

# *David Aaron Gethers*

A Biographical Sketch

Berkeley County Library System  
Moncks Corner, South Carolina

Information for this short history was derived from interviews with David A. Gethers from September 2014 through May 2017. Additional information provided by his wife, Evelyn L. Gethers; his sister, Alma G. Brown; his niece, Doris Ellington; his brother, Harry Gethers; and his sons, Wilbur O. Gethers and Douglas A. Gethers. The collected information was compiled and edited by Ramona L. Grimsley, Oral History and Digital Project Librarian.



I

BIRTH TO SERVICE



## ONE

### *The Beginning*

I was born at Cedar Hill<sup>1</sup> on June 6, 1923 to Elouise Cooper Gethers (1898 - 1982) and the widower, Reverend Octavius Allen Gethers (1892 - 1932). My mother was from Cherry Hill<sup>2</sup>, my father, from Cedar Hill. My parents were brown-skinned like me. I was named for mother's brother, Dave Cooper, so I didn't have a middle name.

Poppa attended Allen University<sup>3</sup> in Columbia and was a Reformed United Methodist minister and a farmer. He owned about one-hundred-and-fifty acres of land and the big two-story house where I grew up. There were two chimneys in the house: a chimney for the fireplace in the center of the house and a chimney for the cook stove in the kitchen.

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<sup>1</sup> Cedar Hill, a community north of Macbeth, now under Lake Moultrie

<sup>2</sup> Cherry Hill, a historically African-American community 5.5 miles NE of Moncks Corner on State Rd S-8-376

<sup>3</sup> Created out of the African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Church's desire to educate newly freed slaves, Allen University was founded in 1870 as a private, Christian, liberal arts, Historically Black College and University (HBCU). <http://www.allenuniversity.edu/about/>

## *Daily Life*

Back then, few people had electricity or indoor plumbing. Our water came from a tall cast iron, pitcher pump in the yard. You had to push the handle up and down to get the water to come out. If the pump lost its prime, you had to pour water in the top of the pump and push the handle up and down until there was suction again to pull the water up from the well. Our commode was an outhouse, our bathtub, a washtub in the kitchen. Momma heated the water on the stove for bathing.

My Momma and Poppa worked all day long. I remember my Momma being a bit sickly, but she still worked. There were meals to cook, clothes to wash and iron, children to look after, firewood to collect and chop, hogs to slaughter and meat to cure. We had a big gray horse, a bull, a rooster, chickens, cows, mules and hogs. Poppa used the mules to plow the fields so he could plant corn, cowpeas, oats and cotton. He harvested each crop when it was ready.

Since there was no electricity and no such thing as “running” water, water was pumped by hand from the well and carried to where it was going to be used. With water needed for cooking, cleaning, bathing, washing clothes, and filling the animal’s water troughs, there was a lot of water to pump and carry. Firewood heated everything: the house in the wintertime, the cook stove every day, and water for washing clothes and bathing.

In the morning or midday, I would go out to the hen house with a straw basket and collect the eggs. I always checked for snakes before I put my hand in the nest. I saw many in that chicken coop. They would swallow eggs whole and then fall out of the nest onto the ground to break the shells! When we heard the chickens making a fuss, Poppa would go out, even at night, and check for snakes. If he saw one, he would kill it with a hoe or run it out with a stick.

There was a barn to shelter the animals and store their feed. When you went in there, you had to be on the lookout. Rats came into the barn after the corn and oats. We had cats, but they were not pets. They were barn cats. Their job was to kill the rats...but snakes came in after the rats, too. If a snake saw you, it tried to get away. Still, you didn’t want to run up on one.

We had hogs, sows and piglets. The pen was a little way from the house since hog pens are smelly. There was a shed to get under, a slop trough and a water trough for them. Those piglets were cute. Sometimes they would get out of the pen. Us kids had a lot of fun chasing them down and putting them back.

Poppa raised the hogs to provide meat for our family. When he butchered a hog, he divided the hog into cuts of meat, and then put the meat in a barrel of salt to cure it. In thirty days or so, he would take the meat from the barrel, rinse it with water and hang it in the smoke house. The smokehouse had two rooms. One room was the smoking room. A fire of hickory and oak was lit but only allowed to smolder/smoke, not flame up. The other room was for storing the smoked meat. M'm! M'm! It smelled so good. Poppa did sell some of the cured ham, but the majority of the meat was for us. He also sold some of the cows, but not the calves.

The horse and mules grazed in the pasture during the day. The ten or twelve cows went into their pen made of wire and wood posts. We brought all of the animals into the barn in the evening to feed them, keep them from going astray, or being stolen. The horse, the bull and the mules each had their own individual stall. The cows stayed together in a big stall.

Cotton, corn, oats and cowpeas; these were the crops my father grew. Father fed the oats and hay to the horse and mules. The cows ate hay. The cowpeas were not for the cows! We ate them and they were delicious. In the winter, the hogs ate dried corn still on the cob. It fattened them up.

Corn wasn't just for the hogs. Momma cooked corn when it was fresh. When the corn dried on the cob, she scraped the kernels off and took it to a gristmill<sup>4</sup> not too far from our house. The ground-up corn was grits!

Washing clothes was much harder back then. With no electricity and no washing machine, washing clothes was an outside job. For detergent, Momma made lye soap out of hardwood ashes from the fire and rainwater. She mixed it in a jar. After it sat for a while, she scooped the lye off the top. Then she mixed the lye with

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<sup>4</sup> gristmill - a machine for grinding, crushing or pulverizing any solid substance (grain), especially the customer's grain. <http://www.dictionary.com/browse/gristmill>

rainwater and pig fat. She poured it in a pan and let it sit for a day or two before she cut into bars. We used this soap for bathing and for the laundry.

To wash clothes, a big washtub was put over the fire and filled with water. Momma waited until the water was hot, then flaked off pieces of the soap. Then she added the clothes, moving the clothes around in the water with a long pole. After that, she moved the clothes to another tub and scrubbed one piece of clothing at a time on a “glass” washboard. She wrung out the clothes by hand before putting them into the rinse water, and then wrung them out again after rinsing them before she hung them on the clothesline. What a lot of work.

Momma usually ironed the clothes on another weekday. Ironing was harder than you would think. Irons were made of solid cast iron and shaped like the bottom of an electric iron, only thicker. The handle was made of cast iron, too. Momma would heat two or three irons at a time so she could swap the irons as they cooled. To heat the irons she put them on the hearth facing the fire.

My momma was talented. She could sew and quilt. She made the mattresses for our rope beds.<sup>5</sup> The rope beds did not come with a mattress. She would cut ticking<sup>6</sup> to fit the size of the bed and sew it together like a pillowcase. She stuffed the ticking with cornhusks and cotton. When it was full enough, she stitched the opening shut and put it on the bed. She made the quilts for our beds, too. We had store-bought clothes as well as homemade. She mended holey socks and torn clothes. People did not throw out clothes and shoes like we do today. If it could be repaired or mended, it was.

