foreman who shows kindness to an operator is called 'on the carpet' by the superintendent, severely reprimanded, given a ten to twenty day suspension, and relegated back to coveralls and given the most menial job on the line.

The operator has no worries concerning religion. He knows that when his time comes to leave this 'vale of tears' he is assured of a place in Heaven. Anyone who has worked at Redstone as an explosives operator has been thru enough perdition.

Lt. General Floyd L. Parks (then Major General) as Chief of Information when the latter was named Commanding General, Second Army. General Mudgett assumed his new position November 6, replacing the Acting Chief of Information, Major General Clark L. Ruffner, who has returned to full-time duty in the Office of the Secretary of Defense as Military Assistant to Assistant Secretary of

Defense (International Security Affairs) Frank Nash.

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one of you, go
best wishes for the
fullest measure of the
Season's joys.



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*Greetings
for
CHRISTMAS*

We'll go along
with Santa in wishing
a Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year to All.

MASON'S JEWELRY
108 W. CLINTON

Just In Case



The weather may be getting cold but Iris Maxwell has her furs ready for the winter season at Miami Beach, Fla. Her costume indicates Miss Maxwell's faith in the local weatherman has not dimmed despite a recent miff by his Northern associates.

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Greetings

To all our friends
we wish a Christmas
that is a merry one
in every way and a New Year that
will be happy every day.

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CLOTHING COMPANY**
North Side Square



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May all the good cheer and joys of
this happy holiday season stay with you and
your dear ones throughout the coming year.

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Of Huntsville

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**Happy
Holidays**

At this happy time we
wish all our friends
and neighbors a joyous
Holiday replete
with all the
season's pleasures.

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TWICKENHAM HOTEL CORNER PHONE 5100

Soldiers Find Commissary Good Shopping Spot

The place for the soldier to get his rations, when he has a wife and family, is the Post Commissary.

Congressmen have investigated these places with gusto. They found that a soldier's pay justified low-cost food.

At Redstone, the Commissary is near the Ordnance Guided Missile School which makes it handy for the greatest concentration of military men; but when their wives shop, they average about twelve miles from wherever they are to the store.

However, they know that Captain Willie Paulette, the Commissary Officer will have the kind of food they need. He insists that of the 1500 to 2000 items on his shelves, all of them must be saleable. In this way, he keeps the cash register ringing to the tune of from \$18,000 to \$20,000 per month.

Exotic foods don't go with most budgets. Therefore, his canned goods are all staple items. Seasonal fruits and produce are kept on hand and sold with no loss to the government. This calls for close watching of mark-ups. It also keeps the order clerk, Mrs. Virginia Morrison, on her toes estimating how much without overdoing it. The meat department is operated on the same principle.

Only one-tenth of one per cent loss is allowed through breakage, spilling and spoiling. This figure covers all items in the inventory.

Henry Massini, formerly with the First National Food Stores at New Canaan, Conn., and more recently a soldier assigned at the Redstone Arsenal Commissary, is now the store manager. He also doubles as cashier.

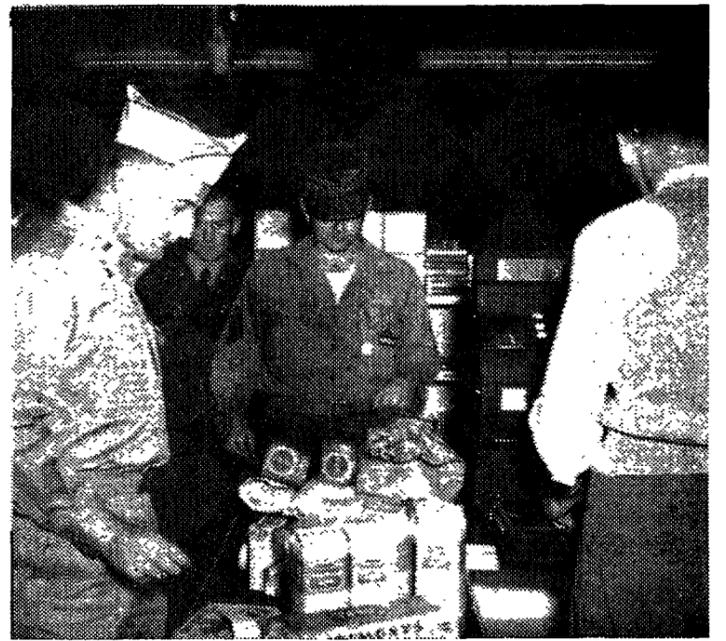
It is Massini's responsibility to see that the shelves are kept stocked. From the warehouse where they keep their supplies, he draws what he needs. The warehouse is arranged by food groups which are alphabetically indexed, making it easy for the crew to find any item in a hurry.

