

Stonewall Jackson Dam Removal
Bobby and Barbara Heavner Oral History
Date of Interview: November 7, 1984
Location: Lewis County, Virginia
Length of Interview: 04:32:23
Interviewer: MK – Michael Kline
Transcriber: NCC

Bobby Heavner: November 7th.

Michael Kline: November 7th. It's the morning of the –

Barbara Heavner: Day after the big day, all the hangovers [laughter].

MK: – day of the Reagan Mandate.

BH: That's the day of that award.

BH: I wouldn't go that far.

MK: You wouldn't say it was a Reagan Mandate?

BH: I would say it was the Academy Award.

BH: That can play music?

Male Speaker: No, it doesn't.

BH: I thought that's what they were doing and obviously, yesterday.

MK: I've got to get these levels right. We're at the home of Francine Snyder in Lewis County, West Virginia. We're talking today to Barbara Heavner and her son, Bob. Barbara, I have a real good quality tape recorder here. This tape will be good enough to put on the radio if we want to use it that way. So, my idea was to get you to tell your story and then share it around with as many people as we can. If that idea appeals to you, we'll go ahead.

BH: As far as I know.

BH: It's all right with me.

MK: You've been working with this. Tell me, what is the Corps of Engineers anyway?

BH: That's a good question [laughter]. The Corps of Engineers far as I'm concerned, my definition I don't know if you want to hear it or not [laughter].

BH: I can tell you.

BH: They are supposed to be a civilian group – and I always understood – to build bridges or something in that order. That was my understanding until I begun running on this dam. Now, I'm not really sure what their job is [laughter]. I know that isn't much of an answer [laughter] that –

MK: When did you first hear about the dam?

BH: Possibly back in the early [19]50s, just after I was out of high school. I'd hear a little bit about it but I didn't know very much. That's about all. I'd read about it in the paper, and that's all I knew. I was born on Duck Creek of Lost Creek, Harrison County, back in 1934. Then we lived there on 19 at the G Manley Curry Farm until 1940. 1940 we moved to Mineral of Kincheloe, Harrison County. Back to Jane Lew on the McWhorter Farm in 1941. Then I started to school at Jane Lew in the fall of [19]41. In the fall of 1945, October 1st, we moved to Route 19 just in front of where Patio Plaza is now, about 2 miles north of Weston. I changed school from Jane Lew there to Central School in Weston for fifth and sixth grade. Then went into what is now called the Weston Junior High. At that time, it was called Weston High School. I graduated from Weston High School in 1953. You might say that's when I began to know a little bit that there were such things being spoken about. That was about all I knew. Of course, I worked at various places. I worked four years. I worked summer of [19]53, all the year of 1954 at Jackson's Mill at the State 4-H Camp. I was away from there two years. In those two years I worked at Hardman Drugstore in Weston, Camden Coffee Shop, G.C. Murphy. I always worked in the fall when there wasn't work at the mill while they had their slack time. I worked at the Ideal Studio in Clarksburg. Back to the State 4-H Camp in the fall in 1957. I worked there until November the 19th of 1958. There were some problems there at the mill. Not to be in the dark, each paycheck I would get I would no more get it and cash it to them, it would disappear out of our dormitory. Never did know. So, I left out one night at a late hour because we only worked for \$3 a day. Made no difference. The length of the hours, it was \$3. You didn't make all that much. I thought, well, I don't have to put up with that. You worked long hours and hard work to get it and then not have it. So, I left out one night at about midnight. But then in December of 1958, I married Willard Heavner from Roanoke with the Roanoke Nursery. That's when I moved into Roanoke and began to learn more about the dam [laughter]. My father-in-law, who was John Lee Wilson Heavner, had been fighting it since back in the early [19]40s. He had been among a group of people from the area. I can recall a few of them that went by busload. I don't recall whether the year was 1946 or 1948.

BH: [19]49.

BH: There are other people that could give a more definite date on it. But there were a hundred persons who went. Ninety-eight of them on the bus and two in the car. I think it was Tom Whelan from Weston or Tom Feed – someone from Weston that couldn't ride a bus. They got travel sick. So, they drove and one other person went with them. But there were ninety-eight on the bus. In that group, some of those that did go were Gilbert Boyer, who was my brother-in-law's father and Freda Fisher. Right offhand I can't think of the others. They met with Jennings Randolph. Now, I may take that back. But whoever was before. It might have been Randolph. I can't recall who was in now before Randolph.

BH: Neely.

BH: That's right. Or maybe it goes back further. But anyway, the person they talked with that served them in Congress, they thought at that time that they were pretty much in understanding. But when it came time for the general meeting and whatever was taking place, flip flop. Their cause was kind of lost. Now, as I said, I was married in 1958. I didn't know too much about the – I was just beginning to learn. Now to go back to 1957 in March before I married. So, some

other things here will be a deeper understanding. I had been deaf, or nearly so, for over twenty-one years. My mother had run a bobby pin in my ear, punctured my eardrum. That caused me to be deaf. I couldn't talk on the telephone. I couldn't listen to radio. I could put my ear right against it, still could not hear it. I went through school by lip reading. In 1941, I had a sick spell. Never did know what was really wrong with me. Spent quite some time in the hospital. The doctor who attended me, he was Dr. Andrew from Weston at the time, said that I was one of the best lip readers he had ever known for as young as I was. I was nine-year-old there someplace, about eight. But anyway, getting there led up to what happened in 1957. In 1956, I had taken a test and everything for a job at the Hope Gas Company in Clarksburg. A young lady that I knew –back at that time when you're married, you automatically fired yourself wherever you worked in some companies and agencies – so, I'd taken the test hopefully to fill the position that she would be vacating. I qualified in every aspect except hearing. I would have to have natural hearing. Well, that about killed me [laughter]. I did wear a hearing aid from 1956 until 1958 after I married. I wore it for a while after this incident I'm going to tell you about. On the 19th of March of 1957, after many, many months in prayer about it and asking for healing of my ears so that I could hold a job or whatever else I wanted to do in life, one night while I was sleeping and this message come to me. As best I can describe it, reminds me a great deal of a stained-glass window that I've seen in various churches like Jesus was on the hillside. You might say similar to the hillside out this window here. I was walking up this hillside, it seemed like when I got right up in front of me. Before I could say I'd like to have healing from my ears, before I could even get it all said, he just put his hands upon my shoulder. It woke me up and the first thing I heard was a little travel clock on my nightstand. My sister had got me the travel clock back in 1955 after I was away from home while working. That was the first thing I heard. From then on, I tried to retrain the ear. It was in the left one the most. I've always had most hearing in the right. It's affected somewhat now because of other illness. But I would take the hearing aid off because the eyes, ears, and nose specialist, (Dr. Saviska Hall?) in Clarksburg told me if I could do without the hearing aid, because if I wore it, I might damage the nerve cell or the nerves into the ear and then I wouldn't regain it like I should. So, I trained to hear with my ear and broke myself from the lip reading with the exception, depending upon who I'm speaking with and how well I know them or something. Some programs on television, I can still read lips a little to follow along. Well, that was in 1957. Well, my family wasn't quite satisfied with that. That's the reason I didn't quit wearing a hearing aid until after I was married. In fact, all the time my husband and I dated, he never knew I had it [laughter] because I did have shoulder-length hair, not particularly for that reason. But I had always had those shoulder-length hair. It was on the end of my glasses where the temple was cut. I just fit it on and it fit right in and behind my hearing. A lot of people didn't know with the exceptions I had worked with G.C. Murphy and they wouldn't accept the hearing aid there. They called me three ears and they wouldn't let me work out on the main floor where I was serving customers. I always had to work back in the stock room. The manager would call me three ears. Well, I took that as long as I could and walked out on them [laughter]. This is when I began to learn a little bit about the dam. My oldest son was born in April of 1960, my older son Arlet Lay. In 1961, Robert was born in October 15th. I didn't do too much with the nursery at that time, with the exception in 1962 in the spring, I did learn to graft in February and March, the grafting of fruit trees before my father-in-law passed away in July. I've always been happy I did learn to do the grafting. Although, he didn't quite accept why I should be even learning [laughter]. But I was really glad I had. My father-in-law died the 13th of July of 1962. Five weeks later, my oldest son passed away and on

that. Now, along this period of time, I hadn't had any of these other experiences very much. In 1960 – look back a little bit – my husband was appointed as a conservation district supervisor from Lewis County to fill an unexpired term of Kenneth Kaiser, who was going to take over as position of adjutant at a soldier's home at Weston State Hospital. I began to learn a little bit about conservation, soil, water, and those things. I guess this is a little bit of preparation for the things I didn't know that were coming later. In 1965 –

MK: Take your time. It's very interesting.

BH: Well, with the West Fork Conservation District that he was a member of their board, there were three districts; the Monongahela, Tygart Valley, and the West Fork, that formed together to be called the Tri-District Soil and Water Conservation District Supervisors Association. In January of 1965, the ladies organized into a ladies' auxiliary. Well, on the day that we organized, they said, well, they choose me to keep a few notes and the like. I didn't really realize we were organizing into an organization. I thought we were just together for the occasion. I didn't know much about it. They said, take some notes and we'd write up a newspaper report and things like this, so I did. They elected some officers and they elected me secretary treasurer. Well, I did wonder why in the world I was in that position. But [laughter] I guess later years explain it. But I have been, and I still am, the secretary treasurer of the Tri-District Ladies Auxiliary to the Tri-District Supervisor Association. One of the main objectives of the ladies auxiliary statewide is to promote what is called the Soil Stewardship Week. Soil Stewardship Week is taken – the background for it and everything – from what is known in the Bible as rogation days where they fast and there are events to pray for their needs and things of that nature. Well, I began to learn in that. Being one of the objectives of the auxiliary, that was also one of the objectives in the county.

MK: Barbara, you were talking about rogation Sunday and the –

BH: Well, it's a week. It begins the fifth Sunday after Easter and continues through the sixth Sunday after Easter. It's that way each year. It has something to do with the moons and [laughter] all those things too. Well, I did get started in that program in this county and our responsibilities over – what was it?

BH: Well, if you can keep everything so organized, it's wonderful.

MK: Yes, you're very well organized.

BH: That's fascinating.

BH: Well, I do have to backtrack once in a while to put things in perspective.

MK: That's all right.

BH: In this soil stewardship program, my responsibility was to inform the public about the program and to call their attention to the fact that the earth is the Lord. That's the basis of the Soil Stewardship Week. In Genesis first chapter when God created man – and this is where a

part of it comes from also. I forget the verse. But where God created man and gave him dominion of the earth to take care of it so it would produce and provide food and fiber for man. That's where part of that comes from also. Of course, in this soil stewardship program as years went by and the districts learned their knowledge for how to care for other things of water and others. It takes in all phases of life. Soil, water, and life really is the basis of conservation. You conserve the soil and water while you're conserving life. Each one has three identical needs: food, water, and clothing. The earth needs food that is in the elements of fertilizer, limes, potash, whatever elements might be needed for good growth. Clothing like grasses and trees or shrubbery, flowers. Man, likewise, needs clothing that comes from the animals that live off from the soil and the water. Eats food, eats vegetables, and fruit and all such. Both need water that is provided by God. Man provides for the earth while the earth provides for man and God provides water for both. Now, that is my own interpretation as I moved along through the years. I never did read this anywhere.

MK: So, your religious feelings are very much tied with –

BH: Has put it in perspectives that way. I wrote newspaper articles on that – I still have it. I think I do [laughter] somewhere – each year with the various themes. Then I could put them together maybe by adding a word or something here and make a whole big statement out of them. Some of the things were like, when we care, changing challenges. There's been so many in all these years. I could put them together in a statement in this stewardship program. We had built up a really good program in this county that I was proud of. In 1977, I was requested by the director of the National Association of Conservation Districts to be a guest at the National Association of Districts at their national meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, and tell about the program in Lewis County, West Virginia. Well, I prepared to do that and then I didn't get to go. But I'll get to that too a little bit later. Now, that was laying my foundation in 1965. I guess the Lord does things for us and we don't quite understand why. Because I didn't understand why here I was, there were other ladies that had been in this far longer than I had. Here I was in this particular position. I guess it's preparation. In 1966, Arch Moore was serving in Congress at that time. That is when they authorized. It was known as the Brownsville Dam at that time. Now, I've learned since that when they authorized or reauthorized them, they're supposed to change the names. Well, in 1966, they did change the name to Stonewall Jackson Lake and Recreational Complex or something. It's been changed so many times you can't quite keep up there. But the reports were coming in over the radio. They asked people of Lewis County to send telegrams to Washington expressing their views pro or con. It was on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1966. Beautiful day for fall. Bobby was just a few days past five years old, and he was asleep in a playpen. That's where he always took his afternoon nap. I was ironing in the kitchen and listening at the radio. Well, my husband had gone into Weston and so had some of the other neighborhood men and women to send their telegrams to Washington. Well, of course, unknown to me, he was not permitted to send his telegram because he was on the opposing side. They told him it wouldn't do any good. But while he was away and Bobby was asleep, I finished ironing and I started to go to another part of the house. To this day, I cannot recall what I had started to do. Because what took place was so unusual that that caused me not to know what I had started to do. But as I reached up, there was a light on the ceiling with a string from the pull chain down the door facing. We had it attached in a couple places. Between those two places, we had it attached. We could pull on it to pull it on or off. Well, I reached up to pull that light

off. Right at that time, someone – and now I know it's been a power higher than myself because I really thought it was someone out the door, I had the back door open and said, "The dam will not be built. It is not my will." I turned around and looked outside because I thought there was someone outside. There wasn't a soul outdoors. Bobby was asleep. I was the only other person in the house. Well, I reached up to the light again because I thought, well, my land, am I going down on my head? Again, "It will not be built. It is not my will. Something will block it." I just wasn't to worry about it. Well, I stood there and I thought about it and I thought about it. I thought, well, I was sort of – at that time I began to learn a little bit and knowing other people were opposed to it, that I had been praying about it. I remembered this. To put things in perspective here too, when I was in sixth grade, I attended Sunday school church. At that time, it was called the First Methodist Church in Weston. Thelma Kesler was our Sunday school teacher. I shall never forget it; all the young people were gathered around a long table and she had gone in. One thing she had said was, "Whenever God speaks, we should listen and obey." Well, I had always remembered that. That somehow came to me right at that time. I thought, well, here I had been hoping that it would not be built. God answers prayer in one of three ways; yes, no, or wait, I have something better for you. Well, I didn't tell my husband when he came home because the first four years while my father-in-law was still living, because I had shared my experience about my hearing, that he thought I was completely off my rocker. At various times, wanted my husband to take me to a psychiatrist. We had problems over that. But we managed our first four years [laughter] with two children and five in the household. So, I didn't say anything for some time. In 1968, on the –

MK: Would you clarify one thing? You said that he was not permitted to send his telegram.

BH: That's right. That anyone that was opposed to the being authorized as a project, the telegraph letter, you wouldn't send their telegram form.

MK: This was at Western Union?

BH: Now, I will say she is no longer living. I sure would love to know myself now why after this many years.

MK: This was at Western Union?

BH: Yes, in Weston. Now, I don't know how many others were in the same boat.

MK: Were there other people with your husband who wanted to voice opposition whose telegrams were not sent?

BH: Yes, I know other people who went from our community. But now, what their experience was, I really never did know. Because I never did pry into anyone's personal lives or something unless we were just talking and sharing something. But I've often wondered about it. I wasn't into it enough that I could go to her and question her. She passed away before I began to learn more all about it and then I would like to know some answers. I don't even recall the lady's name now. It's been so many years [laughter]. But in 1968, the twenty-eighth day of February, I had a terrible cold. I'd done the wrong thing by taking Dristan, which caused to drain the passageway

of my head and all too fast. It went into my lungs and I had pneumonia. Oh, I was so bad. I was just so bad the doctors told my husband not to bring me outdoors. But if he couldn't come in for medication, he would bring it out or mail it out or something. It was just that bad of a time outdoors. Another fellow that lived in our neighborhood, Cleo Hardman, needed to go into the feed store for some feed for his animals. So, his daughter came and stayed with Bobby and with me. I was in bed. But the agreement was if she could come over and stay with him, my husband would be able to take Mr. Herman with him and he could get his feed and he could get the medicine for me. Well, I just barely do remember Tilly being there a little bit. The rest of it, I guess I slept. Because part of the time I was conscious of things going on. But I think too, there were several things that went on that I don't really know that much about. But anyway, this went on. I couldn't get over the pneumonia. We had such a nasty spring, wet and damp and in every way. Too the fact that some people could not believe I was sick. We always had our fires turned up at home because I was naturally cold because I had had the pleurisy and all that goes with pneumonia. I spent many a night sitting up and my husband rubbing my back so I could even breathe. Believe it or not, the only thing that would help me breathe was a cigarette. As soon as I could quit coughing and enough that I could begin to smoke one, then I could quit coughing and breathe better. Well, as I said, some people who came there and couldn't understand I had to have the house extra warm, would turn out the fires and open the doors and threw me right back in it. I was making a little progress, threw me right back in it. So, on the night of the 15th and the 16th of April of 1968, I was so bad and pain and my husband said, "Do you think you will live until morning?" I said, "I know I will." He said, "How do you know?" I said, "God will take care of me." Now, my husband never – well he did to a point – he could never quite accept it all. Well, at that time, the Lord really began dealing with me. Robert was in his first year of school. He was so concerned he wanted to miss school to take care of me. Anyway, on this one night, I said the night of and the morning of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and the Lord began to deal with me. He had work for me to do for him. I thought, oh, my, I'm so sick. I wasn't even able to be up. I said, what is it? Of course, the dam was the furthest thing from my mind. But help stop Stonewall Jackson Dam. Oh, my, I'm one person. Where do I go from here? I said, "Lord, if you have work for me to do, you're going to have to help me get well. Then you're going to have to provide me with some knowledge. Show me the way, guide me, whatever I need." Well, I still didn't tell anyone except my husband at that time. Consequently, he isn't living now that he could share it with you. But he thought I was out of my head [laughter], but I wasn't. So, I did begin to make a little progress. It took me the greater part of the next year and a half to get over it. Then with pneumonia, if you aren't very careful, the philosophy is that if you aren't extra careful, you are pronged to take it each year for seven years, hence at about the same time of the year. Which I have twice. So, anyway, I didn't say too very much because we had our problems in the marriage over these things in the early years. I more or less studied about them, prayed about them, and these things. So, in 1970 – now this is some more preparation – the conservation districts, as well as being organized nationally or the tri-district in this state such as this case, they're also organized into regions. We are in the northeast area region, thirteen states. It was West Virginia's turn to be host. They were going to hold it at Pipestem State Park in Mercer County. Well, we wanted to go down there for this northeast area, but we weren't quite financially situated that we could. Our vehicle wouldn't even take us that far. But along the way, my dad and mother asked my husband, and said, "How badly do you need to attend this meeting?" How would it help you or be necessary in his work as a supervisor? Well, he explained to them that they learn more knowledge to bring back home and

apply and implement if they can. So, they said they would help pay our expenses. Well, so we got in touch with the supervisor from Gilmer County that we could travel with. We were able to go to Pipestem to this northeast area meeting. Well, on the program of this area meeting was a tour of the Brush Creek Project in Mercer County and Princeton. Now, there has been a movie made concerning that project. Dr. Daniel Hale – who is now deceased also – was a very strong supporter of that project and worked day and night and any other hour he could find on the project. Anyway, before they had this project, Princeton was known as a dying city. They just had floods every year, devastating floods, damages, and the like. It was causing the town and the community as a whole just dying. So, with the Soil Conservation Districts, in the [19]50s – am I correct, Bobby? In 1950 when Salem –

BH: [19]59.

BH: In 1959. The West Fork Soil Conservation District was one of the first organized in this state. It's been a first in many things over the years. But they had the pilot project of the Salem Fork Watershed Project, known as the PL-566. The Soil Conservation Districts in cooperation with the Soil Conservation Service, are the only agencies that can plan, implement, develop, and all for the PL-566 projects. They had the first in [19]59. Right on the heels of that, early [19]60s were the Polk Creek watershed in Lewis County. A series of eight dams that are on various tributaries. They call it eight plus one. Now, the reason for that is they have eight structures. One of them is the dry one, because of the fact there are very large gas lines that go in underneath of the soil. The only time it is ever used when there is an extra heavy rainfall and it is needed. Now, this was a cooperative agreement with the gas company and the West Fork District. Where they get the eighth place one, there is enough vegetation, care of the soil and all in all surrounding areas of the whole watershed that amounts to another structure. Trees, grasses, and all that. That's where they get eight plus one. When we had attended this meeting at Pipestem and we came back into Weston, I began to thinking, well see in Princeton it's fifteen structures. They have all the water they need for their area. They can share with Bluefield, maybe any other community nearby if need be. Their community and area have grown up. They've got Rockwell International, they've got new hospitals, new schools. Whatever a community needs to progress, they had it. They are really progressing.

BH: Nearby Bluefield they help them out.