In the evening, before we went to bed, Momma would read to us from The Bible by the light of a kerosene lamp. She went upstairs with us to say our prayers. As she left the room, she always said, ‘Goodnight. Sleep tight. Don’t let the bedbugs bite.’ Some people still say this to their children. I don’t think they know where the saying came from. Sleep tight actually meant something. Beds were a wood frame

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<sup>5</sup> A typical rope bed had ropes in a cross hatched pattern connected to the bed frame that formed the suspension of the bed. Atop this would be placed a tick mattress or two. <https://www.gcv.org/Our-Blog/entryid/295>

<sup>6</sup> Ticking - a strong linen or cotton fabric used in upholstering and as a covering for a mattress or pillow <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/ticking>

with a web of rope to hold up the mattress. When the rope began to stretch, the mattress would sag. There was a tool<sup>7</sup> to tighten the rope that made the mattress comfortable again. As for, 'Don't let the bedbugs bite,' bedbugs were oval and small and came out at night. You might not feel the bite but later it would itch. Bedbugs were worst in the spring.

Momma was tall, slim, beautiful and easygoing. She hugged us and made sure we had little things we liked. We knew we were loved.

She was a good cook. I remember her grits, eggs and butt meat<sup>8</sup>. I loved when we had bologna and when she fixed 'sweet potato poon'<sup>9</sup> during the holidays. Momma prepared Sunday dinner on Saturday. There was no work done on Sunday. That was a day for church, visiting and resting. Moomah<sup>10</sup> often visited us on Saturday. We loved to see her.

### *My Father*

Our church was about four miles from the house. Poppa's parishioners dropped by anytime someone was sick and needed prayer or if someone had died. He wore a tie every day, even when he was plowing a field. His church members expected him to look the part at all times. Another man, last name of Fashion, used to wear a tie every day, too, but he was not a minister.

Poppa was tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. He loved to visit and was always bringing something home with him from a church member's house. My momma and poppa sitting on the front porch visiting with friends is a great memory. The kids would play in the yard. All of us loved for people to stop and visit and hated for them to go. Poppa had many friends, including Jewish wholesalers in Charleston where he bought supplies for his mercantile store<sup>11</sup>. He drove a horse

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<sup>7</sup> Bed key or wrench <https://digital.lib.ecu.edu/13995>

<sup>8</sup> Butt meat is a cut of pork from the butt of the front shoulder. [cooksillustrated.com](http://cooksillustrated.com)

<sup>9</sup> See recipe at [http://www.cooksrecipes.com/sidedish/Momma's\\_sweetpotato\\_poon\\_recipe.html](http://www.cooksrecipes.com/sidedish/Momma's_sweetpotato_poon_recipe.html) Mr. Gethers' mother also added candied orange peel to the top.

<sup>10</sup> Grandmother - Moomah. Pronounce the vowels with the "o" sound like in "who" and the "a" sound like in "at"

<sup>11</sup> Octavius was a prosperous merchant until the recession after WWI (1920-1921). With crop prices falling, people were poor and had no extra money to shop at the store. <https://www.lib.ncsu.edu/news/special-collections/world-war-i-and-agriculture>



and two-seater buggy during the week, but on Sundays he drove us to church in the wagonette.<sup>12</sup> When he bought the Model T Ford, that's how we got to church. When I rode in that car, I felt like it was going real fast!

### *Childhood Memories*

By 1932, we were a family of eight. I had five siblings: Harry Albert, Octavius Allen, Jr., Ethel, James and Alma. I also had a half-brother, born in 1921, Francis Wright, who did not live with us.

One of my earliest memories is of Christmas when I was five or six years old. I got up first. Santa Clause had left the gifts. I opened my gift. I think it was a shirt but I can't say for sure. I decided to change it and switched the names. As far as I remember, no one said anything about it.

For fun, my cousins, Lee Gadsden and Henry Gethers would play marbles, jump rope and things like that. Even though they lived two or three miles away, we still managed to get together. There were also two boys nearby, Boy and Buster Samuels, who were my friends. I remember it being hotter then. It was probably because we didn't even have an electric fan.

The oldest relative I can remember is my moomah, my mother's mother. Her name was Mary Cooper. She was a serious woman. If you did not listen, you would get your behind whipped. She would say, "If you sweep that yard<sup>13</sup>, you better do it right." She had advice, too. *If you want something, ask for it. Don't take nothin' that don't belong to you. Do what you are supposed to do.* My uncle, Harry Gethers, also had some advice. *Don't steal and watch your back.*

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<sup>12</sup> Wagonette- a light, four-wheeled carriage, with or without a top, having a crosswise seat in front and two lengthwise seats facing each other. dictionary.com

<sup>13</sup> ... [traced] the origin of the swept yard back to West Africa, and explores how it changed over centuries, from slave yard to a now-dying way of life in the rural south. Instead of attempting to grow grass or other ground covers in the hot south often on red clay, rural southerners would sweep and tamp down that clay until it baked hard as a rock, reducing dust tracking and making the space suitable for yard work. Houses, hot during the day, were abandoned and people moved outside to shaded yards where they could do the washing, cook, eat, butcher animals, and do other heavy work in the shade of trees. Cottage Gardens and Swept Yards blog post by Sharon Astyck 2010 <http://scienceblogs.com/casaubonsbook/2010/02/02/cottage-gardens-and-swept-yard/>

When I was around six-years-old, I swallowed a nickel. My mother sent me to the store get a box of table salt. The store was about two miles away. I carried the coin in my mouth and swallowed it. I got scared I was gonna get a whippin' and didn't want to go back and tell her so I just kept walking to the store, crying the whole way. When I got there, the people in the store asked me why I was crying. I told them what happened. The owner must have felt sorry for me because he bought the box of salt for me. I had the salt, but I cried all the way home. I didn't get a whippin' or nothing. She told me to watch my bowel movement. I retrieved the coin the next day. Momma told me to be more careful with money. After that, she always tied up coins in a handkerchief when she sent me to the store.

### *First Grade*

I stayed with Moomah when I started first grade. She lived across the street from the school and had donated land for the enlargement of the school. Poppa believed in education and the Cherry Hill school<sup>14</sup> was the most advanced in the area. On Saturdays, since I was away from home, my mother took my brother, Harry, to one of my Poppa's aunt's home, so we could see each other. The aunt's house was about halfway between Moomah's and the house near Cedar Hill. I think it was six or seven miles.

### *Danger*

My Momma coached me to be on the lookout for white men. I already knew to be afraid! I had 'big' ears that heard everything. More than once, I overheard my father telling my mother news of white men catching and beating colored men, women and even children. Those overheard conversations gave me nightmares. If I saw a car coming, I was to get off the road. There was a ditch that ran the length of that dirt road. I would jump in it and hide in the scrub.

