

The Age of John Gilbert Moore, Sr



I'm a late in life baby, the son of a late in life baby. I was born¹ in a snowstorm in Indiana in 1948 (not true)², my other siblings were born in Tennessee. I am an introvert, but I often use the “were you born in a snowstorm” question as an ice breaker in uncomfortable situations. It's amazing the responses I get. One of my earliest memories is watching my father dress a wound on his leg as he got ready for work. Another early memory is walking with him to

¹ Note to readers and reviewers. Many of these notes are included for clarity. The grammar anomalies are intended, it's the usage of the author.

²

<https://api.wunderground.com/history/airport/KIND/1948/2/4/WeeklyHistory.html?reqdb.zip=&reqdb.magic=&reqdb.wmo=>

the bank that was only four blocks away from our house. My dad died when I was six years old so it's strange that these are my only memories of him. I do remember the day our family went to visit him at the hospital, and a family friend accompanied us to stay with me in the car because I would not be allowed to visit with him. I recall this lady telling me to wave up at a window far far away. I would later surmise that that little speck next to that 1953 Chevy would be the last glimpse Albert Allen Moore would have of his youngest son.



Other than losing my father to Tuberculosis³ at age six, my childhood was uneventful. Much later in life I would become aware that one of the major determinants of how my life would be, was race; oh my god, I'm Black (Colored or Negro in the 1950's). To step back, both my parents were college

educated and after a decade of marriage they only had two children. They left a comfortable life in Tennessee to have a better life in Indiana after World War Two. Albert's mother was born in Indiana (she referred to it as Indiana Territory) and he had two sisters who lived in Indianapolis, near the famed Indiana Avenue. Albert spent time in Terre Haute with his cousin helping with his Tamale business, before deciding to go to TSU⁴ to get an Agriculture degree. I always knew that I was a late in life baby but did not know how late in life my birth occurred until I was in my sixties. It turned out that my dad entered TSU as a nineteen-year-old without a high school degree. When Albert graduated with the class of 1934, he wasn't twenty-two as most of them

³ <https://www.unicef.org/sowc96/1950s.htm>

⁴ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tennessee_State_University

were, he was twenty-seven! Later I realized that instead of him dying at age 45, he was in fact 54; still young. More on A. A. Moore later, as he had an amazing life.

Sometime in the mid 1950's our street was widened and turned into a one-way street to ease congestion for the "Greatest Spectacle in Racing". On race day us younger kids would stand a watch the cars go by oh so slowly. As I grew older I learned why it was only us younger kids who would watch the cars, because once you got to about age seven or eight, the people in the cars would call us "Nigger", I joined the older kids and adults; just waiting for traffic to die down. Other than the "Welcome Race Fans" situation, growing up was very typical for me. Thanks to Brown vs the Board of Education, I spent the first four years of schooling at a school closer to our house- not the school my siblings attended. By the time I got to the fifth grade, Blacks in our school ⁵were reassigned to the same school my siblings attended. While our family was stable, the world around us seemed to be constantly changing.

My mother had five sisters who lived in St. Louis, I can recall spending two weeks with cousins there one summer. Later in life I would learn that when my father was alive, time spent in St Louis was a every year thing. To date, I have never met a paternal first cousin. Much later in life I found out that a third cousin was a teacher at my High School, she said she was related to my dad, but wasn't sure how. It wasn't until the 1980's when AIDS⁶ became a big thing that I realized that having a death in the family from TB was akin to a death from AIDS, people kept their distance.

5

<https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?referer=&httpsredir=1&article=1032&context=grtheses>

⁶ <https://www.history.com/topics/1980s/history-of-aids>

As time went on, I recall our neighborhood kids being the best group I was ever associated with in my life. The largest house on the block was the center of activity, so many fond memories of that house and the Franklin family. I can recall after watching the 1956 Olympics going over to the Franklin's and they were constructing a high jump set up, cinder blocks, sand, two by fours, and a bamboo cane. It seemed that Mr. Franklin or Poppa as we called him could do anything, he certainly had the best car on the block, a Studebaker Golden Hawk⁷. It seems as people moved away, and we approached puberty things changed.

Summers in Junior High were filled with walking two miles to the other side of town to go to a swimming pool. Douglas Park, that I didn't realize until I was an adult who it was named for; duh, Fredrick Douglas. We had such safety in numbers on those long walks, the conversations and exploring far out striped the fun we had swimming.

I recall the first time I celebrated a birthday was when I turned sixteen, my sister-in-law asked me what kind of cake I wanted for my birthday. At the time I was working at Colonel's Carry-out, what is now known as KFC, so by the time I got off work at 1 am, my sister-in-law had baked me a cherry pie (I requested a pie instead of a cake). To this day I don't "get" birthdays. Luckily, we have several February birthdays in my immediate family so it's a good time to get together for a wonderful meal. Fortunately, my wife Joyce plans and executes these events.

⁷ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Studebaker_Golden_Hawk

I remember playing a tennis match at Garfield park in “street shoes”, I didn’t finish out the season, a family friend [Miss Willa Thomas](#)⁸ got me a job at the KFC⁹. She approached the owner and noticed that the customers were mostly Black, but she saw no evidence of Black employees. She secured two jobs for her church members; I was one of them. We were model employees. KFC was my first exposure to the white world.

After earning money at KFC, I started to dress better, and I got assigned to volunteer in the Dean of Boys office. In 1966 many White colleges and universities came to our all Black high school to recruit for sports, academics, etc. As a senior I had a White teacher for the required speech class, the only white teacher in high school (from time to time volunteers from the symphony would come to tutor us). In prior years historically Black Colleges would come to our school, but in 1966, the Big Ten came, The Ivy League, the Service academies (WOW!). Going into 1966 I was going to attend TSU- my parents alma mater, but once Purdue was placed on the table and discussed at the kitchen table, I was destined to become a Boiler. I admit, after my KFC experience I was skeptical about Purdue, but with my young mind, I was thinking these folks won’t be like the folks I worked with at KFC from Mars Hill.

