

THIS
IS
YOUR
LIFE

MANUFACTURED IN SCARBOROUGH

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"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"

Harvey Thomas Scarborough

This narrative presented by

THE SCARBOROUGH BIBLE CLASS

LAPAYETTE STREET METHODIST CHURCH
Dothan, Alabama

Annual Banquet

October 9, 1958

Mr. & Mrs. E. G. North

Mrs. & Mrs. J. A. Boone

W. D. Durdin and wife

R. W. Sullivan & wife

J. B. Beayea and wife

J. H. Lane

Laura Coburn & wife

Eugene Parsons

R. L. Edwards & wife

H. Vaughn & wife

A. W. Cream & wife

W. B. Brackin & wife

J. A. Lee

J. S. Tappin

Mr. & Mrs. P. V. Riley

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Mr. & Mrs. Jack King

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Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Johnson

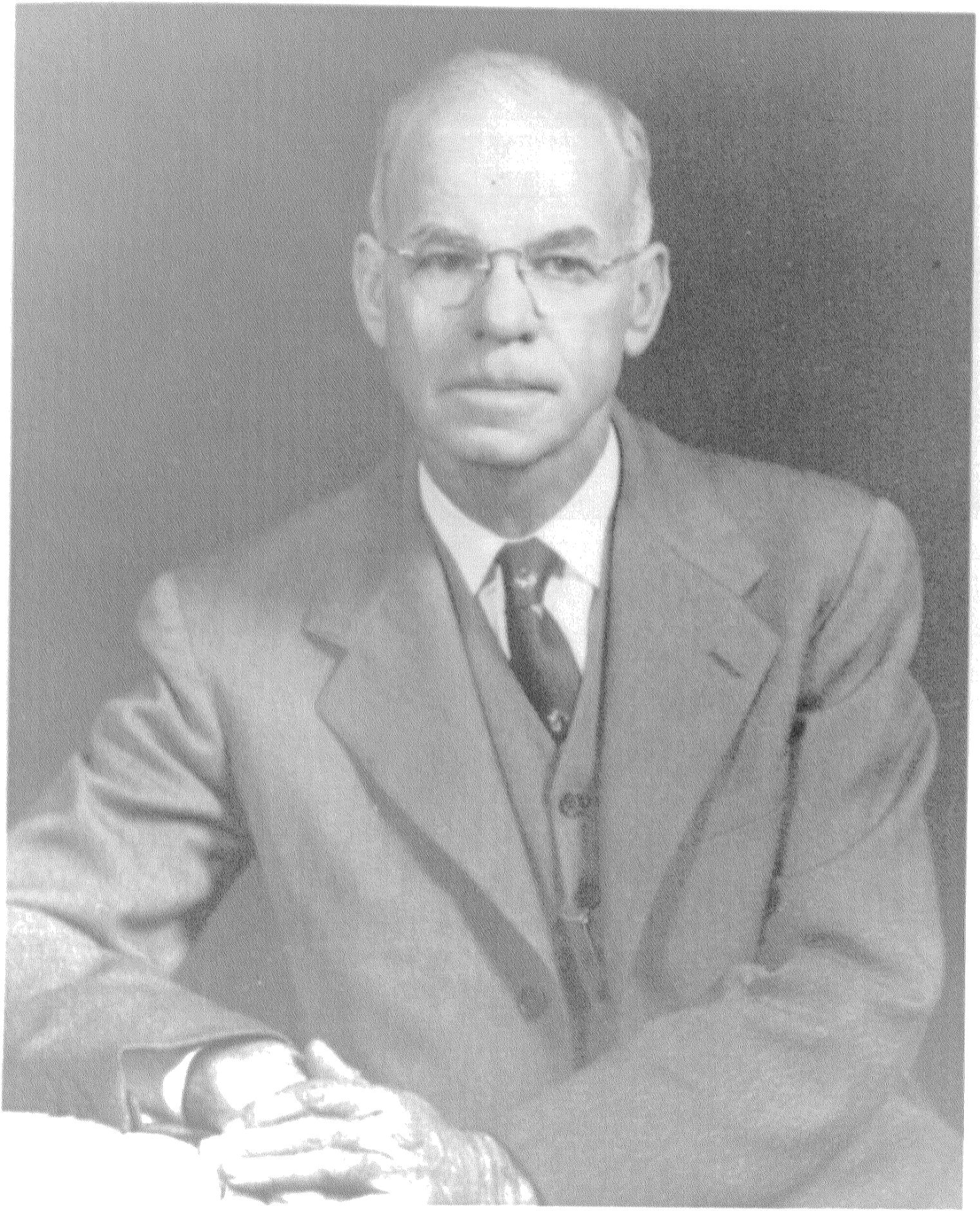
Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Brown

Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Brown

Mr. & Mrs. MacHewald

W. G. Wilson

Herbert Loftin





Mr. Scarborough, you were born in Bullock County, Alabama, on November 13, 1890, and spent 7 good but uneventful years here with your parents, Mr. & Mrs. George Franklin Scarborough. In 1897 you moved with your parents to Wicksburg, a little community west of Dothan, Alabama, where you lived with your family of 3 brothers, Whit, Dewey, and Clint, and your 9 sisters, Alice, Clifford, Menta, Birdie, Jennie, Freddie, (Fannie), Mae, and Alma.

At the age of 7 you started to your first school at Goodwater Church near Wicksburg. Your first teacher was Mr. Archie Riley who is now retired and living at Boston, Georgia. Later in this narrative you will hear something from this old man of the schoolroom about your early life. Your second year in school was also at this school with Mr. Early Woodham as teacher.

In 1899 you moved with your parents from Wicksburg to a community near Echo, Alabama, where you attended school at Lewis School. This school was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from your home and you had to walk to and from school each day carrying your lunch basket with you. You learned something at this school, even though at an early age, that is significant about you even to this day. Remember? "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."





BROTHERS



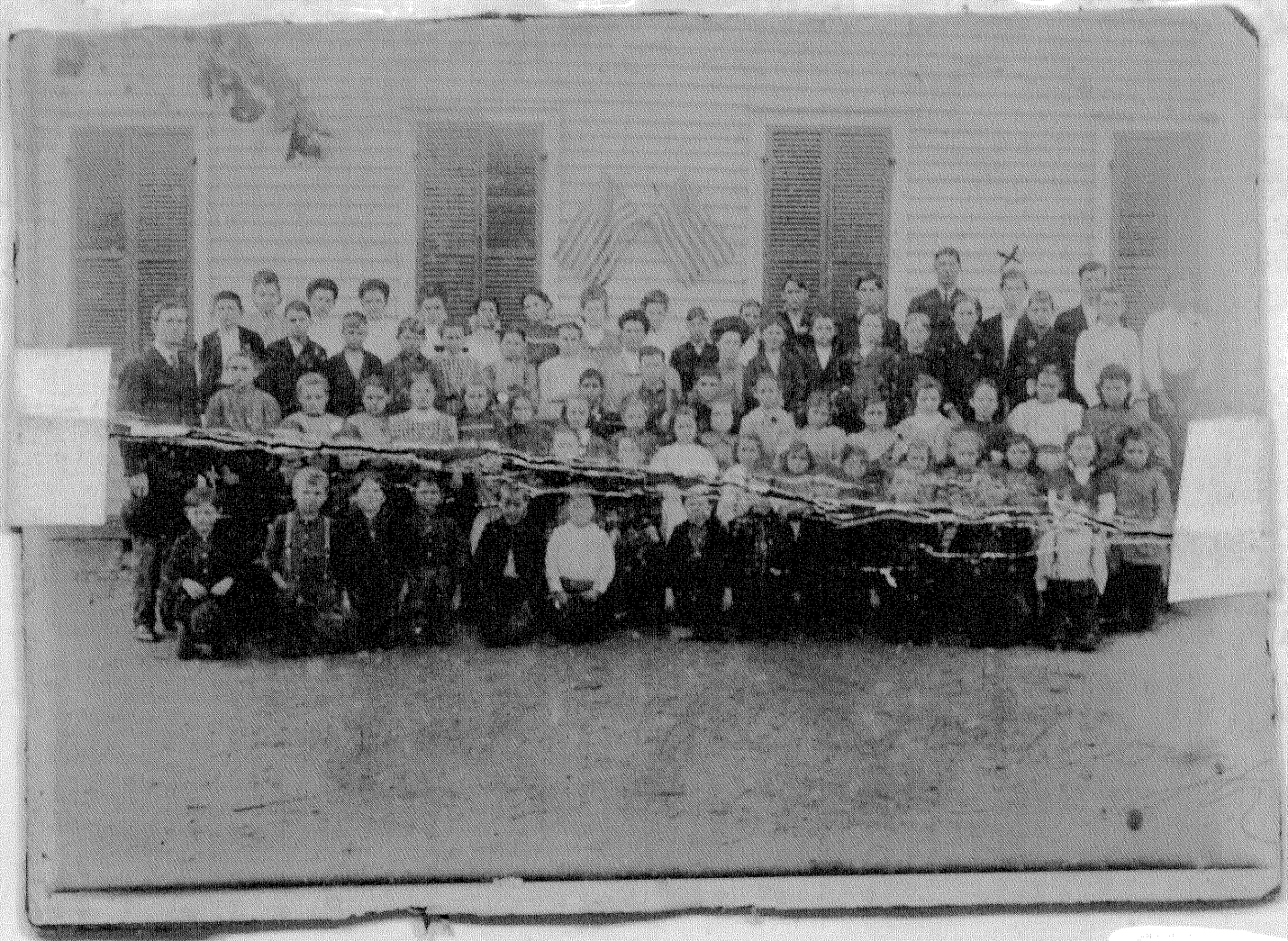
SISTERS



During your early life you particularly liked to attend Sunday School, and while living near Echo, you attended Sunday School and church at New Hope church. Your vacation days and after-school hours were used up on the farm doing chores for your father. You picked cotton along with the hired hands and got the same pay - 35 cents per hundred. With this money and money you earned by selling eggs at Echo you planned to buy a little red wagon. For some reason you didn't get the wagon though, and nobody to this day knows where the money went. Do you Mr. Scarborough? You did like in particular, a certain kind of candy. Peppermint stick candy! Perhaps you spent a good portion of the money for those pretty red and white sticks of peppermint.