What I didn't know at the time was that white people in the area knew my father and would never harm me. My father was well respected and liked. I sure am glad

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<sup>14</sup> The Cherry Hill Classroom dates to 1876. By the time David Gethers attended school there, a one-room addition had been added. The Cherry Hill Class restoration was completed in 2011, after it had stood empty since the end of the 1954-55 school year. It is now the Cherry Hill Community Center. <https://www.scpictureproject.org/berkeley-county/cherry-hill-classroom.html>

I did not know anything about the Ku Klux Klan<sup>15</sup> as a boy. Before I went into the service, I read about the Klan in the newspaper but I never saw them gathered. Later in life when I first saw them in their long robes and hoods, I thought they were funny people.

The walk to my aunt's seemed much longer than seven miles. I would run as long as I could, then walk until I caught my breath again, always looking over my shoulder to see if a car was coming. The road was not highly traveled, but I was on high alert as if I were walking down a highway. One or two cars might pass while I was walking. When I saw a car, or people walking and I thought they were white, I got off the road and hid in the woods until they had passed.

On the way back from visiting Harry one Saturday, I looked back and saw a boy on a bicycle. I hid in the woods. When he got close, I saw he was a colored boy so I walked back onto the road. He said he had been looking at me and all of a sudden, I was gone. His name was Henry Gibbs. He had ridden that bicycle all the way from Whitesville<sup>16</sup> just to visit his cousins. He was about two years older than me. He asked me my name and asked me where I lived. I told him. He said, "Come on, I'll give you a ride home." I was real surprised! I didn't have no idea two people could fit on a bicycle.

I was able to attend school in Cedar Hill after I finished the first grade at Cherry Hill. My Moomah treated me good, but I had been so homesick!

### *My Father Dies*

I was nine-years-old when my Poppa died. It was sudden and unexpected. He was only forty. Many years later, I learned that he died from an aneurism in his subclavian artery. He was buried in the Woodlawn Plantation Cemetery,<sup>17</sup> the

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<sup>15</sup> From 1867 onward, African-American participation in public life in the South became one of the most radical aspects of Reconstruction, as blacks won election to southern state governments and even to the U.S. Congress. For its part, the Ku Klux Klan dedicated itself to an underground campaign of violence against Republican leaders and voters (both black and white) in an effort to reverse the policies of Radical Reconstruction and restore white supremacy in the South. At its peak in the 1920s, Klan membership exceeded 4 million people nationwide.  
<http://www.history.com/topics/ku-klux-klan>

<sup>16</sup> Whitesville community is approximately 13 miles from Cherry Hill [as the crow flies].

<sup>17</sup> This cemetery was located one and one-half miles from the plantation house on Woodlawn Plantation, owned by C.P. Gourdin, in St. John's Parish, Berkeley County, SC. The area was nine miles north of Bonneau and seven

plantation where several generations of his family had been born into slavery. When Santee Cooper created Lake Moultrie, Momma could not relocate his grave. There was no money to hire someone to move it. He now rests at the bottom of the lake.

### *Cherry Hill*

After he died, we moved to Cherry Hill to live with my moomah, Mary Cooper<sup>18</sup>, my grandmother. There was no way for my mother to run the house and the farm alone. The Cherry Hill Community took a day to help my mother move from Cedar Hill. They brought wagons and moved all of our household goods and our livestock, except for the horse and one mule. I think the horse and one of the mules had died. Mr. Brabham and Mr. Cross, two white men, showed up at Cherry Hill and claimed a debt was owed them. They took the cows as payment. My momma did not believe a debt was owed, but there was nothing she could do.

After our move from Cedar Hill, a field caught fire and burned down the house, three or four of the outbuildings, and the large building that had been the store. Cedar Hill area was slated to become part of Lake Moultrie. Santee Cooper paid<sup>19</sup> my momma little or nothing for the land because it was considered to have no improvement. There was some confusion whether or not a fire had actually happened. Momma was told about the fire but was never able to go and inspect the property. I have always regretted not hiring a lawyer when I finished school. I did not believe Santee Cooper paid her a fair amount for the property.

Although I was only nine, I became head of the family. I watched out for James, my youngest brother, and my sisters, Ethel and Alma. With the loss of Poppa's income and financial support, my momma could not feed and clothe all of us. At that time,

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miles southwest of Russellville on Black Oak Road. At the time of inventory, February 17, 1939, this old slavery and servant burial plot was still in use although badly overgrown with trees and brush and not maintained. About two hundred graves were recorded, nineteen with markers. From CEMETERY RECORDS: a documentary of cemetery or burial ground reports and grave relocation by Santee Cooper from the project area. 1939-1941. pp. 193, 194. Prepared as a Public Service by The Berkeley County Historical Society, 1986, Moncks Corner, SC, 29461.

<sup>18</sup> Mary Cooper (1860 - 1933)

<sup>19</sup> The South Carolina Public Service Authority acquired all property in the path of the lake through eminent domain, the legal process established to assist governments in gaining ownership of private property for a public use. <https://williamsandwalshlaw.com/lawyers/eminent-domain-condemnation/>

it was common practice to send children to relatives when a parent died. Octavius, my older brother went to live with my momma's sister, Sarah. Harry, my oldest brother went to live with my aunt Rosa and her husband. He remembers that they were good to him. I helped my mother on Moomah's farm. Both she and my mother were hard workers. Moomah grew everything. The only things I remember her buying from the store were sugar, flour, milk and bread. Momma raised chickens and grew cotton, corn and peanuts to support us. She also grew turnips and collard greens in our garden. I helped tend the chickens, hogs and cows.

It was hard when Moomah died. She was only with us for a year. Looking back, I really missed her. The family buried her the next day<sup>20</sup> in Cherry Hill Cemetery. Moomah had six or seven children. She left her land to them, about thirteen acres apiece. However, she did not leave any land to her married daughters<sup>21</sup>. Uncle Eddie<sup>22</sup> was in charge of the estate. It seemed like he gave my mother thirteen acres of the worst land for farming. We continued to live in Moomah's house.

### *Working for Uncle Eddie*

I worked for my mother's brother, Eddie Cooper, on his farm during the week as a ploughboy<sup>23</sup>. It was very hard work, especially for a boy. He paid me \$1.25<sup>24</sup> each week, but if I borrowed the mule to plow my mother's fields, even if it was one day, he did not pay me for the week. Whatever money I earned, I gave it to my mother. She gave me a twenty-five cents allowance. You won't believe this...I used to bank a dime or fifteen cents of that in a small, empty condensed milk can I kept under my bed most of the time. Not that I had to worry about my brothers or sisters taking it, they weren't like that. I saved up my money to buy clothes and a pair of shoes when school started back. Momma ordered them from the Sears catalog. (We loved catalogs!) Sears sent the order to us in the mail.