Frozen foods are popular with Army personnel. Two frozen food units are kept filled with all the items that are in demand.

After a shopper has filled one of the thirty grocery carts available with soups, cereals, et al., it is checked at the cash register. Here a surcharge of five per cent is added to the overall purchase



SERGEANT SHOPS—Sgt. Vernon Dahlberg of Lynch, Neb., accepts a sack of celery from Sidney B. Hentz, employe at the Post Commissary. (Photo by Harvey McCrary.)



CASH REGISTER QUEUE—Waiting for Lt. Eugene R. Se well of the Troop Command to finish his business at the Commissary cash register are SFC Gerald Des Lauriers and Capt. Dewey E. Bentley, assistant commissary officer. Henry Massini, the store manager, is the cashier. (Photo by Harvey McCrary.)

and the amount rung up. But, in order to keep this privilege for the military from being abused, each shopper must have an active Commissary permit in her possession. There are about 750 of these in operation now. A commissary permit can be issued to the widow of a deceased military man, and retired military men on active duty.

The Commissary at Redstone Arsenal was opened in September of 1951, according to Captain Paulette.

First, the Quartermaster Corps issues a master list of firms who have contracted to furnish the Armed Forces with certain items. Any item on this list may not be ordered on the local appropriation issued for emergency items and local produce. Listed supplies must be requisitioned.

Commissary officers mustn't make mistakes in ordering too much. They are allowed to keep a 30 day supply on hand.

But if they underestimate, they have another headache. That is the month there is a heavy demand for the item out of stock.

However, there is one compensation at the Commissary: It ac-

cepts no phone orders and makes no deliveries. Anyone who wishes to take advantage of the privilege of buying here, comes after the groceries himself.

Captain Paulette has been in the Commissary business since he graduated from Sales Officers School at Fort Lee, Va., during World War II.

He has been in Europe and the Far East on active duty. Once, in Rycorn, the Quartermaster messed up and the troops ate succotash for 30 days.

Now, the captain's on guard.

THE REDSTONE ROCKET

DECEMBER 22, 1953



Universal Photo Shop

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Phone 485



PRESENTABILITY IS PARAMOUNT to Capt. Dewey E. Bentley (left), assistant commissary officer, and Capt. Willie Paulette, commissary officer. Above they inspect a frozen food unit. (Photo by Harvey McCrary.)



Greetings

May you find good cheer, peace and happiness at Christmas time. These are our sincere wishes for all our friends who have made this Christmas such a wonderful one for us.

Southern Furniture Store

PHONE 70

HOLIDAY

Greetings

At this happy time we wish all our friends and neighbors a Merry Christmas, replete with all the season's joys!

FIVE POINTS LAUNDRY SHOP

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AFFECTIONATE MULES MISFIRE AS EARLY ARMY GUIDED MISSILE

LAS CRUCES, N. M.—The colonel who inspected a lonely desert outpost in 1867 shook his head in disgust. "This land is not worth a darn for anything," he said. The colonel was right. But times have changed during the last 86 years. Today the blistered reds of sand, mesquite and sage are alive and teeming with activity. The 100-mile-long, by 40-mile-wide segment of desert property now is known as White Sands Proving Ground, the Army's rocket and guided missile center. Since it literally sprang up out of the barren desert at the foot of the Organ Mountains eight years ago, the Army's principal rocket testing site has taken its place as one of the nation's most important guided missile installations. From a handful of temporary buildings, the Proving Ground has grown to be a permanent Ordnance installation with an estimated value of more than 3,000,000 (M).

It is in this area that the lonely desert outpost — Fort Craig — now lies, a pile of rock and adobe ruins. It was built to protect the early settlers from roving bands of Indian warriors. The old fort is steeped in history, much of it humorous. A colorful page of history was written the night Captain Paddy Rayton's company of scouts made a night attack on General Blew's Confederate camp. The scouts pack-loaded two old mules with short-fused explosives. Several of the scouts then sneaked close to the sleeping Confederate camp, lit the fuses, and started for home after heading the mules toward the enemy camp.

