

TMP-003

Interviewee: Ronald Stubblefield

Interviewer: Jessica Taylor

Date: June 15, 2013

T: This is Jessica Taylor interviewing Ronnie Stubblefield at about two o'clock on June 15, 2013 at the Edge Hill Service Station. Mr. Stubblefield, can you please state your full name?

S: Ronald Wade Stubblefield.

T: What's your date of birth, if you don't mind me asking?

S: Nine, twenty-seven, forty-two.

T: Okay, and where were you born?

S: Mobile, Alabama.

T: How did you end up here?

S: The Stubblefields are original from Gloucester, but as you notice the year [19]42, the Second World War was going on. So, my mother and father, they relocated for employment down South, and I just so happened to put a monkey wrench in their plans when I showed up. Anyway, that's why, you know--

T: That's why.

S: --I was born in Alabama.

T: When did you move here?

S: We came back home after the war in about 1948.

T: Okay, so you have memory--

S: Yes.

T: --of Alabama.

S: No, I don't have any memory of Alabama. [Laughter]

T: Oh.

S: But we came back and we've been back ever since, you know? My children are the fourth generation to live on the same property.

T: Which is where exactly?

S: Hickory Fork Road near Carter's Cove.

T: How much land is that?

S: It's roughly about thirty to forty acres.

T: Okay, and that's been in your family four generations?

S: Yes.

T: Okay. Beyond the war, what was your father and mother's names and occupations?

S: My father was Wade Stubblefield. Imagine that. He was a civil service worker. My mother was a Grimstead--Sylvia Grimstead--from Mathews. She was a homemaker. Both my parents are deceased.

T: Okay. Do you have any siblings?

S: I have one sister, Rita. She was born down South as well, and she now lives in North Carolina, Elizabeth City. I don't see her as much as I'd like, but you know how that goes.

T: Yeah. What does she do?

S: She's a retired schoolteacher.

T: Wonderful. What about you? What is, was, your occupation?

S: I'm retired, thank you.

T: Okay. [Laughter]

S: I'm enjoying it. I just wonder why I hadn't done it earlier. [Laughter] It's like I could kick myself for not retiring earlier, but I'm making up for lost time.

T: That's right. What was it that you did?

S: I worked at the shipyard, Newport News. You know, I had various jobs, moved up the ladder, whatever, and finally could see my way clear to retire.

T: Okay.

S: Thank goodness.

T: So when did you start Newport News? Do you remember?

S: It was in the [19]60s. Oh, I don't remember the exact--I've got it written down at home, but I really don't know the, you know, the exact year.

T: Okay. All right. And you went to high school--

S: Yes.

T: --here, right?

S: Gloucester High School, yes.

T: Do you remember your class year?

S: [19]61.

T: [19]61. Okay. So, between [19]42 and [19]61, tell me a little bit about Main Street. What's your earliest memory of Main Street?

S: My earliest memory was coming through Main Street when I was just a kid with my parents going to see my mother's kinfolks in Mathews. I was, of course, relegated to the back seat and I was told to sit down, but of course I liked to stand up and look out. I remember that there was no stoplights here. The circle was there as you see it today, but most of the structures were wood going along

on both sides in there. This light was the first light installed in Gloucester County. Not very popular at the time, but anyway that's--

T: Yeah.

S: --just the way it is. You know?

T: Mm-hm.

S: It was a Courthouse, but it was very rural. No night life, nothing going on. When the sun went down, they rolled up the streets. That was it. Wait until tomorrow.

[Laughter]

T: What about the gas station? What was the earliest you remember of the gas station?

S: I remember they always called the service station Captain Jack's station--Texaco station. He had a one-armed man named Mr. Brown that was--for one-armed, he was very efficient. Unless you looked, you didn't realize he had one arm. He could pump gas, check your fluids under the hood, do just about anything, and carry on a conversation while he was at it. That was real early. You got your windshield cleaned, checked under the hood. It was something that doesn't happen today, you know. You pump your own gas, pay with a card, and hit the road. But back then, everybody paid with cash, and of course gas was cheap enough—fifteen, twenty cent a gallon—and had all your fluids checked and have a good day and all that stuff. It was very much a slower pace than it is today. I didn't realize how sweet it was, how nice it was. But things change.

T: When did you notice that change? When was the transition from slow to fast at a gas station?