My skepticism was heightened after in my senior year our school sent a bus load of us to Purdue for a half day tour and an afternoon of other stuff, testing. Well the testing was these tests to determine what career would be best for you. I was in the top ten percent of my class, but most of the kids on that bus trip were smarter than me; but the return back to Indianapolis was

⁸ <https://edwards-moore-family.net/testbrown/showmedia.php?mediaID=4474>

⁹ Kentucky Fried Chicken, at the time we knew it as “Colonel’s Carry out” on 30th and Harding Street

pretty somber as to a person we were told that we should be cooks, mechanics or tradespersons. I often thought “Was this a test to see if we would openly protest their assessments?”.

There was no height to the Vietnam War, but 1966 until the end of the draft I think the goal of most professors was to flunk out Black students, so the professor’s near-do-well kinfolk wouldn’t get drafted. In the five years I spent at Purdue, I can count the number of fair breaks I received on grading. As an aside, in 1973 I took the CPA exam, at the time I was an accountant, at that time your picture was part of the application. I didn’t pass a single part of the exam. In 1979 when I was no longer working in accounting, but wanting to return to accounting, I took the exam again, this time a picture wasn’t part of the application process. I passed three of the four parts and conditioned the fourth part. In 1973 the graders knew what I was (Black), in 1979 they didn't know I knew less of the material in 1979! By 1979 any job I could get in accounting would pay and be less satisfying than computer consulting.

In the 1970’s the protocol was to get a good job and stay there. End of story, end of song, full stop. My first job out of college was that type of job, that company never laid off anyone during the great depression, instead they went to reduced work weeks. The problem with that company was it was in the wrong location for me. I got off on the wrong foot with this company when they messed up my interview trip. I ended up waiting at the bus station at one am and was told by the police, I could go to jail or go to a homeless shelter. For the next twenty years I dropped a night’s stay in the kettle of the Salvation Army to pay them back for that interesting experience. During the 1970’s few, if any, jobs were available for me, so I took a job in Chicago. Things were fine until our family expanded and we were wanting to purchase a house.

At that time, the Chicago Mayor and the Federal Government were feuding about something and MLK was working on desegregating housing. It seemed that Indianapolis would be the best fit for us to move. Five years have passed since I graduated. One of the most bizarre interviews I've ever had is the interview I had with Chrysler. The interviewer told me after we exchanged pleasantries, the only reason why I was being interviewed was if he didn't, my father-in-law was going to physically kick his ass! To know Poppa Chubb is to love Poppa Chubb.

About at the same time, the wife of the minister who married us said that her company was hiring people and she urged me to apply. I did so and was hired; yippee! Interestingly enough, on my first day of orientation, I met the guy who would become the CEO twelve years later when I left the company. At this point, I have covered all of the jobs obtained with a "hook-up" though others, all of my other positions were through direct personal networking. After twelve years much had changed in my life, much had changed in the company I worked for and I now had three sons instead of two sons. It became clear that I could not move up in my current company. In recent years I became exposed to temporary workers. The strategy at the time is once you had enough time to become vested in the pension plan it would be wise to leave. After two years of looking for a better situation in Indianapolis, I decided to look elsewhere, and embraced to idea that the family would need to stay on Guilford Avenue.

Next stop, Ann Arbor, MI, oddly enough, pharmaceutical was just like insurance; programming is programming. I went from not having lunch money the day before payday to three weeks at Disney World. What a country! Being in a place where instead of being an expense, I was revenue. After several assignments I tired of working out of town, as the most

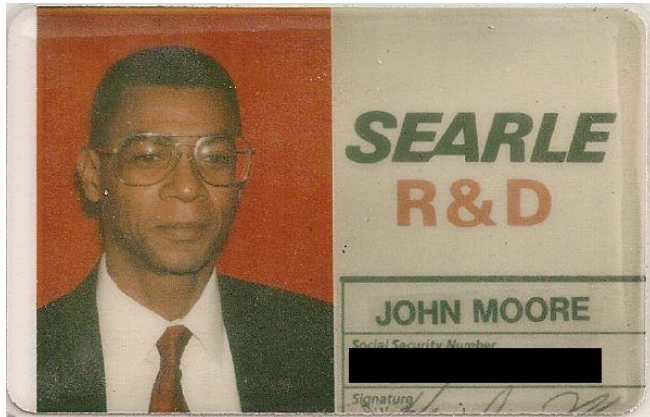
logical fit for me in Indianapolis wasn't happening as a contract consultant, but as an employee; nice, but not that nice. Unlike My last permanent job where I was vested, as an employee I was laid off after nine years, so I wasn't vested for all benefits, but received some benefits. I ended my work life in Indianapolis.

In 2010 when I got an iphone¹⁰, I'm guessing I was one of the few grandsons of an enslaved person who had an iphone, due to being a late in life baby of a late in life baby.

The Core elements of my life story:

Neighborhood: I am a West sider I was born and lived on the 29th street near 30th and Clifton. I attended [First Baptist Church North Indianapolis](#).

Organizations: I have belonged to the Masons at Meridian lodge #33 that at the time it was near First Baptist Church. I am a member of [Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Nu Chapter](#). I am a member of the Indiana African American genealogy group (IAAGG). I've presented several poster sessions at our annual conferences. I also facilitated the Tennessee research and study group during 2020. I am a founding member of the Joseph Taylor Branch of ASALH (Association for the study of African American Life and History). I served on the Board of Flanner House for several years.



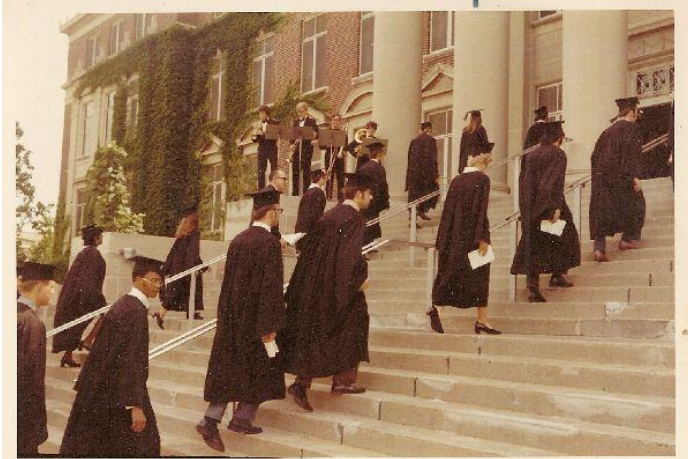
Employment: My first job was at Kentucky fried chicken in 1965. Other jobs I have held over the years first job out of college was at Illinois power company in Decatur, IL then on to Continental Illinois Bank in Chicago then to [Blue Cross](#) in Indianapolis. After 12 years at Blue Cross I went into consulting as an employee and then transitioned into consulting as an independent consultant. After consulting for seven years, I took a permanent position at Lilly. After

being at Lilly for almost 10 years, my department was "Outsourced". I continued with the outsourced company in the pharmaceutical industry until my retirement in 2013.

