

Life of Harvey Scarborough, by Himself
Transcribed by his Granddaughter, Dianna S. Rogers
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This is a brief history of the life of Harvey Thomas Scarborough. I was born in Perote, Alabama, November 13, 1890. Perote then was a crossroads town with a few stores, churches, schools and a post office. My father, George Franklin Scarborough and my mother Emma Carter Hightower were married at Mt. Andrew Alabama, August 3, 1876. From 1877 to 1901 they had thirteen children. I was the seventh child and the first boy. Alice was the oldest, followed by Clifford, Minter, Birdie, Jennie, Freddie, me, then Whit, Mae Bell, Fannie, Dewey, Clint and Alma.

Our family was sharecroppers or tenant farmers and so we moved from one farm to another. When I was 3 weeks old, my family moved from Perote to Dale County Alabama 4 miles south of Ozark, AL. We lived on the Daughtry place, old 231 South from 1890 to 1894. An old citizen there was Oscar Glover who lived just across the road from us. Here I recall my first memory; I was out in the yard had a rake and was raking leaves. Here I remember a neighbor lady died and my sister told me the story. I recall in my mind then a faint idea as a child, I had of heaven and the immortality of the soul. At this place I recall the first time I got mad. My Mother used spool thread to sew on the machine and let me have one of the spools. I made a toy cart of it to play with. One night a family moving South stopped at our house to spend the night. The man had a good pocket knife and picked up my spool made of wood and cut it up with his knife. I have never been hurt any worse, and my father did not stop him. It was a small offense but it hurts me today to recall those feelings of cruelty as it seemed to a tiny boy only 3 ½ years old.

This area was very young then and farmers used split rails. A maul was used to drive the wedge. The maul was made of hickory about 8" thick, round and 12" long. The new maul was

made tough by placing in the fireplace close to the fire for several days to bake. He also had an iron wedge to first split the log, then he used a "glut" a wooden wedge much longer made of hickory to follow the iron wedge to split the rail open.

One day it was cold. I was sitting on the maul next to the fireplace and I fell over into the fire. My sleeve caught fire and I ran out screaming. My sister caught me, held me and put out the fire and saved my life.

While we were living here I had "membrane croup". My Mother had me in her arms and saw I was choking to death. My father was on the other side of the bed and she tossed me through the air to his arms. She always said the toss saved my life. While here I had my first fear. Some of my sisters would go to the woods to play in the afternoon. There were some real mean bulls running loose in the area and I feared for my life even if we did not see or hear the bulls. Here I learned how Mama made house brooms. In the winter she would go to the old fields where broom straw grew and gather large bundles of clean broom sedge. We would place about 2 ½ in diameter of the straw together and wrap strong cord around it and tie tightly. This would be used as an inside or "house" broom. At this place my brother Whit was born and when he was about 2 years old my sisters and I carried him to the field to watch my father plow. Here I recall my first real mean act. My grandmother Scarborough lived close by and we had a path from our house to hers. In the summer the path was very dry and dusty and grandmother hated dust. When Whit and I left her house to go home, just as soon as we got out of her reach we would kick up a great cloud of dust with our feet. We knew this was wrong to make Grandmother mad and we knew she would whip us if she could catch us. I must admit I still have remnants of that old sin-spite. Here Grandmother gave me a speckled pullet chicken. For the 12 years that she lived, I would set her on 12 eggs and Mama let me have the biddies and I

raised them and sold the chickens. When the speckled pullet died, we lived on the Lisenby place, south of Echo. Myself and sister carried the chicken across a "branch" into a field and buried her. We put a brick at the head and foot of her grave and I remember we both cried. I recall my first memory of Jesus; my sisters told me stories about him and I realized good from bad and from Jesus all was good. One of the neighbors died and I became very aware of a concept of Heaven.

We then moved to the Pippin Place which was about 10 to 15 miles south of the Daughtry place. It stood about 1 mile south of the Little Choctawhatchee River. The old road is now all grown over with weeds. We moved in January 1895, here Maebelle was born in March of 1895 and Fannie in September 1896. I am sure that midwives attended mother then as no Doctor was nearer than Ozark about 20 miles away. On November 13, 1895, I was 5 years old and even now I have a very vivid memory of those years. About ¼ mile west of us there lived a black family named Welch. His name was George and his wife's name was Fordaler. He owned the place and had 2 mules and a wagon and in those days was considered well-to-do. Fordaler had 2 cows and would give Mama buttermilk to make bread with. Whit and I would go to her house across the field carrying a 1 gallon tin milk bucket and we never did spill a drop. While we were there, Fordaler would sit us down to her table and give us a cup of buttermilk with cornbread crumbled in it. I'll never forget her kindness. On Sundays her children would come to our house to play. At night we used brass lamps to light the rooms. A small lamp, round, with a tin handle you held in your hand, it had no chimney and costs 10 cents. Sometimes when our kerosene was out, we would use "fat lightered splinters" in a tin can on the table to make light while we ate supper. A very crude way, but it was all we had. On June 30 1896 my grandfather Thomas Hightower died. My sister had been staying with them so Father went after