In 1901 you moved with your family to the Bethel community 2½ miles west of Echo, on the Ozark-Echo road. You attended Sunday School and church at the old Bethel Methodist Church where, at the age of 12 you joined the church. On the farm you were getting to be a good helper by this time and you and your brother, Whit, had a lot of fun going for the cows in the evening and riding them home for milking. Do you remember, Mr. Scarborough, when you slipped your dad's saddle to ride a yearling and wound up on the ground side of a pine sapling? And the time you and Whit accidentally killed a neighbor's goat and your dad bought the whole flock of goats to hide your deed?





"Uncle Josh" Lisenby





On Monday morning though, it was back to school with you. School was held in the old Bethel Church building during this time and you attended for 3 years under 3 different teachers - Mr. Barney Lisenby, Mr. Jonah Lisenby, and Mrs. Myrtle Smith. Under one of these teachers, you misspelled a word one day because you had learned it as 2 words - the word, "gingham" and you spelled "ging ham." You also didn't like that apostrophe in your name when the teacher wrote "This is Harvey Scarborough's Book." Generally speaking though you did like school very much. Do you remember the embarrassment you suffered on a Friday afternoon in a spelling match, when a girl "turned you down" in the finals? That girl is now, Mrs. Bascom Strickland of Ozark.



You spent a lot of your leisure time studying and would often prefer to read or study to playing with your friends. One of your particular recreations, however, was jumping the rope which was really a bamboo vine cut from the near-by woods.

After 4 years you moved from Bethel back to Wicksburg, where you continued your schooling and farming with your family. You were a big boy by now and the responsibilities of farm life became greater and greater, making it hard to find time for your school work. You managed this handicap very well though, by studying at night - sometimes far beyond bedtime - and by the light of the little brass lamp so many of us remember.

Better-than-the-average grades was your reward for this work, though, and they served you very well in the immediate future when you were to undergo those down-to-earth tests for a teacher's license. For a few months you worked for Mr. Whitaker at his general store at Wicksburg. Do you remember hauling store goods from the old Newton depot to this store on the old one-horse dray? And do you remember your many store duties here - such as swapping cologn for eggs with the young girl customers, selling Brown Mule chewing tobacco to the old timers to chew while they did their whittling on the front benches of the store? But, this store business wasn't for you long.