Hobbies: Generally, since winning a goldfish in fifth grade, I have always kept fish. Aquariums and later an outdoor pond. Mainly tropical and Japanese Koi. had speaking related to keeping fish early on aquariums and

¹⁰ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IPhone>

then later in life I had a fishpond with koi fish. My current hobby is genealogy and family history. Collecting information about our family.



Education: K-12, The first four years I was I attended IPS School 41 which was about four blocks from my house and then to balance the races, I was transferred to IPS School 42 which was the school that my older siblings had attended and school 42 in the name is elder Watson Diggs who Interestingly enough is the founding father of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity. After graduating from School 42 I had the option to attend either Shortridge or Attucks High School. My sister attended Shortridge and my brother attended Crispus Attucks, I opted to attend Crispus Attucks. After graduating from Attucks, I attended Purdue University in West Lafayette. After five years I received a Bachelor science degree in industrial management (yes Viet Nam was winding down now).

STATE OF INDIANA CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

MARION COUNTY PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT
 DIVISION OF HEALTH & HOSPITAL CORP
 3838 NORTH RURAL ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46205

This Certifies THAT ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS OF THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT

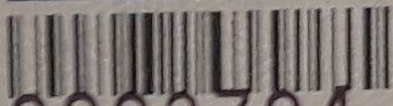
NAME **JOHN GILBERT MOORE** SEX **M**

WAS BORN IN **MARION COUNTY INDIANA** ON **FEBRUARY 4, 1948**
 CHILD OF **ALBERT and WILLIE MOORE**

BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER **TENNESSEE** BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER **TENNESSEE**

RECORD WAS FILED **02/14/1948** MARION COUNTY PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT
 DATE ISSUED **11/07/2017** Present, Permanent, Precinct CERTIFICATE NUMBER OR VOLUME AND PAGE
001216 V62 P101

S PLENTES CLERK **WC00923724**


W 0923724

Virginia A. Cain, M.D.
 MARION COUNTY HEALTH OFFICER

VOID IF ALTERED OR ERASED

Vitals:

Born 2/4/1948
 Married 9/11/1971

Special interests:

- The "care and feeding" of three sons and in addition to sharing my life with my loving wife of 50 years is my prevailing interest.
- Food Insecurity: I was involved with Flanner House for about a year I was a member of the board and at one point served as treasurer and I had to leave that activity due to medical reasons.
- I volunteered to help erect a greenhouse on a farm in Rushville, IN, to further the goal of providing a nutritious food to people in underserved areas.
- During Covid19, I spent time volunteering on a project to create an urban food

State of Indiana
 Original
Marriage Certificate

I, *Rev William E. Davis*, hereby certify that on the *11th* day of *September*, one thousand nine hundred and *71* at _____ in the County of *Marion*, State of *Indiana*, Groom *John D. Moore* of *Wacon* County, State of *Illinois*, and Bride *Joyce Leelia Edwards* of *Marion* County, State of *Indiana*, were by me united in

Marriage

as authorized by a marriage license issued for that purpose by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of *Marion* County, and State of *Indiana*, dated the *11th* day of *September*, 19 *71*
 Signed *Rev William E. Davis*
 Official Designation *Rev William E. Davis*
 Witnesses: *Arthur Martin*
Albert Wm Moore Sr.

forest. The project involved a lot of landscaping work, working with wood chips, erecting fences, and just general cleanup.

- I began writing my family history which began in January of this year when I attended a presentation of the 1619 project sponsored by ASALH at IUPUI here in Indianapolis.
- Most recently I've been involved with supporting the efforts to develop properties along Indiana Avenue, and have sent several emails and to people expressing my wishes with that project so this pretty much concludes my overview of what I want to put into my story. During the pandemic, I learned that my grandfather lived where the current IUPUI campus is. In the eighties, my wife had a Secretarial business in the Walker Building. When I was a baby, my father ran a store at 10th and West St.



John G Moore, Sr. <john.g.moore.sr@gmail.com>

You need to stop the 617 development as proposed!!!

1 message

John G Moore, Sr. <john.g.moore.sr@gmail.com>
To: vop.osili@indy.gov

Tue, Nov 17, 2020 at 9:57 AM

Vop Osili, President, City-County Council,

From my perspective, the current proposal for the development of 617 Indiana Avenue is not a good one. Please contact me if you want to discuss the details of my objection.

My perspective matters,
- John

John G. Moore, Sr.
3961 Guilford Avenue
Indianapolis, IN 46205-2827

Mobile: (317) 384-9946

Co-Op Groceru to Move Store, New Site 1006 N. West

The Peoples Cooperative grocery store located 812 N. West street will be open for business at its new location at 1006 N. West st on Monday, Feb. 9 according to members of the board of directors it was announced this week.

The store will become completely self service and will offer a fine line of meats, fresh vegetables and other staples. The staff or management will be continued at in the former location, Jay Smith manager; Herbert Hines, assistant manager and Henry Pierson will be on hand to meet friends and patrons.

A. A. Moore, president of the board announces that at a recent meeting it was decided to expand the service of the Co-Op by selling additional stock. The stock will be offered to present shareholders and if the issue is not sold it will be offered to the public.

Certificate of Appreciation

presented to

John Gilbert Moore Sr

In recognition of your important contribution to the ongoing fight
against hatred and intolerance in America.

The name shown above will be added to
the Wall of Tolerance in Montgomery, Alabama,
to provide inspiration to all those who choose
to take a stand against hatred.

Thank you for taking a stand.



MORRIS DEES, FOUNDER
SOUTHERN POVERTY LAW CENTER

My son [Jason](#) wrote the following poem for me a few years ago, that captures and encapsulates my life story.

February 4, 2014

A LETTER TO MY DAD!