her and some of the furniture. He brought back a fine black milk cow and her calf and it was a great lift to our family to get all that milk. Her name was Sook and she lived several years after that. Grandfather Hightower was buried in Mt. Nebo Cemetery 5 miles north of Clayton. (My son, Seth and myself located his grave in August 1976 with the help of D. L. Hightower of Clayton, and had a marker put on it.) Grandfather Hightower was buried July 1, 1896 and on that day he was 92 years old.

One day Father was plowing and came to a patch of woods at the end of the row. He saw a long rattlesnake near him. He had no weapon, so he unhooked 1 trace chain from his mule's harness, held it by the ring at the end, threw it hard at him and crushed his head. I think it had 13 rattles. Papa saved the hide and had it filled with corn meal bran and hung it up on the front porch. It was about six feel long and very large.

This farm had some land near the river and Papa plowed corn there. Wild hogs from the river swamp would break into the corn field and ruin his corn. Near us lived an old man who was a great hunter. He had 5 dogs, a horn to call off the dogs and a gun. He went to our corn field and shot the wild hogs. I took him for a hero like Daniel Boone with his gun, dogs and horn. One day a deputy sheriff with 2 blacks handcuffed, stopped in our yard and asked for water. He had captured the 2 blacks who were supposed to have murdered two old people one night not far from our house.

There was a revival going on at the Thomas School House (now Pilgrim's Home Church west of Dothan, where Brother Dewey is buried). The preacher then was a young boy named Bob Jones, the famous man of later years who founded Bob Jones University. At this time my father was 43 years old, and dressed up in his new grey suit, he and Alice and Clifford made a fine-looking threesome going to that revival. School was held at the Thomas School during the

week-days, and my older sisters went. We did not have biscuits much, only eggbread. I have heard my sisters say that a neighbor lady would stop them, open their dinner buckets, and put several biscuits inside. Her name was Mrs. Ingram and to me that name is immortal. Ozark was about 20 miles away and Papa would have to go there to get our supplies. He would be gone for a night and spend the night at his mother's near Ozark. Mother would get a kind old lady to spend the night with us and she was a great storyteller. She was the mother of the other Mrs. Ingram. My hair stood straight up as she told stories to us children.

At this place downhill from our house was a large spring. It came out from the side of the hill and was a stream about 3" in diameter. Papa placed a plank gutter under it and that carried the water to the place my sisters washed the family clothes. I know the spring is still there gushing its cold water. Mr. Edwards of Lafayette St. Church was born near there and was to take me there several years ago, but we never made it.

My older sisters, Alice, Clifford and Minter would get one new dress 2 times a year. Mama had lots of hens and would sell the eggs for 10 cents a dozen. She bought calico cloth at 5 cents a yard, so 5 dozen eggs at 50 cents would buy 10 yards of calico to make 1 dress.

I began to help work in the fields. The older ones picked cotton in a picking sack, but I did not have one. Mama fixed a sack for me out of a baby diaper and I would pick a little and fill my little sack full.

When Papa brought Clifford home after Grandfather Hightower died, I thought she had such beautiful clothes. The dress Grandmother gave her made her the prettiest girl I had ever seen. While I was a small child, Clifford would rock me to sleep and put me to bed. Clifford was always so dear and precious to me. Mama and all but one of the older children went to the field to work in the evenings. One of the older ones stayed with the younger children at home

and would feed us in the afternoon. Pot liquor and pone corn bread was our treat, some of the best food I have ever tasted.