BH: Yes. I came back in and I asked one party with the Soil Conservation Service. They pipe that water in from those various structures out in the community areas into the main city. I said, "If they can do that in Princeton and Mercer County, why can't it be done in Lewis County?" The only answer he gave me, "It could be." I said, "Well, why hasn't that been done then instead of this large Stonewall Jackson?" He said, "It's never been requested." Well, it still puzzled me a little bit. Well, I spent the next two years – see this is the Lord's showing me. He's taken everything over the years and put them in perspective. He prepared me with the stewardship program being chairman in the county. He showed me by our privilege to go to Princeton opportunity. So, in the next two years, 1970 to 1972, everyone I knew in those realms that knew anything about this PL-566 watershed approach, I would ask questions. Sometimes I'd get some answers, sometimes I wouldn't. We had the Lewis County Watershed Association in Lewis County, and I would ask everyone who they were a board of directors, but they wouldn't tell me

anything. I found out later, they were a little bit in support of the big one. So, it was kind of interesting. In July of 1972, a gentleman that was in our area in Soil Conservation Service, his wife had called me and she hadn't understood. She said, "What are you doing?" I said, "I'm hanging my wash on the line." She didn't understand me, misunderstood. She had understood that I had said a particular person had called me. Well, when her husband had gotten home, he calls me and wants to know about this person calling. I said, "I haven't talked to him." But I had asked the same person for information I couldn't get. But he had always told me he would get it, but he never had. I said, "Well, since you brought up the man's name," I said, "Have you ever learned the information I wanted to know?" "No, but I will." Well, that was on a Saturday. The following Monday or Tuesday, I got a call from the area office of the Soil Conservation Service. The gentleman there is now retired, so it won't hurt him there. I can a little bit tell about it. See if he were still employed, I couldn't do this. But he told me what I needed to know. There are sixteen steps from the very beginning after a PL-566 has been constructed and everything and it's being used and all. I said, "How do you go about requesting a PL-566?" Oh, he said, "Prepare a statement of our wishes and twenty-five signatures." I said, "Well, now there's many more people in this area that might wish to, at least, let knowing of what their wishes were," and wanted me to have it in by the next day. Because the next day you request these to the Soil Conservation District boards. Their meeting was the next day. I said, "I can't have this by the next day." That is if I let people that I knew of who wanted to share in it. I said, "Let me have a month." So, we prepared the statement that said, "We, the undersigned, do hereby request a PL-566 watershed project in the southern part of Lewis County, West Virginia, in place of the Stonewall Jackson Dam." In one month, we got four-fifty signatures. People called me, one lady in particular. Her husband was disabled. He wasn't employed otherwise. He was at home but he could drive. She said, "Would it hurt your feelings if I come and got a petition and travel door to door with him?" I said, "No, it won't hurt my feelings. It'll be a great help." Likewise in other communities around of the Stonewall Jackson area, everyone just helped. So, then the following month – which incidentally was on the same day that it had been July 11th and this was August 11th – a delegation from the community, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Marion B. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Jr., Joe Lightburn from Jane Lew, and George Snyder, a gentleman that had been born and reared in the community, now living in Clarksburg, were the delegation that went with the petition. They were welcomed with open arms at the West Fork District and overwhelmingly approved of the request. Now, various people had asked me why I did not go. I had a reason for not going. Others who had helped me, we stayed home on the prayer end. I knew before my husband got home that it had been approved. I knew it. The next day, we were having a farewell party for one of the gentlemen in our county that was going into the state of New Jersey to work. We had this farewell event at Jackson's Mill. I never will forget another gentleman said to me, he said, "You get on a bandwagon." He said, "Hold on tight and everybody you can get with you." He said it's the best thing that's ever happened to Lewis County in West Virginia. I can hear him yet.

MK: This was what year?

BH: Hmm?

MK: This was what year?

BH: 1972.

BH: 1972 in August. Now, they'd taken the petition on the eleventh. This farewell occasion was on the twelfth. Oh, boy, we got on the bandwagon. Everyone began writing letters to Congress, to the state, everywhere. Well, we had a circle around the county of people that I knew. Having been in the stewardship program and working in the county, being with the nursery, I knew a lot of people. Not only just local, statewide and all. Well, if we learned a little bit of something, we'd call the next one and say, "Well, this is what we know at the moment. We don't know what's behind it or whether it's facts, fiction, or whatever. But this is what we know at the moment. We learn something more; we'll be in touch." But we kept it right before the public. We didn't hide it. But in the meantime, at the *Weston Independent* – it used to be a paper in the county – this Mrs. Mitchell had been in there to put some letters in the paper. Something had been said, something about their beginning to being letters in the local papers of people voicing their opinions. They knew there's something up. They wanted to see the petition, but she wouldn't let them see it until she came and asked me if they could have a copy of the petition. We never bent over backwards, but we wouldn't exactly hide it either. We just didn't bend over backwards to let everybody in the county know what we were up to [laughter]. We worked and we did that for two years. Well, with this request having been made for this PL-566, then it became time to make a report to the people that had requested it. So, in December 1972 with the Soil Conservation District, Soil Conservation Service, the DNR, Mountaineers for Rural Progress, the RC&D, all other agencies that work in that also like the ACP, any agency that has anything to do with soil and water and all that, they all met and agreed to have a meeting on the 15th of December at the Lewis County Courthouse in the courtroom. There was a member on the Lewis County Court at that time who said that was the best place to have it because the courtroom belongs to the people of the county. Well, I wrote a lot of news articles being with the – I worked with my husband too in his program as well with just conservation. I kept a lot of news articles before the public. Not only on soil stewardship, but all other aspects of conservation work going on. If it was tree planning or taking school children out for a day, classroom outdoors tours, show them various things. Always kept something before the public. Well, when this announcement went out that this meeting was going to be held, oh, boy. Big shots in Weston that were pushing the Stonewall Jackson, they go and invite the Corps of Engineers in, whole big crew up. Well, on the night that we met [laughter] at the courthouse – this was to be held on the fifteenth on Friday night. But in the meantime, on the 4th of December, I had a message. Well, but I have to back up here too a little bit. In August of 1972, I began to know things were falling in place. That I had a message that if the Stonewall Jackson Dam, if we could not stop it and if it were built and at the time a groundbreaking would be held, there would be two people killed. Now, it was not revealed to me as to who would be responsible because it could have been one of many people. So much anger in the community. But the two that would be killed were Senator Jennings Randolph, United States Senator, West Virginia, and Bill Adler with the *TV News* in Weston. Now we'll get to the rest of that later. The 4th of December before this meeting we had set up, I had another message, several parts of it. One was that my husband should not go to work the next day. They were working on a timber stand job in what's called the Hardman Hollow, just a little ways across from where we lived at the Roanoke Nursery. Timber stand means clearing out timber that's not usable, maybe cutting it out or deadening it so the better trees can better growth. This was 2:00 a.m. Another part of it was something about my husband. There was one little part that I could never figure it out.

Anyway, something was wrong with my husband in some way or another that he was ill. Something told me that something was going to happen. Well, it just scared me to death. I woke him up at 2:00 a.m. and I said, "I want you to get up and put the light on because I don't want you to go back to sleep on me. I've got to talk to you." We closed our bedroom door so we wouldn't wake Bobby. I made him sit up so I could talk to him [laughter]. I told him what had just taken place. Well, he said, "I need to go to work. We can use the money." I said, "Well, I can't argue with that." But I said, "For some reason, you better not go to work tomorrow." I had an awful time. I could not convince him. I laid back down and I couldn't go back to sleep and it worried me to death. But the good Lord helped me and poured the rain down. The district crew doesn't work when it rains [laughter]. You have a little help when you can't [laughter] – well, that took care of that. Well, what it might have been, because the day before or a few days before, someone as a prank had done something that made a tree fall and almost hit a person. Now, that might have been a part because the one person who'd done it sort of had a grudge against everybody else. That's just a possibility. I'll never know because it didn't take place. But that's a possibility. It had happened once, it could again.

BH: It was the man.

BH: Well, sometimes some things aren't all that necessary told. But anyway, the other part of the message I didn't know until 1975. To put things in perspective, we had this meeting in Weston on the 15th of December. I was afraid something would happen then. That the group in Weston was so angry, I was afraid maybe – also this that I had that night had something to do with our anniversary. Now, this was on the 4th of December, our anniversary was on the fourteenth. Oh, don't think I didn't do some shaking between the fourth and the fourteenth. I didn't know what was going to happen. I thought, are these people in Weston so angry at us that something's going to happen to him or both of us and somebody? I didn't know until after our house was so full they were standing around the walls and in the hallways, that Bill Adler had closed the middle door that went into the courtroom at that time. The courtroom has since been remodeled. It's not like I'm seeing now. There was a middle door. Double doors that you could go in. Or you could go in from the side, that's single doors on either side. Everything was full including jury box seats and everything. The gentleman in charge of our meeting is now deceased. That was Matt Holt. We had an agenda. Well, the Corps of Engineers took over and wouldn't let us proceed with what really was supposed to be done, was the report to the people on their request. The people from the southern end of the county were well represented. People got up and spoke their preference. But we did get enough accomplished that the people did wish the project and wished to proceed with it. After that meeting, all they showed about the dam and the recreation and everything. Now, one lady made a comment – and I don't know it exactly enough to tell it – but something about Santa Claus and Christmas, there's an old philosophy, something that makes it look nice or something to that effect. I don't know all of it enough to quote it. But anyway, those engineers never got to tickle that in my life. They couldn't stay in their seat. Thought they had ants in their pants or something. Up and down the steps of the courthouse. The most of their big shots did set up in the jury box. All they could do is chew chewing guns [laughter]. But if you asked them a question, they couldn't answer it. "We'll have to find the answer and tell you later." We never did know. That's all they could do. I can see them yet. Anyway, that took place. Well, it went on for two years more. But in the meantime, in 1973 in January, because the Soil Conservation Service was charged with the responsibility of

putting the plan of it, was what they needed to make a request in Washington or first to the state, then in Washington. Of course, things they needed to know where things about people and farms and business places and all these things. So, in January, the day of Lyndon Johnson's funeral, we began to do the counting. Myself and other people in the watershed area: Clara May Spray, who is now president of the Watershed Association; Betty Jean Wyer, who was a teacher at Walkersville Junior High School; Glenn Clutter, who was also was a teacher at Roanoke at the time; Mary C is a member of the Watershed Association; March Butcher, who was a school teacher; and my husband. We took the map of that end of the county and we blocked it off so that no one person would overstep the other's boundaries, and we counted. The area that I had was from Ben Dale Bridge because the base of the dam and all is kind of parallel with the Ben Dale Bridge in Weston and Brownsville as you go up the other highway. That was my area. Two, the intersection of the Vandalia Route 19 Road. We counted the houses. If it was 3 acres or more, we counted a farm. But you can count a farm as one acre. I looked up the definition of a farm to see what it says. It says the cultivation of the soil for food and fiber for one's survival. Makes no difference if it's an acre or a thousand acres. Well, that is the definition we went by. We counted the people, the homes, if it was a farm, if it was a business place, whatever, each household. If we didn't know the numbers in those household, we called them if we could or got in touch some way to know how many people lived in that household. If it was things saying like the Walkersville Fire Department or the IOOF Lodge at Walkersville, something that didn't fall into other categories, we listed them separately. Like the Horner Game Reserve and the bus garage at the Roanoke School, things like that. We counted schools, we counted churches, counted cemeteries, everything like that. We came up with great more numbers. We came up with eighteen hundred plus in the Stonewall Jackson Lake area where the court said it was only around six hundred at the time.

MK: You did a sort of a profile of the community.

BH: We did everything. We tried not to leave anything unturned. There were just a few places that were not able to learn the numbers per household. We would say unknown, but we tried to give a little estimate and give or take. Well, that was in 1973. We turned all that into the Soil Conservation Service and it went into the original request for the watershed project. There was something over 675. I may be a little confused there. I wish I'd brought that with me. The original copies of these studies are available with the Watershed Association, but we did all that. Well, in 1973 we'd done a lot of this. So, what would be involved? Who'd be affected? The Weston end was also analyzed as well as our end to see the cost-benefit ratio, whether or not it was practical and so forth and all. Well, we had all that together. Time to report to the people again. Don't want to go back to Weston, it was messed up once. Where would we meet in the lower end of the county? Not at the Roanoke School because the Board of Education was in support of the big dam. Well, we eliminated Roanoke School. We had to have some place with a large enough area for the people. So, I don't know how we had met and gone over the plan as put together, which was a draft. So, we thought we'd give it some thought. I forget the date that was. It was in January. It must have been about sixth, seventh, or eighth. After that particular meeting, after we had gone home in the evening, Ron Fowler called at our home and he said, "I have secured the Vandalia Community Building for the meeting." I said, "How did you do it?" Well, he said, "Makes no difference, we've got it." The meeting was set for the 10th of January. We did not publicize it. We just got on the phone. Believe me, what a crowd. That night we

made our report to the people, but we also knew we may need to organize so that we could do our work more effective and all. There were going to be a number of things we need to do that maybe transpired. So, what happened there that night, we ended up being while we are the Upper West Fork River Watershed Association, we are also the fighters of the Stonewall Jackson Dam. Now, at first, we just had an Upper West Fork Watershed Association. Well, all of a sudden in the news media became this other watershed and we thought, "Oh, we're gaining." Because it had been put on the shelf. But upon the investigation, found out it wasn't ours. It's another one in either Calhoun or Gilmer County. So, we had to change ours a little bit. Upper West Fork River, they had to put a word in. Well anyway, this first night and this first meeting and oh, the spirits were high and oh, everybody just had a real good feeling. Things were beginning to fall in place a little bit. So, we elected our officers. Kenneth Parker was our president with Clara May Spray as our secretary. Mary C. was our treasurer. Let's see.

BH: That was all at that time.

BH: I think it was. But that started on the 10th of January of 1974, pouring down the rain. Now I've got to back up and tell you about this. On the night of the 15th of December back in Weston when the Corps of Engineers, we had not had any snow until that particular evening and night. Oh, going home, going up Brush Run hill on the Weston side of it, there was a cinder truck in front of us. If he hadn't pulled over, we never would have made it up that hill. I never seen such a night. It was slick ice all outdoors. The next morning, I called many of the people on that end of the county to know if they made it home all right. None of us had no business out. Likewise, in the night that we organized, if we [laughter] – so, I said these things, we must be working in the right direction because the Lord took care of everyone. No one had any accidents, no problems, no nothing. If the group in Weston had been knowing or had known that we were organizing, I expect they would have killed every last one of us [laughter]. Because it was just pouring down the rain. The waters were up a little in Weston. Well, that was that. Well, since then there's been so much, it would be a volume all right, or two, three more. But we covered a lot of ground. I've had many more messages. I've also had messages that it will break. In the last two or three years, I've learned of other people who have also had the same message including just this past Saturday night. A lady called me Sunday afternoon. She said, "I just had to call you." She said, "I was so tired." She works for Weston State Hospital. She said, "I was so tired and so sleepy." She said, "I wasn't even thinking about the dam when I laid down to go to sleep." But she said in the middle of the night, this knowledge came to her and she was supposed to be at work and said, oh, it's coming at such force and she was so concerned about her patients. You won't have time to get the patients out. There is no time. It's such force. She said it woke her up and she could not go back to sleep Saturday night. Well, that runs parallel. I don't know who the gentleman is with the exception of a Mr. McHugh that I learned about just about this time a couple months ago by the name of McCue. First name I do not know. The story is that he was very ill, days or just a matter of time to his passing. He hadn't been able to speak, but very little a word now and then and it wasn't hardly understandable to his family or whoever was with him. But all at once out of a clear, blue sky, very distinct words, very clear, could be understood and all, he said, "Go south." His sister was sitting with him at his bedside. "Go south." She said, "What?" He said, "Go south." She said, "What?" He said, "Go south. For God's sake, get out of the dam area. Go south." She said, "But why south?" He said, "I see lots of water." "Oh, yes," she said, "It's to be a large dam." "No, it's not in a dam. Oh, I feel so

sorry for those people." "Yes," she said, "It's been sad and we all feel sorry for everyone that's had to leave their homes and go elsewhere and give up everything." "No, not those. Oh, those people, I feel so sorry. That water, so much, so rapid." Apparently, he had had the vision and the knowledge that it had broken or something. When he had spoken those words, passed on very quietly. That was his last words to his sister that was sitting with him. This was told by a lady who worked for that family just this fall. Well now to go back, I've had similar knowledge along that line that it will break. Our own Congressman Robert Conley in Lewis County has also had knowledge given to him with the vision that he saw huge cracks. He said indescribable. The force, indescribable in our language. Of course, the effect when God gives some knowledge. One thing you can go on, you know you better give it a little thought because the Bible teaches us that God doesn't lie. Whatever God has spoken, you can believe. If he makes the promises, you can be rest assured he delivers on promises sometime or another. Maybe not always right when we'd like, but somewhere down the line. So, that's why I know that we must give thought to these things. It's serious. I know that that is something we have to work on and work on now. We can't let any time go by and not. To go back through the 1975 to pick up with the knowledge given to me in 1972 on the 4th of December concerning our anniversary and things. In 1975, my husband began not to feel very well. Well, I tried to get him to go to a doctor and he wouldn't. Very stubborn in that respect because he had never been ill in his life. Finally, he was beginning to be uncomfortable enough and not well enough, he did decide to go to the doctor. So, then they wanted to admit him into the hospital. This was 28th of July 1975. Could not determine what was wrong, only they thought they could see something in x-rays. Still couldn't determine. So, on the 8th of August 1975, they scheduled exploratory surgery. Then provided the answer to what I had known two and a half years before, that he did have cancer. It verified it. He lived two years and three or four months later before he passed away. Well, that answered that. But now, where it comes into the anniversary, that year was our fourteenth anniversary. It meant that it would be before our nineteenth by five years. It meant that five years, if you add the one in four, the date of our anniversary, you get five years. Five years from the date that I had the knowledge is when he passed away or approximately. So, in the fall. That was what that meant, the anniversary. That would be the five years. It would be before our anniversary in the fifth year. But I didn't know that until after things took place. I had also known in April of 1977. I spoke about being requested to go to Georgia to a northeast area meeting. I was supposed to speak there on the ninth day of February 1977. But in the meantime, my husband had to go back into the hospital for more surgery. He went back into the hospital on the 1st of February and I didn't get to go to Georgia. But I sent my speech I was to give to a lady who was the president of the tri-district. Asked her if she was not already committed in an area – because she was on the National Committee in some respects – if she wasn't already committed, for her to deliver it for me. Or if she was committed, to get our state president of the ladies' auxiliary to deliver it. So, that's what happened. That speech, there was over a thousand copies of it made at that national meeting and distributed to people all over the United States. That took place then. That was one of the things I didn't get to do. He had this surgery on the 1st of February, first part of it. In March, there was a hearing held at the Lewis County High School concerning the dam. Governor Rockefeller had made it appear as if he would like to hear the pros and cons and then he would make a decision about the dam. Before he went into office, the Watershed Association had requested of Governor Arch Moore not to sign the recreational agreement between the state of West Virginia and the Army Corps of Engineers. He did not sign it because West Virginia really cannot afford it to begin with. See all along too, I'm beginning to learn why it's not God's

will. All these various things in perspective, good farmland, cost, lives, everything. I lost my thought there for a moment.

MK: You were talking about Governor Rockefeller.

BH: That's right. On the 19th of March 1977, we held this meeting in Weston, the pros and the cons. The ones for and the ones against it. My husband was one of the speakers of the opposition representing the West Fork District and what had been requested. Many people were kind of surprised to see my husband on the stand because he was supposed to be bad ill. But you couldn't hold him down and I wouldn't have wanted to. I'm glad he kept going and enjoyed life and coped with it. He had it licked at one point. He astonished the doctors until their mouth was dropped open, wanting to know what I had done to him. I said, "I didn't do it. The man upstairs did." They even called him in to the doctor's meetings. They wanted to observe him, study his whole case. It was astonishing. Anyway, on the twenty-eighth day of March after Rockefeller, I had met in Weston. But somehow – just so you have a little square – on one hand, I hoped that it would come out okay and right down here in the corner, there's a question mark. My square's not complete. Twenty-eighth day. He was supposed to make it on the twenty-eighth, but he made it on the twenty-seventh. Or maybe he was supposed to make it on the twenty-ninth and made it on the twenty-eighth. He announced that the dam would go forth. Oh, I tell you, not only my husband, but everybody else, just as angry as could be bite ten pin and nail, so to speak. That was on a Monday. He was to go on Wednesday for his treatments. He took chemotherapy. When he went into the hospital, he was still so far up near and still so angry that the doctors thought that he was becoming much worse and right into the hospital they put him for twenty-five days. Not once did I ever get to talk with the doctor. I tried, but I couldn't. They were giving him shots every day. He didn't know what for. In fact, in the meantime, Bobby had fallen at school, and had broken his tailbone. Well, I had told my husband I was going to take him to the doctor. I was making arrangements to get back in town in time when he got out of school, I could take him to the doctor to know what had happened. My husband had called me from the hospital the night before and I told him Bobby had fallen. I said if he hasn't even been in my morning, I'll take him to the doctor by afternoon after I come back from the hospital. I went to the hospital every day over the two and a half years he was in the hospital, eighty-four days, and I only missed four days of not getting to go because of the weather. Otherwise, I didn't go or I wouldn't have known how he was. Well, anyway, while he was talking with me on the night before, the nurse came in and gave him a shot in the shoulder. But he didn't know what they were for. Well, when I went to the hospital the next day, he didn't remember having talked with me to tell him that I was taking Bobby to the doctor. I told him that I'd come and all. He didn't remember it. Well, finally I thought, I'm going to track that doctor down. So, I saw him coming, I followed him, and right into his office I went. I wanted to know what was going on, why he couldn't go home. I couldn't see that he was all that much worse or anything. Only thing was he was becoming confused. He couldn't seem to remember things from day to day. Oh, what it was, they were giving him shots like they do older people that are – I don't know if I can describe it exactly or not but –

BH: Losing your –

BH: – that are losing their mind and they got a lot of fantasies and all these things. He said, "He

is so ill, he's got a lot of imaginations, and all these things." I said, "Like what?" He said, "Well, he's got it in his mind that the government's going to take everything away from him."

BH: [laughter] Yes.

BH: I said, "What do you mean?" "Well, he said, he's got some strange imagination that he's going to lose everything. He's not going to have any home. He's not going to have any place to live and all these things." I said, "Are you by any chance speaking of the Stonewall Jackson Dam?" "Oh, he said something about that." He said, "We gave him these shots to hold him down." I said, "If that's the case, you've got eighteen hundred more of us to treat." I walked out. I was so mad. He started to take a hold of me and I didn't let him. This was on a Friday. The next day, I had a tri-district ladies auxiliary meeting, being secretary treasurer. I wasn't very happy. I wasn't in a very good mood to go. I might have been better off in one respect to have stayed at home. On the other hand, I went and I was among friends, a support. One lady said to me, she said, "Boy, if he says anything about it again, I'd tell him to talk with my lawyer." Well, I had it in my mind, that's what I was going to do. But when I went back to the hospital on the Tuesday and I went to my husband's room, he said, "You go down to the dispense and get my clothes." I said, "Why?" He said, "I'm going home." Boy, I didn't ask any questions. I got out of there [laughter]. We just did. But now it had damaged him that he wouldn't have been able to have coped. He wouldn't have been able to. Even though it's hard for me now because I have been there too for the last – and that comes because of the things I tried to do and I shouldn't have. But along with that, while he was in there, they went and did another surgery. That one doctor told me there was no need for that surgery. But the one doctor thought he was too bad. Oh, he was going to do the surgery whether or not. One doctor called me in later in the night and said, "You come on down and see if you can talk with him and reason with him because," he said, "he's not needing that surgery." He said, "If he has it, he may not live six months." Well, I went down. Well, I tried to talk with him, but my mother thought he knew more about it than I did. She didn't know the doctor had talked with me because I couldn't really share everything with my mother like I needed to. She said, "Well, you don't know what he went through overseas or anything. You just stay out of it. That's none of your concern." Here I am a wife, I'm being told to stay out of it. Well, that really hurt. He had the surgery. I cried all the way home [laughter]. Couldn't tell him in that respect because I didn't gain. He had the surgery. But that particular night I had this vision that it seemed like we were at a funeral home and here he was in this casket. Once he raises up, I'm not ready to go yet. But something else said, I will in the fall. But he wasn't ready to go yet. Summer of 1957, the tri-district tour we always took every year –

BH: [19]77.