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<sup>20</sup> Embalming was not commercially available until the 1930s. Without refrigeration or embalming to slow the decomposition process, at room temperature the body decomposed rapidly and was unsanitary.  
<http://www.elementalnw.com/embalming-faq/>

<sup>21</sup> This practice was not uncommon. Women rarely inherited property.

<sup>22</sup> Edward D. Cooper (1899-1995)

<sup>23</sup> Ploughboy - a boy who guides the animals drawing a plough. [dictionary.com](http://dictionary.com)

<sup>24</sup> In 1934, \$1.25 was equivalent to \$21.93 in 2014. One dollar in 2014 would have been worth \$0.07 in 1934. Dave Manual.com. Inflation calculator

## *Cherry Hill Classroom*

Cherry Hill Classroom<sup>25</sup> was diagonally across the street from Moomah's house. The building served as the church and the school. The Classroom had a steeple with a bell. When the bell was rung, it almost always meant there was a death in the community. It was an alert for everyone to come to the church. A very few had a telephone so this was the only way to get in touch with everybody.

We went to the Cherry Hill Classroom for prayer service on Thursday nights and early on Sunday mornings. The service on Sunday was more like Sunday school. I remember the singing and the organ. I can't recall any of the songs, though. There was a lot of praying. Church always seemed to last too long.

After Sunday school, we went to the big church in Macbeth, Mt. Carmel AME (the site is under the lake now). It was six or seven miles away and we walked there. There was an organ at this church, too. People got dressed up to come to church. We had Sunday clothes and shined our shoes for church. Our church clothes were not expensive, but you had better not play in them.

Each family went to their own home for dinner after church. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's the whole community would have "dinner on the ground"<sup>26</sup> at the Cherry Hill Classroom.

The classroom was on the left side of the building. Students had to supply the firewood for the big woodstove. There was no such thing as a lunchroom. My mother supplied a lunch for all the children and the teacher, about thirty in all. She made cornbread, sweet potatoes and soup for us. She was not paid. She looked on

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<sup>25</sup> School was built ca. 1876. Land donated by John Campbell for a building that would serve as both a school for African American students and as a church for the Cherry Hill community. A one-room school for grades 1-6, it became a public school within the Berkeley County school district in the early 20th century. (Reverse) By the 1920s, attendance here had grown enough to require a one-room addition, which was built on land donated by Mary Ann Cooper. Daisy Pasley and Pansy Cooper were the first teachers in the expanded school. The school closed after the 1954-55 school year, when many rural schools in Berkeley County were consolidated. Rededicated as Cherry Hill Community Center in 2011 [from South Carolina Historical Marker]

<sup>26</sup> ...it probably stems from the idea of a picnic-like communion on the ground at the cemetery." He also points out that at this time most cemeteries were communal and not affiliated with a church. Jabbour says that people he interviewed during his research asserted "dinner on the ground" is the correct phrase. *"It seems probable that the original sense of the phrase was a 'dinner spread on the ground like a picnic'"* in a cemetery. <https://nourishingdeath.wordpress.com/2014/05/26/decoration-day-and-dinner-on-the-ground/>

it as her charity work. One teacher taught four or five grades all at the same time. I remember I was good at spelling and not so good with arithmetic.

### *The Picnics*

Every Fourth of July and Labor Day, the community has a big picnic across from the classroom. You had to pay a small admission to come in. A big band played music. Concession stands<sup>27</sup> sold fish sandwiches, chicken sandwiches, pickled pigs feet, grapes, boiled peanuts, homemade ice cream, sodas, and things like that. People looked forward to it. They came from far and near. People in Moncks Corner would even walk to it. It was a time to visit and catch up on the news with your neighbors and those who had moved away.

The school district did not fund Cherry Hill Classroom or any colored<sup>28</sup> schools until after I was grown. The proceeds from the Labor Day picnic admission and concession stand fees paid the schoolteacher's salary and school expenses for the year. The schoolteacher, an unmarried young woman, usually stayed with the more well-to-do members of the community who could afford to take them in, usually Uncle Eddie or Uncle Sam Cooper. The Fourth of July picnic proceeds profited the people running the concession stands.

### *The Radio*

Even though we didn't have electricity in our community, my grandmother owned a Zenith radio.<sup>29</sup> It was the first radio in Cherry Hill. A small steel windmill provided the power necessary to keep the radio's 6-volt battery charged. I loved listening to the radio. Westerns were my favorites. I remember listening to the Lone Ranger,

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<sup>27</sup> Anyone in the community who desired to have a concession stand paid a fee. The concession stand operator kept the proceeds from sales.

<sup>28</sup> Usually considered offensive, **Colored** was adopted in the United States by emancipated slaves as a term of racial pride after the end of the American Civil War. It was rapidly replaced in the late 1960s as a self-designation by **black** and later by **African-American**, although it is retained in the name of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In Britain it was the accepted term for black, Asian, or mixed-race people until the 1960s." NPR The Journey from "Colored" to "Minorities" to "People of Color" by Kee Malesky 3/4/2014 <http://www.npr.org/blogs/codeswitch/2014/03/30/295931070/the-journey-from-colored-to-minorities-to-people-of-color>

<sup>29</sup>... Zenith radio joined with Wincharger Corporation of Sioux City, Iowa for a promotion. Anyone purchasing a Zenith farm radio received a coupon for 66% off on the purchase of a wind generator system. [http://www.antiqueradio.com/Mar02\\_Russell\\_Windradio.html](http://www.antiqueradio.com/Mar02_Russell_Windradio.html)

Tom Mix and his Wonder Horse, Amos 'n' Andy, Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, Death Valley Days, Hoof Beats with Buck Jones, Jack Benny, and Dick Tracy.

### *The Great Depression*

I grew up in the Great Depression<sup>30</sup>, but did not know it. My family had plenty to eat, worked hard and had little money. Just about everyone I knew lived the same. I thought that was just the way it was. Later, when the WPA<sup>31</sup> was established, my mother got a job in a sewing circle in Moncks Corner. She walked the two miles to catch the bus that stopped at the end of Cherry Hill Road. In the evening, when the bus dropped her off, she would walk the two miles home. After working all day, she still had a farm and household to take care of. I must have been eleven or twelve years old.

My friends were Dan, Ben and Janie Lee Campbell & Lee and Cliff Lambright. Lee was my hero. He was about four years older than me. He was a fellow that liked to wrestle and box and all the kids were scared of him. We would get together at school during our "break." We played marbles and the girls jumped rope. After school, there would be a little time when we could play. Life was pretty fun back then. I was trying to remember if we had any rhymes or sayings. This one came back to me. 'What's your name? Puddin' Tane. Ask me again and I'll tell you the same.'

We had cats growing up in Cherry Hill, but they were barn cats, not pets. I did have a dog. His name was Spot and he was white and black. We would hunt old possum and coons at night and squirrels during the day. I used my father's shotgun. Shells weren't that expensive, but if you didn't have much money... You know, I earned a sharp shooter medal in boot camp. I must have been a pretty good shot when I was hunting back then.