Next we moved to the Holloway place near Wicksburg. The house was a large old log house and had a stick and dirt chimney. Wet clay made soft as mortar was put between the sticks as the chimney was built from the ground to the housetop. Sometimes a big fire in the fireplace would make these wooden sticks catch fire. It was very dangerous and could cause the house to burn down. I recall a few times it caught fire and how they fought to put it out with water from the well. We moved here in 1897 and in October of that year I went to school for the first time. I had only a blue back speller. My teacher was Professor Archie Riley, related to Mr. E. T. Riley, Perry's father. My first lesson was to learn my ABC's. I was so timid, I had never been anywhere and was afraid to leave my sisters. My father got Professor Riley to let me sit with my sisters on the girl's side. Boys and girls sat on opposite sides of the one-room schoolhouse. I was with sister for about a month. Then one day after the teacher let us come up to the heater to warm, when we went back to our seats I went back with the boys, for I had learned to be friends with some of them. The school house was the Good Water Church at Wicksburg. There was no well, the teacher would let 2 of us go the $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile for water when needed. We all used the same dipper. We had no wood to burn in the stove. The boys had to go out in the woods and cut up wood and bring it to the school house. We had no restrooms or outside toilets. Boys hid in the woods on one side of the schoolhouse, girls on the other side. The teacher sometimes had a switch to whip mean boys. We all saw him do the whipping and heard the boys crying but there was never anything bad about this punishment.

Up to the time we moved here we only had one mule; Papa ran a one horse farm. But here he had 2 mules and a wagon. Somedays one of my older sisters would plow. When we

moved here there were 10 children, on June 7, 1898, Dewey was born. One night when Papa went to Ozark, now 25 miles away, it snowed all night. The next morning the snow was 6 inches deep. Papa was snowbound in Ozark. We had very little wood. Jeff Holloway and Joe Creamer came over in the snow and got us plenty of wood to burn and keep warm. Alice later married Jeff. I had never had the first pair of shoes, so Mama would not let me go out in the snow barefoot, but I did so want to go outside and make my tracks in the snow. It took about a week for the snow to melt and before Papa could come home. We children had a dog, we really loved old "Drive". Drive did not care for blacks and there were a lot of them in the area working with the turpentine industry. Drive disappeared, we never saw him again and we always wondered what became of him.

At this place my brother Whit was 5 years old. Some nights, about midnight he would get out of bed and begin to scream as if he saw something terrible. All the family would wake up. My father would take him, assure him nothing was around to hurt him and put him back to bed. It might be another month before he had another spell like this. Here I got my first pair of shoes, I was nearly 7 years old. I couldn't wait to make my tracks in the dirt with shoes on my feet. While here, 1897-8, I do not recall my sisters having any boyfriends or did any of us attend church services. The nearest church was Good Water Freewill Baptist, but I do not recall that we ever went. Here, one Christmas in 1898 I think, we were so poor we did not get anything for Christmas from Santa Claus. But we hung up our stockings and that night our sisters made pull candy from syrup and after it set up they put some of it in each of our stockings. It was a real treat, very good. I will never forget how my older sisters loved the younger ones. Here I made my first nickel. Papa had a fine patch of corn, six acres. When the corn was waist high, he was plowing it and told me to go up and down each row and pull up the suckers by the stalks of corn

and when I finished he gave me a nickel. Well, what did I do with it? We soon went to town, Pinckard, Alabama. When we went into the store, I took my nickel and bought a card of buttons and gave them to Mama. I felt good about doing such a big thing as that. Here Papa let me ride the mule for the first time. He would quit plowing and take the mules loose from the plow, up I would go and he would lead us around. Here one day we had company, a fine lady who took a liking to me. I was so timid and afraid she would brag on me that instead of combing my hair I ran my fingers through it and made it look rough, so she would not praise me. I well remember the first store I ever went in. Mama let me go with her to Wicksburg to Ashley Gilley's big general mercantile store. I was spellbound by what I saw, that was the most alluring place I had ever seen. After that I always had an elevated opinion of clerks, so now I'm not surprised that I spent nearly 57 years doing just that at Porter Hardware. The experience of ½ a lifetime gave me many opportunities to be kind and nice to people and earn their respect.

One Sunday Papa kept me with him all day long. Then Monday came and he went off to work and I was so lonely for my daddy that I cried for him and when I saw him coming home, I never had greater joy. That memory has gripped my heart across the years and my daddy has always been dear to me.