BH: Hmm?

BH: [19]77. The tri-district always took an educational tour with a little pleasure mixed in anywhere in the state that was something worthwhile to learn something new, see something new, and everything. Well, we went to work and still that year and he toured all the way through it. He took care of all his responsibilities as the conservation district supervisor. In fact, the night before he died, he was still planning. This was on a Tuesday night and it was his plans to

go to his district meeting on Friday. He'd have his treatment on Thursday. He'd go to his meeting on Friday. He had a colostomy. Consequently, then he had no other control over bowel so that his clothes, he could go about his work or anything he wanted to do and not feel uncomfortable or embarrassed, I got these bedliners, I cut them in two and we lined his under clothes with them. He could go ahead about things. No worries. Now, he took care of all his responsibilities in that respect. But sure enough, in the fall, October the 11th, 1977, is when he passed away. Well, I'm telling you these because I've had enough of these and I am not a psychic. I don't believe I fall in that category like Jeane Dixon. She's something else [laughter] I do believe. But everything I've ever known has been true. In July of 1979, I received knowledge that my mother had cancer. Well, I tried to get her to go to a doctor because she was always complaining she wouldn't go. She said she didn't have time or she couldn't afford it or this or that. Some excuses she couldn't go. Well, in October, and it was just right after our Skin Creek, Farm Craft Festival, that's the last place my mother was able to go out in the car. She didn't get out of the car. So, I left the booth that I had to go up and talk with her. Oh, she looked like she had been through a knothole. In fact, a car bumped into us that afternoon and she thought I had done it. Along the highway a car bumped. No damage or anything, just bumped. But she thought I had done the bumping. That was on the 30th of September of [19]79. On the 3rd of October, she was bad enough, dad told her she had to go to the doctor. Well, when she went, he put her in the hospital. But it was not until the 21st of October, they finally did a biopsy on her and then determined that she did have cancer of the liver. I knew she had the cancer, but I didn't know of what nature. Then she passed away in December of [19]79, twenty-first day of December. I've known that. I have to think for a little bit now. May I rest a little bit [laughter]?

MK: Sure. No problem. What was the subject of that?

BH: "Soil Storage Shelf Week in Lewis County: How Do We Get It Accomplished in Life?" In fact, I still have a copy of it somewhere. I made several copies. It took me three weeks or better to know how to even begin.

MK: That's the hardest part [laughter].

BH: That was the hardest part, was my opening statement, because I knew that was the most important. One night while was sleeping, I got up and wrote it down. From then on, the rest of it fell in place. Cooperation, communication. There are three keys: cooperation and communication.

BH: The American farmer.

BH: You begin your FFA years on this.

BH: My FFA years really started in 1972. I'd go around and help my dad out in the garden and in the nursery. I sometimes helped dig the trees. Learned how to use the lawnmower and the tiller. Then after he got sick, that's when I took over the rope and did a lot and helped him out. I'd serve customers and learn more about how to do on the trees. After he passed away, I took over full time. With the FFA, that sort of helped out a lot.

MK: You said the dam project had deprived you of a degree. What did you mean by that?

BH: American farmer degree.

BH: The one factor. The highest degree they can give you.

BH: The highest degree of all in the FFA. This was in 1981 that happened.

BH: 1980.

BH: [19]81 is when I tried for the American farmer.

BH: I know. But now, he became disqualified. He was telling you there he went to Kansas City as a part of his overall achievement. It's called the Proficiency Award Program. Of course, he had all these awards from the very beginning in FFA. He always swept the county.

BH: But in 1980 I [talking simultaneously].

BH: His granddad always told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. He got all the awards while others were sort of left behind.

BH: Then unfortunately in nineteen –

BH: But then that same time, they had the same right and privilege to try for the same things.

BH: Unfortunately, in 1980 in the spring while serving a customer, I suffered a leg injury, a dislocated knee cap. Laid me up for the greater part of the year. Wasn't really able to work until the following spring. Still, I had to be careful.

MK: What was it about the dam that caused you to miss that then that year?

BH: Had to be an established farmer.

BH: Well, that's why I was trying to help you there too.

MK: Oh, well, he can say it.

BH: He won this regional award in 1980. He left for Kansas City on the morning of the 9th of November at about 3:00 a.m. He arrived in Kansas City the next day or next night. By the time he called me from Kansas City on –

BH: Monday night.

BH: – Sunday night – you got there –

BH: Monday night.

BH: Yes, Monday night. By the time he called me on Monday night to let me know they were in Kansas City okay and everything, they had already delivered the condemnation papers to us. That is the first knowledge. Two years prior to that, they had hassled me about another man's property. But I wouldn't deal with them on that.

BH: Well, we –

BH: But while I was getting out on Bobby's angle of it, while he was there, it had already been condemned on the 23rd of October. Had no knowledge of it until the 10th of November. Well, I didn't tell Bobby until he came home on the sixteenth. I didn't want to ruin his trip.

BH: Well, we got there that first night –

BH: But now here's what disqualified him. He had to be out of high school one year before he could even apply for his American farmer degree, which would have made it in the fall of 1980 that he would have become – it's determined by the National Convention, which is held in November. In November 1980, he would be out of school one year and could apply in [19]81 for his American farmer degree. But by their having condemned it, that was the one factor that disqualified him.

MK: Because he no longer had a farm of his own.

BH: Everything else he qualified.

BH: It was sad. When we got to Kansas City that night, we had a devotional time where each of us read something from the Bible or told us of our problems. I was telling them about the issue of the dam and we had a prayer on it.

BH: They had a lady [talking simultaneously].

BH: Unaware of that over a thousand miles away back home that my farm was now in the ownership of the Corps.

BH: How they came to have this prayer, there was one of the advisors –

BH: She was from Barbara [talking simultaneously].

BH: – from another chapter in the state who is a minister. This was just her way of associating with the young people. I was very proud of that factor. Because FFA does have high moral values in that respect. That's how they got into the subject.

MK: So, in October [19]81.

BH: Of 1980 is when they condemned it.

MK: Oh, in the [19]80s is when they condemned it.

BH: We had no knowledge of it whatsoever until 10th of November.

MK: How did the condemnation work?

BH: Well, condemnation is supposed to be this way. Condemnation is not supposed to take place until after the two parties cannot agree upon compensation for a property. That is according to either law of ninety-one or ninety-two 646. Now, as I started to tell you there a little bit ago, they had harassed me for two years about a piece of property that belonged to one of my neighbors. For some reason or another, all his big farm, they had just cut. It was just like a square in one corner of 20 acres. Maybe because it had at one time belonged to Heavner people, a great uncle of my husband's. But they wanted me to sign papers for them to go in on that piece. When they told me who the boundaries were of that particular farm, I knew it wasn't mine and I wouldn't deal with them. I wouldn't even give them an answer that satisfied them. But in 1978, it was October 29th, 30th, and 31st, for some reason or another, our telephone was out of order with the exception of ten minutes until 9:00 a.m. each morning. Now this is interesting.

BH: Mr. Heavner told us that –

BH: We could not call out. We had to go to our neighbors to even call down to my mother and dad's or anywhere else that I needed to. No one could call in. But each morning, ten minutes until 9:00 a.m. that this man called. He tried to tell me he was with the gas company. I found out later he was not with the gas company because I knew gas company personnel too very well that I can ask somebody and I know they'll let me know. The second morning, he said, "I could just show you some maps and papers and I can convince you it's your property."

BH: Well, Saturday it was a very snowy day, yes. We had just gotten back from town from getting groceries and the phone rang. Somebody had told me I had been selected the FFA student of the month. I didn't know what it was, so I just went ahead and got dressed and wore presentable.

BH: It was an official dress.

BH: Yes. That time came and nobody showed up.

BH: Said it was personnel from the TV station. I said, is it Mark, wasn't it, or Mac?

BH: It was Mark Wallace and it was *The Anchor* at the time.

BH: Anyway, one was John. I had always been on television many a times that I knew the personnel. I said, "Is that you?" "No." He wouldn't give him his name.

BH: Like, (Peter Visa?) is now at Channel 5.

BH: I said, "Well, for you to get your equipment to our house, it's going to be a little harder. Because," I said, "To bring your vehicle up around the road, it won't be very good." I said, "You'll have to carry everything up the hill." He said, "That won't be a problem." So, I knew this interview might need to be part – I said, "Well, do you want an interview outside or inside so I know what to do?" "Well, we'll decide that when we get there." So, I knew my living room needed a little tidying up. Outdoors we had a trash barrel, but the winds were always blowing things out and scattered it. So, between Bobby and my dad, they straightened up outside a little bit and we all got presentable and time came and went. Well, in fact, as closer as time rolled around and my mother said, "Do you think Bobby would do better if we weren't here?" I said, "Oh, possible." So, they decided they'd go home. They had come to give Bobby a haircut. My dad always cuts his hair. Being on a Saturday, we had gone to get groceries and mother said, "Whenever you're ready to leave town," she said, "Give us a call and we'll start from home." We got there just about the same time. We had no more guy in the door until this call came. So, I said, "Well, he might do better." I thought he might be a little tense if grandmother was watching him and she could always make remarks in the wrong time and wrong places.

BH: She always made [talking simultaneously].

BH: She's quite known for that [laughter]. Anyway, they went on home.

BH: I [talking simultaneously] had a grandmother like that who would just harass you.

BH: Anyway, 5:00 p.m. come and went, no one. The longer it went, the longer I began to wonder. So, I called the TV station. Fellow that answered and I said, "Do you know anything about there was supposed to be an interview with Robert Heavner this afternoon at 5:00 p.m.?" "No." Bobby kept wanting to call his advisor. My mother said, "Oh, well now he knows all about it. You don't need to bother him." Well, it was getting dark. Then I began to get a little leery. So, I tried to get ahold of his advisor. No answer at his advisor's home, not even his wife and on. So, I thought, well, I'll call his son and see maybe he just went away momentarily and he'll be back in a little while. Well, I found out from his son he was out of town for the weekend. Well, I knew one thing too – this is what made me begin to wonder. I knew one thing too, that if a student were in line for an achievement or an honor or anything, advisor always knew and somehow or another he'd share it with the family, even though it was to be a surprise to the student. After I learned the advisor was out of town in Kingwood for the weekend, that made me a little bit more –

BH: We began to smell mice.

BH: So, I called the TV station back again and asked some questions. I asked who I was talking with, he told me. I said, "Well, I have reason for wanting to know." I said, "Is it possible you can get in touch with the management of the station and learn if there was to be an interview and for some reason or another, maybe could not be? So, he did and he called me back. Nothing. They had no knowledge of any interviews by any of the personnel. That really worried me some more. So, I didn't do a thing but turn around and called the principal of the high school. I caught him in the midst of some kind of an evenings' event, fifteen, twenty, or more persons. But I apologized. His daughter answered and said he was busy. I said, "Well, if he can, please ask

him to come to the phone. This is urgent." I told him what had taken place. I said, "Are you aware that Bobby is in order for any award or anything in any program set up?" Because usually the office knows too a little bit. He said, "No." But not too long before that, (Mr. Segriano?) in Weston had an experience where people had said they were coming there to check out his gas lines in the evening hours. When they arrived, they robbed him and beat him up and everything. So, the principal of the high school at that time, Mr. Kinzer, that came to mind. He said, "I would advise you to get in touch with the sheriff's department." I said, "If that is your advisement and your advice," I said, "I will do so." So, I did. They put surveillance on us for seventy-two hours. Well, during the night I had knowledge of who was responsible. Took me a few days to bear it out.

BH: It was the president [talking simultaneously]. He was nothing but a –

BH: But then I went into the high school on Monday to inform his advisor of what had taken place. Called him in from lunch. He didn't like that very well. But then after he learned everything, he was a little bit more understanding.

BH: Damn jackass that steals inspiration.

BH: But he said too, one thing that helped all awards are given at one time, unless it's a very special award. All awards are given at the time of the parent-member banquet. I was aware of the FFA program well enough. I thought, well, I've never heard of this student of the month before. I asked him, I said, "Well, who else has ever gotten this particular recognition?" No one. Couldn't understand what it was all about or anything. It was all a hoax. Somehow, I kind of wondered maybe the school was in on that too. I can't prove it. But I've often wondered.

BH: Except the president of [inaudible].

BH: But now getting back to this other phone call I was telling you about, the three mornings in a row, the second morning he said, "Oh, if I can just show you some maps and all on papers," he said, "You'll know it's your property." He said, "Can I come out to your place this afternoon?" Oh, I said, "You can come, but it won't do you any good." Well, we had to be digging potatoes around our hillside where we got a bird's eye view of the whole community. There was a Corps of Engineers' vehicle that came in just off of the road at a house just off of the main highway before you get to our place a little ways and sat there all afternoon. Not a sole around our place, no one. The next morning, five, ten minutes until 9:00 a.m. to call. "I was to your place yesterday and there wasn't anyone at home." I said, "You weren't at our place." But I never let him know I knew there was a vehicle in the area. I said, "You weren't at our place." "Oh, yes, I was. I waited all afternoon for you." Well, I couldn't lie to him. So, at that time I was really getting hot out of the color. I said, "My advice to you is do your homework and get in touch with the right persons and leave me alone." He said, "Do you have an attorney?" I said, "Well, it's none of your business [laughter]." I was really getting [laughter]– and all this. I hung up on him. By evening, we had our phone service. No service at any other hour of the day for three days with that one exception each day. Now, I have even been suspicious from about the first part of September this year until the day that they've taken us out abruptly as they did, that my line's been tapped. I'll say why. We only had one other party on the line. Most cooperative,

very nice. If they needed the line, they said so or anything. If they picked up, it was busy. Never interrupt or bother. Every time I'd ever talked to anyone, it made no difference. What it was, I could hear something. But at least unusual on the line in that respect. Now, I see I need to go back to – where did I leave off there before?

MK: We were talking about condemnation. We were talking about the process of how the place is condemned. You said it has to be after both parties have –

BH: Oh, yes. Back in 1978, when they first began hassling me on this other piece of property, well, Bobby was still in school. On one afternoon, about 3:00 p.m., because I thought, "Well, Bobby will be home from school in another half hour. I'm just going to rest." Because when he got in, then we both worked together. About that time, I saw a vehicle come up around and I could tell it had a Corps of Engineer emblem on the door. So, my prayers were in order. This fellow walked in on the back walk. At first, I did go out the door, but I held on. But one thing, we have a part Collie part Labrador Retriever dog. That dog growled all the time this person was there.

BH: He was only two years old.

BH: But he only came close into the house, as I'd say, twenty-five feet. He did not identify himself. He had some papers. He asked if Willard Heavner was there – Heathner he called it. I said, "How do you spell it?" "H-E-A-T-H-N-E-R." Never did hear it spelled that way, even though it is spelled three different ways. I said, "No, he isn't." I said, "He's deceased." "Well, when do you expect him back?"

[laughter]

Well, I said, "That would be a great miracle, if that ever took place." "When do you expect him back?" I said, "Well, I don't." "Well, when do you expect to see him again?" I said, "When I get to heaven." I suppose he thought that was smart or something. He said, "Well, since you won't tell me when he'll be back, I'm just going to sit down here and wait a while." I said, "Well, you'll be waiting for a great long while." I said, "I don't imagine you'll ever be fortunate enough to get to see him."

[laughter]

I said, "By the way, who are you anyhow?" "That doesn't make any difference. Doesn't matter." I said, "In that case, you get right back down that road as fast as you came up, and I mean, PDQ." He left.

BH: In September, that same year –

BH: But by the dog growling kind of scared me. I've always heard that dogs can sense danger. So, I held onto the door. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out on the step, but that's as far as I went. It was just the first step right out the door. I didn't go any further. When he would not identify himself after the third time I asked him, then I thought he'd better be gone.

BH: September that same year, one of the corps came around [inaudible] my granddad.

BH: That was in September [19]79. We were in the –

BH: We had just been out to pick apples. We were going to get something to the festival that has happened. We'd just come in for a break and have lunch because granddad was coming and we were going to all work together that afternoon. I got to the house there and saw grandpa coming and another guy there. I asked him who he was and he said it was the Corps of Engineers inspector. Then I came back out the pathway and told her about it.

BH: Yes, I don't go as fast as he does [laughter]. Grandma always brings up the [inaudible] [laughter].

BH: What happened then?

BH: Then he came out to the coal pile there. Then we told him to get –

BH: Bobby said something to him about –

BH: – the H-E-L-L out – excuse the expression. Boy, he took out of there like a mad man.

[laughter]

BH: I was a good 250 feet away from the man. I could not tell you what he looked like. I couldn't even tell you what color of the clothing or anything, or who he was or anything. I couldn't have conversed with him that far apart. I was taking my time going out the path. I didn't drive up because I saw no point just driving up around the house just to go right back again. I could walk up. When I got up to the house and I said to my dad, "Where did he go?" He said, "I don't know." He said, "He went down around that way." I went to the front yard, I looked everywhere, and I said, "Well, where was he parked?" I guess dad had been arriving, and dad said just as he parked his car, this vehicle come in, turned and come back and parked on the other side of the mailbox from where he was. It took off up the hill in front of him. He said just about two or three different places right there and there come down – but we weren't at the house. He said the man wouldn't answer him. So, he just took off and knocked him down again to get around the side of the house. So, dad had sat down at the picnic table bench and was waiting. So, when he saw Bobby coming, dad had come out to tell Bobby who it was. When I looked, I couldn't see a hide or hair of that man nowhere. Not even his vehicle or nothing. So, I can't tell you who he was, what his purpose or nothing. So, I inquired around various people who had had a little experience to find out what was meant by an inspector. I never did know. Had a lot of strange experiences. Well, then [laughter], in 1979, even before condemnation, many in the Watershed had said they'd never negotiate. Some of them didn't. They've been a little hardcore all the way through and still are. However, others, it seemed like they gave up a little sooner than I would've hoped and it has been disappointing. But anyway, one party that was also in business and we were sort of discussing how we sort of handle our situations being in business. We talked about various things that we know to point out and like. She said, well, at

first, they weren't going to negotiate with them either and just let them condemn it. Then they had finally decided that maybe they would kind of initial agreement at least that the money would be deposited with the first offer. Then they'd go from that and fight tooth and toenail. So, October of [19]79, I began to give some thought in that direction. The last place I was, before I became ill, a busload of us from the Watershed Association went to Charleston to be there when Senator Kennedy arrived in Charleston for a big dinner affair.

BH: He was running for president.

BH: We wanted him to know where we stood on the matter. So, we were there. That was the last place I was really able to go outside of just where I had to for the next couple of years anyway. But I had given thought, "Well, where do we go? What do we do?" You know, these things. What would I have as a kind of a price tag on everything? Where should I start? And everything. Well, there had been one gentleman at our place. He's also – and I think is still – on a small scale – very small scale. But in more recent years, he was on a larger scale of nursery. But age and all has caught up with him just a little bit. He's not into it as much. He was at my place getting some fruit trees. He was looking around and he said, "You ought to have 500,000 for this farm." He said, "The nursery alone is worth that." I said, "Are you kidding?" "No," he said, "it's worth it." Well, that was in my mind. How do I go about this in a part way, respectful way? At the same time, I wasn't wishing to, but that I'd handled it in a respectful way and still get my points across and the like. This was in October, early November.

BH: What year was it?

BH: On the 11th of November, I was pretty tired. Mother had just got home from the hospital and I was going to go down to see her that day. So, we had gotten up in time to hear the church services by radio. If we weren't able to go to church, we always listened by radio to the church services. I listened to the church services. I just had on my night clothes and a house coat. While I was sitting there listening at the church service, I began to have these awfully strange feelings in my head. Like a faint feeling. I thought, goodness gracious. The day before, he had been digging potatoes. We had the best potato crop that year we'd ever had; fifty-seven bushel. Of course, we had them on the floor in the basement. We'd have to clean them up and sort them and weigh them and everything to have the next group he dug and brought in. We had worked all day on Saturday. I thought, oh well. Of course, my head was full of dust and all from the cleaning. My nose and all, just like going right out and picking the soil up off the ground. I thought, "Well, I'm just tired from all that." Because we had been – oh, well, I don't know how many we did weigh up that day and sort. But we had to because every moment was precious. Had to get them in before the weather and everything too, and just the two of us. So, after the church services, I got up to go upstairs and put my clothes on for the day. I thought, "Oh, I do feel strange." But I hadn't said anything to Bobby. I dressed, still feeling stranger and stranger. But just a little bit prior to that, maybe not very often, but just occasional, I might be reading the newspaper. I'd read a line or two and something would feel kind of funny around and around. Just very slowly. But I thought it's just because of my tiredness and tension and all. I didn't think that much about it. I thought, "Well, if it keeps up, I will have a seen about." I went upstairs and got dressed and I came downstairs. I had to hold onto the furniture to just walk around. Bobby said, "Are we going to see grandma today?" I said, "Oh, I don't know." I still

didn't want to tell him I was feeling so strange. About that time, here comes some folks at what's called – it's over by Canaan Way.

BH: Ivydale.