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<sup>30</sup> The Great Depression (1929 - 1939) was the longest -lasting economic downturn in the history of the Western industrialized world. It began soon after the stock market crash of 1929. [www.history.com/topics/great-depression](http://www.history.com/topics/great-depression)

<sup>31</sup> WPA - The Works Progress Administration. The WPA was one of President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs. It was a work-relief program to help people during the Great Depression. It began in 1933 and ended in 1943. <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/dustbowl-wpa/>



On Saturday, I would go into Moncks Corner with my uncle Eddie. He had a barbershop on East Main Street, about a block from the railroad tracks. I worked as a shoeshine boy. Everybody thought I was his son. Sometimes I would make a dollar, sometimes fifty-cents, which I gave my mother. When peanuts were in season, I sold little bags of them to people on the street. My first cousin, Dan Roper, was a barber in the shop, too. He always gave me a quarter to take home with me. I kept a little money for my savings and gave the rest to my mother.

When I finished 4<sup>th</sup> grade, I went to R.A. Ready School<sup>32</sup> in Moncks Corner. Would you believe...one day I saw a boy on the playground who looked kinda familiar? He looked at me, too, and said, "Hey! I know you. I gave you a ride on my bicycle." It was Henry Gibbs. We were happy to see each other again. He was a big boy. I never did have any trouble at school with anybody. Nobody aggravated me because he was my friend.

The school was at the intersection of Hwy. 52 and E. Main Street. To get there you had to cross the Tail Race Canal. It was a flat bridge. It went across from what is now the boat landing and Gilligan's restaurant. It was a five-mile walk to the school from my Moomah's house. Colored schools did not have school buses. One afternoon, I was waiting for a ride home at the front of R.A. Ready School. A car hit and ran over me<sup>33</sup>. It did not stop<sup>34</sup>. Someone took me to the Berkeley County Hospital. I spent thirty-one days there, in a coma. It was not my first brush with death. Before being hit by the car, I was working with a metal file in the barn. I was by one of the cows and it kicked me. The file went in underneath my chin and through my tongue. Our neighbor, Willie Campbell, pulled it out. I can't remember who took me to doctor's office in town. The office was almost behind Law & Mims store. Dr. Evans<sup>35</sup> took a look at the wound, soaked a cotton ball in iodine, used a Q-tip to plug it in the wound and sent me home. When our family still lived in Cedar Hill, I also survived a fever that kept me in bed for a couple of weeks.

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<sup>32</sup> R. A. Ready Elementary School was located on the same lot as Berkeley Training High School. (NW corner of Main Street and Old U. S. Hwy 52 North in Moncks Corner)

<sup>33</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>34</sup> Actually, the driver stopped and took him to the hospital. The driver was a Secret Service, U. S. Treasury agent.

<sup>35</sup> Dr. Walter Evans (1891-1967) was the first black physician in Berkeley County. He treated both black and white patients, and was respected by both.

### *Home Remedies*

Growing up we did not go to the doctor like people do today. It had to be very serious. Home remedies and patent medicines [over the counter] were what we used. I remember 666™<sup>36</sup> Tonic. Whether you had fever or constipation, you would get a dose of 666™. If you got the mumps, a slice of butt meat<sup>37</sup> was tied around your jaw. You kept it on for three days. If your tonsils were bothering you, you got a teaspoon of salt and pepper (dry, not moistened). You grew certain weeds and plants in your yard for home remedies. One was called a ‘fever’ bush [lemon grass]. It helped bring a fever down when boiled in water. Another weed was boiled in water to help bladder problems. If you had a bad cut that wouldn’t stop bleeding, you put a cobweb on it. Red clay and Watkins liniment are some other “cures” I remember.

### *Berkeley Training High School*

When we finally got a school bus, the community had to buy it. The school district sold their used buses to colored schools. The community knew some of the mechanics that worked in the bus maintenance department. They knew which buses were in the best condition, so the community bought one of those.

I saw my first movie, *Gone with the Wind*, at Berkeley Training High School<sup>38</sup> in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. We watched it over the course of three days. At that time, colored people were not allowed in movie or drive-in theaters<sup>39</sup>. This was before desegregation.

### *Basketball*

I was on the basketball team. I remember Moses Fashion, that boy was a great basketball player! We traveled to Kingstree, Summerton, Lake City and places like

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<sup>36</sup> 666™ patent medicine marketed by the Monticello Drug Company and has been around since 1915.

<sup>37</sup> Butt meat - A large cut of meat taken from the upper shoulder of a pig.

[https://www.lexico.com/en/definition/pork\\_but](https://www.lexico.com/en/definition/pork_but)

<sup>38</sup> Berkeley Training High School was located at intersection of Main Street and Old U. S. Hwy 52 North (North West corner) in Moncks Corner. First called Dixie Training School, the three-room school was built during the 1918-1920 period. In the 1930s, the name was changed to Berkeley Training High School. It was one of 500 training schools established for the education of colored people.

<sup>39</sup> There were no movie houses in Moncks Corner at that time. If there had been, Jim Crow law would not allow them to sit with the white people. If there was a balcony, the colored people paid for their ticket at a separate entrance. The colored people must sit there, no matter how many seats were available downstairs. Shared Pleasures: A History of Movie Presentation in the United States by Douglas Gomery, page 158, Google Books

that. We often played in Manning, too. When we got back after the game, we had to find our own way home. We didn't have someone waiting to pick us up from the school like kids do today.

Five or six of us were from Cherry Hill. We usually walked home together. I didn't feel like walking home that night. I knew that on Tuesdays, there was a livestock market in Moncks Corner and people from Cordesville<sup>40</sup> would be at the market. The way to Cordesville went right by Biggin Church<sup>41</sup> that was near my community. I asked Mr. James Anderson if he would give me a ride that far after the stock sale closed. He said he would. He and some other men were sitting around drinking, so it was a while before he was ready to leave. When they got in the cab of the truck, they were laughing, talking, and drunk. I hopped in the back. When they passed Biggin Church, I started banging on the cab window but they paid no mind, just kept driving. When the truck slowed down at Witherbee, I jumped out. Dan Roper, my cousin, who worked at Uncle Eddie's barbershop, lived on Dr. Evans Road. I thought about going to his house to get a ride home but I didn't. I knew he wouldn't take me home until morning. I couldn't spend the night there! My mother would not go to bed until I got home...I had to walk. As the crow flies, Witherbee is about 8 miles from Cherry Hill. Walking on paved and dirt roads, it is a bit more than twenty miles. I'm glad I didn't know that then.

I got home about 4:00 a.m. My mother was still up and worried sick. That walk was through the woods in the dark. I ran until I was out of breath, walked until I caught it again, and ran again, over and over, until I finally got home. Uncle Eddie was aggravated and went to see James Anderson. James told him, "I heard him knocking but I was going to take him all the way home on my way back from dropping off the other men!"