In 1899 we moved about 25 miles to the Sketo place near Echo. Upon arrival, I was amazed to find that this house had glass windows and brick chimneys. Nov 13, 1898, I was 8 years old, but I vividly remember my astonishment. I had my first Sunday Clothes at the Sketo place. A nice pair of pants, a jacket with a long collar and lace on the edges of the collar. Mama dressed me and sent me to Sunday School for the first time. I heard singing, I heard men pray, I heard the Bible read. Like Jacob of the Old Testament (Gen. 28, 10-17) to me that New Hope Freewill Baptist Church was truly the gates of Heaven. Brother Nelson Sketo, an old man with

his hair cut like Benjamin Franklin stood up, held a large Bible open in his hand and read “and he said unto them...” There was some real good singing there; Roy Leatherman, Corlis Deal and May Atkins. The first song I ever remember was “Standing on the Promises of God”, “Jesus was a Rock in a Weary Land” was another. These and many other songs were planted in my soul. Even now I yet love to sing them alone and drift back to these memories of innocent childhood.

While here, we attended school at the Louis School House, 3 ½ miles south of our house. Schools then weren't graded, you used whatever book you had. I had only the blue back speller, but I learned lots from it. I had no reader but a neighbor girl had a good second hand first reader and she sold it to me for a chicken fryer or about 15 cents in value. My teacher put me in the first reader but also kept giving me lessons in my blue back speller. After about a year my father bought me a new second reader for which I was overjoyed. I could read well by then but remained in the second reader and blue back speller through 1901. At this school I got my first whipping. In my spelling class the teacher accused me of pushing others to get to the head of the class and he hit me with the switch three times. I was real mad with him because I felt that he was wrong and I did not deserve the three licks he hit me. In all my school years I never received another whipping. While here, I became a regular farm hand I had to help all the time. At cotton picking time, my father had a old black basket maker to make me a basket to put whit I picked in it. We all weighed out cotton at noon and at night. One morning I picked 99 pounds which was tops for a boy like me. My basket cost 50 cents and was one of the very best made then.

In 1900 my father made me a wooden foot plow stock and began to let me plow a little. In that day, the top desire of all farm boys was to be able to plow. My plow mule was iron gray; that is his hair was part black and part white. His name was Scott and no greater promotion ever

came to me on that farm than to be allowed to plow. Another of the top desires of my boyhood days was to own a pocket knife. I went to Echo to Joe Hunt's store and bought a one blade knife with cedar handles. No present I ever had was more precious than this knife. While we lived here it came another snow this time about 2" deep, but not near as large as the one at the Holloway place 1897-8. On Christmas day the boys and young men would put saddles on their mules or horses and ride to houses dressed as Santa Claus. There were called the Fantastics. What a thrill it was to see them ride up to our house.

In this area at times a poor mother, father, or baby would die and the family had no money to buy a coffin. The neighbors would gather at our house to use Papa's tools and with his help would build a wooden coffin. The coffin was made of pine boards and for a man or woman was covered with black cloth on the outside. Inside it was lined with a white cloth called "lawn" and padded with cotton. For a baby it would be the same inside but covered outside with white cloth. One time I well remember a sweet little baby died and the ladies made it a little white cap. I remember looking at the sweet child with the snow white cap and dress lying in the coffin, and tears streaming down my cheeks.

Here we had two fine mules. One a brown haired mare mule named Daisy and a black haired mule named Dinah. One day Dinal became deathly sick and we sent for the country house doctor, Dick Anderson. Dinah was beyond help and died. In those days dead animals were carried far out into the woods for the buzzards to eat. Papa put a chain around her neck and tied the chain to the wagon and pulled her body way out into the woods about a mile from our house. It was all sad to me.

In the country like this, it was the custom for a farmer to "kill a beef". At such times neighbors came to help. We had a large bull named "Buck". They led buck off down into the

woods to kill him and butcher him. A neighbor named Henry Woodham took a piece of lead held it over the fire to soften and beat it into a round ball. He then loaded his gun with powder and packed in cotton cloth, he dropped the ball down the barrel and then with his ramrod packed in more cotton cloth. He put a cap under the hammer, pulled it back, stood in front of Buck, aimed for the center of his head and pulled the trigger. The gun fired and Buck fell to the ground, dead. I was saddened to see Buck die in order for us all to have meat.