BH: Ivydale. Some people who had been in touch with me a few weeks before that wanted to come and get some fruit trees and shrubbery, here they come. I thought, "Oh, God. I can't go outside like this." I was too afraid. So, when they come, I explained to them. I just didn't really feel like going out. Well, they already had some tagged that were to go to landscape the church. So, with Bobby and the gentlemen, they took care of those. Well, I stayed inside and talked with the lady and she said, "There's something wrong." But she said, "I don't know what to tell you it is." Well, I hardly felt like it. So, I called down home and told them down there, I was just so tired and didn't really feel like going down that day to see mother. I didn't exactly tell them the way I felt in every aspect because I didn't know what to say hardly. Mother was already bad enough. Well, the next day, the American Legion had asked Bobby if he would carry the flag in the Veterans' parade.

BH: The FFA.

BH: He had to be in there. I think it was around 10:00, wasn't it? 9:30, 10:00.

BH: Yes, the next morning.

BH: So, I told Bobby on Sunday night, I said, "Well, we'll go if I feel like it. If I don't feel like it, I'll see if I can get you in there." Because I felt it was important enough that he'd be there if he could. The next morning, I got up and I tried to prepare myself to go, and I just felt horrible. I called nine different lines of my neighbors to see if they could take Bobby in for the parade and to see if they would take me into the doctor. Each one of those neighbors was going through the worst of it. Not one of them had time to take me to the doctor or take him that he could take care of his responsibility as promised to the American Legion at a late hour. Well, finally, I decided and I called down my dad's. I didn't want to exactly just ask him to come and take me into the doctor. But I was hoping along the way to tell him where we'd be in case they'd be calling and they didn't get an answer. I said, "Bobby has to carry the flag in the parade." I said, "While he's at the parade, I'm going to the doctor." He said, "Why not go to see the doctor after the parade." I said, "I'm too sick." I said, "Really, I'll do good if I make it in there." He said, "If you're that bad, you need to go to the doctor. If you want me to, I'll come and get you." Answer to a prayer [laughter]. He did. He come and got me. My blood pressure was only seventy over fifty-eight.

BH: Sixty-three.

BH: It was fifty-three. How I ever walked off that hill to the doctor's office and things, I don't know. From then on, Bobby did everything. All I could do was sit in a chair and think about it. Well, here I was still giving thoughts along this other direction about how to go about this ordeal. Oh, in [19]80 then comes the condemnation. Well, I did with the attorney. Our attorney has been the attorney for the Roanoke Nursery even before I ever married into the family. For the simple reason that our nursery is the home of the West Virginia red York Imperial, the United

States plant patent number 2288. First Apple to ever be patented. I say that because you might think, "Well, what about Grimes Golden and the old Delicious?" Stark Brothers are the holders of those two apples. They trademarked them, but they never did have them patented. Ours runs neck and neck with the Red Prince by the Miller Orchards in the Eastern Pantanal. Anyway, it took seven years, seven months, and some odd days to acquire the patent. The apple was found in 1950. The patent was applied for in 1956. It was applied for by my father-in-law. But he passed away before the patent was ever granted. It was not granted until the 8th of October, 1963. It has a long name. According to policy for patents, the name has a common name and the –

MK: Latin name.

BH: I know what else I want to say.

MK: Latin name?

BH: Yes. Well, anyway, my father-in-law had named it before he passed away. University of California had written to us and asked about it. So, my husband wrote to them and explained to him that his father had named it and we'd like to leave it as that as a memorial. So, we were granted permission to keep that long name [laughter]. That's the only name it has. Anyway, the Roanoke Nursery was founded in 1898 by my husband's grandfather. They had a large family and all the sons were agents. In 1933, M. M. Heavner, the founder, passed away. At that time, John Heavner, my father-in-law, became the principal of the business with all the rest of the brothers still in – but then they began going their various ways.

BH: Well, I think he was the oldest surviving son.

BH: I think he was the oldest surviving son maybe. Then in 1962 when he passed away, my father-in-law, then my husband was the only child and the only one in the area to continue. Then since his death in [19]77, Bobby and I had taken over. Okay. Now, we'll get back to where I was.

[laughter]

There in 1980 after condemnation, and we did voice our objections to the condemnation and why, and it went on, we didn't hear anything more. It was supposed to be out in March of [19]81. Well, in the meantime, I tried to, knowing that the nursery and the orchards and all would require a spatial appraiser knowledgeable in the field, I couldn't locate anyone. Now, I didn't know this was the Lord's working in strange ways. I do now. I couldn't locate anyone even though I was in touch with people that would have been able to have provided me with knowledgeable persons names at least. But I never got information back from them. I really don't know why entirely. Because I thought there were people I can trust, and I still feel I could, if need be, and just some other things that took place. Just little things. I just wasn't getting anything accomplished. No appraisers and no one that would even talk with me about it to know where to begin or anything. I was getting pretty disgusted. Well, in, April, [19]81, one morning, I forget the date, long about 8:30 –

BH: I think it was April 20th.

BH: – not being all that well myself, I never got up at such early hours. There was really no need to. With his having had the leg injury in the spring of [19]80, in the early morning hours, it's pretty difficult to do the type of work we have to do outdoors if it isn't dried off enough or something, unless you have a customer and you need to go outdoors like that. So, we were really still sleeping when the phone rang. It was my attorney's office. Said, "The commissioners would be there about 10:00 pouring down the rain. I mean pouring." I would need to go around with them, show them the boundaries and so forth and all. I said, "A day like this?" I said, "I can't do it. I'm not able." They said, "Well, I didn't know what I'd do." Well, I got him up, and all the while, I was just praying, Lord, don't let this one happen. Got breakfast over, tidied up a bit, the room that is. Dressed. I had rolled my hair the night before. I couldn't get about very fast because of that little difficult with all these other things I had. Because if I moved with any pace at all, things start going around and around. My head would start rolling and I couldn't focus and all these things. So, it was pretty difficult. Well, 10:00, there I was sitting in the chair, taking my hair down, still praying for all sinners. No one had arrived yet at the appointed hour. Well, that's okay. Give or take a little. Ten after 10:00, I got a phone call. "They won't be out today. It was all a mistake." Thank you, Lord. That worked out.

[laughter]

That was in March.

BH: Tell them about these guys in [19]80.

BH: Okay. That wasn't in [19]80, was it?

BH: The ones that came to the nursery and one guy sounded so funny.

BH: Oh, that was on another matter. That was on another matter, not relative to this at all. We had some fellows that were trying to take us for a ride and I sensed it. I told them everything else except the actual truth [laughter], if I could. In other words, they'd want to know prices and I put it such that they wouldn't – they said they were from Baltimore and wanted to buy a whole big load of nursery stock. They said they had been to another nursery in the county that morning. Well, I knew there wasn't any other. So, this put me wise. I played my cards as I went along.

MK: So, your attorney's office had called and made a mistake?

BH: They called. It was a mistake. I don't know who or what. Well, that went on. So, then in November, I had gotten this letter. Now, all the while, I had been trying to give thought, where do we go? What do we do? Still had never been able to get ahold of an appraiser or had never been appraised or anything. No, I got this letter first, that for the 30th of November would be some kind of preliminary hearing in Elkins. Then on the 8th of December would be the commissioners would come. Then on the 17th of December, another hearing or something.

Anyway, pondering and pondering and praying and praying. I wasn't getting anywhere. I pulled two different directions. One hand says no. One hand says yes. Well, it was day before Thanksgiving and I was trying to make the pumpkin pies. I could not get organized to get the pies made no way, shape, or form. That was unusual for me. I was needing to make a decision one way or another. Finally, I just set aside the mixture. It could have been ruined, but it turned out to be the best pies I ever made [laughter]. Anyway, I went to the fire in the dining room. Somehow, when I'm nervous like that and trying to think, I get cold. Even though it was not cold, I got cold. With this [inaudible] and having had my back out of place so many times that it's not the normal structure it should be. I'm always cold natured. But I went in there in front of the stove, and where I was looking out the dining room door, I said, "Okay. Now, Lord, what's it going to be?" That seemed like it kept telling me not to go, all these things. Not to take part. Now, this is in [19]81. Now, the part I wanted you to – it's on that paper over there and I can read it to you better than I can – in 1980, before our condemnation, the Watershed was preparing for a hearing in a Congress subcommittee. They were getting together all the information they needed for the attorneys in Washington and all. Mine was to be prepared along the lines of irreparable damages. As much as we were the nursery and the orchards and these things. All about how it would affect my family, whether I'd be far away, close by, or whatever, and other aspects of our total lives. For myself, I couldn't do this without doing it this way. I had to entitle a very personal aspect effect. In my evaluation of the effects of the Stonewall Jackson Dam has and will have upon me, I would not be honest with myself or my God if I didn't evaluate still another aspect. As a very young girl when I went to Sunday school, I was taught that if one would be still and listen, he would be able to hear the still small voice of the Lord. At the age of twenty-two, I began to receive messages concerning my life and things around me. In 1966, October 24th – and I've already explained that part. So, I'll skip that and then to [19]68. Or maybe I should too, and this'll put it in proper. October 24th, at 3:00 p.m., I received a message that Stonewall Jackson should not be built. That it was not God's will. April 15, 1968, while very ill, I received a message that I had a job to do; help stop Stonewall Jackson Dam. I told the Lord that if he would let me live and show me the way, I would do all I could. This began me on the road to which resulted in the forming of the Upper West Fork River Watershed Association. In 1972, I received message that those who were against God's will would be punished, unless they saw the evil of their ways and repent, taking on God's will. My evaluation of this is that Stonewall Jackson Dam is a sin. Therefore, throngs of persons have sinned against their creator. Another proof of such is the fact that God created the green earth and he directed man to care for it that it might provide for generations to come. Once it is destroyed, it will be gone. There won't be any more. As I see it, the very moment that I would have my part in the movement, and that also means relocation as well, I would then become a part of the sin. Not on my own accord, but the demand of others. The Lord has been wonderful to me and granted me life. I do not wish to defy him by breaking my promise to him. I had promised him if he helped me get well, I'd work for him, and that I have done. No one can possibly know how this has affected me over the years. Why do others demand that those who try to be a Christian life sin against God against their will? Or cause people to sin against God against their will? I couldn't do this evaluation without doing that. That is why I was having this extra hard time in making this decision before Thanksgiving. So, after much thinking about it, all at once, the sunshine came out. It was a very dismal day. All at once, the sunshine had come out. It seemed as if the Lord said, "You're on the wrong path. Get with me." The sunshine is his doings, showing me where I belong. I said, "Okay." It seemed as if to say all this thinking I'd been doing is in the wrong

pathway. I had kind of gotten away from him. Gotten away. I strayed down the path where he didn't wish for me to be. "Just forget about that. Let me take care of you. Okay?" I said, "If that's it, Lord, okay by me. In any obstacle, I'm trusting you to help me get over it." So, I went to the telephone and I called my attorney. I told him about all my experiences. I told him, I said, "I know that you are a Christian man. Therefore, I cannot, and I will not, ask you to have part in these things when the Lord asked me not to. What the Lord asked me not to, I won't put somebody else in that situation to do what I can't do." I said, "If it's okay by you, that's the way I'd like it." He said, "Well, let me give this some thought for a day or two." This was on Wednesday before Thanksgiving. He said, "Let me give it some thought and I'll be back to you." Okay. Finished our conversation. I went back to the kitchen and I made those pies. As I said, the best pumpkin pie I ever made.

[laughter]

I'd taken one to mother on Thanksgiving day. Well, it just seemed like all my worries, just like a basket, rolled right off my shoulders. From that time on, I began to make a little progress in this illness. Well, Thursday, November, we didn't go to Elkins. But the 8th of December – now, this is it. Well, no. What date was it that that appraiser did come?

BH: I forget.

BH: Somewhere in between, an appraiser did come by the name of (Mr. Leeps?). That's all I remember. My attorney was with him. He looked at the blueprints of the house, which I do still have. The house, in 1917, was one of these mail-order type. It was brought in on the train, from the train station to the farm by wagon. One lady, still living, that lived in the community at the time and only five years old remembers it. She said she just does remember it. Then part of it too was from lumber there off of the farm. But anyway, this appraiser came. While he was looking at the blue prints and of course with my attorney, we were all aware about the patented apple and about the whole farm. Because he had known the family even before I knew the family. He was trying to lay the groundwork, but this appraiser was paying no mind. He could just tell you, "I don't know whether it was going in one ear and out the other, or not even going in to go out the other." Something to that effect. Finally, we went outside, and of course, the trees around the house are the windbreak. They provide coolness in summertime too. So, I was trying to explain that, and I was trying to show him that we're part of the nursery. He said he'd have to have the number of the nursery pieces and stuff. Oh, well, I can count those in about a half an hour. Well, I knew he couldn't because it had always taken Bobby and I at least two to three weeks of inventory. So, that was when I had to laugh to myself. Well, after he had looked at the outside of the house and we walked out, he looked at the area of trees that we sold from. He said, "Well, these would be big enough to bear some right soon, won't they?" I said, "Some of them do now because we have had trees to bear three years of age right in the nursery row." I said, "Those are trees we sell from. That's the nursery saleable trees." Well, we looked at me really funny. Still, he wasn't making no notes or nothing. As best I know, I don't know if he even had a recorder or anything. If he did, I'm not aware of it. Because when Mr. Brooks told him about the patented apple, and also, Bobby had a goodwill ambassador certificate from the Secretary of State. He was showing it to our attorney and he was speaking about it all these things that were interesting factors, he was paying no mind. Well, we walked out past the garden

and I said to him, "Well, we have real good crops here for the most part." I said, "We put out the crops. We know we won't use it all ourselves, but there's always someone who has need." A vegetable, potatoes, and whatever. We always put out about a fourth of an acre or a half acre of potatoes, about a fourth-acre garden. We had three hundred square foot of strawberries. Wherever there was available ground, we used it. Because no need to let it lay idle unless you just had to. So, I was telling them all that. We nearly always, somewhere along line, anywhere between fifty to a hundred bushel produce a year. Somewhere in that general category. Sometimes a little less, sometimes a little more. Made no note of it. Went out and looked at the barn and he had some comments about the barn. I don't recall what. They weren't very nice. Our packing house – there had been a storm in [19]78 –

BH: [19]79.

BH: – had broken one side of it. We had never got to repair it yet. He made remarks about that. It couldn't be considered. That's where we bring our – in 1958, we had 1,238 bushel apples. We had to have storage space. So, they built this packing house. They had apples everywhere, the barn, the basement, everywhere. In fact, we had planned to be married on the 30th of November. But because the apple crop needed to be cared for before we could take off, hopefully. Well, he set it up a couple weeks. That's how it happened to be in 14th of December. But anyway, getting back to this appraiser, we were standing in front of this packing house and he asked about meadow. Now, he was talking about acreage then. All these other things, it didn't seem like it made any difference. He asked me about hay land. I was trying to explain that the hay land and one orchard are on the same acreage; at least one end side of it. A three-acre orchard. But among those trees, you also cut that, and that's your hay. 'I can't put that down. I can't put it down like that.' I said, "Why not? That's the way it is." "Well, I can't put it down that way. I'd make you have more acres than what you have." I said, "Well, by the way, anyhow, you've already got us down with more than what we have." That had caused problems. Because by the same token, our condemnation was also in with the Francine's in-laws' family and their properties and another family that lived right out from us a little ways there. It was all the same. But it all appeared in my name. It made it look like all one to people that don't understand. So, that had got me in a little hot water. Well, [laughter] he said, "I can't put it down that way." Well, it just irritated me that. Well, when we were going upstairs in the house, when he wanted to look the rooms over, he pulled out every drawer of the dressers, picked up clothes off the chairs or on the bed or wherever they were, things off of the dresser and looked at them. I mean, the closet, in and out and everything. I had no idea he did measuring. Well, maybe I could accept. But one other party had told me about their doing the same thing at their house. So, I was kind of prepared and said – well, that irritated me too, because –

MK: What?

Female Speaker: [Inaudible] of Louis, they commented on the kind of liquor.

[laughter]

BH: Anyway, out there in front of this packing house after he wouldn't accept the fact the hay land and the orchard were on the same land, that just irritated me to all end. I said, "Well, after

all, this whole situation is most humiliating for us and humiliating to us." I said, "For this reason, the earth is the Lord's. He put us here on earth to take care of it, not destroy it. To produce for generations to come. His children, so to speak." I said, "That's what we try to do." That man dropped his head. I mean to tell you, he turned every color you can think of. There was silence for the longest time. After a bit, he looked up, he had papers in each hand, and he put them all in one hand. Well, he said, "That is right. I don't like to humiliate anyone. So, I will leave at that," and he left. My prayer along the way. It never was totally appraised. That's all the further. He never did see the orchards. He never did know how many trees, nothing on that line. He never did know how many pieces of nursery stock.

MK: That was Mr. Leeps.

BH: Mr. Leeps, yes.

BH: Anything about the business, about the [inaudible] or anything. You might say, all the real important things, he never did learn [laughter]. Just a little bit on the surface. Now, he left. Well, Mr. Brooks had left his hat in the house. So, we went back to the house. After we sat inside, I said, "Well, he may not like it, but I said it anyhow." Mr. Brooks said, "That's okay." He was grinning from ear to ear, I could tell. But when he said that he couldn't put it down that way, and he said, "Well, in cases like this" – now, this was another thing that I didn't like. I didn't like it. I don't care, no matter what it would be under normal circumstances or irregular or whatever. You got a piece of property and you're going to be letting go of it, you want to know the correct things about it. But here's what he said – and this irks me. He said, "You might get a little piece of your neighbor's property and your neighbor might get a little piece of somebody else's property." In other words, we only had 23.48 acreage of our own. But they have it down, I – and my husband brought nineteen loads of apples off of the hill that day by sled. When he'd come in, each sled load – he'd come to the house to see how I was because I was getting close to delivery time. So, he quit at 4:00 and came in to get supper for the men because he didn't want me to be on my feet that much. I was just so heavy; I couldn't even tie my own shoes. So, [laughter] he did a lot of the work inside. My husband was good for helping out with the housework too.

MK: Okay.

BH: We were on the events in Thanksgiving in 1981. The appraiser's been there. We didn't go to Elkins on the 30th of November. When the appraisers came on the 8th of December, Bobby was on his way to the mailbox down the hill. He saw the Corps of Engineer vehicles coming in over at the highway. So, he didn't go onto the mailbox. He weaved in around the shrubbery and came back to the house. I said, "Lock the door," and we watched. They pulled into the property next door that joins ours in the other driveway. They got out of their vehicle. There were two vehicles up and I think about five men, if I remember correctly. Five or six in the two vehicles. They got out and I said, it has just reminded me exactly of some men that had been hunting and maybe they've each come from a different direction. They've all gathered together before they go on their separate ways or something. How they'll stand around and talk or maybe you'll kick in the dirt. I think you get the picture of what I'm talking about. That's what it reminded me of. Well, we were standing in front of the fireplace in our living room. We could see them, but they

could not see us; these two vehicles. I said to Bobby, "This calls for prayer." Okay? Now, mind you, this was at 11:00. We were getting ready to go down and begin cutting briars away from the Christmas trees. Getting time that people would be coming for trees. They pulled in there, I said, "Time for the prayer." Okay. The prayer was over. We looked, and don't you know, they left out. They did not set their foot on our place. They never came to the house. They never saw us. Nothing. They left out before 11:15. I know I have help. Well, we went on and took care of the trees, kept a watchful eye out the rest of the day. Nothing more. 17th of December came, it was the worst day we had yet for the season. I mean, it was bad. Oh, it was so bad, our home demonstration club here had our Christmas program scheduled. Our Christmas get together, family, dinner, covered dish. They called it off because it was just too treacherous to be out unless you had to be.

BH: Now, we had [inaudible].

BH: So, I know now to say, the Lord knows these things before we do what a day is going to be like or something.

BH: – and slippery.

BH: This day wasn't fit to be out. So, that lets me know now why we wanted to go. That was in [19]81. Well, then in [19]82, I think it was, we were down in the nursery serving some customers – local people.

BH: November 8th, say that is.

BH: Just as we were going down the hill, this lady had called and said they'd be over our way in a short while. We had just gotten dressed and had a little cup of coffee and out. Going down the hill with them, talking about what they'd like to have in the line of shrubbery when I saw this vehicle go out, turn in our driveway, back out, back, back out, back, and back.

BH: [laughter]

BH: Well, we were digging shrubbery. This fellow came up over the front steps, snuck into the nursery where we were. As he came out, he said, "Anybody here know Robert Heavner?" Bobby said, "I never heard of him."

BH: You know how you'd say it as a joke.

BH: Now, he never identified himself in any way. All the time he was there, oh, maybe five to ten minutes, he said, "Either of you ladies know him?" I was bundling up a piece of shrubbery. I was kind of wondering what was going on. So, I was taking my good old time of tying up the shrubbery. Well, he says, "I have an envelope here for him. If you know him or might ever see him or anything." So, I was ready for Bobby to put the string around the piece of shrubbery I was putting the bundle up on. So, when he bent down to do the strings, I said, "Tell him we don't take what belongs to other people." [laughter] That's what Bobby told him, and he left. I never did know who he was until about –

BH: I gave him my [inaudible] names.

BH: It was either a week or two weeks later – I think about a week or maybe only a few days, we had a Watershed meeting. A fellow from over on Skin Creek, Glen Smith, said to me, "You had some callers the other day, didn't you?" So, I began to tell him about that. In fact, when he left, this man did, I said to the women that were there, "Do you know that man?" "No, I didn't know him." I said, "I don't either. I don't know what he's here for." But the girl said she had gotten a look at the envelope. It was an open envelope, long envelope. Had no writing on either side of it or nothing that would specify it was for a given person or anything. So, I've always thought, well, maybe it was a good thing we didn't take it [laughter]. Glen said, "You had callers." I said, "Well, somebody was up there and asked if we knew Robert Heavner. Bobby told him he didn't know him." I said, "He never told us who he was or anything." I said, "I don't know." I said, "How'd you know he was there?" He said, "I was sitting down by the pond waiting for another man to come by. They were going on up the hauler to look about his cattle."

BH: I saw the truck sitting there.

BH: I didn't know he was down there. Had no knowledge of it. I said, "Well, I wonder who that man was." Oh, he said, "That was the big chap. That was (Monjar?) [laughter]. Then I began to put it all together. I thought, oh boy. Since he didn't identify himself or anything, and I knew it wasn't a customer the way he spoke and everything. But I'm just glad we didn't enter into things.

