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Statement of Beverly Young Nelson

My name is Beverly Young Nelson.

I was born on November 14, 1961. In Santa Maria, California.

My husband, John, and I have been married for the last 13 years. He has taken time off from his work as a truck driver to be here with me today and I thank him for that.

When I was 15 years old I began working after school. I was attending Gadsden High School. I worked at the Olde Hickory House on E. Meighan Blvd. off of Highway 431 in Gadsden, Alabama. I worked there after school as a waitress. Some nights I worked until 7pm and other nights until 10pm.

Mr. Roy Moore was a regular customer. He came in almost every night and would stay until closing time. He sat at the counter in the same seat night after night. I remember exactly where he sat.

Mr. Moore was an adult. He was much older than I was. I knew that he was the District attorney in Elowah County. I did not understand what that meant, but I knew that he was an important person and I always treated him with respect.

When he was at the restaurant he would speak to me and would sometimes pull the ends of my long hair as I walked by him. I had red hair down to my waist. He would complement me on my looks. I did not think anything of it. I did nothing to encourage his flirtatious behavior. I was accustomed to men flirting with me because I was well developed and I competed in beauty pageants. I did not attach any significance to Mr. Moore's behavior towards me and I did not respond to any of Mr. Moore's flirtatious behavior for two reasons: First, I had a boyfriend. Second, even if I had not had a boyfriend I was not interested in having a dating or sexual relationship with a man twice my age.

I turned 16 on November 14, 1977. About a month later I received my yearbook from Southside high school where I had spent my freshman and sophomore years. I happened to bring my yearbook to work with me to the restaurant on December 22, 1977. I put it down at the end of the counter. . Mr. Moore happened to notice it and asked if he could write in your yearbook. I felt flattered and I said “yes”. He wrote in my yearbook as follows:

I took the yearbook home with me at the end of my shift that day. I felt honored that Mr. Moore, who was such an important person, would write in my yearbook.

A week or two later I was working at the restaurant. My shift ended at 10pm when the restaurant closed. It was a cold night and I went outside to wait for my boyfriend to pick me up and drive me home. My boyfriend was late. Mr. Moore exited the restaurant at the same time as I did. He noticed that my boyfriend was not there and he offered me a ride home.

I trusted Mr. Moore. He was the District attorney. I thought that he was simply doing something nice by offering to drive me home. I did not want to wait outside in the cold so I agreed.

I wanted to call my boyfriend but this was before cell phones and I had no way to contact him. My home was only about two and a half miles away. I planned to call my boyfriend after I got home to let him know that I had gotten a ride home and that there was no need for him to pick me up.

Mr. Moore was wearing brown hush puppies on his feet. He drove a two door car. I believe that it was an old car, but I do not recall the model. I got into his car in the passenger seat. He began driving. I thought he would get on the highway, but instead he drove to the back of the restaurant. I was not immediately alarmed as there was an exit from the back of the restaurant to the street and he could drive from there to my house without getting on the highway. However, instead of driving to the street he stopped the car and parked his car in between the dumpster and the back of the restaurant where there were no lights. The area was dark and deserted. I was alarmed and I immediately asked him what he was doing.

Instead of answering my question, Mr. Moore reached over and began groping me, putting his hands on my breasts. I tried to open my car door to leave, but he reached over and locked it so I could not get out. I tried fighting him off, while yelling at him to stop, but instead of stopping he began squeezing my neck attempting to force my head onto his crotch. I continued to struggle. I was determined that I was not allow him to force me to have sex with him. I was terrified. He was also trying to pull my shirt off. I thought that he was going to rape me. I was twisting and struggling and begging him to stop. I had tears running down my face.

At some point he gave up. He then looked at me and said, “you are a child. I am the District attorney of Etiwah County. If you tell anyone about this, no one will believe you.” He finally allowed me to open the car door and I either fell out or he pushed me out. I was on the ground as he pulled out of the parking area behind the restaurant. The passenger door was still open as he burned rubber pulling away leaving me lying there on the cold concrete in the dark.

I got up and tried to pull myself together. I was making my way to the front of the restaurant when my boyfriend arrived. It was late and it was dark. I did not say anything to him as to what had occurred as he had a violent temper and I was afraid that he would do something that would get him into trouble. When I got home I went to my room. The following morning my neck was black and blue and purple. In the days following I covered the bruising on my neck with makeup. I did not tell anyone about what had happened. I was scared. I felt that if I told anyone Mr. Moore would do something to me or my family. I decided to keep what happened to myself.

The day after Mr. Moore assaulted me I called the restaurant and quit my job. I never went there again.

About two years later I told my younger sister what Mr. Moore did to me. About four years ago I told my mother what happened. Before I married my husband, John, I told him what Mr. Moore had done to me.

My husband and I supported Donald Trump for President. This has nothing to do with Republicans or Democrats. It has everything to do with Mr. Moore's sexual assault when I was a teenager.

I thought that I was Mr. Moore's only victim. I would probably have taken what Mr. Moore did to me to my grave, had it not been for the courage of four other women that were willing to speak out about their experiences with Mr. Moore. Their courage has inspired me to overcome my fear.

Mr. Moore attacked me when I was a child. I did nothing to deserve his sexual attack. I was frightened by his position and his power. I am coming forward to let Mr. Moore know that he no longer has any power over me and I no longer live in fear of him.

November 13, 2017