While here about April 1899, they brought Grandmother Hightower here from up above Abbeville. Her daughter was Millie Lynn, Mama's only sister. Grandmother was sick, had what was then called consumption, now called TB. We had plenty of help; Alice, Clifford, Minter, all grown girls to wait on her. Mama got Dr. Bell from Echo to look after her. She was sick a long time, possibly 4 to 6 weeks. At that time neighbors came and sat up with the sick all night. On May 30, 1899 she died. They carried her body in the coffin to Echo Methodist Church and before we got there I could hear the church bell tolling. They were called the death bells and I can still remember by the way they rung they were the sound of death. All the family viewed the body, but one striking thing I shall never forget, as my mother leaned in the arms of my father, she looked at her own mother in the coffin, weeping deeply and talking to Grandmother even gesturing with her hands as she talked. Grandmother was buried in the church cemetery across the road. Some years ago I gave Arnie Sewell, Clifford's husband, some cement and he made a nice top for her grave. Later I had an aluminum grave marker put in inscribed: Rachel Hightower, May 4, 1824-May 30, 1899. The grave is in the west central part of the cemetery.

Up to now none of my sister had regular boyfriends. In June 1899, Alice married Jeff Holloway of Wicksburg, he was a widower with 3 children; Vassie, Ann and Lou. Alice did not get to come back home till the following Christmas. In October 1900 Alice & Jeff's first child

Buena was born. In August 1899, Clifford married Arnie Sewell and they lived about a mile from us. Dewey was the baby. One day he had a high fever and Mama had him in her lap. All at once he began to have what we then called a "fit", now called a seizure. Mama put a spoon in his mouth to keep him from biting his tongue. He got well and never again had a seizure.

Clinton M. was born here October 7, 1900. Early in 1901 he took what the doctor called the "slow fever" and came near death's door. He was sick so long that he had to learn to walk all over again. While here, I think in 1901 the sun was in eclipse about 9 AM. It became so dark the chickens went to roost same as night.

There lived near us a black family that had 2 boys about my and Whit's age. They were so poor, they came to play with only rags barely enough to cover themselves. Mama bought some heavy white cloth and made them some clothes to wear. Their names were Mill and Tom. I shall never forget them as they were the only children I ever played with that were nearly naked for want of clothes.

Here we had rats, the most I ever saw. There were so many that they were eating lots of corn in the corn cribs. On rainy days they would come out to get water and we would find a long stick and tie a sharp pole to the end and stick them through and kill them. I have known us to kill as many as 20 or 30 in one day. We never had so many rats anywhere else.

It was while we lived here that I saw my first Christmas tree about 1900. The Christian Hill Church at the Lewis School House 4 miles south of Echo held a tree party on Christmas Eve. Papa carried several of us children and it was the first time we had ever seen anything like it. I was thrilled to my very heart. In the fall of 1900 Papa bought for \$2.50 each a ready made suit for me and Whit. These were our first store bought suits, for up until now Mama had made all our clothes. They were made of green cloth, a medium blend, the jackets were double-

breasted and the pants were knee britches. We were so proud of those store bought suits. For school Mama made us a suit of clothes from cloth called "jeans". It was all wool and she made both coat and pants. We wore them all winter without washing. Our shirts (waists, we called them) and underwear were washed once a week, but not the jeans.

In the fall of 1901 we did not make enough crop to pay our debts. Our kitchen stove was wore out and Mama and my sisters had to cook on the fireplace. It was a very crude way to cook for such a large family, but Mama was never one to complain. Mama had what was called a "spider" a cast iron skillet 14 inches wide and with three legs under it about 2 inches long. This would sit over the fire and it had a heavy lid that was designed for coals to be placed on top for baking corn bread or biscuits. Another smaller spider without a lid was used for frying meat. A cast iron heavy pot was used to cook vegetables, collards, turnips, peas, etc. The pot was hung from an "L" shaped rack that swung in and out of the fireplace. Water was boiled in a long heavy iron kettle that was places on this same rack. How Mama ever cooked enough I never knew. It was awfully hot cooking over a fire in the summer time. The fireplace was about 8 feet wide so many things could be cooked at one time. The chimney was the old stick and dirt one described earlier. Mama always managed to have plenty to eat for our large family. Papa had to give up the 2 mules and the wagon to settle our debts. That fall, 1901 was the hardest of times for our family. Before leaving her, I well remember the Freewill Baptist Church at New Hope Church observing the sacrament of "foot washing". It was a touching a sacred ceremony to me.

About December 1901 we moved to the Lisenby place 2 miles Southwest of Echo, just below Bethel Church. Mama was expecting and on December 22, 1901 Alma was born. She was the last child. There were now 11 children at home. The Lisenby place was mostly new ground, land that had never been cleared. We had to cut the trees and roll the logs into large

brush heaps to be burned. Then the new ground had to be plowed and the seed sown into the rough new ground. This was the hardest ordeal of all my years at home. Plowing and tending new ground was an awful task.