MK: Who is Monjar?

BH: He was –

BH: The head of the Corps.

BH: –head of the Corps here in Western. There's another fellow in there now, Monjar. He's got his house for sale. He lives just down the road from my dad. Got his house for sale right now.

BH: I just turned my name around and gave myself a [inaudible] name that summer.

BH: But Bobby just said it as a joke. You've heard anybody say, "Well, who's that with you?" Or something. I don't know him. Never heard of him or something. That's the way it started out. He really didn't mean all that much by it, but the way it worked out, it worked out pretty good [laughter].

BH: So, he asked me who I was and I told him.

BH: So, anyway, Mr. Smith said to me, "Well, who was that woman in the car with him?" I said, "I don't know. I didn't know there was a woman in the car." He said, "Yes. All I know is she had red hair." [laughter] So, I didn't know. But he never came back.

BH: I remember seeing the truck sitting there at the –

BH: Well, I didn't know that. All I knew was this car and where he parked.

BH: I thought I told you about it.

MK: When you hear that?

BH: What?

MK: When did they tell you that?

BH: That was in the condemnation paper.

MK: Fifty-three thousand.

BH: That's the only time there's ever been a figure mentioned to begin with. Because they never negotiated with us in any way, shape, or form prior to that. They hassled me about this other man's property, but not on our own. They never did.

MK: Fifty-three thousand for a house, barn –

BH: A house, 23.48 acres, three acres used for saleable nursery stock, twelve acres of it are orchard, with a packing house. The house had three bedrooms, long hallway, and bath on the upstairs. Downstairs, there was a front hall reception, sizeable, oh, at least like right here, the reception hall. Large living room, large dining room, large kitchen, pantry, and a full basement. The house measured twenty-four by twenty-four and a half and it had an attic too, which we never used it, but it was there. Bay style, both floors.

BH: The windows had a –

BH: With white pillars on the porches. The white banister.

MK: Pretty old place.

BH: Beautiful.

BH: Built in 1917.

BH: I had thought I'd bring some pictures I could show you, but I didn't have the time to look about anything. I've been in such a hustle bustle. Anyway, just a little something added. Every winter, we liked to take care of the birds too. So, we tied pie tents on the banister. Bird feed for all the birds. It was a site. You'd see those birds come in about 4:00 p.m. before the dusk would come on. Then they'd be there in the morning. Every bird you can name comes there to eat. Wisteria Vine around the porch. At one time, there was a rose bush back in the [19]60s. We had such a cold winter that even privet hedge froze that winter. But we lost that beautiful rose that was around that porch. So, then we never had heard a thing. Now, they claim they have sent

mail. In 1980, wasn't it Bobby? When I was so sick that winter, and about the only time I ever went anywhere was the days I had to go to the doctor and I managed to get my groceries, whatever we had to have on those same days because I wasn't able to be driving. But I had to do it. I had no other choice. I picked my days. I've been fortunate I've never had one of those [inaudible] on the highway. On this one day, came a pink slip in the mailbox that there was mail for us at the post office from the Corps of Engineers. I got up, I got dressed. I went to the post office. The roads are treacherous like. In fact, going back home, as you go around the curve up there, I was on both sides of that road trying to get home, so sick. Went up there at the post office, not a piece of mail of any kind there for us. You might come back this evening and see if there is. I said, "I am absolutely not able to come back up here." I said, "I shouldn't be up here now." I went back home and I didn't go back. Well, another time, the same way. Similar circumstances. I go to the police office, no mail. I still have the slips. That's what it was. Well, after the condemnation, I called through to Huntington and I talked with a Colonel Carl Richards. I told him how unhappy I was and upset because there had never been any negotiations on the property prior to condemnation. I said, "I know enough about this because the conservation districts go by the same regulations. If they do the things that Corps of Engineers had done, those people would lose their positions faster than you could think about it. Knowing a little bit about that condemnation law, I knew that was cart before the horse. I told him. He said, "Well, we've sent you this. We sent you that and sent you that, some mail." I said, "I've never received any of it." "Well, it was supposed to be delivered to your door." I said, "There's never been anything brought to our door." Now, I did mention about these others, but I didn't tell him I still had the slips. That call cost me \$11.68. So, you know how long I talked, and that was back then. Well, then nothing more after [19]81 and that one event there in [19]82 until June this year, I got another letter. It said something about how they had noticed we were still occupying the property. See, after the Lord dealt with me in [19]81, and I knew that's where we were to be, that everything is pointing to it each day or something or let me know. Or maybe someone said, "Well, you suppose you're interpreting things, right? I say, "Lord, am I right? Have I misinterpreted you? If I have, let me know now. I've told so many. Let me know now so I won't do something more wrong." I always had an answer. I was okay. I had interpreted it right. Because if I know that I have misinformed somebody of something wrong, I'll let them know if I can and backtrack on it. Well, just various things. I was getting better. I hadn't had to use my medication since early spring. Once this spring, we were pulling up little weeds, and as I said, I had a week back from years back anyway. When he was just two years old, he put my back out of place. It's been a problem ever since. I had to be cautious. We had gotten in an order of evergreens. There were some of them a little bit too small to put in the nursery row so we could heal them in and let them grow. Had a place I'd heal for it, but it needed a little debris cleaned off of it and some trash and cleaned up. We were doing that and there was one little bitty of a briar, wasn't even as big as a pencil, got stubborn. The root of that thing just run for a mile or more. It got stubborn and it sort of – I must've been in the wrong position. Anyway, I hurt my back. It just sounded and felt like every bone in me was breaking. So, that kind of laid me up for just a little while. But then as crop time came on, we planted our potatoes on the 19th and 20th of May, and I was able to do those on small scale. I cut all the potatoes. I'd take a small kittle that I could handle, walk along, I helped drop them and everything. We got that done. June, we planted our garden. We planted twenty-two pounds and a half winter green beans. Now, we put out three hundred pounds of Kennebec potatoes. A seven row around the hillside, the twenty-two pounds and a half winter green beans. We had six dozen tomato plants,

and to set those tomato plants. Because my back still bothered me and I couldn't stoop and I couldn't squat. So, I'd take a stool along and shut off the plants. Took a little longer, but I got it done. Put those out. In the meantime, Bobby got an awful bad cold. So, this weather and then there seemed to be a bug in the air, he had a sore throat. So, he carried the water out to the garden for me and I set out the rest of the plants of them so he could kind of take care of himself. Then in June, we had a death in the family. Of course, it bothered me a little bit that week. Then from then on, because everything's beginning, the weeds were coming on. We'd had some wet weather and the weeds were coming on and he'd pull those out and I began pulling those weeds. I just wanted to hit about normal. Didn't seem to hurt me when I get tired. Summer went on, and he was fortunate enough this year. The first year he had been free because two years passed because he had a \$1000 hospital bill facing. Two years prior to this year, he had worked with the summer youth program just to take up the slack time between the spring and the fall sales so he could help take care of his hospital bill and all his doctor bills. But this year, he wasn't fortunate enough to get on with the work. So, he was very happy to be at home. I gave him the opportunity to take care of the potatoes properly. Got them cultivated and hoed out twice, take care of the beans in the garden and everything right. Beginning on the fourth day of August, I started picking the first beans and I never finished until after – was that the 2nd or 3rd of October, along there someplace. We picked twenty-nine bushel. Sold them all with the exception of what I used for about twenty-eight quarts. Maybe a bushel. We had somewhere – I don't know the records because I haven't seen them. I mean, I had them and they would be being tallied if I'd had the opportunity now, but I'd say in the neighborhood of some six, seven, or eight bushel tomatoes – large tomatoes. But in the meantime, the 31st day of August –

BH: I was picking beans and –

BH: Oh, wait. Yes.

BH: Yes?

BH: That does come in there, don't it?

BH: Yes.

BH: We were filling our orders and I needed just about a handful or two to finish a particular number of pounds for a particular order. I was sorting crab apples on the front porch. Our crab apples tree was literally loaded. One pair of tree loaded. The rest of them were kind of spotty – weather conditions. But he had gone down to get the few extra beans I needed while I got dressed to make our deliveries. I had called to him – I know there was even a vehicle around, and I said, "Come on with what you have. You probably have enough amount." But when he come up with the pick, I said, "Well, why didn't you bring your bucket with you?" He wouldn't say anything. He got up the porch and he said, "There's a Corps of Engineer vehicle down our driveway." "Well, I looked. I didn't see any vehicle." He said, "It's gone now." I said, "Well, get your beans. We'll go on. I think you've got enough picked." Well, we delivered those beans. After we made our deliveries, we went on to Jackson's Mill for the state Dairy Show. We left home about 4:00. We came back in just prior to 8:30. When we came back in, our mailbox was off of the post. Let me tell you, nails in that post that far.

BH: How far down into the –

BH: It had to be taken that bulk of it. It was down in the briar's back of it. So, I called (Hexis?) that lived right above us to see if they'd noticed anything unusual about the neighborhood that evening and told her why. I said, "Our mailbox is off of the post." I said, "Someone had to take it off of there." So, I got in touch with the mail carrier. I said, "Have you had any problems with any mailboxes on the route being indestructive or anything?" He said, "No," and I told him. He said, "I wonder what's happened." I said, "Well, someone's had to take it off there because those nails were far down in there and they had been pounded way – you couldn't even move it." He said, "Well, if it happens again, then we will report it to the postal authorities." A little higher up. But it didn't happen anymore. But the 30th of August – now, this incident here about the mailbox took place during the week of –

BH: The Dairy Show or the week before that.

BH: – state Dairy Show and fair.

BH: It was the week before that.

BH: The week before the state fair. On the 30th of August, I had gone to JaneLew to have my hair done. We were putting in a new water system and my dad had given me the amount of hose and everything to get for this water system he was putting in for us. I was to go to Southern States between 3:30 and 4:00. It would be coming in on a truck and I could pick it up then. Well, I left JaneLew about 2:30. I got into Western at the Heck's store about ten minutes until 3:00. Bobby wanted to see about some blue jeans they had on to go to buy. We went in there for ten minutes until 3:00 and just a real nice day, something about like this. We came out of the store at 3:15. I mean to tell you, it was raining, not just barrel, barrels. Very near got soaked getting to the vehicle. Just going from the Heck's store into Western, it rained so hard and so dark for the hour of the day.

BH: It was only 3:00 p.m.

BH: On the local radio station, they said that it was so dark for the hour of the day that they had ever seen in their lifetime. I'm older than they are and I'd never noticed it in my lifetime, I mean to recall. I had first said to Bobby, "Well, I'm not going to Southern States in all this to get that pipe because we're not going to be using it this evening or tomorrow anyway." Well, I might have gone through some water going out the street. It was raining so hard, I had first thought, "Well, maybe I better pull over and wait it out a little bit to slack." About that time, they were telling about all these warnings further into the evening. It was after 3:00 and I said, "Well, maybe we better get home while we can." Well, I pulled up to the third street stoplight there in Western and I was the second vehicle in line. Well, I could see on the street by the Keener apartment, there was water in the road. Just that quick. So, I thought, "Well, I'll go up by the junior high school and then first street and on home. I won't have to be in that water." Because I've got a touchy vehicle. But when it was my turn to move on, when the light turns, that vehicle would not move. No way. Pouring so it just wasn't practical to even get out. Thunder and

lightning could be dangerous. But we just sat there for a while. No way could I get that vehicle to move. Wouldn't even turn over. Well, when it did slack up, he goes to a little station across the road and called the garage. Well, they said they send someone out. They didn't come and they didn't come and they didn't come, for over an hour and a half. Finally, he goes back and calls them again. Well, they finally came and they pulled me in. Well, all total, there I was from about 3:15 and all that until something after 5:00. Well, I left the garage and I took the long way around rather than go through water, a long way around, but I [inaudible] hospital, get back over on Main Street to go home. [laughter] I got up as far as the gift shop for the West Virginia Glass Company when I remembered I left my umbrella back at the garage. So, I go back, taking the long way around. Well, I got back on 19. I said to him, "Do you suppose we can go home now, and what time is it?" Twenty minutes until 6:00, he thought. I said, "Well, we might get home in time to hear the weather report on the news. Maybe hear what's been taking place or anything." But we got to the top of (Rose Run?) Hill, I said to him, "There must have been tremendous wind up here." The road was literally covered with debris. I mean covered. The further we came off the Rose Run Hill and started up towards our way, five huge trees across the highway. Just barely room for me to get around the tops of those trees and the ditch on the other side. If I'd have moved either way – and I mean I crept, if I'd have moved either way, I'd have been in trouble. Got on up to where we turned off in 19 to go over to our house. Just over the break of the bank, there used to be big two-story houses there. It was a log cabin, really, what it was and done over on the outside. Huge white pine in front of that house down across that road. Nowhere to turn. I'm not that well of a backer and get back up on the highway. I didn't know what to do. Well, Bobby moved some of the stuff out of the roadway and looked the situation over, and the trunk of a tree and the bank just barely ruined it. Crept through there with the truck. I thought, with all that, how are things up at the house? But I looked up at the front path as I went past, but we had to go around to the nursery up around to get into the backside. In the road, the rocks had all washed out of place and those things. I mean, I had to really take it slow up around the road. I turned around and all the tomato steaks and the tomatoes had outgrown the steaks. They were huge and we were in need of tying them some more. Might had that very evening. They were over, some out of the ground. It looked sort of like a sad sight. But I got in, and there are sixteen huge trees around that house of ours down there was. The dog was okay. I walked around the house and looked at those trees. They were all okay. So, I felt better. Inside, the house was okay. The only thing was our electricity was off. It had gone off at 3:30. But I did have a telephone. Going up the road, in fact, I caught myself on the wrong side of the road. But I couldn't have driven in the other side. There were limbs and twigs and everything in that road bigger than my arm. We'd have had to clear every inch to drive on the right side of the road. I thought, "Boy, I hope I don't meet anybody here," [laughter] and I didn't. So, found out I had a telephone, and I thought, "Well, who shall I let know the conditions of this way? Someone should know this." There'd be traffic coming through. It was after working hours and everything. Always a good bit of traffic up there. So, I thought, "Well, should I start with the highway or the state police?" Or just whatever. So, I called the sheriff's department. They had no knowledge of the conditions in that area that way. Well, I called them, explained it all. She said, "Where are you located? Your telephone number," and all these things, and I told her. She said, "Well, we'll be in contact with you throughout the evening to see if you're okay." I told her about another family up the hill – I didn't know where they were at home or not – that was around. Well, then I went to call my dad because in the meantime, while we were even in town in the line of traffic all that time, my dad was supposed to go to our house. He watches two TV

programs and didn't go to our house. He had called up there and he didn't get an answer to our house. Well, that satisfied me. My dad wasn't there waiting on us or anything in all that storm or something. So, then when I got around after I talked to the sheriff's department, I called my dad. Well, while I was talking with my dad, my neighbor came in on the line. She spoke and I say, "What do you think we've had around here?" She said, "A small tornado, it looks like to me." I said, "That's my definition of it." I was trying to tell my dad he was going to come up the next day to work on the water line. I said, "Before you come, you check with someone to see the condition of the highway." Well, he said, "If you got through, can't I?" My dad's not that good a driver. He's awfully nervous. I said, "I could get through with the truck where you can't with your car. Don't take a chance." Well, he was going to come around by Vandalia through. I said, "Then if you do, you better walk in." I said, "Maybe they got conditions the same." Well, anyway, what I'm getting at is this, in less than one-half mile from me was all this destruction with the roof off the Conrad Park building. All this destruction all the way up and down 19, on up the hollow from me where this neighbor lived. Trees down in and around their house and all. Around our place is all taken care of. We had been delayed two hours in Western out of almost no reason at all, I mean, on the surface. What had happened was there was a wet distributor calf. But that was just the Lord's way of taking care of us. If I'd have started on home at 3:15 when I thought I would, I would've been on Rose Run Hill maybe at the time those trees were falling. I wouldn't be here to tell you about it. Strange things. But everything around the house, the tomatoes were not hurt that terribly. We put the stakes back up with the weight a little bit. It looked like the bean vines were literally ruined. So, I told my dad, "If you do come up tomorrow, I'd like a little help in another direction. Help get the beans off so they wouldn't deteriorate." Well, we took all the beans off because I figured that was the end of them. Don't you know, they revived up and I was still picking the second week in October. But I mean, that's what it looked like on the surface. I tell you this, they were uncovered, but we could recover them. Things that weren't that much.

BH: Oh, yes, thought we had to crawl down our knees.

BH: Oh, yes, she made a remark, "What do we do? Get down and crawl?" I said, "Very near." But that's the Lord's way of telling us, when you live right for him and for him, he takes care of you. That was showing me just as plain as anything of what his wishes are. We've been blessed with the crops other than the fruit because it was all over. Potatoes as big as my shoes. Most beautiful green beans you ever laid eyes on. Each planting was better than the last. Huge tomatoes. I was almost ashamed to sell them for canning tomatoes. They'd have been nice slicers.

BH: Some were as big as this ashtray.

BH: I mean, we've just been blessed in that respect. Things have fallen in place. I had already gotten my coal in before the festival. Two loads of coal – 2,960 pounds up there. I can't even get it to use. I got it in. I got ready for the festival. Well, just after the festival, or just before the festival on the 10th of September, I got this first letter about if we were still occupying the premises and all. There would be a hearing in Elkins on the 21st of September. Well, I didn't know what to do. Well, I thought it over and thought it over, and I thought, "No, I haven't got to this point." I thought of all of our blessings, I can't turn back. What am I going to do? So, a few

days, the first load of coal I come in with on the 17th of September. See, we got this letter first. On the 17th of September, I was part way up around our road with a load of coal on 1,460 pounds when Bobby says, "Oh, oh." Somehow, I had a feeling because this letter had said something about the United States Marshals. I forget just exactly how it read. While I was on the highway with that load of coal, of course, I always felt tensed anyway, but hoping all along. But coming home with that load of coal, and I thought, "Well, I do hope we don't see somebody when we get there." But we did. In fact, I had to back out of that road. With that load of coal, well, I can't back very good on the count of my back. Then if I turn my head too much in the wrong way, it's everything else. I pulled out – even though I thought I suspicioned a little bit – so they could get their vehicle out. He comes to the window; Bobby rolled the window down. "I'm so and so. Do you remember me?" I said, "I don't know you." He said, "Oh, yes, you do." I said, "No. Who are you?" He gave me his name. Taylor, isn't it?

BH: Yes.

BH: He said, "The United States Marshals." I said, "Let me tell you, I'm God's property and God has authority over it." There isn't anything you can do about it." He jerked, strange look on his face, and he threw the papers into the vehicle. He didn't hand them to us. He threw them in. So, he went on his way. Well, somehow, I felt pretty good with myself. Various people I've talked with, they said, well, they were sure the Lord was smiling on me when I told him what I had to say.

MK: So, you'd met this U. S. Marshals' name was Taylor?

BH: Yes. What is his first name? I don't know.

BH: I forget, and I don't care.

BH: He said he is a member of our Watershed, but I don't know whether to believe that or not. That doesn't sound right either.

MK: Well, he threw some papers in the car. What did the papers say?

BH: It was just a single sheet of paper about this hearing. The same thing I had gotten in the mail on Saturday, a couple weeks before. Yes, a couple weeks, wasn't it?

BH: Yes.

BH: Because I got the paper on the tenth. This other didn't come until the seventeenth. About a week before. So, then I didn't know what to do. In the meantime, I was talking to – every time anything had come in handy, I'd let anybody in the Watershed know about. Well, I talked with Clara Mae. I told Clara Mae, "I never have gone over there for anything. I'm not really about to begin now." She said, "Well, I reckon one thing you could do would be to send a letter over to the judge and state my reasons for not going." I said, "Well, I might do that." So, I pondered that over a while. Well, I talked to Francine. She was sort of concerned, maybe I better go. Well, it wasn't possible for me to drive to Elkins because I haven't driven that kind of distance.

In fact, I never have in many a year. Because back in the early [19]60s, I learned I can't no longer drive after night. I have a problem with the lights bothering me too terribly. I don't wish to put myself in danger. I don't wish to put the other fellow in danger. So, I don't drive after night. Then of course, since I've had this, that's just too far of a distance. The furthest I have gone is to Buckhannon or maybe to Glenville when the districts have their meeting. But I always aim to get back in before dark. Nothing unforeseen that I can. Now, last year, I did meet with a little accident that I had vehicle problem and I didn't get home until after 10:00. But if he hadn't been with me, I don't know how I'd done that. Because he told me about the road signs and this and that, and I drove pretty slow and I made it. But I said, I know the Lord was the driver in that truck. It wasn't entirely me because I just can't do it. Well, anyway, then I finally called the attorney and talked with him. I said, "It's been suggested" – I did decide to write a letter along the lines. I had to send a copy of my letter and some other papers to John (Prowball?). So, I don't have them in my possession. But I sent a letter speaking about – I touched upon four different incidents in the letter of why I shouldn't, and the not of the whole thing really. Then after I had sent the letter – I sent that on Tuesday and I asked for a return card on it. Well, I didn't get the return card for two weeks. So, it kind of worried me. I feared it wouldn't even get there for some reason or another. After that then, I was talking with my attorney to let him know that I had sent this letter. Then I had got another little note from him that said, "Do you think I should go over and speak on your behalf?" So, I called and I said, "Well, what do you think?" "I don't know. It just seemed like I couldn't come up with a real clear-cut decision." I said, "If you think you should, go ahead." I said, "I'm not asking, but if you think maybe, you should, it'll be all right." So, he did go to Elkins, and I understand the letter did arrive. They passed it around for the Corps attorney to read. My attorney, of course, since he hadn't seen the letter, they let him read it. But it wasn't discussed openly. It wasn't spoken about openly. All they did, they entered it into the record. Then the judge goes ahead with his order to have us put out.

MK: That was Judge?

BH: Maxwell.

MK: Judge?

BH: Maxwell.

BH: Robert Maxwell. Robert Maxwell has been at our home in 1959, the next summer after we were married. He and the judge before him – J. Dowell Jennings, and Robert Maxwell were at our home to speak with my father-in-law about the apple patent. It was in its process of hoping to be obtained. They came and spent one Saturday afternoon with us. The reason I know it was a Saturday, my father-in-law and my husband were both Seventh Day Baptists. We had just returned home from services at their church when these gentlemen arrived. Judge Maxwell stood in the doorway of our basement and told my father-in-law to keep on trying that. That dam should never be built.