Dear Dad,

Carpe diem you once said,
So this is from the bottom of my heart, and the top of my head,
Congratulations on your upcoming retirement,
Happy birthday too, my gift an ode to you my
"inspirement", LOL, yeah, it's a word in the urban
dictionary,

You were and are a visionary,
66 years of a wonderful life and 50+ years of much appreciated hard work
(your days at KFC count too!) deserves a celebration,
A great dad and grandfather, Purdue grad, Kappa Alpha Psi guy,
accountant, computer programmer, innovator, best laugh I've ever
heard, and an inspiration, A humble story of gratitude from your
second son Jason,

Mom once said that you wanted to work for the CIA,
I'm glad that you didn't, but you would have been a great spy anyway,
Thank you for the home you and mom made for me, Johnny, and Justin on
Guilford Avenue North*,
Thousands of conversations during walks to the store and on summer days
sitting on the porch,

Watching people walk to the Indiana State fair, charging them \$3-\$5 to park
their cars in our yards,
Trading stories of sports and bike injuries via leg and
arm scars, Socratic lessons in love, life, the birds and
the bees,
Perhaps unbeknownst to you, your stash of Players magazines,
The occasional Rice-a-Roni, grilled cheese, and Sloppy Joe meals
you made,

Errand trips to Lil' Butch and Hooks, I always got to keep the change!
Birthday trips to Service Merchandise,
Spray painting frames on Johnny's mini-bikes,
Sharing your perspective on the past, future, and present
news of the day, Oil changes and car washes in our driveway,
Looking back, a great way to spend a Saturday,
1983, seven years old in the kitchen,
You and me talking about Reagan's state of the union speech while eating
chicken,

Trips to Kenton, Tennessee,
One stop light hometown of the Moore family,
With a street sign that bears our last name,
The spark that lit my love of history's flame,

Mornings on the corner of 39th and College,
In a suit standing on the bus stop, shoes always polished,
A friend and I waved from the Franklin Township school bus; he asked what
does he do?
Beaming with pride, I replied,
An accountant at Blue Cross Blue Shield downtown on Capitol
Avenue!

Signatures on slips of permission,
From Coleco Vision to college tuition,
Attendance at games, practice, graduations and plays,
Taking us to school, camp, Scouts, and science fair days,
Hundreds of trips to hardware stores and crazy home improvement
projects, Digging a four foot Koi pond in the back yard the size of
two Somerset Buicks,

42 years of marital bliss with my other hero mom,
Wise words and advice, always level headed and calm,
Discipline from what had to be the largest belt ever owned,
Remember that home Jeri curl kit? I looked like Don King Jr. with his hair
un-combed!
Standing on a VW Bus to install a basketball court on a
thorn tree! We must have had 100 flat basketballs, but it
was always the place to be,
The only place to ball for like 3 or 4 blocks,
I tried to emulate your 180 degree fade away jump shots,
20+ kids playing pickup games like everyday,
Spring, summer, fall, winter, and sometimes even in the rain,
5 on 5 elimination games, naw man I got "next",
Growled our hood's version of Michael Jordan and passed the ball to you twice
like check, check, check,
Unfazed, you still played like, "pass me the ball",
On our log tree bench, heard many kids say, damn I wish I had a daddy like
y'all!
One day, when I was small, as always, with a group
playing ball, For whatever dumb reason, I kicked a
gang of kids out of our yard,
A day later, walking to the store, I got bum rushed real hard,
Pride crushed, I ran home to you, crying, head busted and bleeding teeth,
You cleaned me up and walked back with me to face my fears and foes and
squash the beef, Thank you for all of the love, time, talks, sacrifices,
and life lessons, Your greatest gift to me outside of life is your
presence.

Love,

Jason

*I know you said that it's not really North, 101!

Sketches :

Famous people I've met---Nipsey Russell¹¹ : At the B & G restaurant at Purdue, after one of his performances. We talked for about fifteen minutes. About campus life, etc. Recently I recalled this meeting when his namesake Nipsey Husstle¹² was killed.

Jesse Jackson and Ron Karenga: They visited Purdue.

Susan Taylor¹³ : (Essence Taylor) In the 1980's my wife signed up for a conference in Detroit, so I went instead. She seemed like such a together person, I stood in line to talk with her and she was very curious why I was there, and we discussed why Joyce wanted to experience the conference but couldn't get away from work. I met Famous Amos¹⁴ and saw the most incredible Black Art auction ever.

Nancy Wilson (met in Evansville) I was on a branch off filed audit in Evansville while working for Blue Cross. At the time this night club had fairly big-name entertainment. I think because I was the only Black person in the audience, when she went on break, I waved "Hi", and she came over and talked to me for about twenty minutes. This was during the week, and it before she was widely known for her popular beer commercia¹⁵l.

Places I've traveled—

Mexico: Cancun¹⁶ and Puerto Vallarta Both times with our friends the Finckens

Belize: For my 70th birthday, back in '79 I worked with a guy for Belize, and so wanted to visit there for the longest time.

Canada I'm told, In the 40's my family went for visits to Detroit, and occasionally went across the bridge. I recall my mother telling me that I had been to Canada.

Portland Oregon: One of my top three best trips. When I was 13 my Mom and I went to a church convention in Portland. The best part was the train trip there! The Shinnok salmon was special too.

Most everywhere except New England and California: From Reno, NYC to Providence to Philly. Miami to Houston, Rochester to Kansas City, Minneapolis to Olive Branch, just not California. Interesting asides. On the flite to Reno, from Minneapolis to Salt Lake we had people standing up on a commercial Airliner. I was a smoker at the time, so people were telling us smokers to put them out. The only time I was told to enter the back door of the bus was in Huston in 1963, was also denied service in a movie theater there. The weekend before the big stock market crash in 1987, I was on interview trip with the power company in Rochester, I didn't want the job, and after they saw me I think they regretted spending the money for the interview trip. Olive Branch is the only time I've been in Mississippi. Stayed in a Holiday Inn for a conference. They had pool and ping pong tables, no treadmills of exercise bikes. This guy walks up to me and says, it's getting late, better get ready for tomorrow. I continued playing, about an hour later, another guy actually got in front of me and said, let's head up. It was only then that we were standing eyeball to eyeball, that he realized "I wasn't the Negro he was looking for". A little later the first guy came back and explained that were with another group and they thought "I was someone from their group". When I arrived and when I left there was a Black Indian woman (feather, braids and blanket) sitting on the ground in front of the hotel.

