

--- On **Thu, 9/17/09, Larry Gordon** wrote:

From: Larry Gordon  
Subject: Mary Jane Mobley  
To: Janie Stone  
Date: Thursday, September 17, 2009, 9:34 AM

The family moved to near Crockett, Texas soon after the father Harvey Mobley died in 1865.

From the book "A History of Oklahoma," " --- a valued and worthy member of the Christian Church."

Annie was the daughter of George Washington Gordon and Mary Jane Mobley

From "Annie's Story"

Our dear Mother became ill the fall of 1896. Lewis rode to the school house to bring the news and all of us were allowed to go home at once. Dr. Dee Reynolds of Cloud Chief treated her for some time with no improvement. Next Papa got a big German Dr. from Old Shelly up on the Washita and he would drive down in his one horse buggy wearing a big fur coat (wish I could remember his name). He prescribed poulticing the terribly caked breast (hard as stone) with linseed meal, which we cooked in the ancient "little skillet" on the open fire place. This was kept up constantly for a long period of time. Finally sharp piercing pain cut through like knives almost unbearable. The Dr. advised that she get to Ft. Worth for surgery. So Papa rigged up a bed in the wagon and took her to Chickasha the nearest railroad at the time. Put her on a Pullman car and took her to Ft. Worth, Tex. The Dr. who examined her told your Grandpa that he could do nothing and to get back home for she could not live long. In a down pour of rain he got her back on a train. When they reached Chickasha an awful blizzard of drifting snow had struck. They stopped at the Fait Mission as could not travel farther. There they were lodged several days til the weather moderated and snow drifts melted enough for them again to travel. Then they came through the slushy snow.

My mother went to her reward at the early age of forty two years 9 months and 20 days. A more pathetic scene cannot be imagined that this weeping family of eleven children. Our dear young father left with several small children the youngest Virgil at only 18 months old, Bertie 4, Walter 6, Jessie 9, Eppie 12, Annie 14, Ivy 16, Fannie 18, Laura 20, Lewis 21, Andrew 23. Andrew was not a Christian and he blamed God for taking Mama from us. He voiced his sentiments in no uncertain terms, saying that it was a very unjust God to take a mother from her little children like that! That was the darkest night in our lives. Mrs. Bottom and Aunt Vici Mays an older sister of Mr. Bottom also Kenner Coker were with us to do what they could. It was another very cold time and tho Papa and the boys kept a roaring fire in the big fireplace, it was hard to keep warm. Next morning Mr. Bottom sent Elwood and his fleet footed little glass eyed white pony "Snow" through the sleet and snow on a more than 40 mile round trip ride to take the sad news to mother's brother and family Uncle Matt Mobley. Also to try to get a preacher, of whom there were very few in the country. Years afterwards your Papa said that was the coldest ride he had made! My Uncle could not come as had to try to keep his family from suffering with the cold blizzard.

Papa had some nice walnut lumber sawed from trees during the preceding four years and it was stored in the barn loft. So he and Mr. Frank Stewart, a neighbor, got started at an early hour and made the coffin which was lined with black as was customary in those days. It was trimmed with black satin ribbon. Also, material for the shroud was purchased at Cloud Chief -- another cold trip!

#### Aunt Annie #5

On the second day her dear body was placed in the new coffin and loaded into the big wagon and in zero weather we drove 5 miles to old Mountain City to the only cemetery in the new county. A fire was built to keep from freezing and a selection of songs was sung by all. Brother R.B. White and Miss Ellen Tuitin and probably Ella White and I think a passage of scripture was read and the one song I remember was "Farewell Mother" God knows best when to call thee home to rest. A very somber funeral with no flowers. But we knew she had passed to be with Jesus. With freezing tears we turned homeward leaving her there on the lone prairie. Her grave being probably the 4th or 5th grave in the new burying ground near the Washita -Kiowa Co. line. Dear Mrs. Jordan the teacher and mother of two little boys had stayed home with the 4 youngest children and kept the fire going from a stack of wood stocked inside and she probably had something cooked. Time and grief have dimmed many details. All I recall is that the whole world seemed so bleak and even now after a lapse of almost 70 years the memory of that time strikes a pain through my heart.

Time nor Tide wait for No Man-so life had to go on someway. We had to pick up the broken threads of life's weaving and try to smooth and weave them back as best we could. Andrew and Lewis were soon off to jobs. Laura went back to finish her school. Fannie back to Mrs. Faits and taking 12 year old Eppie to go to school at the Mission. So Sister Ivy and I took over with Papas help the management of our household. That was a "far cry" from our present day homes with made in conveniences.