BH: [laughter]

BH: Never forgotten it. Because I was standing next to the water heater, my husband on the

other side, my father-in-law and Judge Jennings and Judge Maxwell on the doorway. Well, anyway, with all of this taking place there in September and our festival coming up on the 29th, 30th, I was just as tense as I could be. I think I looked out the windows more times than I had in years all put together. I didn't stay away from home any longer than I had to. I did get ready for the festival. Things did fall in place. We had got our coal in. This seemed to tell me good signs. I did get ready for the festival with time to spare down and rest on Friday night before the festival on Saturday. I had never been able to do that in prior years, but I did. Got up the next morning and over the – well, we went on Friday evening to put our tent up so we could have that accomplished before Saturday morning and the big day. Went over on Saturday, everything just fine. Cold day, but we managed. Good sales. Of course, Sunday, everything worked out on even a bad day. We'd done almost as many sales and probably would have done much better had the weather been a slight bit more cooperative. But I was real pleased. Everything had gone off real good. Vehicle running. No troubles or anything like that. Where last year, I had a vehicle and couldn't even get there. I had to have my neighbor take me on Sunday. I had a whole trainload of stuff there [laughter]. So, this are signs letting me know. Everybody said, "Oh, you go over there and work that festival and you'll have your death of cold." Well, every year I've worked when it's been in the worst of weather, it never has bothered me. But anytime in the ordinary time now, it might. But when you're working on the things that's for the Lord's purpose, you don't suffer. Well, right after the festival, I'd been kind of wondering what to expect because I didn't know. On the 2nd of October – yes because the 1st was on a Monday. Yes. I had been into town. It was payday for me. Then on a Tuesday, I had to go back into town for some reason. I forget just what. Anyway, I had gotten back home and I was going to go pick beans. I knew there was still more beans down over the hill. But getting ready for the festival and everything, I just hadn't gotten to look about them. I came in and I thought, "Well, before I change clothes and go to pick those beans, I'll glance over today's paper and a cup of coffee." Well, that thought no more crossed my mind until the phone rang. "Well, this is Ron Darnell. I'm a United States Marshal in Elkins. I'll be able to see you one of these days." I said, "What's that?" "I'll be able to see you one of these days." I said, "What about?" "Well, you should know." I said, "I don't know." "Well, we'll be over. You better be making some preparation to leave." I said, "I don't know about that." I told him, "I'm God's property. God has authority over me. I go by what he instructs me to do. So, that was on the 2nd. Well, I didn't hardly think at first whether I was quite up to going out to pick the beans after all that or not. My cousin said, "Yes, you can do it." I called telling her about this call. "Yes, you can do it." So, I did. I pulled myself together. But all the way around the hill picking those beans, I prayed and I thought and everything. First time talking to myself [laughter]. So, to mention to myself. So, Wednesday came and gone okay. Thursday morning, we were getting up, long about 11:00. No. We had gotten up earlier than that. But I had gone back upstairs to dress for the day. See, I always got up and had my coffee and breakfast before I dressed for the day, maybe according to what we might be doing. Maybe we wouldn't know exactly until we'd see what that day brought forth or weather wise or what we could do. Then I'd dress. So, I'd gone upstairs. I had just gotten dressed and ready to come back downstairs when I saw this vehicle come in the driveway. I saw the emblem. Bobby was back in his bedroom. So, we went downstairs, and all the while, I just kept on praying. So, I didn't let Bobby go to the door. I went to the door. Well, I didn't have my glasses on. I came downstairs. In the meantime, Francine had told me, and my cousin had told me, if anything came up to get in touch. So, I couldn't get ahold of nobody. Well, I went on to the door. "I'm Ron Darnell." He flashed – they don't let you see it. They do it so fast, you don't

know who you're talking to really. "We'll be back in a week to take you out." Oh, that just hit me like wildfire. One week would be exactly the date my husband passed away. The date. I said, "How low can you people get?" I said, "That has to be the lowest of anything I know." I wasn't going to tell him what the date was. I told him again that I was God's property. He said, "I'll be here in one week." I told him again. I said, "I'm God's property. God has authority over me and my life." I said, "In that house there, God dwells there. You can't bother with it either." "Oh, well, I'll take my chances." Well, we went on talking. Each time he starts, I start. I really preached a sermon that morning. Maybe a little of a repeat, but I think I got through because I think I could tell by the time he left. As I said, I wasn't going to tell him the date. Finally, I did. He said, "Well, I didn't choose the date. The judge did." Well, I said, "I don't think much of the judging either." So, he goes on out to where my truck is, approximately twenty-five, thirty feet. He tries to talk to me from that distance. So, I had to leave the doorway where I had been and go out there and talk with him. Now, he said some things. Bobby had said something to him. Maybe he shouldn't have said, but he did. He said something back, and neither one of us knows what he said. Well, I talked with him and I said, "Then you mean to tell me you're trying to put yourself of a higher authority than God?" I said, "God tells me to stay here. This is where he wishes for us to be. His plan for our lives." I said, "But what you say you're going to do" – he told me at that time that they would take us out. They would arrest us and they would kill the dog. I told him he was placing him of a higher authority. I'll take my chances.

MK: He said he was going to kill your dog?

BH: Yes.

BH: Bobby was in the house trying to get help. Unknown to me, he was still on the telephone trying to get help. I didn't know it.

MK: What did he say about killing your dog?

BH: He said he'd kill the dog.

BH: He told me. Bobby –

MK: Was the dog growling?

BH: – yelled something else back at him that he should not have.

MK: Was the dog barking at him?

BH: No. He wanted to know if we had any livestock, and I told him we didn't. Because we hadn't had any livestock since before my husband passed away.

BH: When they came back later, I told him if he laid –

BH: That's where something else started. Well, anyway, on this while he's there this way –

MK: I want to get him to talk about it.

BH: Let me get a little bit beforehand here. This is the next day when they're taking this out, to get it in perspective.

BH: I don't know really much about it. I was on the phone trying to call friends.

BH: I told you Bobby was in there. I said, "Well, let me ask you something." He said, "Sure. If I was in the situation you are, I'd be fighting too. I'd be kicking my heels and pulling my hair and so forth and so on." I said, "Well, then if you can understand my situation, tell me something, why is it you have a job that is the devil's work? Surely, you can have something that's more respectable." "Well, it's my responsibility and my duties. I've taken a sworn oath." I think he said he has been with the department for eighteen years. I could be wrong in the number. But anyway, it's in the teens. I said, "Well, you may have a sworn oath, but I'll tell you something, I made a covenant with God and a promise that I'd work for him and I'd try to stop this whole conglomerate, period." I said, "I live for him then he lives through me for him." [laughter] I forget what I said to him. He just shrugged up his shoulders and left and said something. I never will know what he said, and he left. That was on the fourth. The twelfth come and gone, no one came. So, I thought maybe I'd made a little headway because I noticed – I told him, "The whole thing is not right." I said, "God has let me know it's not right. He's shown me in many ways. He's told me in many ways, instructed me and guided me." I said, "You can be a help to us. You tear that up there, forget about it." Oh, he'd lose his job. I said, "It might be better to lose your job and live a proper life than to do the wrong job and be punished for it. That's just what I told him. Well, I thought I was making a little bit of a dent here. I thought I could see an expression maybe, perhaps. I'll say yes, it's possible. Maybe, no. I couldn't quite determine for sure. But I think I got through a little bit. Just a little. Well, nothing until the morning of the twenty-third. Again, as I said, it was a bad morning. I hadn't slept because now, these nights through this period, I hadn't slept very well. I'd go to sleep – I think I was kind of listening because I could hear the traffic. I think I was kind of listening perhaps if they were kind of surrounding or something before daylight or something. I could see from my bedroom window where they couldn't see me, but I could maybe observe anything unusual. I think sometime, maybe I was just that cautious to try to take care of everything and be prepared. The morning of twenty-third, I had just gotten up, put on my house coat because I'd been to the bathroom. He wasn't up yet. I was ready to start downstairs and I saw this vehicle come past my – we have two large blue spruce right in front of our steps or beside our steps at the foot of the hill down the front path. See, we can drive into the back of the house, but up the front way was a pathway up the hill to the house. I thought, well, we're getting some customers maybe. It didn't go on around going up the hollow or anything. So, I knew it was down there behind some shrubbery where I couldn't see it. So, I said to Bobby, "There's a vehicle that came in and stopped down front. I can't quite tell yet what it is." Well, about that time, I saw a kind of a tarnished looking car backing out towards the pond, which is out from us. About that time, I saw this vehicle. I knew it was the Corps colors and I saw the emblem back out also. I said to Bobby, "That's a Corps of Engineers vehicle. I'm sure it is." So, he got up and I didn't go downstairs just yet because I can get a better view from upstairs than I can downstairs. Just as I was ready to go downstairs, I saw this vehicle come right back past those blue spruce, ball, and a jack and up around that road. I didn't have time to call nobody. I walked into the kitchen, and I

had left my coffee cup on the stand the night before in the living room. I went to put my cup on the table when I saw behind my truck, like it's parked in my pathway like this, the Corps truck was parked like this at an angle. Cali Corps, behind my truck. I saw this young fellow dash from behind my truck around a small building, between the small building and the doghouse. This other fellow at the door, I recognized him. I opened the door. It had rained the night before. I didn't have my glasses on. I was in my night clothes and house coat. Bobby was too. He said, "We're here to take you out. We're going to arrest you." Pouring down the rain. I said, "A day like this?" I was holding onto the door to steady myself. It was slippery. He yanked that door out of my hand and very near pulled me down the steps. He pushed me back into the kitchen. I said, "I told you once, and I'm telling you again, I am God's property. God has authority over me, and you can't do anything about it." Well, after that, he said, "Well, we're going to take you out." I said, "May I call my attorney?" "No." Well, I reached up to pull on the light because I had got the coffee pot on in a few moments there that he was coming from the vehicle to the door, to get a cup of coffee. So, I proceeded to fix my cup of coffee. So, again, I asked, and maybe a little bit nicer than I had the first time. I said, "May I please call my —" I reached up to turn the light on. He stepped in front of me. So, I couldn't reach the light. I said, "May I please call my attorney?" "No. You sit down there in that chair." He left my kitchen and I was almost sure he had gone to the telephone. Somehow, I just knew that. Well, we were there. He said, "You drink your coffee and then we're gone." Well, I drank my coffee. So, Bobby said to him, "If you so much as lay a hand on my dog or harm him in any way, I'll hold you responsible." Right there is where the scuffle started. They went at him right in his face, just like this. Now, he had a bruise around through here. They twisted his arms. They turned them, arms and hands and wrists and everything. They got him down in the floor. They kicked at him, shoved at him, rubbed his face in the floor. Now, he's hauled coal and not look as bad as he did when he got up off that floor that morning. You know how a coal miner looks when they work on coal? His pajamas looked like he had wired in a hog pan. They had him down on the floor on his stomach, as I said, rolling and rubbing face and everything. At one point, I stood up and I said, "In the name of Christ Jesus, let go of him." They did. But they wanted him up on his knees. I said, "He can't." "You stay out of it," they said. Bobby said, "I can't." He's not supposed to be bending on those knees. That's doctor's orders. Well, they got him up on the chair. As I said, his face was a site to behold. They put this chain around his waist. Well, they first had his hands behind you, didn't they?

BH: Yes.

BH: Then they put the chaining in, put him in front, didn't they? Then they put a chain around my waist as big as my wrist, and handcuffs. We're still in our night clothes.

MK: Did they handcuff you?

BH: Oh, yes.

BH: Yes, they did. Real tight.

BH: Extra tight. He had the marks. He had them for three or four days.

BH: Like this almost.

BH: He might still have some of the scar, I don't know. Now, he still got bruises in through here. Fairly deep too. Bobby said, "Well, I wouldn't be caught dead in my night clothes out in public," or something like that to that –

BH: I wouldn't be caught alive.

BH: "Be caught alive in public with my night clothes." "Well, you're not going to be seeing the public anywhere." Well, I said, "Whether we see the public or not, we are decent people. We wouldn't leave this place without some clothes on." I finally talked him into letting us dress. So, we started upstairs. "Only one at a time now," shouted at me. The young fellow that was with him said, "I'll go first. You tell me what room. I go first."

MK: Were you in handcuffs then?

BH: Well, I didn't tell him, but I just went into the room.

BH: He wants to know if you were in handcuffs.

BH: Yes, and this chain. By the time I got upstairs, the chain was down around my ankles. When I stepped to the chair to where I wanted to get my clothes, with this chain to my ankles, I was like this. I couldn't even get my clothes from the chair to where I wanted them. I just stepped out of them. He said, "Tell me what clothes you're going to wear." Well, I said, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Well, I reached and got my own clothes. "Now, you put them on the bed so we can look them over." They picked those clothes up, this young fellow, as if he'd never seen clothes in his life. I don't know whether he is married a man or not. I don't know. But men aren't all that [laughter] dumb about women's clothing, I'll say it that way. I'm sure they're not.

[laughter]

Anyway, I said, "I would appreciate it if you'd leave the room." "I can't." He took things off my nightstand. I don't know what. I'm not sure. But I never got a chance to really see it. I asked him again if he'd leave the room. "I can't." Well, he and this young woman stood by the door while I dressed. If I went to get up and turned around or anything, they were right in front of me. After I got dressed, I went downstairs. I reached on the couch and I had this sweater. I always left it hanging on the back of the couch. I got this sweater. I walked to the closet and got my coat. Now, I'm going to tell you, they were trying to get in front of me all the time. So, I went into the kitchen and sat down. Then they took Bobby to dress. Now, you can tell your side of it there.

BH: They took me up to my room. I was putting my clothes on and I told him to leave the room. He said no. I said, "Then I hope you got your eyes full." He let me get stuff out of my dresser.

BH: Out of two drawers, but not the top one. No underwear either.

MK: Everything except my underwear and my socks. The only socks and underwear I have are what I got on now.

BH: Of course, he's fortunate enough that my dad wears the same size [laughter]. And all of his banking. Of course, I have mine [inaudible].

BH: So, I went back downstairs and put my shoes on. They asked me where the guns were. I told them I didn't know. They forced me to tell them. They [were] out in the closet and they got them.

BH: But Bobby didn't think about a .30-06, his daddy's good deer rifle. He had bought them [inaudible] the first catalog coming out right after World War II. He paid \$17 and some odd cents for it. It was in a closet upstairs in my bedroom under a mountain of stuff. Bobby didn't remember to tell him that one. [laughter] So, it was still there.

BH: That time, a couple of state policemen came in. They took up a bag of her crafts and dumped them out.

BH: (Artex?) painting. He saw them do that. I didn't see it.

BH: He gave it to me to put my clothes in. [laughter]

BH: That's what happened?

BH: Yes.

BH: I didn't know that part.

BH: I asked them if I could go downstairs and get a bag. They wouldn't let me do it.

BH: Oh, well, I hadn't known that.

BH: Well, in the meantime, I remembered a watch that an elderly lady in our neighborhood. Well, she's only –

BH: Five.

BH: – seventy-five, but she's been the babysitter throughout the family. Her mother had [babysat] for my husband and she had [babysat] for both my children. Then in later years, Bobby had worked for her until she moved away. Of course, they're family, both wives. I remembered this little watch she had given me two years ago. She said, "At some time, we might not always get to live near one another, and I want you to have this watch as a remembrance of our family." Her daughter, who is a missionary in Japan, had gotten it in Switzerland. The letters on it are too small for her to see and it's on a little chain. But I

remembered it on the dresser. I thought, I'm going to have that watch with me some way or another. So, I said, "I would like to have my watch. Well, where is it?" I said, "It's upstairs." So, upstairs we go again. So, then at that point is when I began to grab a few clothes that were readily available, just a few things, and back downstairs. So, I started towards the kitchen table to get my medication, but they wouldn't let me get it. They made us go on. I went almost two weeks or better than a week without my medication.

[talking simultaneously]

BH: I [inaudible] the knives off the refrigerator into the floor.

BH: I guess they were tearing up Jack while we were in the process of getting him to leave. So, when we left out of the house, they put Bobby, I think, in a state police car, wasn't it?

BH: The car was driven by the police.

BH: I was in the Corps of Engineer's vehicle, but with the marshal – or no, I was in another car with the young fella. No, I wasn't either. Did the young fella go in the car with you, didn't he? Yes, that's the way it is. He must have been in the car with you. He waited [inaudible]. The woman was in the car I was in. They put me in the back seat. When we left out the back path, when we backed out –

MK: Were you still in handcuffs?

BH: Huh?

MK: Were you still in handcuffs?

BH: Oh, yes.

BH: Yes, we were in handcuffs.

BH: But from about, oh, I'd say somewhere between 11:00 and 11.30 a.m. until after 3:30 p.m. When we went out the back path – so, you have to back to get out of there, unless you're already backed in and can go out head first. On his microphone –

BH: In the vehicle.

BH: – in the vehicle, he said, "We're taking them out now. You can move in," like you're criminal. I mean, the same fashion. So, they take us out to where Weiss Brothers have their construction equipment and told us to change cars there, go in a different car, be a little more comfortable. We went this long way around, like I come in this way. I'd never been that way before. I wonder where [they've] gone. Well, they got us down there to –

BH: Well, I asked them they've gone. They told me.

BH: They told him. They had [inaudible].

BH: They told me it was going to the sheriff's office.

BH: When we went in down to the sheriff's office – now, mind you, being in business, working as I had around various places, being in conservation work and everything, I know people all over. Maybe I might forget names, but I do remember faces a lot. We went in the sheriff's office down there. You could have not (hurt that?) personnel any worse down there if you just (left?) them in the face.

[talking simultaneously]

They were shocked. They were stunned. Again, I asked if I could call my attorney. The marshal would not let me. After a short while, Sam West, one of the deputies, I guess, come around and he stood right beside him and said, "Anybody I can call for you," real nice, private-like." I said, "Yes. Call my attorney, Mr. Brooks." I said, "If you can, get in touch with a cousin of mine" that she had known a little bit. I had never told my father because I just knew he wasn't able for all of it. Too, dad doesn't always understand everything and he gets confused. My aunt there with him, that's [19]77, she gets even more confused. So, rather than to cause any more problem than what already was at hand, I just didn't say too much because I can do my thinking and my meditation a little better if I'm not all too disturbed and upset with other things at hand. So, he did call my attorney. He came in a short while. In the meantime, the marshal had [taken] it upon himself to call the Department of Welfare and have some of their personnel come down to talk to us. Well, they asked us a few questions. I began to get the picture. So, I didn't give very many more answers than what I really thought I needed to, very brief. Huh?

MK: What did the welfare people ask you?

BH: I don't know exactly. So, this paper where he asked –

[talking simultaneously]

– our occupation and our age and names and things like this and the like and what we were going to live on –

BH: I forced that one guy to ask him who he was, that young guy. [laughter]

BH: How did you do that?

BH: I said, "Who are you?"

BH: Oh, you learned his name?

BH: Yes.

BH: I never did know.

BH: I forced him to tell me. [laughter]

MK: Do you remember what his name was?

BH: He said (Greenwoods or?) –

BH: Greenleaf, isn't it?

BH: – or something.

BH: Greenleaf or Greenwood.

BH: But I forget his first name.

BH: I never did know the girl's name because they didn't identify themselves. She rather gave me the impression that she wasn't too happy to be participating. I will say that.

BH: The young boy –

BH: I got that impression.

MK: The woman marshal?

BH: Huh? Yes.

BH: Yes, the lady.

BH: Now, I (fear?) evaluation of a person's expression sometimes. Sometimes I can be wrong. But I got a little bit of an impression that she'd be happier not being involved.

MK: Did you know her name?

BH: No.

BH: No, I don't.

BH: No. I asked her –

BH: Very attractive-looking young lady.

BH: I asked her. I said, "Why us of all people?" Said that she wasn't doing the procedure.

BH: She wasn't at the court and she didn't know. I told them it all boiled down to we were being treated that way.

MK: What about your dog?

BH: They said they'd kill the dog. I wouldn't let them kill the dog over nothing.

MK: When did they say they'd kill the dog?

BH: That first time that Darnell was up there, or Darnell O'Neil, as I call him.

BH: [laughter]

MK: What did he say to you about the dog?

BH: He didn't say anything to me. I had learned it through the grapevine.

BH: I told him the first morning. But then that morning, I –

BH: Then I decided if they [were] going to be setting the dog, I'd make the pardon on him.

BH: I'll tell you, too. I got the second (inking?) after we got into the jail and they called in the dog warden. I have known the dog warden since before I graduated from high school. I don't think much of him. He's cruel. He married a girl that they thought is in high school was my twin sister. We are in no relation. She led worse than a dog's life. I saw her at one time in the hospital. I was going to see –

BH: A friend of mine.

BH: His family.

BH: He and I would go on walks. I'd always play with him. I would have hated to have seen him be killed because of us refusing to leave there.

BH: They said they asked for the dog warden. Knowing what I do about him and the way he does animals, I thought, "No, you're not." That's the reason I said get in touch with my cousin. I thought my cousin might be able to think of something that we could do to take care and not fall into the hands of the humane society and this dog warden. Well, they couldn't get my cousin. They called the wrong party. Of course, they [weren't] aware of what was in the air. In the meantime, another deputy that knew my cousin's husband works at a coal processing plant just outside of West (North?) 33 towards Buckhannon, went out there and got him and brought him into the jail.

[talking simultaneously]

See, that's unknown to me. He came in. I'd say about a half an hour or so. Now, in the meantime, this young Patty Hager, she had – or in papers that we had gotten, they didn't take the handcuffs off until after my cousin arrived at the jail. In the meantime, Patty Hager was there and she –

MK: Were you handcuffed all that time, too?

BH: Yes, I was.

BH: All that time. Now, one other thing –

BH: I asked him to go get me a can of Coke.

BH: They brought it. They did bring us a cup of coffee. At the meantime at the house, I asked if we could have our breakfast. No, we had never had any breakfast. They did bring some lunch and it looked most delicious. Had it been under normal circumstances, I could have eaten. But I was so upset that I knew that if I ate, I'd be sick.