Major events—

¹¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nipsey_Russell

¹² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nipsey_Hussle

¹³ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Susan_L._Taylor

¹⁴ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Famous_Amos

¹⁵ <https://youtu.be/XodOFCgelp4>

¹⁶ https://edwards-moore-family.net/testbrown/hosted_content/mexico_videos.pdf

Our TV: I don't remember our first TV I'm told because it didn't really work. I remember the set we got in I think 1955. In fact when my grandfather sold his house to the cotton gin factory next door. That TV from 1955 was in the house, and we were down there so I have it in my attic today.

Sputnik: I knew it was a big event, News of the transistor in the weekly reader: I was fascinated, Transistor radio, Sammy Terry, Assignations: JFK, MLK, Malcom x, Bobbie K, Moon walks, Commodore computer. Talk about my computer in the 1960's: I ordered a "Digital Computer" from a Allied Radio catalog. It was cardboard cutouts that got "programmed" by bending pieces of wire; flip-flop circuits., Kaypro computer

Bulletin boards, The first time I heard of the Internet: I was doing contract work in Greenfield, when a coworker came back from a conference in Texas, and all he could talk about was the ARPANET, and how it would change everything, and did it ever.

The day we got cable: My wife was having a meeting at our son's new school. They were being bussed to the southern part of the county to a white school. We have a dining room for of white people, and a white guy knows at the door. I said come on in, have a seat, have something to drink? Then this guy says, you don't know why I'm here do you? I said the Franklin Township schools meeting. He said nope I'm signing up people for Cable TV.

The day we got high-speed Internet: I was working a few days from home mostly in Skokie, using dial up ([isdn17](#)) John Jr was staying with us to watch things as Joyce was taking classes in Philadelphia. It became available in our area on April 1st, 2000, John Jr had us signed up for 10am the first day. He was working on his book, so he was really wanting to have the improved speed for his book project¹⁸.

¹⁷ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Integrated_Services_Digital_Network

¹⁸ https://www.amazon.com/Flash-Webisode-Production-Handbook/dp/1584500875/ref=sr_1_4?qid=1585628154&refinements=p_27%3AJohn+A.+Moo re&s=books&sr=1-4

Potpourri :

A Visit That Wouldn't Happen-

Often, we rotate around for the Holidays. My youngest son. He's been in New York City since 9/11. The thing that brought the drama level up. He went there and was on a tour of the world trade center the day before and he had planned to go back. He was in New York to be an architect. In fact, he works for the City of New York. So, he got to see a lot of that very firsthand. He's one of hundred people that move to New York ninety-nine move back and he's that one that stayed. Yeah, he was on the tour the day before and he was on route from Columbia to get there to the Towers. That is what drove the drama up for my wife because she said, "Oh, my baby has got to be down there."

The Unfortunate 9/11 Anniversaries-

Yes, I do remember 9/11. It is an interesting story. I was in the workplace and was relatively new then. And all of a sudden instead of them having company information on saying, "Ra... Ra... go out there and get them." They had CNN on. I could remember... This is where it gets interesting.

Our anniversary is on September the 11th. So once, I sort of figured what was going on. I went down to the cafeteria. Luckily that day the special was London Broiled Steak. This was at a large employer here in town that I'm sure you have heard of. We planned on having a big event where we would go out with her niece and her niece's husband. That was just a weird deal. So just the next five or six years it just got to be awkward to go out on our anniversary.

The "Maybe Someday" Visit-

We visit with our kids every now and then. My wife does it much more than I do.

New York is a special place you know. I love it more than I hate it. The intensity level varies by the spectrum. My favorite places have evolved. It used to be eateries like Junior's, the cheesecake place, to some of the steakhouses. Well, like now at first, Justin has lived in several places. He lived in Brooklyn and that was interesting walking down by the riverfront. Justin moved out of Brooklyn and now he is in Harlem and now lives at 120th Street and the famed center is right there, and you can buy a sandwich and go there, and people watch.

I like the cultural aspects, museums, and all of that. And I still haven't gone to the Schomburg Center. used to joke with my son because I have not been there yet. They have the book fair there and I have seen it on CSPAN.

And always say, "Hey, I'm going up to the Harlem Book Fair." But I haven't made it yet. Maybe someday.

Royalty in Belize

Two years ago, we went to Belize, and oh that was absolute total fun, excitement, relaxation, joy. We woke up in paradise every morning. Yeah, we went out, we got to the hotel close to midnight the way things worked out, and so we didn't see anything. We just knew we were

walking through sand and we walked a long way, and it was dark all around. We woke up the next morning it was sort of like omg, there's the ocean! Twelve feet away from us, and we had a porch, we had a condo, you know, people would clean up the seaweed off the beach in the morning, so you had these pristine beaches, and it was, it was just paradise.

We spent a week on the beach and then we spent a week in the city, and our son Justin, had gone there on a project as an urban planner, in Belize City. He had taken some of the projects that we did for Urban Patch, our social enterprise, and mentioned them to the planners there. They were intrigued and adopted some of the elements in their projects. When he went there, he had made all these friends, and they told him, "Look, make sure that your parents contact us when they come."

We did and the city officials took us out to dinner and, and we got to tour, some of the city offices and things like that and they treated us really well. Like we were royalty. Well, that was big and, and, it was really interesting because once again, this is the first time we had ever been in an environment where everybody looked like us and everybody didn't you know you, it was, it was just none of that racist thing that we always run into, and that was a strange feeling. To be in a country where you were always just, you know, honored, you know, because you know, we were elders and they honored us and the way they treated us and talked to us, never been in an environment like that.

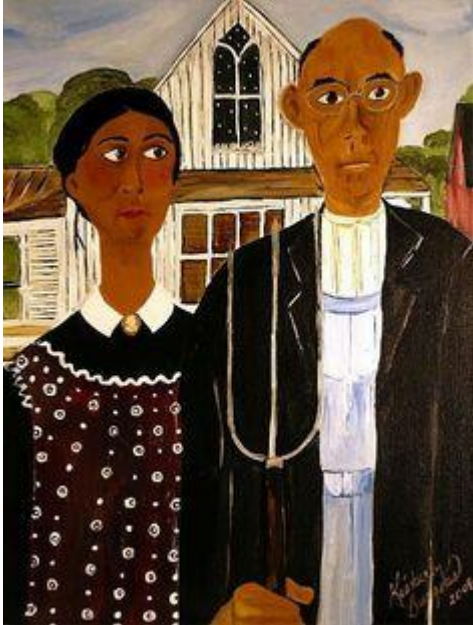
The Boiler Love Story-By John

We met at Purdue. She is from Indianapolis too. She went to Shortridge High School. I think it must have been during the first actual week of school when we met. Well, she was a freshman, and I was a Junior sophomore. We were all excited, Wow new people on campus. I vaguely remember that. We dated much later that year because that year I was pledging a fraternity Kappa Alpha Psi. It is an Indiana fraternity and um that year was very hectic for me. I didn't get around to that and she didn't get around to that until a much later that school year. She often jokes that her roommate, but we lived in a place where, I guess they call them RA's now. Her RA said, "Joyce, I got just the guy for you." So, I think we both thought that for a while.