S: I would say in the [19]70s, seventy-ish. You would find that they were being phased out, big corporations were coming in, it was hustle and bustle, get 'em in, get 'em out, let's go--

T: Okay.

S: --let's move on. So the personalized service is gone with the wind.

T: So if you came here in high school, were you likely to linger? Hang out and talk?

S: Well, you could, if somebody was there you knew. You, you know, pull out the way, don't block the pumps, carry on a conversation. More likely when you're a teenager, you don't want to linger too long in one place. At least, I didn't.

T: Where did--okay, well first of all, what was your first car?

S: My first car was a used car, was a 1961 Plymouth.

T: Wow.

S: It was a kind of dirty brown. But [Laughter] I got a deal on it. To me it was the best thing since sliced bread. [Laughter] I had a way to go, you know? A way I could get about.

T: How old were you?

S: I couldn't get a car until I went to work. The first job I had was the Chesapeake Corporation, and I got enough money to make a down payment on a car, still living at home with my parents, and of course I was just as happy as I could be. I had a car and a job. What else could a man want? [Laughter] But then your priorities change.

T: So were you still in high school at this time?

S: No, I had finished.

T: You had finished high school.

S: Yes.

T: So in high school, describe the kid that had a car.

S: The kids that had cars were the privileged few.

T: So only a few?

S: Oh yes, not many. The parking lot at the school was sparsely populated, shall we say. The folks that--professional people—their kids had cars. I didn't.

T: Okay.

S: Which is cool. That's okay. That's fine.

T: Okay. Not to stoke the flames, but what kind of cars did they have? Did they have new cars? Did they have American-made cars?

S: They had American-made cars and they were used, but they were in good shape, you know?

T: They were in good shape.

S: They were not junkers.

T: Okay. If you had a car in high school, or if you knew someone that had a car in high school, what do you do on a Friday night?

S: Let's see. We used to cruise for chicks.

T: No.

S: It's the truth I'm telling. [Laughter] You always had to. Most of the time it was fruitless, you know? [Laughter] Hey, where are the chicks? We didn't know where to look, [Laughter] which was probably a good thing. You can understand I'm being truthful about this.

T: No. I love it. [Laughter]

S: We always would go somewhere. It's like, go to Mathews, you know. You always hear, hey, there are plenty of chicks in Mathews.

T: Where? On the side of the road?

S: No.

T: Okay.

S: You had a little restaurant over there, right next to **Dock's** Theater.

T: Okay. In Mathews.

S: Yes. You'd go over there. Of course, after you got over there, no chicks.

[Laughter] Or they were taken. Whatever, you know. That's part of evolution, part of growing up.

T: So these fictional chicks-

S: Yeah.

T: They went to Mathews High School.

S: Yeah.

T: Okay. What about the girls that went to Gloucester?

S: Well, it was a Dairy Freeze down toward the Point. Used to go there and, you know, ride around and look, and see if anybody would talk to you. [Laughter] Most of the time: no. You know? I'm not talking to him. Anyway, it was I guess you might say part of getting your feet wet, get into society. Walking around fat, dumb, and happy not realizing, you know, how the game is played, how the world is, that sort of thing.

T: But you were successful at least sometimes.

S: Oh, yeah. Every now and then. You play the game and after a while you get somebody to talk to you or somebody might go out with you. Then, it's not like today. If you got a date, you had to go in the house and you had to meet both Mother and Dad. Don't be sitting out in the yard and toot the horn and expect her to come out and get in the car. That did not happen. You had to go inside, and you had to sit down. This was, I guess, an eyeball approval to make sure that you are decent enough to go out with my daughter. You also got a, this is the time she's supposed to be back home. They made sure you had a--had a watch so you could tell time, so you could get her back at the appropriate hour. But when that was over with, you were scared to death, at least I was. Anyway, we went to the movies or wherever.

T: Okay. In high school, you didn't have a car.

S: No.

T: Does it work the same way?

S: Well, my social life in high school was just about zero. You go to basketball games, football games. I didn't have a car, so I was taken there. They came back to pick me up later. Everybody was--there were a few cars, but most of the time the parents returned--male or female, they went back home. It's not like it is today. Of course, every now and then they'd have a dance and that was, what I thought was, real strictly chaperoned. And it should have been. It seemed like one every ten foot around. [Laughter] There wasn't a social life to speak of, not in Gloucester. There wasn't.

