

Steve, I have waited too long to get this done but I knew it would take a lot of time but I am to start somewhere...

the legacy of my dad, as I knew him

Elbert Marshall Dean,, born-Oct. 20, 1890. Wills Point, Tx.
died Aug. 27th. 1965 in Abilene, Tx.

I, Maureen Dean) Jaynes am putting on paper some things that I remember about my dad, there are many that I don't recall enough to put on paper...

I remember sitting on his lap as a child but there were always more little ones that wanted there that I had to give up my dad's attention to them, one of my first lessons learned in life that began for me back on Dec. 4th. 1918,, I was born in Siloam Springs, Ark. but we moved back to Texas when I was a few months old, I remember taking our boys, (Gary and Butch) back to Siloam Springs back in about 1950 just so I too could see where I was born,, nothing spectacular but enjoyable,, my first memories as a child was just that childhood (come & go things) I remember dad's letting me ride a horse with him, we never had a saddle, but I didn't know at that age they even made saddles, wouldn't work for us anyway because I rode behind dad, holding on to his bib-overalls from behind him,,, for dear life... I remember one day he had gone to town in a wagon, flat bed, but as he drove into the yard I ran to get on the wagon, I fell and dad ran over me with a back wheel, breaking my collar-bone but otherwise nothing serious, ANOTHER LESSON LEARNED,,, We moved every few years it seemed to another place and new things to discover,, we never owned a farm but rented from others, dad worked very hard to make rent to pay the landowner each Fall after crops were gathered. There was never money to travel to see other family members so all we knew about them was what dad told us,, he had 2 brothers and two sisters, all resided in Dallas all those years. As time went on my two older sisters Margaret and Mildred were in school, as my birthday was in December I missed a whole first year(birthday had to be by Sept 1st. for school) so I began going everywhere my dad went, I would go tag along at age 6 as HE picked cotton, he didn't expect me to pick so I played with bugs, worms etc.--another great lesson from him came during those times, that fall Mildred and I had had some what of a fight,, and I began to cry about it there in the field by dad's side, he

asked why I was crying, I said Mildred and I had a fight and I was so sorry about it, he said, "forgive her""I remember asking him what forgiveness meant, he said, Punk, it's like this,, "I heard Margaret reading the story to you little ones last night about The"Little Train That Could", he explains that as the little train was struggling to UP the hill with a heavy load it began to puff and say, "I THINK I can, I THINK I can and pulled harder and harder, it happened over and over and finally as the little train reached the top of the hill, it began to say I I thought I could, I THOUGHT I could,,, and then as it plummeted to down-hill fastness it began to sing, "I THOUGHT I COULD, I THOUGHT I COULD, over again and again in happiness because it did, when you forgive her you say, I think I can again and again, then you will see that you "I THOUGHT YOU COULD" and in happiness you can now say " I KNEW I COULD, I KNEW I COULD and all is well AND IT WAS for me,, another lesson learned.....as time went on dad got (as we all did) older and more tired it seemed to me anyway, many nights he would go somewhere to sit up all night with some sick families member who were tired, as some came to sit with us to exchange love of friends and neighbors as needs arose, when the phone would ring at about bedtime, we came to know it was a neighbor who needed help at night, otherwise the phone was never for just conversations it was for NEEDS of others,,, at about 14 I had caught Mildred in classes at school, (she was always lazy in so many ways) dad would scold her again and again because of her laziness (but she sat for hours and played the old Piano by ear the songs we loved so much so I didn't mind doing her work so she could play and we could enjoy as we worked,, and as we were ALWAYS in church (and dad was the song leader, so we learned all the old songs by heart)

I have said that I did believe that dad began the idea of a school bus because each day that it was muddy after a rain and as we had not even gravel roads let alone pavement,, dad would hook up the old horses, hook to a wagon (flat bed) and drive

along and pick up all the kids in route to school, we'd sit on the edge of the wagon, our feet swinging off and watch the old wheels slush through the mud all the 2 miles to school, we had a big wagon load of kids by the time we got to school, but safe and sound...

I must back up and tell of an incident that happened when I was about 5-6, my grandkids have given me a book to fill out for their little ones as of things that happened in my early childhood, one stands out when the question was asked "when did you first know there was a God,,,I had always heard it in Sunday School about God but not so vivid as this, when one Sunday evening late we were in our way to church in and after a heavy rain, roads were slippery and so we were going very slow when all of a sudden dad slammed on the breaks and at dusk we turned from the back seat to see what was happening, I can still see the muddy water runnings down the creek but the bridge was washed out and gone,,,we ALMOST drove out into it,,, (lights on the old Model-T were not much bigger than a flashlight so dad couldnt see before he got to the water), I still wonder how he was able to back up for so long in deep-deep mud without staying in the road but he did,,,,as were backing up my mother was looking back at all of us girls in that back seat to see if we were all o.k.,,then I heard her say,,, "THANK YOU GOD",,then I knew definitely why we worshipped God every Sabbath, but we then---as now-- many times MUST see it before we can believe it,,,what a lesson and I thank Him often for the beautiful memorie I have of that incident...YET ANOTHER LESSON.