When we first moved here we still had no stove. Papa arranged to buy a "cook stove" and it lasted about 7 or 8 years. This farm had about 3 streams of water and also 2 large frog ponds, old ponds of water, almost stagnant. Mosquitoes raised in them. Here we had lots of chills and fever. The doctor did not know the cause for the bite of the mosquito was not then believed to be dangerous. Quinine was the medicine and there was no such thing as a capsule. We had to take the dry powder, stir it with coffee and swallow. Never have I had such a terrible dose to take.

Here we had log rollings. Neighbors were invited and met early in the morning, worked until noon, ate, returned to work until dark, and then back to eat supper again at the host's home. The finest meal the host's wife could furnish was served at both noon and evening. The women worked hard preparing the food. The men about 4 pair to a log, each would use hand sticks about 4 feet long and together roll about 6 or 7 logs on a heap to be burned. Some of the very hardest work on a farm was turned into a gala occasion.

In 1902 Papa hired a wages hand, a young man who worked from February to July for \$10.00 a month. I was only 11 years old and yet too young to do the heavier work of a farm laborer. The next year 1903, Papa made me a regular farm hand, plowing all the time with him. It was hard work. Here school was in the church about 4 months in winter and 2 months in summer; lay by time on the farm. When we did not have to tend the crops was called "lay by time". I was in the third reader and blue back speller. We had no desks so we sat in the church benches. We used slates and chalk to write and figure. We wiped off our slates by sticking our

fingers in our mouths and rubbing the slates with our wet fingers. We got water in a bucket from a spring down the hill, again all sharing the same dipper. We boys played at recess; dodge ball and one-eyed cat. For dodge ball one of us would draw off boundaries in the dirt, about a 20 by 20 foot square. Two would stay on the outside the rest of us got on the inside of the square. They would try to hit one at the time. When you were hit you were out and had to get out of the pen. Some of the boys were experts at dodging the ball and could stay in the pen for some time. They were considered smart by their classmates.

My brother Whit was always getting into fights. I had to get him out of trouble lots of times. When at this school I found my first sweetheart. Her name was Emma, a beautiful girl, but only a child. It may have been puppy love, but it was real to me and even now I well remember how she gripped my very heart. Here in the summer school, it was hot as could be. We had no screens and were plagued by gnats, flies and bugs of all kinds. How we stood it I do not know, but we did and learned lots from what chance we had.

Papa had a long barreled 12 gauge shotgun. I was wild about dogs and guns. At this age, Papa finally let me use it a little. One day at noon I went down to the frog pond near the house. A large tree had fallen into the pond long ago. I looked across the pond at it and there a large moccasin snake lay curled across the log. I walked until I was about 20 feet away and aimed and fired the old gun and shot the snake to pieces. That was one of my first real hits with a gun. One Christmas about 1902 papa bought a Stevens 22 rifle. I took it out one day and saw a Killy hawk in a tree about 25 yards away. I took accurate aim, shot and it fell to the ground. To me that was top marksmanship.

Now here at Bethel Methodist Church, I had some of my most telling religious feelings. At this age, right and wrong began to weigh heavily on my mind and conscious. It was here that

I really began to think of heaven. I felt mean when I had done wrong. Here Uncle Josh Lisenby came into my life. He was a saint and influenced me greatly. He prayed the loudest of anyone I ever heard. In 1904 in the summer, I joined the church. The Rev. J. M. Griffin baptized me by sprinkling. Later when he moved to Dothan, he would come by the store, he called "his boy". He was a grand old man and I cared for him deeply.

Here on September 18, 1904 my little sister Fannie died. Her death was my life's greatest childhood sorrow. I cried on that date every year for 50 or more years. She was a brunette and talked fast. The doctor said she died of brain fever.

Each year during the summer we had protracted meetings at Bethel Church. Before the night service, the men had grove meetings, they went out into the woods to pray. I attended and oh how it touched my heart to hear these men stand up and tell what the Lord had done for them. Lots of tears fell as they poured out their hearts to heaven. What power these meetings put into my religious life. Old songs like "on that happy golden shore where the faithful pass no more, where the storms of life are over, meet me there: where the nights dissolve away into pure and perfect days, I am going home to stay, meet me there....." really gripped my attention. One summer we had a singing school for 2 weeks and we children went and learned a little and it made me love singing even more.