BH: Same way with me. I see a sandwich they had there, but –

BH: I just couldn't. I picked up the spoon and tried and I could not. But this Patty Hager, as I say in some papers concerning this hearing in Elkins and everything, told how she had been to our place and talked with us in the yard or how she had talked with me on the telephone and those things. So, help me, I had never seen that woman nor had I ever spoke to her until after they'd taken us into the jail that day. I told her so right there. I said, "For you –"

MK: Was she a marshal?

BH: Huh?

MK: Who was Patty Hager?

BH: Patty Hager, she was with relocation, the Corps of Engineers. She was Patty Mills' when I first heard of the name. I'd heard of the name where I wouldn't have even known what she was or her capacity or anything. I told her, I said, "It's in documents that you've been at my place and so forth and so on." "Oh, no, I never said that." I said, "Why is it in those documents?" She swears it isn't. If I had them, I sure could show her. As I say, John Probal, attorney in Charleston, has them. She wanted to know if we had any money to go to a motel or anything. I just wasn't giving them very many answers along. They'd ask whether or not we'd been paid. Well, the check came in over a year ago. My attorney was well aware that at the time that I would ever accept anything from the Corps of Engineers, I would lose my widow's pension from the Veterans Administration. I was receiving what is called the Improved Widow's Pension under the new law that went into effect in 1980. Your pension is all they will allow you to have to live on. I received \$103 a month. Now, my utilities, he in the hospital, it never took care of utilities nor needs. Two years ago, I had contacted the Corps and asked if there was any way possible. I said, "We are in desperate need. We're doing without some foods we really needed, but we just couldn't." I said, "There [was] necessity at hand." I said, "Just so I can take care of those things." "No." But the lady that I talked with, she said, "You might see if you can get food stamps." Well, we had to help us through this rough spot. So, this summer, we were beginning to be on our feet just a little bit. We thought if we could manage through this fall that we could

put our supplies in for winter, that maybe by the time winter come, we could be free, that we wouldn't have to get them anymore. Things were working in that direction, looking good. We were getting back on our feet. Got his hospital bill behind us, got some of my accounts behind us that had accumulated while I was under doctor's care three times a week. Medication that you pay \$26.82 for was just a hundred tablets. Other medication is high. Treatment is high. My attorney was well aware and I had always known that I could not accept anything from any other source, not even as a gift, anybody, like my father at Christmas time. I'll give you the money unless you give it. I said, "Daddy, if you want to give me something, it had to be something you do or specify." But I said, "I cannot accept it in cash because they counted it off my pension, dollar for dollar." Well, my attorney was aware of that. We were also acting on hoping that if we could kill the whole project, I'd give it back to them faster than I got it, or we (say?). Now, they made it a joint check, Barbara Heavner and Robert Lynn Heavner. If they hadn't done that, it wouldn't have hurt me. But effective October, a year ago now, when this came in because I did have – so, my attorney said, "Well –" I said, "I can't accept it. I can't deposit it or anything like that." I didn't know what to do. So, he suggested that he put it in a blind trust. That Bobby could have the interest from it to help him in his need of the farming operation. He's self-employed. Ours was beginning to dwindle down. Because of being in that area, the Corps had told many a people we no longer lived there. At one point, they had told we lived in Buckhannon, another time in Bridgeport, another time somewhere else. This causes problems. You lose business. The fact, too, that they had told we had shot up. There were other people afraid to come. So, my attorney thought the interest from it would help Bobby. That he'd have something to take care of his responsibilities. Just because he didn't have anything coming in, didn't mean he didn't have responsibilities, insurances and other things. So, that's what he done for us, October a year ago, on the 29th of October of 1983. We had received \$400 a month. But I had to sign it, so he could even have his. Now, when they've done this, and I let them know that I lost it, they claim I haven't. Now, the day there at the jail, this Patty Hager says, "We'll guarantee that you won't lose your pension." Well, a few days before. She had had a cousin of my husband's call me and tell me it wouldn't bother my pension. That there was a paper at the courthouse that stated it wouldn't bother it. To this date, they've never been able to produce it. Well, anyway. After my cousin arrived there at the jail, they let us go with him and go to his home. Although that time, his wife and his children had gotten in from school. That's the only way. From 11 a.m. until after that, I lost all track of really what time it was. You had your watch with you, did you? I don't remember.

BH: [inaudible].

BH: So, we went out there. So, with my dad not knowing anything was in the air. She said, "I better go down and tell Uncle Tom." So, she goes to my dad's house to explain to him. She said she had an awful time being able to get him quieted down and settled down, so that she could come on back home safely and know that he was all right. So, all around midnight then, she takes me and Bobby back down to my home. The first thing when I walked in – now, just to tell you, give you a little indication why it was so hard to ever share anything, and they would understand. Dad said, "You brought all this on yourself. Try to live right and what the Lord directs you to do." Somebody tell you, you bring it on yourself, if you understand what I mean, some other nasty remarks. It's quite a difficult situation to live in there. Well, I went back up then. That was on the Tuesday. On Friday, when we went in or Thursday into town –

BH: Yes.

BH: – he was out there a little bit.

BH: We didn't go anywhere until Sunday.

BH: Until Sunday?

BH: Yes.

BH: Where did we go to on Sunday?

BH: That's when the Rockefellers were at the –

BH: But [were] we not into town on Friday after Joe Brooks' office or anything?

BH: I can't remember.

BH: Anyway, the following Monday, I went into town.

MK: From where? Where were you? You were staying at your dad's then?

BH: Well, I was trying to think.

BH: Yes.

BH: I get things in the wrong days here a little bit. Everything has been such a turmoil.

MK: One more detail before. In the process of the raid on your home, did they cut the phone line?

BH: Yes, they did.

BH: Yes, they did. I was going to tell you that. When they did let me go upstairs to dress and I glanced at the back of the phone, this black cord, it wasn't any further. Well, it wasn't as far as if you'd put it back over that there. I'd say just about that far back from my phone, down over the back of our desk. The rest of them is behind the desk. The whole wire was pulled up in front of the phone this way, lying right up over the phone in front of it. That's why I was positive. There at the jail, they told us that we could never come back into the area. We were not permitted to go back to the house and be in charge of our own things. No way. What few clothes we had taken with us –

MK: Who told you that?

BH: (Darren Needle?).

BH: The marshal. The what?

BH: Darren Needle.

BH: Ron Darnell, United States Marshal. [laughter]

[talking simultaneously]

BH: He kept saying it. I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Go back into the area." It makes me wonder. Well, I said, "I have to go back up there to vote." I said, "To the cemetery where my husband and my son and all the family." "I told you you [can] never go back into that area." Well, I still didn't know what. Well, Francine's comment and some others said they were doing that to scare us and possibly so. I'll accept that because he kept saying it constantly. On Sunday, we had been down there at dad's. Well, that evening that they'd taken us from the jail – see, when my cousin went out there, we thought that vehicle that had our clothing and everything in, it was going at the same time, but they didn't show up. They didn't show up for a couple or three hours later with the things that we had. I don't know (whether?) they went through them or what. They come with them later. Then when I got down to my dad's with them and finally began to take things out of the clothes basket they were in and all, they were just dirty as they could be, everything we had. Things I had just laundered and was lying on the bed, I just hadn't hung them up yet. They brought those clothes out there. There was another fellow, a Kincaid, I don't know a first name, that brought these things out to my cousin's house. There's a lot of things at my cousin's house. That's when my cousin learned they were going to be up there packing. He got (wind?) they would not take care of anything that was attached. Well, he went up to our place to see what was going on. He wasn't given any instructions. He couldn't go. So, I thought he'd go up there and see what was going on. Right back he came and he told me, "Roberta," he said, "they're not going to take anything that's attached." He said, "I'm going back up with wrenches or something and disconnect the cook stoves, refrigerators, heating stoves," anything that was attached. Well, he said, "She won't have anything." So, by the same token, I said, "But what about stuff in the basement?" All my air tight's, hundreds of jars of stuff, hundreds of jars kept to be used. Oh, somewhere between forty and fifty bags of potting soil, topsoil, that we used for setting out stuff.

MK: All the things connected with your business?

BH: Everything you've got for a business, you name it, we've got it, basements to catch all. Boxes we used for first one thing or another. At the chicken barbecue, the Jubilee, the chicken boxes that the FFA has, the chicken barbecue, and the boxes the chicken comes in. Wonderful boxes to store potatoes in. Make deliveries in, if you want something sturdy. Store anything in. We got many of them in the basement, everything. Extra dog feed in a box covered up, so mice won't get in or something. I had three big bags of dog feed we just got a week before, everything like that. I said, "Well, what about that stuff in the basement?" He said, "Well, I can't take care of everything at one time." I said, "Well, I know how we can do some things." I said, "Get in touch with Peg Ornsby. Get a crew down there to help." So, the whole watershed went down there and got things out of my house where we wouldn't have some things. I don't know what

everybody's got, where it is, but sometime we (want it?).

BH: I just [inaudible] wanted more.

BH: Up at (Joe's Sprays?), I do know that he's got our spray machine with a fifty-five gallon power air compressor sprayer for the orchards. He's got lawnmowers. He's got rototillers, wheelbarrows, all those things out of our barn, out of the packinghouse. They've got our dog. That's where the doggy is. We've not seen him. I know he wonders what has happened to us. We had wanted to go see him this past Sunday. The weather was such I didn't go out. But the Sunday before was interesting, too.

BH: They've got some of our stuff, too.

MK: The [inaudible]?

BH: No, I don't think so.

BH: No, Matt and Francine.

BH: No, they don't. No. But up at Joe's, they've got the machinery. I don't know where anyone else – another family had our filing cabinet and a box of things, but they were brought down to my dad's Monday morning. Beth and Louie Langer had some of the potatoes that I had sorted, three and a half bushel potatoes the day before. That's one reason I was so tired and was still sleeping in on this morning. We were going to deliver those potatoes that day, weather permitting, if it wasn't, on the first day that was permissible. They were sitting in my kitchen and the dining room and already measured, graded and everything, weighed up and ready to go. Of course, everything was all poured together. I've had to resort. Beth and Louie had some of those at their house. Someone else had a few. Well, they finally got them altogether. They've gotten them down to my dad's in the basement. [laughter] There's part of our stuff sitting down there. There's part of it everywhere. In the meantime, see, this Patty Hager had told my cousin that she would be going to Huntington on Wednesday. This was on Tuesday or on Wednesday after they had us in nursery jail. She would go to the Veterans Administration regional office and she'd get a paper stating that it wouldn't hurt my pension. So, the next week, nothing heard from. I said to everybody, I said, "Hager hasn't come up with that paper yet." I said, "I wonder where it could be." So, my cousin thought they'd follow up on that. So, they contacted to see if she got the paper. No, she couldn't get it due to the Privacy Act. So, that particular day, my attorney had said for us to come in and we'd go to the bank and transfer all that into our name now that we can use wherever we have need. It is still in an account that is earning a little bit more to help. So, we did that. Then I went back up to the attorney's office to talk with him some more. As soon as I got up there, he said he had just had a call from the Corps office that Ms. Hager wanted to talk with us up there. So, in a few moments, less than five minutes to go from the attorney's office up to the post office on the second floor where this office is, that girl wasn't anywhere to be found. I never got to see her. So, I go back down to the attorney's office to see what it's all about. Well, he had gotten a call or they had and then he had from a man in the regional office, (for so he said?), in the regional office of VA in Huntington and said it wouldn't affect them. They'd send a letter stating such. Still have never gotten it, unless it's in the mail today. Well, I was going over

to Soldier's Home at the state hospital to talk with Mr. Kaiser, who is the service agent for Veterans Affairs in our region or in our county. Of course, I've known him ever since before we were married because he was our best man, too. [laughter] So, I was going over there, but with all this other activity at hand, I didn't get there. So, I was supposed to go to Jackson's Mill. I didn't get to see Hager that day. That was on Tuesday. I never got over to see Kaiser. But on Wednesday, she told my cousin if we'd be in there about 11 a.m., she could talk with us. So, we would go there and we'd meet with her at 11 a.m. Well, I talked with (Mr. Merida?) this morning, that's the man's name in the regional office of VA. He'll get that out to you. If you'd like, I'll just let you talk with him by telephone. So, she calls him. She on one phone and me on the other and Mr. Merida was on the other. Well, he kept telling me some things I knew didn't balance with the knowledge I've had for four years. Okay, I'll send you the letters. I'll say I still have never seen it. Well, that was that. She gave me some papers to file for loss of the business. They never would accept up until that point that it was a business. The Corps of Engineers never would recognize that it was a business. Senator Robert Byrd and Senator James Randolph and all those in government never would accept that it was a business to give us any helping hand or anything. I mean, even to speak and let it be known. So, I haven't really gotten to do anything with that. But while I was there that morning and I made it known that that nursery and the farming operation was also Bobby's only income. He had no other income. We're both without income right now. Only what we can salvage from there at the farm right now in sales. I received my check just last Thursday, but I cannot use it. I had one of three choices. I could send it back or I could deposit, go ahead and use it, but I'll have to pay it back. The third one, I don't recall what the gentleman said, so many things in my mind. But anyway, Mr. Kaiser, when I met with him on Wednesday, I believe it was, or Tuesday, whatever day, he said, "When the check [comes] on Thursday and the questionnaire would be with it, to bring it over, or to take it to a Mr. Conrad that comes into Weston at the Senior Citizen Center on Thursday morning." I saw Mr. Kaiser on Tuesday afternoon, I believe it was. [laughter] I had to go to the mill for a state meeting. This worked out real fortunate because I couldn't have done it had it been anybody else. These checks are handled like Social Security and anything. They're only supposed to be delivered to the person whose name. But the mail carrier on these routes through here, I graduated from high school with him. He's the husband of the watersheds – Clara Mace's husband. He's our mail carrier. He carries the mail. So, I talked to them to see. I asked Clara May if she'd be coming into Weston because she's a homebound teacher for homebound students, if she had to be coming into Weston on Thursday morning. I told her why. I said, "I wondered if it would be possible, you could get my check from the post office, Clare Crawford, rather than my having to come from (Jane Lou?) to Crawford after. I could meet you somewhere." Because I said, "I have to have it before I meet with this Mr. Conrad at the Senior Center." So, okay. She said, "I'll stay here at the house until Joe comes by with the mail," at their place. She got it, met me with it in Ben Dale. Then I go on to see Mr. Conrad. If it hadn't have been that way, I couldn't have worked it out that way. That's fortunate. But I didn't have the questionnaire. The questionnaire wasn't with it. I didn't get the questionnaire until on Friday. So, I still don't know. But I do know this much, if the Corps of Engineers and the courts had written the checks separately, had they recognized Bobby as the adult that he was at the time of the condemnation, instead of writing Robert Lynn Hefner, infant, as it is in one set of papers to condemnation, and then in a few other papers a minor. He was past nineteen at the time. If they had recognized it at that and had made two separate checks equal, since it was willed to us by my husband and his will equally, but if they had done it to each one his portion, I wouldn't have been

jeopardized at all. But now, it ranges between \$2,400 to \$3,700, I will have to pay back to the Veterans Administration because the Corps' the way of doing things. I have the check right now. I can't use it. As best I know right now, I won't receive any for December. Lord only knows when I will. I have always understood that when she loses, she don't ever get it back. I was only fifty years old Monday. I'm too young for Social Security. At one point when I was so bad, Mr. Kaiser – because my VA was so small of a portion, I was on one pension, \$113 a month, no other income. That wasn't sufficient. He says, "Apply for the new one," which I did. I started out at \$219. It has the same policy applied as does the Social Security. The cost of living, adjustment, so much, maybe it's only a few dollars, that much. So, I had got up to \$307 from the original \$219 I started with. So, I don't know what I'll be able to do. When I did inquire, Mr. Kaiser thought I could get Social Security Disability because with all the injuries I've had to my back, I've had injuries to my legs and all this –

MK: What happened to your house?

BH: What happened to the house?

BH: It went that way.

[laughter]

BH: Well, see, it was a watershed in there getting belongings away, and someone from the Corps going up there and packing. Along the line, the sheriff, Ralph Hall, and a deputy, Margaret Adams, they were up there overseeing things. They said he was more like a friend and neighbor than he is our sheriff department. I don't know what all has taken place.

BH: A matter of fact –

[talking simultaneously]

BH: I have to learn of it through other individuals. But each day, the house was still standing until on this one day –

[talking simultaneously]

BH: – I went up there to see this Ms. Hager. But when I got up there, she wasn't there. But I talked with Mr. Kline. John, I believe, is his name. In fact, Francine is telling me that's you. [laughter]. "Oh, no," she said, "a different person in a different category." I said, "Okay." [laughter] I wondered what was up. But I'm not real sure there how it's spelled either.

BH: Kline, the good guy.

MK: [laughter]

BH: He's short, dark hair. That's all I can say for him.

BH: It looked like he's done with them all.

BH: I don't know. I just can't exactly explain my impression of him yet or my evaluation of him. That is because I've only met him just a brief few minutes.

MK: But they called you into the office to see her?

BH: I was to go up there and see this Ms. Hager. But when I went up there, here [were] these men in the hallway. So, I asked who he was. That's how I learned there. So, I spoke briefly about things. I said, "I was told to come up here and see her." I was telling him about my pension and the like. I told him, I said, "About the nursery being his only income and the like," and that thing. I said, "I understand I can't go back up there. I can't ever go back into the area." He said, "That's right." I said, "Well, that's the strangest thing." I briefly stated to him about the cemetery and the fact of the election coming up and all. Well, he said, "Whatever the marshal told you." Well, I left there. Then when I went back on the Tuesday, whenever we were talking with Hager, my cousin is the one that began to smell a little mouse. Hager got a phone call while we were there. I never paid no attention to the phone call. I mean, it just wasn't my affair. But I guess my cousin overheard enough that she understood the road into the place was opened up now. See, they had put a block into the place. They just simply (dozed?) dirt up just a few feet down over the break of the bank off the main highway to the place. Well, Ralph and Mary C. from over at Skin Creek had told me about this road. Mr. McLean had gone up there to get his cattle to take the market. He couldn't get a truck over it. So, they had one truck on one side and the truck on the other side and walked the cattle across it. [laughter] That's how he got his cattle out. But my cousin said when she said something about the road's open now, she said right there she smelled a little mouse. She didn't say anything to me. But she told her husband when he got in from work, he gets in around 4:00 to 4:30 sometimes on a good day and he don't break down the machinery or anything. So, he just got in his vehicle and goes to the road. See, sure enough, the house was down. They have just shot that thing in every which direction. We have noticed some of our dishes in it. As I say, dishes those were wedding gifts. They meant so much to me because they were from such dear people, friends, and neighbors and everything. I noticed just –

MK: They bulldozed the house?

BH: Yes, they did.

BH: They have bulldozed it. Now, my cousin, Matt, had an idea who the bulldozer operator would be. He told him off of it. So, as long as the house stood, I thought, well, we stand a chance. It stood until this past Monday or last Monday, wasn't it?

BH: Yes.

BH: Last Monday or almost a week. Almost a week until Tuesday morning anyway when we first learned or smelled the mouse. It stood that long. Where they had told me they've taken everything out and dozed it down that very day they took us out.

BH: [inaudible].

BH: I had always said when they started on that house, they started taking things out, it's going to take a while.

BH: We learned on Wednesday about the raid.

BH: Was it Wednesday?

BH: Yes.

BH: I said I do get my days mixed up here now. There's been so much. Some things I can recall and some I can't, exact dates. But it is a sight. Matt stopped one of the dozer operators. They held them all, so some things could be taken care of. They had also promised my cousin they would not because he had gotten a partial agreement from the Corps people and these marshals there at the house when they were up there being able to get things. See, my cousins were able to go up there and kind of watch things taking place. The deputy sheriff told them, said, "It makes no difference if it looks like it's not worth anything. So, it may appear that way to you, but it's something they need." He said, "I don't care if it's only a newspaper, a magazine or whatever it is, it goes." So, in that respect, like our nursery catalogs. To an ordinary person, they wouldn't know anything about this stuff.

MK: What's going to happen now? I mean, why is the Corps in such a hurry?

BH: That's what we all like to know.

MK: Is the park opening up next week?

BH: No. In the letter for this hearing in September the 21st, it stated that we were in the pathway of Route 30, that we were jeopardizing the construction of Route 30. Route 30 is on the other side of the county. It said that we had become the subject of conversation of landowners still in the area and landowners who had already gone. Well, they didn't say where it was in the wrong direction or the right direction or whatever. We're just a subject of conversation. But by the same token, I thought, well, those people had the same privilege and the same right to choose as I did. We have choices in our lives. I chose mine and I stayed with it. They had the same right and privilege. We might have been better off if they had more of them. [laughter] That's the way I feel. Even a newspaper writer in Weston said, "If you had it all to do over, do you do it in the same way?" I said, "Yes, I would because I've asked God's direction and His guidance." I've followed what He's shown me and let me know. There's no doubt in my mind at all, whatsoever, or in my heart, that we have followed what we were supposed to do.

MK: Have there been other evictions like this?

BH: No, no.

BH: [inaudible].

MK: As best I can find out, unless someone can find out. Now, this is something interesting. They do an awful lot of threatening. They had threatened my neighbor up there. I heard Matt tell Congressman Bob Wise in July, I was just standing nearby that I caught this much. I didn't even know who it was about, who it was concerning or anything. There's something to this effect, they have threatened to kill their cattle, that much of a statement I had caught. I didn't know who it was about, what it was about, or nothing. It made me wonder, but I never did ask anyone that I had wondered.

MK: But they threatened to kill your dog.

BH: Yes.

BH: Well, on Monday, before they came to take us out, on Sunday, my dad was up, with Bobby's birthday being on Monday or two weeks before.

BH: No, the week before that.

BH: A week before, wasn't it?

BH: Yes.

BH: Dad was up –

BH: Well, that Sunday, we went over to the beach.

BH: There were some people who came up and asked for permission to hunt, and I gave them my permission. On Monday, there were some more people coming. I told them they were the answer to our prayer. We heard the vehicle coming. I hoped it wasn't someone that I wasn't wishing to see. I told these young fellows, they were from (Clinton Denning?). I said, "You're an answer to a prayer." Well, he said, "I never thought I'd be that." [laughter] But he was telling us that he had learned on Sunday at the other person's house that they had threatened to kill his cattle.