Then when I was about 15-16 mother lost her health and had to have some help all day, so one night dad asked me what I thought of staying out of school for a while to help her but since I had caught Mildred in her Grade at school he didnt think it fair to take Mildred out let me go on to school and even be ahead of her,,I remember telling or saying to him,,just take us both out" he did just that, Margaret was going to Merkel High then and was a senior so she continued in school, in the meantime we kids had begun to go to church without mom and dad and we met out future husbands, John and J.E at church,,after dating off and on for 2 yrs. or so, both the boys said,,we might as well get married, no more school again as of September 1st of the second year OUT of school,,,so we planned a December wedding, mom and dad didnt know about it for awhile,,we hesitated to mention it as dad was sick as well by then with ulcerated stomach, there was no laughter in his life with so many problems but as we had to let it be known we announced it,,,Margaret had married 1½ yrs. before that,, so on December 24th 1939, we decided to drive to Sweetwater, Tx. & be married by the pastor of the Sweetwater Baptist Church, we got ready and as we started to leave we looked for dad after a while we found him hiding from us out behind the Chicken house, he couldnt stand to see us go,,needless to say it did ruin my happy attitude about marriage,,,by then Margaret had her first baby,,Elbert Earl Foster, we all managed to farm and get by as we had for all of our lives, then four years later Mildred & Johns first was born, Carolyn, 8 days later on October 18th., Gary was born,,we had a double wedding then almost double births for after 4 years we just seemed to do everything at the same time...5 years later I just got home from the hospital ^{WITH INFANT BROTHER} one mid-evening when Mildred walked into my front door, and announced she was expecting another and sure enough 9 months later Raymond was born,,we lived only a quarter mile apart at that time so help was close and almost immediate,,so Steve and Kathy, you can see why we were always so very close,,but back to the memories of my dad and your grandad. That year (1944) dad ^{we} lost our mother AND his dad as well within a few months, they had moved to Baird, Texas so he was alone and I am sure so very lonely, my mother died at the age of 53, her mother and dad both were still living, your dad and Rena, my baby sis were all that seemed to be on my mind, Rena soon moved to Merkel to live with Pauline and it was even worse for your dad as well as my dad, sad times and then was when I learned that child and parent many times in life must exchange roles, now it was time for we younger ones to step forward and help care for the parents,,my heart went out to your dad for he was trying to attend school and it wasnt a happy time for any of us, Margaret had moved to Wynemucca, Nev., so we all began to see the sometimes end-of-life sad days because of circumstances and over very little we could do anything about,,guess I will stop here for now, we were so happy to learn that my brother Dunie had married your mother Jan, what rejoicing I felt inside, Jan this is still so for me, after 51 more years sadnesses and happinesses have come and gone but God is still a BIG part of my life^{now} and now I see how God took care of your dad as well and you and ^{my brother} the more GREAT nephews AND families have come and therein lies another 2 generations of both sadness and happiness for which we are ALL, grateful, I feel God has been it all and we are ALL stronger for all of life's ups and downs, adversity makes us stronger, God teaches that and as for me it is so very true,,I thank Him for all I am, have or ever will be because of His Grace, Glory and Love,,one day there will be "A GREAT REUNION IN HEAVEN"

Steve, I just couldnt fail to put these last things not realizing I had forgotten so many other good things,,one was that our dad always saw that we had a yard full of playing equipment,,one side of the house we had a Crouquet court, on the other was the baseball area,,each Sunday p.m., we always had a yard full of kids from the Church to come play in the summer months, during the slow times and "not-so-good" weather we helped the little ones ride horses, we had an old great-tempered sorrell horse, we called "Shorty," we also had in the feed lot an old feed-trough for the horses that had broken down and one end was on the ground, so we taught the little ones to crawl in on the low end and run to the high end and there they could get on old Shorty all by themselves, as time went on we all learned and after leading old Shorty in a certain short walk and then back to the feed-trough he would walk up and let them off, others would get on and after a while he would do that for hours each Sunday p.m. with none of us older ones there to see to them,,he was an amazing horse,,he didnt even have a bridle, a rope or anything, he just did it for the kids until we came to relieve him and that was after we older ones had played ball or crouquet for as long as we had time, before church at sunset. this all happened when I was between twelve, thirteen and on, since I was eleven years older then your dad he cant at all remember those days because he was only two,three and up, yes, in a ball game on occasion we would break out a glass window or tear a screen door,,,

"oh yes, when old Shorty knew he had two, three or four kids he was ready to make the "walk" that took about 30 min. or so. I get envious when I think of those times so long ago and todays youngsters never knew that type of joy and contentment.