The affectionate mules, however, pulled a Wrong-way Corridor and followed their masters at lumbering lope. The conspirators fled before the rambling bombs, which finally blew up, awakening the Confederates, but killing none. On one occasion, men lassoed a Confederate cannon in true cowboy style and dragged it into the Union camp. History also records a novel but highly unethical induction method which prevailed in those days. Whenever a man was killed or sent "over the hill," the area was cleared for an inoffensive person who subsequently was pressed into service under the name of the missing man. Despite this unorthodox "induction" procedure, Fort Craig is said to have been preferred by many soldiers during its military heyday.

200 Rockets — 15,000 Readers!

Best Wishes

Straight from the heart... we wish you and your family a most happy holiday.

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Dr. Funk Selects Prettiest Words

A recent edition of "Galley Guide", Armed Forces Press Service publication for editors of military newspapers, listed the ten most beautiful words in the English language. The selections, which were the top ten of 31 words chosen, was made by Dr. Wilfred Funk, noted author, publisher, and authority on the English language. The ten original words that Dr. Funk selected were: tranquil, mignonette, dawn, hush, lullaby, mist, chimes, luminous, golden, and melody. These words, Dr. Funk said, are "really beautiful in meaning and sound." A quick check of a competing dictionary (Webster's) shows that of these ten words, five are truly English in derivation, coming from either Middle English or Anglo-

PRESIDENT'S GREETINGS To the Armed Forces of the United States:

My most sincere Christmas greetings go to all our men and women of the Armed Forces serving at home and abroad. I know our whole Nation shares my profound appreciation of your contribution to the free world's dedicated quest for peace.

You and your families have my best wishes for a fine Christmas and for good health and happiness throughout the years to come.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
President of the United States

HOUSEHOLD HINTS
Ounce for ounce, pullet eggs, now coming on the market, are equal to any other egg in cooking performance, quality, and nutrition provided the quality has been preserved from the time the egg left the hen. Raw vegetables contain more food value than vegetables served in any other way.

The thrifty homemaker who wants to feed her family well on a close budget should give more consideration to potatoes now that supplies are so plentiful and prices are down.

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Saxon. Of the remaining five, three are from French or Old French and two from Latin.

Though the snowman melts, our good wishes will remain. Merry Christmas to you all; may the season hold great happiness.



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GREETINGS to All

May all the joy which comes from the true spirit of Christmas be yours through all the New Year.

DENNY MOTOR CO.
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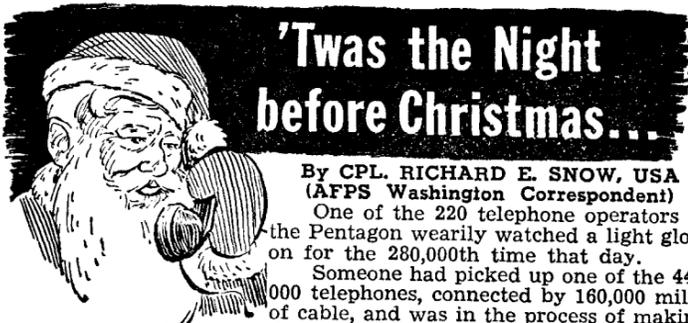
Merry Christmas head



It looks like it's going to be the happiest holiday ever—filled with the pleasures that only the Yuletide season can bring... a deep down glad spirit, warm and loving hearts.

May you enjoy this Christmas with unlimited good health and good spirit.

Buck Hughes
STORE FOR MEN



'Twas the Night before Christmas...

By CPL. RICHARD E. SNOW, USA
(AFPS Washington Correspondent)
One of the 220 telephone operators in the Pentagon wearily watched a light glow on for the 280,000th time that day. Someone had picked up one of the 44,000 telephones, connected by 160,000 miles of cable, and was in the process of making the last call before the cavern-like stone building shut down for Christmas Eve.