### *Trips to Charleston*

I wasn't worked to death every day. Uncle Eddie drove to Charleston about one Saturday a month. I went with him sometimes. He drove a big Ford cargo truck. He

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<sup>40</sup> Cordesville – an unincorporated community in Berkeley County, South Carolina located on SC Hwy. 402 approximately 9 miles east southeast of Moncks Corner.

<sup>41</sup> Biggin Church refers to the Biggin Church Ruins located on SC Hwy. 402 about two miles from Moncks Corner.

picked up orders for three area stores in Cordesville and for a plantation near Mepkin Abbey. He collected their lists and money before heading to Charleston. He delivered the orders to them on the way back. Uncle Eddie traded with several Charleston stores and wholesalers.

When I was about fourteen or fifteen, I had saved and saved until I had enough money to buy a suit. I think I had saved fifteen or twenty dollars. The next time Uncle Eddie went to Charleston, I went with him. He took me to Dumas' new store on upper King Street. Dumas<sup>42</sup> still had his downtown store. That new store sold everything you could think of: luggage, jewelry, suits, clothes, shoes, work boots, uniforms, dungarees, coats, things for sports, hats, ties, belts, musical instruments and more. They sold things I had never even imagined.

I found a brown three-piece suit and tried it on. I liked it pretty good. I took it to the counter to buy it. About that time, Mr. Dumas asked Uncle Ed, "Is that your boy?" Uncle Eddie replied, "No, that's Octavius' boy." Mr. Dumas said, "That's Octavius' boy!" I remember Mr. Dumas being a rather short man. He jumped up from behind the counter and told the clerk to wrap it. The clerk wrapped it up in brown paper and string and handed it to me. Mr. Dumas gave me that suit. He had done business with my father and had really liked him. It was such a surprise! However, I think my mother was even more surprised than me when I came back home with the "suit" money.

### *WPA*

Even though my mother was sickly, it did not stop her from taking care of our home, our garden, and us. When the Works Progress Administration (WPA) began to provide jobs, my mother worked in Moncks Corner in a sewing circle<sup>43</sup>. She would walk the two miles to Biggin Church and catch the bus that came around to pick up WPA workers. She worked all day, rode the bus back to Biggin Church and walked home. She still tended to everything that we were unable to do. She stayed strong to make sure we had enough to get by.

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<sup>42</sup> Mendel Dumas & Sons. Founded in 1917 <http://mdumasandsons.com/about-us/>

<sup>43</sup> Alma G. Brown, Mr. Gethers' sister, believes her mother worked in a small factory sewing mattresses.

### *Driving the School Bus*

When I was old enough and had my driver's license, I drove the school bus. I had some bad luck with that bus. Half the time, we had to push it when we got to the clay hill at Fashion Town<sup>44</sup>. The very last week of school, the brakes went out. I told one of the community members in charge of the bus. He said, "You're a good driver. You can make it." He didn't want to spend any money on the bus so close to the end of the school year.

Driving the bus on the way home from school, I was tailgating this lady with a bunch of children in a station wagon, when she suddenly was making a left turn. I tried to avoid her car and went to go around her on the right; I couldn't run over those children! The bus hit a pothole and I lost control. The schoolchildren were screaming as the bus skidded right up to the edge of the canal<sup>45</sup>. It was a scary thing. It felt like it happened in slow motion. When it stopped, the right side of the bus was tilting toward the canal. I told the children to go to the back of the bus and use the emergency door to get out. I used the emergency door, too. If I had tried to exit through the right side door at the front, the bus would have teetered right into the canal.

The lady in the station wagon had turned off before crossing the flat bridge to take a look at the Santee Cooper project widening of the canal. Even though she saw it happen, she did not stop or even slow down. I think she must have been scared. She just kept on going. Other people saw it happen, too. No one asked if we were O.K. or needed help. We walked the two-and-a-half miles home. I probably told my mother about it before talking to any of the men in charge of the bus. I know those men were thanking the Lord that the bus did not go in the canal. One of my uncles used his truck to drag the bus off the bank to bring it home.

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<sup>44</sup> Fashion Town - a community about one-and-a-half miles SW of Cherry Hill.

<sup>45</sup> Tailrace Canal

## *Santee Cooper*

My first real job was with Santee Cooper<sup>46</sup> when I was in the 10<sup>th</sup> grade. I worked after school from 4:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. I got paid fifty cents an hour! My job was mixing cement. After I mixed the cement, I poured it into a hopper. Then, men pumped it under the dikes to reinforce them. Working with cement was not that hard but it was steady. After being at school all day, it was hard to keep up your energy until 11:00 p.m. I was thankful that two men from Cherry Hill also worked that shift. I always had a ride home.

The cement dust...no matter how much you washed, it clung to you. At school, as the day wore on the children would laugh at me. That cement dust would come out of my pores and make me look gray.

There was no time for me to be Uncle Eddie's ploughboy now. I worked after school and got paid real money. I still plowed my mother's field on the weekend, though.

The summer before 11<sup>th</sup> grade, I got another Santee Cooper job. I worked from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. planting grass on the backside of the dikes (the side away from the lake)<sup>47</sup> The work was hard and hot but I made forty-five cent an hour. That was more than my teacher's salary! That first paycheck felt like a million bucks.

## *CCC Camp*

During my last semester of 11<sup>th</sup> grade, I was already on the lookout for a job. I was 17. I had heard about the CCC Work Camp<sup>48</sup> in Witherbee where they were making turpentine. I knew you lived at the camp and could come home to visit sometimes,

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<sup>46</sup> Santee Cooper - South Carolina Public Service Authority was granted permission to dam the Santee River, divert its water into the Cooper River, clear land for two large reservoirs, construct a hydroelectric plant at Pinopolis, and sell electricity to residents in surrounding counties. Work began on the project in 1939.

<http://www.scencyclopedia.org/sce/entries/santee-cooper/>

<sup>47</sup> Lake Moultrie

<sup>48</sup> Formed in March 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps, CCC, was one of the first New Deal programs. It was a public works project intended to promote environmental conservation and to build good citizens through vigorous, disciplined outdoor labor. Close to the heart of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the CCC combined his interests in conservation and universal service for youth. He believed that this civilian "tree army" would relieve the rural unemployed and keep youth "off the city street corners. Also known as "Roosevelts Tree Army"

<http://www.history.com/topics/civilian-conservation-corps>

and that you had to be 18. The dikes were built and the grass planted on them. That left no Santee Cooper jobs for me. I wanted to do anything but plow those fields again, so a buddy and I went and signed up. I couldn't wait until my birthday in June.

I was a kid. It never crossed my mind that it could be dangerous. My mother was so upset she cried. She didn't want me going to any work camp. She knew it was too dangerous a place for a young boy. The next day I had to go back and take my name off the list. It was a good thing, too, even though I didn't think so at the time. Black men came from all over the state to work at the camp. There was always something bad going down and fighting all the time. I am not talking about black against white. The black men caused all this trouble on their side of the camp!