The Boiler Love Story- By Joyce

Yeah, my roommate, her name is Brenda Riddle. She was a senior and I was a freshman. She was in education. We were going to eat at Fowler Courts, which was the dining hall. And we lived in Fowler Court. So, we had to walk around to a different building to get to the dining room. During this she introduced the two of us. Then we have what they call smokers, back in the day. And basically, those were like outside parties, and I guess because people smoked a lot, that's why they called them smokers. But it was just outside like a concert. The concert was Michael Jackson. That's when they first started out, and he was a little kid, and you know, I remember their clothing wasn't all that great or anything, but everybody was dancing. This is in 68 and everybody's doing other things and then she, we were walking home and she, she introduced us together again, and she said, "Well, John, I think I found you a wife."

Things I learned during the pandemic of 2020



It's a hot July afternoon as I sit on my front [porch](#) drafting more thoughts on the family history book I'm still drafting. I had taken the month of June off to pursue other projects. Last night we watched the musical "Hamilton"; yep I'm ready to start writing again — thank god mine doesn't have to rhythm. One of my June projects was to pull together resources for a Tennessee study group I'm facilitating for my genealogy group. I got sidetracked learning more about the [Reconstruction Period in Tennessee](#). I have documentation of my grandparents living in Tennessee during Reconstruction. Let me go back to the beginning of the story. My genealogy journey began when our family home burned down and the only picture, I had ever seen of my grandparents was destroyed. At the time it

occurred to me that I did not know anything about them. When I asked my mother she told me what she knew (and thank god, [she wrote it down](#)), and of course this query spilled over into learning about the [entire family](#).

INDIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

County *Madison*
Township of *Reuben*
City of *Indianapolis* No. *427* *Agnes* St. & *W* Ward
Registered No. *19144*

DECEASED'S NAME *William J. Moore*

SEX *Male* MARRIAGE *Married*

DATE OF BIRTH *April 16 1892*

AGE *76* years *1* month *1* day *1968*

OCCUPATION *Invalid*

BIRTHPLACE OF DECEASED *Middleton, Tenn.*

BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER *Smith Co. Tenn.*

BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER *Smith Co. Tenn.*

NAME OF FATHER *Richard Gordon*

NAME OF MOTHER *Julia*

PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL *Forest Park*

DATE OF BURIAL *6-11-68*

EMERALD LICENSE No. *2470*

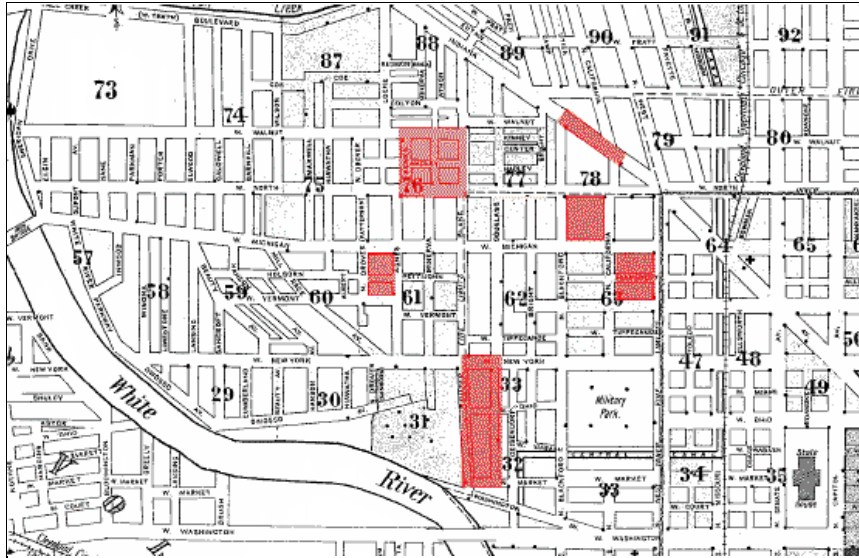
CAUSE OF DEATH: *Cardio-Vascular renal disease*

DECEASED'S SIGNATURE: *W. J. Moore*

REGISTERED PHYSICIAN'S SIGNATURE: *R. A. ...*

My father's [parents](#) died before my parents met, so my mom did not know much about them. I know quite a lot about my maternal grandparents, but the image of their picture on the top shelf of the upstairs bookshelf was all I had of my paternal grandparents. The fire was in the 80's and the embarkation on the role as family historian. Most of the things my mother said to me I really did not understand until years later when tried to write them down for myself, many years later. In fact, it was not until 2017 that I became conscious that my paternal grandfather died and was buried in Indianapolis. After I

retired, I began to study genealogy, and eventually prepared a research plan. In my research plan, I said my paternal grandparents were probably born, married, and died in Tennessee. Thirty years after my mother told me what she knew, I was able to confirm that what she thought was maybe true was actually true (come on, Mamma don't lie!). In 1980 it wasn't so easy to latch on to a census or death record as it was in 2010.



Grandpa Moore lived in the Agnes Street Study Area: The Agnes Street neighborhood area includes includes Agnes (now University Boulevard), Vermont, Patterson, and Michigan Streets and is intersected by Pettijohn Street. This area was the westernmost settled

portion of the near-Westside by the mid-1870's, and lots to the west would not have a significant number of residents for more than 30 years. In Summer 2003 excavations were conducted in the northeast corner of the [Agnes Street](#) block.