"Operaaaator!"
"I'd like to make a call to Mr. Christopher Kringle, care of the North Pole. This is extension 55261, and my name is Charles E. Wilson."
"One moment, pulleeze!"
The operator buzzed the North Pole operator 3,536 miles away. "I have your party, operator! Go ahead!"
"Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kringle is on the phone."
"Hello, Mr. Kringle. This is Charles E. Wilson, United States Secretary of Defense."
"My friends call me Chris, Mr. Wilson. But I know all about you. You're the one who's responsible for jamming my TV set with your jets and radar."
"Sorry about that, Chris, but there are a few guys in this world who don't believe in God and peace. We're also trying to protect you."
"Ho-ho-ho! You win, but I'll make a bargain with you. I'm not getting any younger. Each year it's getting tougher to fulfill my engagements. What I really need, Mr. Wilson, is the loan of a couple of your C-124s and one of those new F-100 Supersabres. That way I can get around faster."
"It's a bargain, Chris! I'll even send you a model of our A-cannon. If you can't use it for a toy, heck, just use it for your breakfast cereal."
"But what I really called for, Chris, was to apologize for not getting my list to you earlier. I started out with good intentions, but in taking a 'new look', I had to make some more cuts. It took a little longer than I expected."
"In ordinary times I wouldn't ask for all those guns, planes, tanks, ships and bullets—I might ask for more seed, tractors, lumber, bricks and clothes. But please give me all I ask for! Believe me, I took a good look before I asked for the goods."
"O.K., Mr. Wilson. I'll do the best I can, especially where the list concerns those millions of girls and boys of yours. They deserve the best, and there's a lot of other boys and girls down there in your country howling for more toys. Don't worry, though, you come first in my book."
"I always operate under the philosophy that what's good for Chris Kringle is good for America—OR vice versa!"
"Say, this call is costing a lot of cash, Chris, so I'll close by telling you I'm glad to hear you're on our side. It wouldn't be the same without you. I'm going to throw in some of my boys to help you with your deliveries all over the world with helicopters, transport planes, jets, two-and-a-half-tons, jeeps—the works!"
"Wonderful, wonderful, Mr. Wilson!"
"So long, Chris!"
Bye, Mr. Wilson . . . A Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night!"



Back across 3,536 miles of barren Arctic land, rich forests, sparkling blue lakes, towering mountains, great prairies, and a great White House, the telephone operator watched the light blink off for the 280,000th time.

LIBRARY NEWS

BY ANNA L. FARRAR
Librarian

The Post Library will be closed for the annual inventory from 18 December through 24 December. We urgently request that all books which are overdue be returned to the library by 11 December. We will appreciate the cooperation of arsenal personnel in seeing that all books with the POST LIBRARY stamp are returned. Library books are accountable property and it is urgent that they be in the library for the inventory.
We have just received a new shipment of very good current titles.
FICTION:
Argosy, Argosy Book of Sea Stories
Elliott Arnold, Time of the Gringo
William Barrett, Shadows of the Images
Erle S. Gardner, Case of the Green-Eyed Sister
Frederick Glidden, Silver Rock
James Hendryx, Gold Is Where You Find It
John Hersey, Marmot Drive
Mary Lasswell, Tooner Schooner

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Frank O'Rourke, The Catcher and the Manager
Samuel Shellabarger, Lord Van-ity
Rex Stout, Golden Spiders
Dale Van Every, Trembling Earth
NON-FICTION:
Bert Bacharach, Bert Bacharach's Book of Men
John Herr, Story of the U. S. Cavalry, 1775-1942
William Gresham, Monster Midway
Sydney Hoff, Oops! Wrong Stateroom!
Kathryn Hulme, Wild Place
Maxwell Maltz, Doctor Pygmalion
Peter Marshall, Let's Keep Christmas
Quentin Reynolds, Man Who Wouldn't Talk
James Thurber, Thurber Country.
Fulton Sheen, Life Is Worth Living
Sasha Siemel, Tigero!

William Steig, Dreams of Glory

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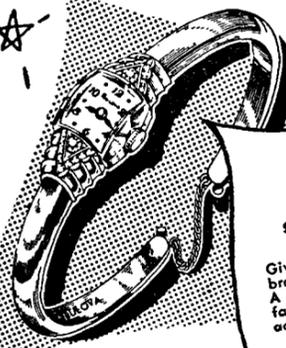
207 N. WASHINGTON ST.

PHONE 2004

Lady's Choice

Gifts

TO FULFILL HER FONDEST WISHES



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\$1.50 WEEKLY **\$71.50**



3-DIAMOND 14k GOLD RING
\$79.50
\$1.75 WEEKLY



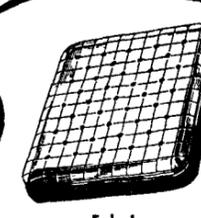
3-DIAMOND DINNER RING
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Greetings of the SEASON



At this glad time of the year, we wish for you and yours: the Joy of giving, the Satisfaction of appreciation and the Blessing of love.

The Lilliputian Shoppe
"LITTLE THINGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE"
311 Franklin Street