T: If you were to look for a social life, you're going to look somewhere else?

- S: I didn't know where to start. I had no idea where to go, where to look.
- T: Okay. Did you notice people on the weekends leaving Gloucester, to go do something different?
- S: Not too much. I know a lot of folks left and went to school, or they left somewhere to get a job, and more than likely they didn't come back. It just wasn't anything going on in Gloucester; it wasn't it. It was, welcome to the world. See what you can do. Get you a job, and go from there. Where I was going from there, I had no idea. I was--I'm here. [Laughter]
- T: Okay. Did your parents provide you with direction in that sense?
- S: I got a lot of directions from both parents. Especially my mother would proceed to tell me what I need to do and what I didn't need to do. Of course, most of that was a wet blanket on your plans. Just like my mother used the phrase, Ronnie, do not hang out at these beer gardens. That was the word back then for a beer joint or a watering hole. She says, do not hang out. Watch who you associate with. It was always, I wonder what it's like to go there, you know? Hey. I certainly would like to try that out. They already knew, and they were just trying to keep me from the pitfalls, so to speak.
- T: Then that begs two questions. First is, where are the beer joints and how late are they open?
- S: Well, they weren't open during the week.
- T: Right.
- S: But on the weekends, about nine o'clock, that was it. The proprietor was going back home, closed up, let you guys know, hey, last call.

T: At nine in the evening?

S: About nine-ish, you're out of there.

T: So where were these?

S: One of them was right down here where you see the restaurant as you leave at the light and go south. You see the little brick building? That was a beer garden, watering hole, whatever. That was **Pat Winn's**. He's very straight-laced for someone doing that sort of business, you know? He didn't use profanity, ran a tight ship. Didn't like what you were doing? Hit the road. Out. Let's see: it was one here, and then right here, where you see the Laundromat back this way a little bit, was one right there, a little frame, rinky-dinky building. I forget who owns--who ran that. But that was about all that was going on as far as watering holes in Gloucester Courthouse per se.

T: Okay. And they're vacant during the week? They're not used.

S: Yeah, well, they were probably open in the daytime. You know, served meals, whatever, but it wasn't the honky-tonk--the wild and wooly atmosphere. No. That didn't happen.

T: Okay. Okay. The second part: you said your mom's a wet blanket on your plans. What were your plans?

S: I didn't really have a plan as--she came from the family in Mathews and she had seen this before. When the males left home and went somewhere, they were probably looking for trouble. She wanted to avoid this. Of course, I didn't realize that was where she was coming from at the time, but I do now.

T: Yeah.

S: She had my best interests at heart.

T: Yeah. But when you're eighteen, what do you want to do with your life?

S: I really didn't know.

T: No?

S: I didn't know. It's still rural where I live today, but back then, when the sun went down, the world slipped into a hole. It was over. Nothing going on. Very rarely you see a vehicle. Nothing. That was it.

T: I don't want to put words in your mouth, but it seems that you're kind of implying that you would hope that it would take you to someplace more exciting?

S: Well, I didn't have any goals. I knew I didn't mind working; still don't to this day. I guess I would like to have had a serious girlfriend, but I didn't, which is okay. You know, that's cool. It was kind of a drifting along. There was no hard and fast definition about what I wanted to do. Just wasn't there.

T: Okay. Was it different for your parents? Do you feel like they had goals and they achieved them?

S: Well, my mother was totally devoted to the children--my sister and myself. My dad was a civil service employee, and oh, we lived on a farm and there was always--there was not a break. Whenever you thought that you could kick back for a little while, that was not happening. There was a chore to be done; something had to be done. Even if it rained, you say, well, it's raining today. I'll get a break. No way. You go in the barn and there's work to be done in there. You know, I didn't know any different. I knew work and it was expected. You

weren't going to get away kicking back in the house, setting back with your feet up. That wasn't going to happen.

T: Right. What would bring your parents to Main Street, to this part of town?

S: They came once a week to the Colonial Store. The Colonial Store was right up here where the bookstore has just recently closed. That was the Colonial Store, and they'd buy their groceries in there. The grocery bill would equate to somewhere in the neighborhood of between fifteen to twenty dollars. That was it. There were several bags of groceries. Nobody was left at home; everybody had to go. We all went. That was not my favorite thing to do, you know, to go to the grocery store. It was kind of a social event. My parents would see other married folks, and there was, you know, the chatter and whatever. It wasn't exactly my cup of tea, but that's okay. That's fine.