At the Lisenby place, my brother Whit and I made a block wheel wagon. We sawed down a black gum tree. We cut the 10 inch diameter tree into rounds about 4 inches thick. We bored a hole in the center of each round and fitted one pair of rounds on each wooden axle. We then built a wooden wagon over the wheels and axles. We made a double yoke with a U-shaped bow to fit the necks of our two bull calves and then could haul wood on our wagon. One day we had a big load of wood, so heavy that the calves could not pull it up a hill. So they got on their

knees to help them pull the load. I never knew that was what an ox would do when his load was too heavy. That experience has taught me to fall to my knees in prayer when life's load gets too heavy to pull alone.

On our last year here in 1906 I became 16. We bought an extra mule to make us able to run a 3 horse farm to try to pay out of debt. We made an extra good crop, but the price of cotton was low and we could not pay out. So we had to give up even all the corn we had and then did not pay out. We were broke again and as a teenage boy I really felt the sting of poverty.

In January 1907 we moved to Wicksburg to the then Jim Whitaker place. I had no Sunday clothes and I was so ashamed on Sunday that I wanted to stay in the back yard. We began to buy our supplies from Mr. Whitaker's store and began to do better. My boyfriends were then rather common, they had no church training. I soon saw I was running with the wrong crowd. Mr. J. W. Riley had a store there and at the Methodist Church there he and his wife started a Sunday School. I finally got some Sunday clothes and started going to church. I soon saw I was in the company of the best people. Then and there I decided the church was the place for me. Soon the church laid its hands on me and made me the Sunday School Superintendent. From that day to now, to me the church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord. From the old song "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the lord is laid, for now faith is his excellent word". So the Lord laid his hand on me and even to this day I feel the power of those nail-pierced hands.

Here at the Whitaker place, in 1907-8-9, I was 16, 17, 18 years old. After my start in church work, I began to speak in public. It was a custom in summer to have debates on Saturday nights, and I was often on one side or the other, affirmative or negative. One outstanding debate I remember was, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished". I was the main speaker on the affirmative side. The house was full to overflowing. I made my speech and the

judges gave the victory to our side. That night my ability as a public speaker really rose high and that was a great lift to me to learn how to talk in public.

During these years they held interdenominational Sunday School conventions. G. S. Kelly, head of the Kelly Clark Lumber Co. of Slocumb, began to refer me to this line of church workers as a valuable churchman. Mr. Kelly was a member of the Slocumb M. E. Church and an outstanding businessman. This put me on the programs in some of the areas church SS occasions. At all of these gatherings, they assigned all visitors to various houses for dinner. Then assigned me and my sister to one of the finest houses I had ever been in up until then. My desire was raised to seek greater opportunities to work in the church. All these things were seeds of my becoming a lay speaker and SS worker to this day.

On November 13, 1911, I was 21. My sister Freddie, then an assistant teacher at Wicksburg and her principal J. J. Collins came to our house after school was out. They handed me a nice black Bible. Sister said "we present this to you on your 21st birthday and hope you will take it and use it as your guide through life". I took it and wept.

While living at the Whitaker place I began to see the need of going to school. A teacher, who later became one of this areas well known family doctors took special interest in me. He told me that my ability as a student was evident and there was no need for me to remain a common plow boy. That I was capable by a little more study to take a teacher's examination and obtain a certificate to teach school. That was the very first time I had been told there was any way out of poverty surroundings. That so encouraged me that I began at once to believe his word. Our next teacher followed his suggestions to me and I took the teacher's examination but failed in English Grammar. Our next teacher showed me how to dig for myself and I took another examination and passed. I got a third grade teacher's license and applied for a place as

assistant teacher and got the job at \$35.00 a month. My first job. I was so proud of it, I felt sure I could soon start a bank. At the end of my first teaching job I arranged to take a special teacher's course at what is now Troy State University and at the end of this course I took the teacher's examination and passed getting a second grade teacher's certificate. I then applied for a job as a teacher of a one room school at \$55.00 per month. I made good and applied in the fall for the principal's job of a 2 room school and obtained that job in the fall of 1913 and spring of 1914. I was proud of this start as it really put me forward as a young man. Everybody then began to call me Professor Harvey Scarborough.