### Law and Mims

I graduated from Berkeley Training High School<sup>49</sup> just before my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. At that time, people graduated after they finished the 11<sup>th</sup> grade. I worked behind the counter in the grocery section of Law and Mims General Merchandise<sup>50</sup> store in Moncks Corner. Stores were not self-service at that time. People came in and told the clerk what they wanted. All the goods were on shelves behind the counter. As the customers gave their grocery order to the clerk, I collected the items and bagged them. The clerk was in charge of the cash register. I worked there for about two years before I entered the Army. I had registered to enter the Army in Moncks Corner when I was 18, but I was not called up until I was 19.

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<sup>49</sup> Berkeley Training High School was located at intersection of Main Street and Old U. S. Hwy 52 North (North West corner) in Moncks Corner. First called Dixie Training School, the three-room school was built during the 1918-1920 period. In the 1930s, the name was changed to Berkeley Training High School. It was one of 500 training schools established for the education of colored people.

<sup>50</sup> In 1918 the Law and Mims Mercantile Company was organized by George W. Law <sup>(1883 -1946)</sup> and James W. "Bill" Mims <sup>(1882 - 1973)</sup>. It was located on the North East corner of East Main Street and Railroad Avenue.

## APPENDIX

75TH CONGRESS 3d Session	}	HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES	}	REPORT No. 1882
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### BERKELEY COUNTY HOSPITAL AND DR. J. N. WALSH

MARCH 4, 1938.—Committed to the Committee of the Whole House and ordered to be printed

Mr. KENNEDY of Maryland, from the Committee on Claims, submitted the following

### REPORT

[To accompany H. R. 6847]

The Committee on Claims, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 6847) for the relief of the Berkeley County Hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh, having considered the same, report thereon with the recommendation that it do pass with the following amendment:

Page 1, line 10, strike out the comma after the name "Gethers,"; strike out the words "twelve," and "thirteen," and insert after the name "Crosby," the words "both minors,".

### STATEMENT OF FACTS

This bill, as amended, awards the sum of \$133.57 to the Berkeley County Hospital and \$50 to Dr. J. N. Walsh, both of Moncks Corner, S. C., in all, \$183.57, in full settlement of all claims against the United States for hospitalization and medical treatment rendered David Gethers and Lula Crosby, both minors, for personal injuries sustained by them as a result of being struck by a Treasury Department car at Moncks Corner, S. C., on December 11, 1936.

A Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department was traveling on official business through Moncks Corner, S. C., when his automobile skidded on the wet roadway, went off the road, and struck David Gethers and Lula Crosby, two minor colored children who were standing near the highway. They were immediately taken to the Berkeley County Hospital for treatment, and the treatment was authorized by the Secret Service agent. The Gethers child suffered a fractured leg and was hospitalized for more than a month, and the Crosby child was hospitalized for about 1 day, being only slightly injured. Medical services were rendered by Dr. J. N. Walsh and hospital, and the amounts claimed are reasonable. The Treasury Department reports that the accident was unavoidable, and it urges that the requested



relief be granted. With that the committee is in agreement, and passage of the bill is accordingly recommended.

Appended hereto and made a part of this report are the Treasury Department's report and material affidavits.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Washington, July 3, 1937.

HON. AMBROSE J. KENNEDY,  
Chairman, Committee on Claims,  
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. KENNEDY: I have received your letter of June 25, 1937, enclosing copy of bill No. H. R. 6847, now pending before your committee for the relief of the Berkeley County Hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh.

I find that the hospitalization and the medical and surgical care to cover the expense of which relief is sought were administered to two young colored school children who were among a group standing about 8 feet off the paved highway at Moncks Corner, S. C., on December 11, 1936, when an automobile driven on official business by Secret Service Agent Robert B. Jarvis skidded on the wet roadway as the brakes were applied, and struck and injured the children, one of them seriously and the other slightly. They were taken immediately to the Berkeley County Hospital for treatment.

It is noted that H. R. 6847 directs the payment of only \$50 to Dr. Walsh, whereas our files indicate that Dr. Walsh submitted a bill in the amount of \$55.

From the reports received by the Chief of the Secret Service it appears evident that the accident was unavoidable. It is urged that the requested relief be granted.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPHINE ROCHE,  
Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
County of Berkeley, ss:

Personally appeared before me R. M. Cain, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is business manager of the Berkeley County Hospital; that David Gethers and Lula Crosby were brought to the said hospital on the morning of December 11, 1936, by a Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department who engaged hospitalization for them for injuries received a short while before when an automobile driven by said agent struck David Gethers and Lula Crosby on Highway No. 52 at Moncks Corner, S. C.; that, acting upon said request by said agent, hospitalization was furnished David Gethers for the period from December 11, 1936, to January 15, 1937, consisting of room and board at \$18 per week, \$90; a plaster cast, \$5; X-rays of leg (4), \$20; routine laboratory examinations, \$5; a plaster splint, \$3; and visits were made to its emergency room by David Gethers on March 3, 1937, and March 17, 1937, for which a charge of \$2 is made; that hospitalization was furnished Lula Crosby for the period from December 11, 1936, to December 12, 1936, consisting of room and board, \$2.57; a laboratory examination, \$1; X-ray of knee, \$5; in all, \$133.57.

R. M. CAIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of July A. D. 1937.

[SEAL]

MARGARET M. WIGGINS,  
Notary Public for South Carolina.

My commission expires at the pleasure of the Governor.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
County of Berkeley, ss:

Personally appeared before me J. N. Walsh, M. D., who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a duly licensed physician of the State of South Carolina; that on the morning of December 11, 1936, a Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department brought David Gethers and Lula Crosby to the Berkeley County Hospital following an automobile accident on Highway No. 52 at Moncks Corner, S. C., in which the said David Gethers and Lula Crosby were injured by being struck by an automobile driven by the agent; that the agent engaged my services to attend the injured persons; that David Gethers was found to be suffering from an oblique fracture of his right tibia and fibula and from an intracranial injury, and that treatment was necessary in his case during his hospitalization from December 11, 1936, to January 15, 1937, and at intervals thereafter until March 17, 1937; that Lula Crosby was found to be suffering from a contusion of the right knee and treatment was necessary in her case from December 11, 1936, to December 12, 1936; that the value of the services rendered David Gethers and Lula Crosby is \$50.

J. N. WALSH, M. D.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of July A. D. 1937.

[SEAL]

R. M. CAIN,  
Notary Public for South Carolina.

My commission expires at the pleasure of the Governor.