T: What was there for a kid to do?

S: Play with the neighbors. There were several other boys in the neighborhood and we all had a bike. We'd get together and ride, go down to the river, you know, go to one another's house and play. But this wasn't real often. Most of the time, it was--you had work to do.

T: Okay.

S: Something else to do.

T: And that wouldn't take you to this part of town.

S: No, no. Too far.

T: Yeah. Okay. Was the gas station more--this is more of a place for adults rather than young adults that can drive.

S: This is true.

T: Okay. Was it set up to cater to a specific clientele?

S: I don't think so. It was more of a supplying a need. Everybody respected Jack Brown. They would come here to get their repair work done. They knew that it wasn't going to be any smoke and mirrors mess. It was business and done as it should be done. It wasn't any so-called atmosphere. I never did catch that vibe at all.

T: [Laughter] Okay. All right. What is it that this service station had that, like, the four others in the immediate vicinity--what's its-

S: The first thing it had was a reputation.

T: Okay.

S: A good one. It was all--everybody knew the Browns. He was called Captain Jack, and that went a long way in that day and time. You come there because there wasn't any gray area. This was just where you went to get your gas.

T: Yeah. You've been here with your parents, and you came after you got your dark brown Plymouth-

S: Yes. [Laughter]

T: How did Captain Jack treat his clientele?

S: He was fair. He was a businessman. But most of the time, he was not here. He had people hired to, you know, take care of the pumps. You had one side--I think this was the bay where the oil was changed and the service was done; the other side was where if you wanted a wash, you had a hose rigged up over there, could wash your car if you want. There never was a charge for washing your car.

T: Wow.

S: Not like it is today.

T: Yeah.

S: You've got to shell out the bucks to get your car washed, or do it yourself, whatever.

T: Yeah.

S: He had this oil company to run, which is in Mathews and Gloucester. He might swing in here for whatever reason, but most of the time he was not here.

T: Beyond the one-armed man, who else was here?

S: I remember a couple of young folks used to work here, you know, on the weekends maybe. I don't remember exactly who they were. It was on an as-need basis, but most of the time it was one person here. That was it.

T: Just one person.

S: There wasn't that much business. He's back there watching the pumps, go out, pump your gas, do your windshield, check your oil, la di da, then make sure that the cash register was secure. Didn't have any--I never have heard of anybody--just didn't hear of anybody--any thievery.

T: Yeah.

S: No.

T: Okay.

S: It was just plain vanilla, is what it was. [Laughter] Big-time.

T: Okay. Well, speaking of vanilla, do you remember--because your memory goes back to the [19]50s--do you remember any kind of segregation at the service station at all?

S: I don't remember here, but a lot of times the colored folks were denied bathroom privileges. And weren't allowed to drink from the water fountain. No, just, it was a matter of fact. You didn't even see colored people asking to use the bathroom or drink water here. It just wasn't done.

T: Okay. But you don't remember about this place specifically.

S: No.

T: But people of all races could come and use the-

S: Yeah. Oh, yeah. You know, hey.

T: Yeah. And they would come through the front door to-

S: Yeah, to settle up or whatever. Yes.

T: So auto body repairs, also biracial.

S: Well, it was the only auto repair--the earliest one I remember is right up here, and his daughter runs it now, was **Gunn's**. He--I just--I don't remember seeing a black working there. He was very abrupt, very direct, didn't sugar-coat things. He'd ask you, are you looking for a job or are you looking for a paycheck?
[Laughter] Straight to the point. There were just some white folks working there. That was it.

T: Yeah. Yeah.

S: But now, Thomas Calhoun Walker lived right up here on the hill where you see the house that's boarded up now. He was a lawyer in the county, I think the first

person of color to be a lawyer, and he was respected. But he earned the respect. Nobody had anything derogatory to say about him.

T: Okay.

S: I guess what I'm trying to say is it was a different world back then.

T: Right.

S: The Civil War had not sunk in, so to speak, but of course the world's changed now. But back then, no. He made big strides in the county, as far as property owner, as far as education. He came back to Gloucester and went to work.