In april 1910, you sat for the teacher's license examination and was successful in your first try. This was also above the average for many

candidates had to repeat their attempts several times before they were successful. Your first teaching experience was at Flowers Chapel near Dothan. Most of your week-ends, though, were spent back at home. On one occasion you took the measles and brought them back home and gave the things to the whole family, free of charge. Do you remember? Everybody in the family was sick at the same time.



Next year at the age of 21 you moved on the Corbin School near Wicksburg, to teach. While here you met a person who was destined to be a life-long friend of yours, - Mr. J. J. Collins, a teacher at Wicksburg school at that time. On your 21st birthday you were presented with a Bible by this gentleman. Do you remember Mr. Scarborough?

In the spring of 1912, after school was closed, you went up to Troy to take the teachers' summer course. This course enabled you to pass the State Teachers' examination for Second Grade teacher's certificate, but now you decided to go back and finish your high school work. That fall you enrolled in the Geneva County high school at Hartford where you pursued your studies diligently as usual - but something N E W was appearing in your life about this time. The "C R Y S T A L B A L L" began to reveal objects

never before noticed nor mentioned. To be SPECIFIC, a Miss Brannon was beckoning, but not for long did you respond. Watching closely now, we see another object of interest, a Miss Johnnie Dowling, was appearing from another direction, and you had to stop and look after her for a while till the objects started appearing from every angle. Now comes Miss Ollie Ollie Flowers, Miss Bertie King, and many more whose names are forgotten. They were all passing fancies with you though because you moved on the next year to Boswell School, single as ever and happier perhaps. After high school at Hartford you decided to start teaching again - this time back at Boswell. Here you boarded with Mr. Acey Woodham. He was very fond of you and you of him, and his two sons, Bentley and Basset. You had to walk to school from your boarding place - $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. Three girls though made the traveling easier for you each day to and from school. They were: Myrtle, Lucy, and Vera Cain, and your sister, Freddie. During this tenure at Boswell you had some of your most difficult discipline problems. The Lewis boys. Groomed and determined to make life miserable for you at school, they resorted to all kinds of tactics. But they didn't have much success when they cut the bottom out of your chair, placing said bottom back lightly, expecting you to fall through when you sat down. Their cunning was not to be compared with your vigilance. You discovered the trick in time and what happened to the Lewis boys was always a secret thereafter.

The "C R Y S T A L B A L L" though was still working and we see another object appearing in your life and this time it is no fancy. Looks like a "Georgia Peach." Closer, Closer, this person was coming into focus

with a convincing manner, a reality of the first class. Who could this be? No turning away this time! This person was no fancy. Seems as though she had a lot in common with you! Yes, she was a teacher, too. Close by, - somebody you had become acquainted with and just couldn't forget during your waking hours nor your sleeping ones either. Well, you're caught Mr. Scarborough. And who is this person? It is no other than Miss Lennie Smith, the teacher over at Wicksburg you have been courting this school term.

After your teaching term at Boswell you married this Miss Lennie Smith on May 3, 1914 at Gradyville, Georgia, her home town. The ceremony was performed by Reverend B. D. Ragsdale, Pastor of the Cairo Georgia Baptist church.

That fall you and your new wife taught school at Dundee, a little place west of Dothan. Nothing spectacular for you this year Mr. Scarborough, for you are now a "caged bird." The next year you moved on to the Harmon school near Ashford, where you taught one of your last terms.

During the spring of that year though, April 29 to be exact, the old "Stork" came "swishing" down to your home and left you a brand new baby boy, whom you all named Cullen.

Now your time is certainly going to be short! Seems like these little fellows require a lot of attention besides the time it takes to go out and "bring in the bacon." But you didn't "bat an eye." You just decided that

you would leave the country and quit the teaching business and so to Ashford you moved. Here you did backslide into teaching two terms in the Ashford schools though, and do you remember Mr. Scarborough, that Sixth grade and what was wrong with them? "What is the matter with the Sixth grade?" you would sing when they didn't know their lessons. And the next day they came up with everything prepared and answered you with: "There's nothing wrong with the Sixth grade now."