While teaching my third year, I was principal and my sister Freddie was assistant. At this school were some rough boys. One boy would not bring his arithmetic book to school, so I told him one day that he must bring it the next day or I would send him home to get it. He refused. So I took him by the collar to make him go, but he yet would not. He pulled from his pocket a large pocket knife. I grabbed the knife and handed it to the boy next to me. I got the switch and gave him a real whipping, dragging him out the door on to the ground. He went out and lay down under a tree and did not go home till school was out. He was afraid his father would whip him also. I recall he had a brother that was a real good boy. At this school we had bought a U. S. flag about 4' by 6'. All the children had pitched in the money to buy the flag. One Monday morning, I saw our flag had been torn down and ripped into several pieces. Then I noticed the cane bottom chair that I sat in to teach. The cane had been cut through all around and lightly replaced so that when I sat down I would have fallen through. I took all this very quietly and we had no more trouble there.

Now, up to this time, I had not done much courting. In Nov. 1911, Ethel Mathews, a fine young lady of Wicksburg was teaching school below Slocomb and Lennie Smith was her

assistant. One Saturday she brought Lennie home with her and held a party for her that night and invited me to be Lennie's date. I met her first then and she deeply impressed me as such a beautiful and charming young girl. In 1911 she was assistant teacher at Wicksburg and in 1912-3 she was principal. In the fall of 1913, I began to date Lennie each weekend and by then I became sure that she was the one for me and no others. I had never before had such love in my heart. We became engaged and she wanted me to visit her home at Gradyville, GA, a sawmill town 3 miles south of Cairo, GA where her father Jerry C. Smith was the sawyer at the mill. His was a high paying job then, a big mill like that sawed 55,000 board feet of lumber each day. I met her father, Jerry C. Smith, her mother Ella, her younger sister Ruth and her two little brothers, George and Curtis. This Christmas visit was most impressive to me.

Lennie and I continued to date. I was teaching below Slocomb and came home each weekend. I bought a fine buggy horse named Jim and a real nice top buggy. I was overjoyed with Jim and that buggy and Lennie to be with. Lennie boarded at my sister Alice's house, Mrs. Jeff Holloway, near my house. I left each night to go home at 9:00 pm. Mama said she did not go to sleep those nights till she heard Jim's hooves hit the hard clay and their sound getting louder as I was returning home. Our school term was over the end of March 1914 so we planned to marry. She set the date on May 3, 1914 at Gradyville, Grady County Georgia. Since about a month lay between the end of school and the wedding date, one weekend I paid a visit to Lennie and bought our license. We arranged with Rev. B. E. Ragsdale, pastor of Cairo First Baptist Church to take a run with his horse and buggy to Gradyville that Sunday morning May 3 to perform the ceremony. The whole town, although small, turned out to the wedding at 9 AM. Lennie holding my arm came out of one room and past the door where Bro. Ragsdale stood. We turned around and faced him and he performed the ceremony. Lennie then redressed for the trip

home and we walked out of the house together with a heavy shower of rice. We had borrowed a new Buick auto from Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge to take us to Cairo and catch the Coastline for Dothan. I had already boarded my horse, Jim and the buggy at a livery stable in Dothan. When we arrived that Sunday afternoon at 1:20 PM, I walked to the stable and got the horse and buggy and picked up Lennie at the depot for the trip to Wicksburg. Lennie's trunks were too big to haul on the buggy, so my brother Clinton and my brother in law, Sollie Byrd came on the wagon and carried the trunks to our new home. As I drove to Wicksburg I was overcome with the realization of what it all meant and shed tears in abundance. Never had I such a feeling and will always believe that it was nothing less than the Holy Spirit that overshadowed me. I had rented a house from Mr. Gus Mathews, near Goodwater Freewill Baptist Church and 10 acres of farm land from a Mr. Jesse Gilly on which I was to plant 3 acres of corn and 7 acres of cotton. I also went to Hartford and bought all our furniture from Chancy Furniture Co., a little over \$100 worth but plenty for us to begin with. When we got home, we went to Father and Mother's home for supper. Papa greeted Lennie, took her hand and said "We are glad to have you in the family". Mother did like wise. We ate supper with them and then went to our new home. I drove Jim into the lot, fed him corn and fodder, put the buggy under the shelter, went to the well and drew a bucket of water. Then I put my arms around Lennie and she put her arms around me and we walked to the door hand in hand, heart in heart, hope in hop, joy in joy. We walked into the house, I lit the lamp and showed her all the new things I had gotten for the new home. She was very well pleased. We then took the Bible and read an appropriate chapter and knelt together in prayer. "We would not dare to sail the sea ahead without you lord to come down and be captain of our ship, we need you every hour." With an humble feeling and a deeper need of the mercies

of the Lord, from then until now I have been assured that prayer was and has been across the years answered with shower of blessings from above.