T: Yeah. But he's exceptional in a lot of ways.

S: One of the very few you see, you know.

T: For the average black person that lived here in the [19]50s, did they even have a car?

S: If they had one, it wasn't reliable. Most of them--the blacks--left. Here's an example. The Farys that live in the upper part of the county, right after the Civil War—1865—had ended, a lot of blacks left and went to cities, went north: Philadelphia, New York. Just walked out on the land. Just left it. The Farys were, I guess--had the foresight to buy the land up for taxes. The descendants are still today big landowners in Gloucester, and a lot of that land--I mean, it just fell in their lap. Nobody wasn't--nobody wanted it, you pick up the taxes on it, it's yours.

T: That's really interesting.

S: I mean, there wasn't anything to do. You had a little--the blacks had a little small plot of land. There wasn't a market. There wasn't anything--it was a kind of a dead-end road for most everybody, so they left. Went to the big cities to get a

job--not just the blacks, a lot of whites. I had an uncle that left here, and he said he just had it with the work; he went to Detroit, went to work in the auto industry. He eventually came back home, but that was years later.

T: Yeah.

S: It wasn't a whole lot happening in Gloucester County. [Laughter] Really. It just wasn't.

T: I think I've heard you say that before.

S: Yes.

T: [Laughter] So, if you're driving down Main Street, are you going to park and walk around or are you just going to drive, if this is the [19]50s, [19]60s?

S: More like, when you came to Gloucester Courthouse, you came with a purpose: to buy something. You normally—there's no problem finding parking, park there, get what you want, and leave. If you found somebody to talk with, that was great, but most of the time--

T: No reason to--

S: No.

T: No reason to hang out. If you didn't have a car but you needed to go to Gloucester Courthouse, how do you get there?

S: You talk to your neighbors, and so you find out, when are you going to the Courthouse? Could I get a ride with you? So you had to kind of--you were at their beck and call. Go to the Courthouse, get what you need or whatever, and you know, just get your groceries. But most things were--you know, you raised yourself. For instance, where I live now, it's still a store across the road. When I

was a kid, we had chickens, and my mother used to gather their eggs and go take the eggs and go to the store and do the barter system for whatever we couldn't grow. You got two dozen eggs here, trade them for salt or whatever. You left the eggs, you brought the salt home. That's the way it was.

T: So where does that transaction take place?

S: At a store.

T: Just at a store?

S: Yeah, at a store.

T: Okay.

S: That went on--there were a whole bunch of country stores scattered all around the country. Just like your ice cream parlor down here at Short Lane? That was a country store.

T: Okay.

S: Yeah.

T: Okay. You keep saying that there wasn't a lot going on in Gloucester.

S: No. That's correct. [Laughter]

T: Urban settings provide or offer more freedom and outlets for enterprise, and you can kind of go places and tourists come here, but is something lost in the shuffle?

S: It's hard to say. You've got to have--you should have some incentive to move up, someone maybe to open a door--not so much open a door, but leave the door ajar, saying, hey, there's more to life than this. Here's what you can do. It was another day, another time. It was just not like today, in other words.

T: Right. Okay. So what's the biggest change you've seen just in this strip of land?

S: There's a whole lot. There's all sorts of industry now. You have a Southern States over here, which you didn't have before. They mainly cater to the farmers, which are quite a few in Gloucester. You can go in Southern States and get any kind of garden supply, anything you want. It's expanded from what it used to be. Used to be that--just that little building now where there's a lawnmower repair. That was Southern States where you buy your seed, even order your little baby chicks. They used to come in the mail.

T: Oh my God.

S: They were in a box, there were holes in the box, and you order and pay for prior to--you can get biddies. I think it started at twenty-five biddies for so much. They always put in a couple extra because a couple of them are not going to make it. Then you get a call to go get your biddies. Then you walk in and you hear them cheeping, and then you take them home and--

T: Wow.

S: --go from there.

T: Wow.

S: I remember I looked forward to that. Going and picking up--picking up the biddies at the post office. It sounds corny, it sounds crazy, but you know, you take the box-top off and you look at them and of course, get scolded. Don't be playing with the biddies. They're not a play-thing. Of course you want to take them out and--no. Feed them, take care of them, because they're the meal-ticket. They were going to be--either lay eggs or be fried chicken on the table after a while.

T: Right.