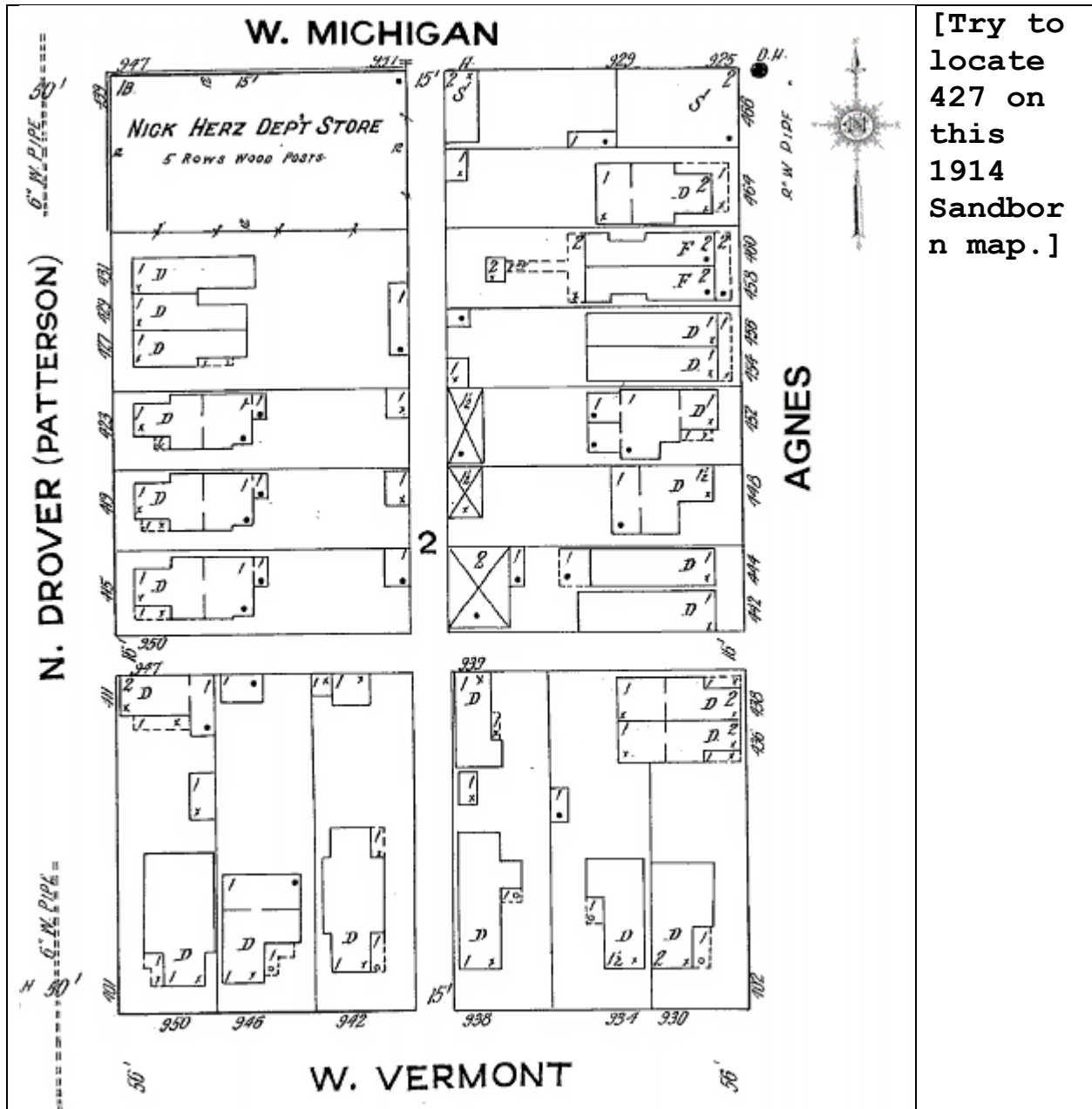
In the summer 2003 excavations were started.

Race by Neighborhood Area, 1920

| Neighborhood | White | Black/Mulatto | Illegible/blank |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Agnes | 157 (80.51%) | 38 (19.48%) | 0 |
| Blackford | 53 (18.53%) | 233 (81.45%) | 0 |
| California | 344 (59.41%) | 235 (40.58%) | 0 |
| Douglass | 501 (100%) | 0 | 0 |
| Indiana | 9 (3.71%) | 233 (96.27%) | 0 |
| North | 23 (5.89%) | 365 (93.58%) | 2 (.51%) |
| TOTAL | 1087 (49.56%) | 1104 (50.34%) | 2 (.09%) |

Source: <https://anthpm.sitehost.iu.edu/survey.html#race1920>

While his address was 427 Agnes, the focus of the study was 458 Agnes, and their study period ended in 1920 because the 1930 census wasn't available at the time of the study, most of what was found certainly would apply to the "life and times" of my grandfather. It's intriguing to contemplate what role my father played in the 1940's in lives of people who lived in the study area surrounding what would become the campus of IUPUI as an employee of Flanner House many years would be studied by his grandson Justin and published as [Past Forward](#).