For a second time you decided to quit teaching - and this time it worked.

Before we leave the teaching business though, we want to recite some quotations from your early teaching associates and teachers.

Your first teacher, Mr. Archie Riley, of Boston Georgia, says this about you:

"I am an old man now, a retired country school teacher, and my most cherished "pension" is the fact that many of my old pupils still write to me and think of me occasionally.

I knew Harvey Scarborough as a little bright-eyed, round-faced boy in the first grade, whom I considered a fine prospect for a future useful man. I am glad to learn that he has been such a useful man - to his community - and such a blessing to the world by right living and service to his church and to humanity."

Another of your school associates who is with us tonight is Mr. J. J. Collins, Superintendent of Public Schools in Geneva County.

He Says:

"I knew Harvey Scarborough as a brilliant student, able writer and composer of humorous anecdotes. As a youth he was the author of "Wicksburg Items" in the Hartford Times. On one occasion he stated that my crop had hog weeds in it large enough to have cat faces where a hive of bees could store 25 pounds of honey."

"Harvey became a skilled debater and kangaroo attorney, on one occasion he successfully defended his friend, Ernest Weeks, when he was charged with stealing the

heart of a local music composer in the Sacred Harp, but they later married. He was engaged in many joint debates with J. G. Austin, Alex Collins, Ernest Weeks and myself, at High Bluff, Tindell School, Wicksburg, and Piney Grove.

He became one of the best teachers ever reared in Houston County, and taught both by example and good discipline.

In conclusion I want to say Harvey Scarborough was one of my dearest friends and as such was best man at my wedding.

He was truly a consecrated Christian and it affords me great pleasure to be here tonight and to participate in this program honoring this good man."

Two terms in the Ashford schools and your teaching days were over, for you got a job with the Bush Dry Goods Store for a few months and then to Mr. Ben Grant's you went to work in the hardware business, something that seems to have had a fascination for you, for the hardware business has had you ever since. For two or three years you kept your shoulder to this hardware business with Mr. Grant, and determined to learn it from A to Z. Too, there was another visit from old Mr. "Stork" on October 4, 1916, when he brought you another new baby - yep! another boy, this one you named Seth. So, now, Mr. Scarborough, you decided that hardware it would be for you and you might as well stay with it and ride it out to the end. They say hardware has more "character" than any other kind of merchandise, and perhaps that is a fact, and one that determined your choice of this as your vocation.

For a few months after your second child was born, you lay low with Malaria fever, and your good wife looked after you and cared for you diligently. Do you remember her taking the baby in her arms and walking quite a distance to call the doctor?

Sometime in 1919, Mr. Jack Johnson bought the hardware store in Ashford from Mr. Grant, and you worked with Mr. Johnson a few months, when Mr. Gellerstedt of the Porter Hardware Company in Dothan, offered you a job with them. You took the job and moved to Dothan. Naturally there was some initiation in order at the hardware store for you, and do you remember the shot-gun trick the boys played on you in the warehouse? Well, we better not go into the details of this one!

During the early days of your work here, you worked with many of the most prominent citizens of the Wiregrass. - Mr. Russ Porter, Mr. Press Thornton, Mr. Ely Buntin, Mr. Will McCarty, Mr. Ad Grant, Mr. Alto Faulk, Howell Coe, Mr. P. B. Cox, and many others. Most of them are gone now though, but you are still "at the wheel" running the business as of old.

When you settled in Dothan, you joined the Lafayette Street Methodist Church, and kept up your Sunday School teaching as usual.

For 37 years now you have been teaching a class at this church.

Down through the years many a man and boy has sat before you and heard your fine Sunday School lessons and the impact of these teachings is on the hearts of thousands of men to this day.

Mr. Scarborough, you have done a wonderful job at this church for many years past and we, the members of the SCARBOROUGH BIBLE CLASS, want to tell you that we all love you and will always remember you as our good and faithful teacher.

You can be assured that each and every member has always thought of you as the most sincere teacher he has ever had, and as a small token of our affection and respect for you, we humbly present this book of your life, to you.

May the best things in life continue to be yours and as a class we shall always remember the years we spent going to hear your teachings each Sunday morning.