# Calendar No. 1919

75TH CONGRESS }  
3d Session }

SENATE

{ REPORT  
{ No. 1821

## BERKELEY COUNTY HOSPITAL AND DR. J. N. WALSH

APRIL 20 (calendar day, MAY 23), 1938.—Ordered to be printed

Mr. BAILEY, from the Committee on Claims, submitted the following

### REPORT

[To accompany H. R. 6847]

The Committee on Claims, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 6847) for the relief of the Berkeley County Hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh, having considered the same, report favorably thereon with the recommendation that the bill do pass without amendment.

The facts are fully set forth in House Report No. 1882, Seventy-fifth Congress, third session, which is appended hereto and made a part of this report.

[H. Rept. No. 1882, 75th Cong., 3d sess.]

The Committee on Claims, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 6847) for the relief of the Berkeley County Hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh, having considered the same, report thereon with the recommendation that it do pass with the following amendment:

Page 1, line 10, strike out the comma after the name "Gethers," strike out the words "twelve," and "thirteen," and insert after the name "Crosby," the words "both minors,".

#### STATEMENT OF FACTS

This bill, as amended, awards the sum of \$133.57 to the Berkeley County Hospital and \$50 to Dr. J. N. Walsh, both of Moncks Corner, S. C., in all, \$183.57, in full settlement of all claims against the United States for hospitalization and medical treatment rendered David Gethers and Lula Crosby, both minors, for personal injuries sustained by them as a result of being struck by a Treasury Department car at Moncks Corner, S. C., on December 11, 1936.

A Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department was traveling on official business through Moncks Corner, S. C., when his automobile skidded on the wet roadway, went off the road, and struck David Gethers and Lula Crosby, two minor colored children who were standing near the highway. They were immediately taken to the Berkeley County Hospital for treatment, and the treatment was authorized by the Secret Service agent. The Gethers child suffered a fractured leg and was hospitalized for more than a month, and the Crosby child was hospitalized for about 1 day, being only slightly injured. Medical services were rendered by Dr. J. N. Walsh and hospital, and the amounts claimed are reasonable. The Treasury Department reports that the accident was unavoidable, and it urges that the requested relief be granted. With that the committee is in agreement, and passage of the bill is accordingly recommended.

Appended hereto and made a part of this report are the Treasury Department's report and material affidavits.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Washington, July 3, 1937.

HON. AMBROSE J. KENNEDY,  
Chairman, Committee on Claims,  
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. KENNEDY: I have received your letter of June 25, 1937, enclosing copy of bill No. H. R. 6847, now pending before your committee for the relief of the Berkeley County Hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh.

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It is noted that H. R. 6847 directs the payment of only \$50 to Dr. Walsh, whereas our files indicate that Dr. Walsh submitted a bill in the amount of \$55.

From the reports received by the Chief of the Secret Service it appears evident that the accident was unavoidable. It is urged that the requested relief be granted.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPHINE ROCHE,  
Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

County of Berkeley, ss:

Personally appeared before me R. M. Cain, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is business manager of the Berkeley County Hospital; that David Gethers and Lula Crosby were brought to the said hospital on the morning of December 11, 1936, by a Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department who engaged hospitalization for them for injuries received a short while before when an automobile driven by said agent struck David Gethers and Lula Crosby on Highway No. 52 at Moncks Corner, S. C.; that, acting upon said request by said agent, hospitalization was furnished David Gethers for the period from December 11, 1936, to January 15, 1937, consisting of room and board at \$18 per week, \$90; a plaster cast, \$5; X-rays of leg (4), \$20; routine laboratory examinations, \$5; a plaster splint, \$3; and visits were made to its emergency room by David Gethers on March 3, 1937, and March 17, 1937, for which a charge of \$2 is made; that hospitalization was furnished Lula Crosby for the period from December 11, 1936, to December 12, 1936, consisting of room and board, \$2.57; a laboratory examination, \$1; X-ray of knee, \$5; in all, \$133.57.

R. M. CAIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of July A. D. 1937.

[SEAL]

MARGARET M. WIGGINS,  
Notary Public for South Carolina.

My commission expires at the pleasure of the Governor.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

County of Berkeley, ss:

Personally appeared before me J. N. Walsh, M. D., who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a duly licensed physician of the State of South Carolina; that on the morning of December 11, 1936, a Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department brought David Gethers and Lula Crosby to the Berkeley County Hospital following an automobile accident on Highway No. 52 at Moncks Corner, S. C., in which the said David Gethers and Lula Crosby were injured by being struck by an automobile driven by the agent; that the agent engaged my services to attend the injured persons; that David Gethers was found to be suffering from an oblique fracture of his right tibia and fibula and from an intracranial injury, and that treatment was necessary in his case during his hospitalization from December 11, 1936, to January 15, 1937, and at intervals thereafter

BERKELEY COUNTY HOSPITAL AND DR. J. N. WALSH

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until March 17, 1937; that Lula Crosby was found to be suffering from a contusion of the right knee and treatment was necessary in her case from December 11, 1936, to December 12, 1936; that the value of the services rendered David Gethers and Lula Crosby is \$50.

J. N. WALSH, M. D.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of July A. D. 1937.

[SEAL]

R. M. CAIN,  
Notary Public for South Carolina.

My commission expires at the pleasure of the Governor.

O

Relief of Berkeley County Hospital—[2X076]----- \$133.57  
Relief of J. N. Walsh—[2X076]----- 50.00

That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$183.57 to the Berkeley County Hospital and the sum of \$50 to Doctor J. N. Walsh, both of Moncks Corner, South Carolina; in all, \$183.57, in full settlement of all claims against the United States for hospitalization and medical treatment rendered David Gethers and Lula Crosby, both minors, for personal injuries sustained by them on December 11, 1936, at Moncks Corner, South Carolina, as a result of being struck by a Treasury Department (Secret Service Division) car, which was operated by a Secret Service agent engaged in his official duties: \* \* \* [usual proviso prohibiting payment to agents or attorneys in excess of 10 per centum for services—see p. 6].—Private Act No. 586, 75th Congress, June 15, 1938.

183.57

The above is an excerpt from **Digest of Appropriations for the Support of the Government of the United States**

By United States. Dept. of the Treasury. Division of Central Accounts  
U.S. Government Printing Office, 1939

CONDITION IS SERIOUS

Negro Child, Hit by Car, is  
Semi-conscious

Moncks Corner, December 19. Special--David Gethers, pupil in the negro school who was seriously injured recently when struck by an automobile said to have been driven by Robert B. Jarvis of Charlotte was still in semi-conscious condition today. Two other children were slightly injured in the same accident.

Charleston News & Courier. Synday, December 20, 1936

Signs Bill to Pay

Washington, June 17. (AP)--President Roosevelt has signed a bill to pay \$183.57 to the Berkeley county hospital and Dr. J. N. Walsh, Moncks Corner, S. C. for treating David Gethers and Lula Crosby injured December 1936, by a secret service agents automobile at Moncks Corner. The hospital was allotted \$137.57 and Dr. Walsh \$50.

Charleston Evening Post. Friday, June 17, 1938