Steve, I hadnt thought of those times in so long, when I first began to think of it I said to myself,,, "this is just gonna open up a whole can of no a whole BARREL of yes, worms..oh well, back then we thought time flew--now I wonder where it all went...there remains times when we younger ones learned to drive the car...Margaret was our teacher,,another can of ????

In the winter months dad taught us to play the game of "Forty-two" on the kitchen table so we could shuffle them well on the old oil-cloth table cover, of course ever-so-often we would have to stop and feed wood logs into the old heater so we could stay warm,,we had already harvested our Pop-corn crop so we would then take time to pop corn for us all to enjoy along with OR to take the place of supper as few were hungry after pop-corn,,oh yes the Forty-two was played with Dominoes,,guess you knew what they were...

Called "French"

I married and the Jaynes kids played Cards, when I came home to teach the little ones still at home to play cards our mom would cry, we asked why and she said Cards were Gambling, my I thought how nieve I had been, so dad at that time brought out his French Harp and began to play and THRN began to teach us to do the "Charleston" a dance we had just heard of, (never seen) yes, our mother did a LOT of crying then but we enjoyed it even tho' we never went to a dance OR even a birthday party because dad feared some kids would bring in alcohol... years later when he told us (to fit an occasion) he understood all the possibilities of trouble because "HE WAS A KID ONCE" only then did we know that he had been there and done that but he wanted to be sure we didnt, oh the innocence of a child but as parents we did sort-of the same things for the same reasons, hmmm...

when we worked we worked hard, when we played we played hard, yes, youngsters DO learn what they live////////then & NOW... We had a lot of heartache also, as Rena Mae had Rheumatic Fever twice in her high school days and left her with a very weak heart, tho' she got married, had baby Gail but died, I think at the age of 32, left Gail so very young & so sad, for us all.

I am having a picture copied to show the ages of each of us during the Christmas that Mildred and I married,,,as dad got older he became so seemingly tired and worn out and with an ulcerated stomach it wasnt easy to keep up the long hard days of field work that was required of a "renter" so he could pay,

I remember your dad climbilg up on the back of our mothers chair as she sat at the sewing machine, doing ^{LevNG Her} our quilts for both Mildred and I for our wedding gifts,,we or I dont ever remember having a blanket,,as we quilted all around the quilt hanging from ropes from the ceiling,,Dunie would get under the quilt and we'd stick a needle through the quilt, he would take it make a stitch and then stick it back through to us at the top,,made for some memorable stitches for many years I would look at those made by Dunie, when he was six yrs. old, I cherished them until they were really worn-out MANY yrs. later,,needless to say those stitches were ,,some short-some long and some crossed, we didnt mind at all, He was doing it.. yes, it takes a lifetime NOT long to pass but the memories along the way makes it, leaves us with those memories that are NEVER-forgotten,,thanks Dunie for a lot of them,,,and thanks for saying to me as you left my house the last time you and ^J were here, "just remember, Sis the BEST is yet to come" great

Memories of my dad's family members

Uncle Floyd;;

In 1942 most of our family members gathered at Weatherford, Texas for a family reunion, Gary was $3\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. of age but he really liked uncle Floyd, Floyd loved to tease, he kept unbuttoning Gary straps to his summer sumsuit that buttoned in the back at the waist, Uncle Floyd unbuttoned Garys pants, Gary didnt know and as he ran on to play his pants dropped down, was he shocked?--and we all laughed and it happened all over again and again during the day,, just made Uncle Floyd's DAY..he had no children

Uncle Bertis;;

Bertis came out to visit his brother,,(my dad) he had no children either,,he did have a beautiful white long-haired dog he had brought along, my dad smoked a pipe, as Bertis and dad went outside for a walk, then returned dad's pipe was gone, one of the smaller children had let the dog outside and noticed she had something in her mouth and on checking outside we ALL watched as the dog (Named Bertie) was working very hard BURYING DAD'S pipe,

Aunt Lillie;

she married once but divorced, never re-married, she would come out and go with we girls (all who loved to fish) we went to a tank and fished for CRAWDADS, we'd have a gallon, come to the house, clean them and eat 'em

Aunt Madge; was a sophisticated lady,,she didnt mind we young girls going through her luggage and being fascinated at her DALLAS, Tx. wardrobe,,a BIG-City girl but loved us so much and allowed us much..

dad was the only one of the FIVE who had children and he nine..in all, one death at age 1 yr. from Polio, back in 1912 Or 1913,,not sure which...

we never got to see them very much, no one traveled during those hard-times years so long ago...

(hope this helps, Steve)

thanks so very much for being who you are to me.... one day we will have a GRAND reunion in Heaven,,, and all so soon, too... tell you family,,my love
aunt Rene