MK: The cemetery has to be moved?

BH: No.

BH: No. The cemetery is not to be moved. I understand there will be a better road into it than ever has been. It is located in the middle of my neighbor's farm and his farm is original Heavner property. Grandfather Heavner donated the land that the cemetery is in, the cemetery land, to the Seventh-day Baptist Church. I don't remember how many years back, but the cemetery dates back to 1859. The first person buried there is the eighth generation back of the Heavner family. He wanted to be buried on that hillside, so he could keep an eye on his orchard on the other side of the hill. That was his request. That's why the cemetery is there. Now, (in that there?), as I said, they said that we were the center of conversation among landowners and so forth and so on. So, in a letter in the local paper –

MK: Do you think they saw you as a sort of a symbol of resistance or something?

BH: I don't know. I've had all these interesting experiences. I don't know. (Being?) in election time, I've wondered about this and other people have wondered, too. Because we spoke about it with my attorney, and he said it could be. I said, "Right here is election time." I said, "I think they're just trying to put on a big show." That's what I think. I really do because it all came out of the blue. We hadn't heard anything from them for a real long time. It just simply all happened so quick. They dozed it down. They haven't dozed anybody else's down – well, my neighbor up there. As I started to say yesterday, with these customers from Shenston and they told us that they observed there is family living in the house right above us. Now, it's only seven-tenths of a mile, that whole road from the main highway to the (other hall?). Two-thirds of the way up there, he said, "There's family living in the house." Yet they've already dozed ours down. Because we've gathered knowledge on all the other dams in the state, large ones, Sutton, Burnsville, Summersville, and Grafton. To the best of my knowledge, I never have heard of or read of or anything else of anybody ever being done the way we have been. It's a new one. Why? Matt and Francine's, some of their place is condemned at the same time as mine. There's people on Skin Creek that were condemned clear back in 1978. They're still living there. Two of them are Darry's. Well, Jack Langer was condemned long before I was. He's still living in his.

BH: [laughter]

BH: I made it known. Only I didn't give no names. I said, "There's hundreds of people up there yet." See, this thing goes clear through to the Wyatt, Walkersville where you start (Rockford?) towards Buckhannon and onto Sutton, the old road. It goes to the foot of the hill where it used to be a store and a church, (Strayford?), store and church, Weimer Store and Strayford Church. It goes to the foot of that hill. It goes into the Braxton County line going towards Sutton up that way and Gilmer on the other to connect up with Burnsville. Clear on the ridge of Emmett. The great big Davidson Mansion, owned by Davidsons that had, I suppose you might say, the large share of stocks or something of the Western National Bank. They call it the mansion, call it (Annemoon?). What's the other name for it?

BH: Annemoon or Blair's Mansion.

BH: Or Blair Mansion. I bet you it'll never be taken down, everybody else around it. Now, something else that's interesting, they say that wherever there are structures for the National Register, Francine, you're speaking about that. Just a year or two ago, they have put all of the covered bridges in the states in the state historical. Now, they are working on that in the national. There is law that states, "Wherever there are national registers that there cannot be federal money spent on projects." I have that in a newspaper article down at my house, down where I am right now that I could get it for you and show it to you.

MK: I mean, they're not supposed to spend federal money –

BH: That's right.

MK: – on projects that would disturb these.

BH: No, there cannot be federal money. I don't know now exactly how it states. Peg Orangeby can tell you more about that and maybe Francine because they worked on it at the time. Some of that took place in the fall of 1977. In fact, just the weekend before my husband passed away, he wanted to go on the tour and he wasn't able. They learned a lot. She's telling you about the historical things. But along with that, they learned there are certain laws that govern federal money where there are historical structures. That's something interesting. So, I had sent one copy I had to Bob Wise sometime, oh, it's been a year or two back, so that he'd be aware of these laws, so he could look into them and see if there's anything that can be looked into. No, I do not understand why like this. No one else has been. We've asked and they won't answer us. But in a letter, someone's letter in last week's Democrat, someone from the watershed stated that when they inquired or someone had inquired, I think maybe Congressman Wise or someone had inquired of the Corps of Engineers of why they were wishing our property so suddenly because we were not in the pathway of the Route 30. We are not in the dam area. We are really in the recreational area. The dam itself won't come near. It said that we were setting a bad example for other people. Oh, I know now whose letter it was, Clara Mace Bryce because she told me they had cut part of her letter and only one little bit of it was left in. She had thought that we were setting the example or something here. It's in last week's Weston Democrat was this article.

MK: You said what?

BH: Huh?

MK: What did you say?

BH: Down at the courthouse, the marshal sat down across the table from me. I said to him, I said, "Are you a Christian?" He said, "I think I am. I go to church and I pray a little bit." I said, "Have you ever had a personal experience that the Lord would speak with you, direct you, and guide you, give you information about anything in the future or anything like that?" "No." He says, "No one else ever did." I said, "I'll have you know I have," I thought. But I've learned a few little things that are kind of interesting. These have come through other persons, as told to me. Now, one of them, this United States marshal – and I had first understood that this had taken place there where our home is, but then later I understood it took place at his own home before the day started. It seems as though he had fallen and got some nature of an injury that required some stitches. Then with the day's activities, he said, "I begin to think maybe that woman's right." But I understood then later. I thought if he had fallen there on that place, it's just kind of beginning to shape up.

BH: It said in the papers.

BH: Then Mr. Klein told this in the audience of, I don't know how many people there at the house, my cousin was one of them that heard it. He said, "I am a church person, I'm a lay leader, and I don't know how I'm going to face those people." My cousin, she just listened and couldn't help but laugh to herself and said, "My children saw that on television, and I don't know hell I'm

going to face them. I just don't know hell I'm going to face them." I find these things kind of interesting.

MK: Bobby, could I ask you one more time, just in your own words, to tell me what happened there that morning? Did you actually strike one of the marshals?

BH: What it was, I told him about the dog. He came towards me and he started grabbing me. I just shoved him back, and he came at me like a madman.

MK: How many?

BH: Two.

BH: Two of them, the young boy and Darnell.

MK: What did they do to you?

BH: They went like that or that.

MK: Put their hands in your face?

BH: Yes, real hard and started to twist my arms and wrestled me into the floor, bent my hand back like that. This went on for about a couple of minutes.

BH: I've seen one like that. I've seen.

MK: Did they kick you?

BH: Yes. Picked me up, threw me down on the floor.

BH: They swung you back and forth?

BH: No. That's when they put the cuffs on and said, "You go underneath." I said I couldn't, so they picked me up, put me back in the chair.

MK: How old are you?

BH: Twenty-three.

BH: He's a six-footer.

MK: Yes, he's a mean-looking fellow.

[laughter]

BH: A little over six foot. I don't know how much, but he's over it.

BH: Yes. I told him I wouldn't be caught alive out in public with my pajamas on. I asked for a glass of water. So, he got me some. I told him we just put a new spring in a month ago and have the best water he ever tasted almost.

MK: What are your plans now?

BH: To get relocated and start in the nursery business again.

MK: Where are you going to find –

BH: I don't know, but –

MK: How much money do you have to reinvest?

BH: I don't know.

BH: It sure is \$30,000.

MK: \$30,000 to start life over again in the nursery business?

BH: Yes.

BH: We received \$63,340.55, which is \$3,000 on our returning date.

BH: Yes.

BH: We have \$60,000 between us.

BH: Plus our nursery has been in the family eighty-six years this year.

MK: How many?

BH: Eighty-six.

MK: How much stock are you going to have to leave up there?

BH: I don't know.

MK: Acres?

BH: Yes.

BH: Well, there's three-acre area.

BH: There was a well on our place, a water well that had a hand pump on it as I drilled the year

of the Dust Bowl era. As a matter of fact, that year was 1930. The person that drilled it said to my father that the well would never go dry, drilled on solid rock, thirty-two feet.

BH: We have great trees there. Some were grafted in 1971. The larger part of them [is] grafted in 1973 and 1974. The younger plot grafted in 1975, and they've already damaged considerable of those. That is fruit trees. We do what is called the piece root grafted system. That is the root and the top side, put them together. You join them. Instead of using grafting wax or anything, we use crochet thread to fasten it. That'll deteriorate as it grows.

BH: I learned how to graft a little bit.

BH: When we put them into the ground, we use planting bars that put the hole in the ground and then put the tree down in it and then use another bar to tighten it up. When we graft, the whole thing might be six to eight inches long. But when we put it into the ground, there's only an inch and a half, two buds left out of the ground.

MK: (Instead of old?) roots?

BH: To grow a large fruit tree. The West Virginia Red York is a semi-dwarf by nature. It and the (All Delicious?) are both semi-dwarf by nature. We have all standards. We produce all of our own shrubbery by cuttings with the exception of those that you can't do that way. You cannot grow without hemlock or spruce from cutting.

BH: (Cut the grass down?).

BH: The hemlock has to be from seed and spruce by grafting.

BH: Hemlock, really.

MK: You said many of the trees have been damaged?

BH: Yes, through the younger plot.

[talking simultaneously]

See, they had promised my cousin. He asked them not to damage any of the nursery stock. Well, right on the end of our garden where we call it the breeder house and where our coal pile is, they've gone right down the side of that, gone and swung around, cleared to the front, and took out every last one of the Red York trees of young ones.

MK: Well, they bulldozed it?

BH: Yes.

BH: They have damaged the rows in such a manner that we don't know where we are there. We have a little register book, not very much larger than these, we have it listed row one, stake one,

(Lodi?); stake two –

BH: [inaudible].

BH: – transparent; stake three, whatever variety. Row two, same way, all the way through. We have them listed in that book. Whenever we service a customer, we can know to go to a certain row, a certain stake, and that'll be that variety.

[talking simultaneously]

That's the only way we know. In this one area, they have damaged it so, unless I can follow through from the back end a little bit. Sometimes you can get a little bit lost because once in a while, a stake will deteriorate. Sometimes I can tell them apart by the bark color or something or its variety. But unless I can do that, I'm going to be lost in the whole lower plot.

MK: You think they were just swinging the bulldozer around?

BH: Oh, yes, because there's the basement. We had a rail down there coming up those steps. It's gone, and a little shrubbery. We'd had them two years. They'd just begun to get a little growth on. They pulled them every one out down here, just little ones.

MK: Now, where did the living room used to be?

BH: Our living room –

BH: It was right at the front there.

BH: This was along the side of the house, right here. Right in here, there was a hedge went around, the front, on both sides of it, and a front porch, full front porch, the length of the house. We had a swing, chairs, and a rocking chair I had gotten my husband the first spring after he came out of the hospital, so that he could sit on the front porch when it was nice.

BH: [inaudible] cemetery up at (Mayport?).

BH: He had a cemetery under on the hill.

MK: Is that where he's buried?

BH: Yes.

BH: At the Heavner Cemetery.

BH: That's where our dad and my brother and –

MK: How long was this place in the Heavner family?

BH: The whole area through here at one time, in 1820.

[talking simultaneously]

In the head of the hall, the property they pastored me about belonged to my husband's great-uncle. His dad bought this piece in here in 1917.

BH: [19]15.

BH: Or 1915, and started to build the house in 1917. He and a young lady had planned to be married. In the meantime, a new minister came in up at Walkersville. She got acquainted with him and decided to marry him instead of Mr. Heavener. So, Mr. Heavner covers up the house. Left it, went out west, get over his wounds, I reckon, ended up up in Canada, working for the Ford Motor Company. That's where he met Mrs. Heavner. They were married in Canada. Her parents were from Glasgow, Scotland.

MK: But this land has been in the family for a long time?

BH: This land here has all been in the family since that time, some [inaudible]. Now, if I say the whole (hall of it?), both sides of the road, we can see from the back side up here, the other house where my father-in-law was born and raised. In the 1930s, during the Depression, George said his granddad was real kind-hearted, went to various people's notes to help them out and whatever their needs were back in those years. He lost some of the properties. This here has been in the family all these years. I can show you from the back because it's on up through there. You can't see it through these limbs. The house that's down –

MK: It's up on this –

BH: – there was my husband's first cousin and her husband.

MK: It's up on this little knoll.

[talking simultaneously]

MK: It's up on this little knoll looking out over a beautiful little valley.

BH: I beg your pardon?

MK: It's up on this little knoll. It must have been cool here in the summertime. There's big trees.

BH: Beautiful. I love to sit here on the porch. The two summers my son worked, I've done my work up until about, oh, 2:00, 3:00 and I'd rest. I went after him along about 3:00. He got off work at 3:00 to 3:30 where I'd go get him. Then we worked outside in the evenings. We always worked together. Everybody says I've got him spoiled. Oh, well, we had to if we got the work done. We worked together. We worked side by side until I wasn't able to do as much. I still

help. You see all this nursery stock. He and I do all the digging.

BH: She sometimes watches me mow down there.

BH: Right there as you come up –

BH: [laughter]

BH: – you might have noticed a little white fence, a little piece of it out there by the bush. I had penny bushes across there just to where that precipice is. This here went out here and in down over a knoll. He always used his lead chain that he (led the dog on?) and put it on his lawnmower handle to mow the bank here. We had shrubbery out there. This was the front path up and down through here, this all out through here and down.

MK: What did you call the nursery?

BH: Roanoke Nursery.

BH: Roanoke Nursery.

BH: Established 1898.

BH: Established 1898.

[laughter]

My husband's grandfather, the founder.

MK: Well, good luck in finding another spot.

BH: Now, these spruce trees, most of them were set out about the time that George Wallace was shot. You know how long that's been. It takes them about seven years to get any growth at all. Then after that, they just grow by leaps and bounds, more leaps and bounds. Now, if we can get around through here, I can show you the back side a little better. There's been some cattle up in here.

BH: Yes, there are big deer.

BH: Since we were here yesterday because this wasn't here.

MK: Is my car blocking that road if anybody comes along?

BH: [inaudible].

BH: The house was wired in 1956.

MK: Yes, it's good in there.

MK: I had this here on picnic benches here. It had tomatoes on them. That bag, I was going to can that afternoon if I didn't go into town to deliver potatoes, but I never got to. You can see (from the rim?). I broke these locks because I wasn't [inaudible] long in my van. Now, to give you an example, these things here were in the refrigerator. Here's a piece of the dish that I was telling you about. That was a wedding gift. A whole big set, I had four pieces. It's minus one now. Minus how many others, I don't know. These are things we've noticed in through here, back in there. I can't quite tell what all's there.

BH: Ketchup bottles.

BH: Yes. But around here yesterday is where I noticed that from the pantry shelf. I see my spices and various things. Back in there, brown sugar I'd never used. I hadn't had it very long. Something right here, I couldn't tell what it was.

BH: This used to be our back door wall.

BH: Pickling spices.

BH: Our back door is laying over there.

BH: We went in the back door. That is just a little piece, did not we?

BH: Yes.

BH: Yes, because that digger always stood by that tree. Right between those two trees was our picnic table and then eight to ten feet at the most into the back of the house. My dad had given us the —

MK: A mile, several miles. Really smooth.

BH: What is it?

BH: [inaudible]

BH: It is for the right amount. Yes.

BH: [inaudible]

BH: My dad had a tree sawed down last spring. I said to him, "What are you going to do with the parts that the fellows that got it did not want, you know?" I said to him, "Let us have it for firewood." Look how he had chopped on this and still had more to chop. Get that sack, Bobby. It is always all he can. We discovered somebody came in this building where we keep the supplies. So, yesterday, he and I took a whole sack with us, that was good. Just stuffed them in another sack and taken them with us [laughter].

MK: People come up here and raid what's left?

BH: There has been that stuff all the way from the back of that building through up to here. They had not been out from the back of that building. See with my husband being sick two and a half years and he's still being at school and my taking on a greater role, some things you don't always get it done when you want to. Probably fifteen box they left in there.

BH: Out there, where they've been through.

BH: Huh?

BH: Out there, where they have been through.

BH: See my pole, I just got in.

BH: We owned that to the hillside.

BH: I brought there 965.

BH: That rock wall you can see up there. See, I served forces during the Civil War.

BH: I don't want to treat it. We have planted a seed here. Made the best place to hang clothing. I did not want the sun to shine on too much. My clothesline went –

BH: Right out there.

BH: – just about right there, all the way out through. These here were our cutting beds, where we start shrub with.

BH: Yes. I had one.

BH: See those out there. I set those in the bed in 1975. They're still here. We got small ones in there. They're too small to go to the nursery row. We heeled them in.

BH: There you can see the old home place up –

BH: Here.

BH: – that way.

BH: Now, see here how this goes as it is going in through here and see those young trees through under.

BH: See there (Mr. Rob?).

BH: That there, through around where we [inaudible] a while ago. They've taken most young trees out.

BH: I used to –

BH: That's trees down there for this heavier –

BH: I always park my truck back then right here and –

Female Speaker: That is where the strawberries were. I always park my truck right here.

BH: Can I go?

MK: [affirmative]

BH: When I told the appraiser about this orchard and this meadow here. There is a three-acre orchard that goes up around where you see those hickory tree. That hickory tree, that is the only one like it in the state of West Virginia. It has got a tag on it, but it is not ever to be destroyed.

BH: We'll walk out this way.

BH: My husband got the tag for it in 1959. Our three-acre orchard starts right out here, goes up around through under and through. See where that [inaudible]?

MK: Yes.

BH: It goes all down the hill that way. I told that (Mr. Darnell?) about the orchard here on level ground. "I did not see any orchard." I said, "You come right past it." But the appraiser stood right out there. That is when he could not – he said he could not put it down. That the orchard was on the same land as the meadow.

BH: He has been right here and had his [inaudible] to meet her.

BH: See, right here is where I parked my truck. I had a clothesline thing about right here, wasn't it, Bobby?

BH: Yes.

BH: Down here. That is the window, or the windshield and my truck lined up with that clothesline post. He parked in across this way. Right across the back of it. Well, I seen the other young fellows right this way. Then between those two, that building and the doghouse. That's when I suspicion something was up. No time to do anything.

BH: You all want to walk out this way. This is more of a –

BH: I think.

MK: Whose home has been in the back out there?

BH: That is my son-in-law's home.

BH: See, out here is part of the orchard, there was another orchard up on the hill. There used to be a water spigot there. Had those in the – that old lawnmower in the building for parts. Well, I had three lawnmowers, and I had one and I used it. If it finally wore out, I just retired it for parts. There is where it ended up. That was part of our water line.

MK: Busted up now.

BH: Yes. We used to pull up in here, in the back, and head straight out to the house.

MK: Do you hunt Bob?

BH: No, I haven't.

MK: Do you ever shoot a gun?

BH: No, I haven't.

MK: Did you have guns in the house the day they came?

BH: Yes, we did.

MK: Were any of them loaded?

BH: No. They were away in the closet. There used to be a water pipe.

MK: Looks like you've got some berry vines here.

BH: Yes. Had a big old, end door up there. They bulldozed it down, it looks like. This was our lawn.

MK: It's a nice old building in here.

BH: I kept my machinery in there for four years. We used to put that around the nursery. That is a wire. I used to put it around the apple trees to keep out the wildlife from fall to spring.

MK: Keep mice and stuff out.

BH: There were many rabbits and stuff.

MK: Field mice are heard on apple trees, aren't –

BH: [affirmative]

MK: Field mice can be heard on apple trees?

BH: Yes. We just put out a new water system right there, at that one lone tree up yonder. You can see it right up there. That is the building that had the apples in 1958.

MK: When they had such a big apple crop?

BH: Yes.

MK: Must feel really bad to see your home in this kind of –

BH: I have. Because that was my dad's birthplace and I lived there all my life [laughter].

MK: Do you have any idea about where you'll go now?

BH: No, I don't really. After you've lived in one place for so long, it is hard to relocate somewhere else, really.

BH: So, they put it down in the first corner. See, where that crow one is?

MK: Yes.

BH: It's the first row right below that. There are eleven in the first row of Heavner's. Then the next row has my husband's brother, his mother and father, and our baby and then there's space between it and the big one.

MK: What took your baby away?

BH: Huh?

MK: What took your baby away?

BH: Diabetic.

BH: Diabetes.

BH: We didn't know it until it had the better of him. He only lived twenty-one hours after we knew what was wrong with him.

MK: That's not much time, is it?

BH: Huh?

MK: That's not much time?

BH: No. He got sick – or at least we began to notice something wrong at the same time my father-in-law had twins. I had just five weeks between them.

MK: Where was your potato patch?

BH: Right down here. It had seven rows. Not all of them were out yet either. I forgot to tell you before we left out there, you might not be able to come all the way in.

MK: Well, that's all right as long as we do not block somebody else.

BH: [inaudible]

BH: Here's how it's doing. Huh?

BH: It's along in here somewhere before you.

BH: Well, I don't know.

BH: It's not up here, is it?

BH: Stay here.

BH: We're going to –

BH: Well –

BH: What if I get just a little bit of this?

BH: See, it's just blocked down there [laughter]. So, we go around like this? No. I wonder if it got any smaller. It's in fact a little smaller than this. See?

BH: It's around here, Bobby?

BH: No, I do not know. Knocked off this one out.

BH: Got a sack?

FS: Yes.

BH: Yes. You've got a sack here.

MK: What kind of a bush is it?

BH: That's the Japanese yew.

MK: That's one that somebody ordered before you were evicted?

BH: Yes. As a matter of fact, it was a year ago.

BH: Maybe I'm looking in the wrong direction while I'm standing here.

BH: Tell you what. One of you got a pocketknife? I need to cut a screw in.

BH: Here, Bobby, you are not loose on this one.

BH: [negative].

BH: No, in the other knee.

BH: She trims off the excess dirt. I said, if one of you got a pocketknife, I need to cut a screw.

BH: I've taught him to dig far enough out, you know?

BH: You got a pocketknife?

BH: It can be trimmed off and still not hurt anything.

BH: No. I've to try to untie that.

BH: Bobby, we're still fastened. I thought –

BH: Huh?

BH: I thought we were still fastened. Maybe not. Well, this is what I was doing the day that I thought he would come up and he would not identify himself. I was down working on one of the [inaudible]. What cut?

[end of transcript]