S: I had a hard spot about seeing chickens get executed, you know? I didn't like it. But I realize it was a necessity, but I did like fried chicken, but I didn't want to be party to, you know, get the chicken, and here comes the Grim Reaper. It's over. [Laughter] But that's the way it was. If you were going to have chicken, you had to start from scratch and have your own fried chicken. You don't go to the Colonel back then. [Laughter] The colonel wasn't here.

T: I guess that's fair.

S: Yeah.

T: I guess that's fair. Speaking of the KFC and the other kind of marks of a bedroom community that you kind of find around here, how do you feel about the construction that sort of facilitates the population growth?

S: I like rural life. It's in me. But I also enjoy the fruits of, hey, if you need, if you want so-and-so, you just go a few minutes drive, you can get it. Fast food, that sort of thing. I appreciate that. But on the other hand, I wish it would slow down somewhat. It is, you know, going gangbusters. Every time you turn around, something else is getting--a new franchise is here. But it's nothing I can do about it. I guess it's okay.

T: Okay. Do you see maybe a role for preservationists and people like that to play in kind of--

S: Well, I think preservation is okay if you can get away with it. But if it stands in the way of progress, it's not going to happen. Just think about how many historical sites have been lost in Gloucester. You don't even have a handle on what's been

lost, and it's all in the name of business. It's covered up--I know where a whole lot of private graveyards are. They've been turned into fields, cemented over, they're gone. I have a graveyard on my property. My father told me that it was a slave graveyard, but there's no stones there. It's just the indentations on the ground. That's all I ever remember. And some day, it'll probably--something will happen to it. I don't know. But that's just one. There are a lot of them around here.

T: Yeah. I mean, that's a really good example to compare between, you know, how we value local and family places to now where it's a little harder to even locate--

S: Yeah.

T: --where that value lies.

S: Right.

T: That's wonderful. Do you see Main Street as being similarly defunct? Or do you see it as a place that still holds community value?

S: Speaking of Gloucester, I think what you're going to see--I think you're going to see things move. It's already happening, where you see Wal-Mart and Hardee's and McDonalds and la di da, all of that. I can remember all that was wooded. All of it. But then, what happened is, they made a bypass for Gloucester Courthouse--17 bypass. That took the pressure away from Gloucester Courthouse, and it's a gradual thing. The businesses are moving out, and I don't think you'll see Gloucester Courthouse—the historical portion—will still be intact, but as far as the businesses? No. I think they'll move. They'll go away--

T: Interesting.

S: --if they haven't done it already.

T: Yeah. That's really interesting. Speaking about the gas station specifically, can you see a way that the restoration of this building can serve the needs of the community?

S: I think it probably will as a reminder of how things used to be. I never looked at it that way, but since you guys got it--it's sat here a long time empty, and it could be made into a window into yesterday or a place to come and see what yesterday was, how things happened back then. I can understand that, and hopefully it will be.

T: Okay. The last thing I'm going to ask you is, if you can just think real hard for a second and remember any anecdotes about the gas station across time and space.

S: I do remember—and it was universally done—when the one-armed Mr. Brown would check your oil, it always amazed me how he did it. He had one arm—the other one, non-existent—he pulled the stick out, had a cloth or rag, wiped it down, check it again, and then walk back to where you were seated and show you how much oil there was in your car. No la di da. It was, you don't need no oil or you're down. You need a little oil. It was all straightforward. You didn't realize it at the time, he did this and he had been doing it for so long with one arm, it was just--no stumbling, bobbling, la di da, that sort of thing. It was all just smooth as could be. Here's your oil. You're okay. He'd put the stick back, put the hood down, pay for your gas, come back to see us. That was always things they said, was come back to see us. It was a courtesy, politeness. It wasn't any rudeness,

or I don't care whether you don't buy gas, or none of that stuff. It was come back to see us. I think society has lost a lot of that. We're all in such a hurry. I try not to be rude; I know sometimes I am, but I try not to be. [Laughter] Back in those days, courtesy was the name of the day. That was what was going on. Everybody was nice. I didn't ever see any, you know, this finger-pointing and irate and all this crap. No. Didn't happen.

T: Okay. Do you have anything you want to add?

S: Not that I know of.

T: Okay. Thank you, sir, I'm going to stop it.

[END OF INTERVIEW]

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