npr

national

Dig Finds A Thriving Cultural Mecca In Indianapo

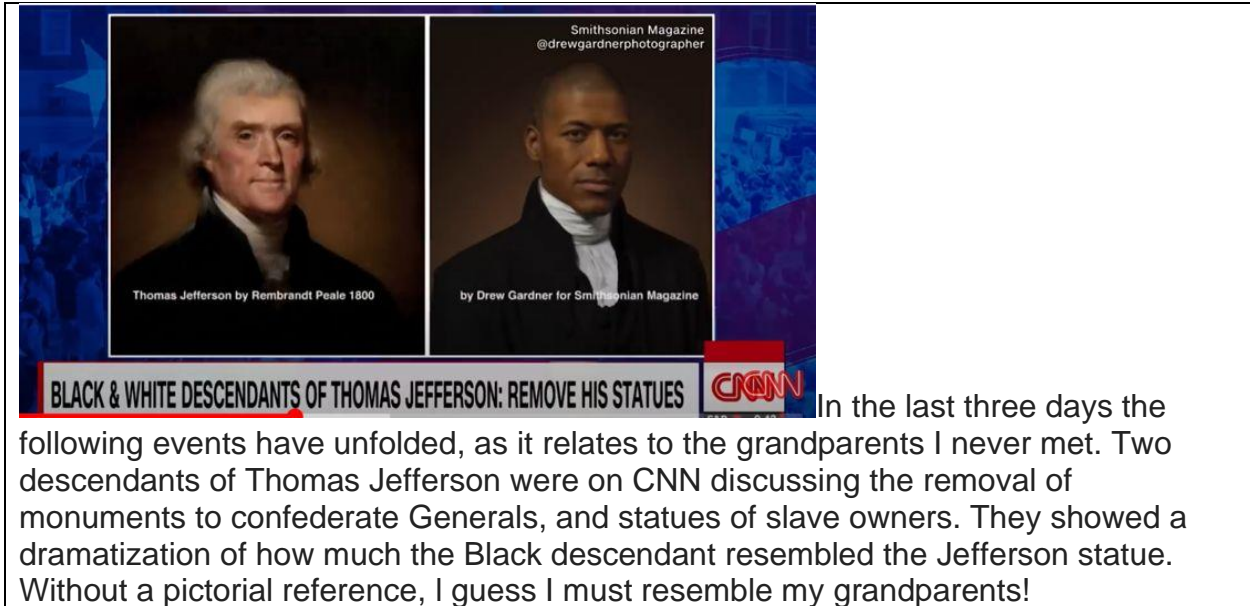
Sevil Mahfoози

[Click here to hear the recording.](#)

While researching [the reconstruction period in Tennessee](#), I learned a new word, [Pogroms](#). Yes, in the context of 2020, the process that was initiated in the early 1950s to “redevelop” the area where IUPUI now stands has led to some of the racial disparity statistics we live with today. It seems that daily we are reminded inequities that have happened in the past that are still shaping our lives today. A few dozen references involving Blacks in America need to be added to Wikipedia (Tulsa made the cut).

About ten years ago we found Black and White photos of activities surrounding the redevelopment of the area in what is now the IUPUI campus. About five years ago, I was amazed to find a color video taken at the same time the Black and White photos were taken. The video was hosted by IUPUI and it was in a Flash file format. I recall sending a link to a friend who had mentioned she was working on a book about the “Bottoms”. About two years ago, I tried to locate the video, and just thought the library was doing some massive reformation of their content to be HTML5 friendly. I didn’t follow-up then, but today I was able (pandemic and all) to contact at the IU Library. They replied, it has been moved, here’s the new link <https://purl.dlib.indiana.edu/iudl/media/653702x80z> This video provides some context of the nexus between my father I barely knew, he died when I was six years old, and my grandfather who died twenty years before I was born. The Agnes Street neighborhood was a central part of this video, shown in the mid 1940’s, some fifteen years after my grandparents lived there, but at the time my parents participated in the great migration in 1946.

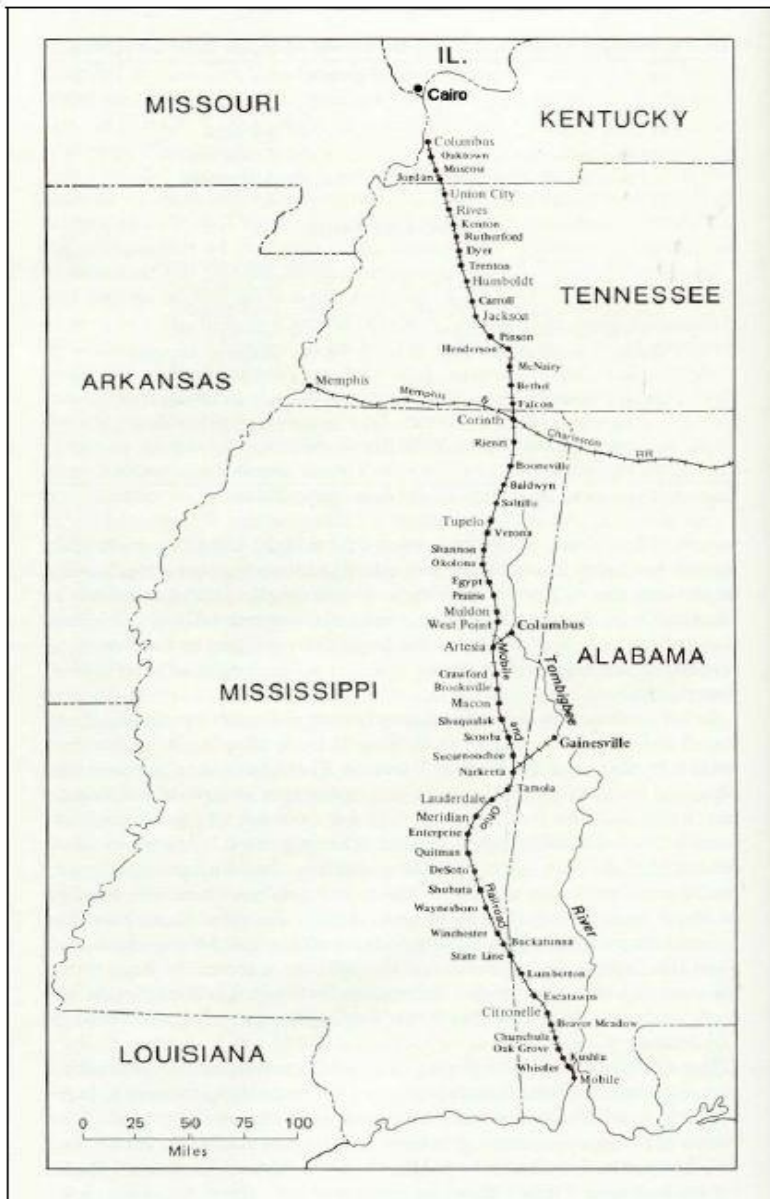
As I contemplate the lives of the two grandparents I never met, and the things that shaped their lives. It is striking to me as a seventy plus year old, that they experienced so many things I have no context for. I have a sister-in-law that I never met. Joyce’s sister [Sandra](#) died at an early age, two years before I met Joyce. Over time, after knowing members of the family for some time, I got to know Sandra in many ways, and I got to know the impact losing a child had on [Joyce’s parents](#). Indeed, the grandparents I never met lost [two children](#) in what we call the “Spanish Flu”, yes after the Civil War, and Reconstruction, and before what we call the “Great Depression”. Current science tells me that the grandparents I never met ultimately contributed about a quarter of the blueprint that makes me, me. I don’t know what the future holds, in what little I have left, I know getting to know more about the “life and times” of my grandparents has real value in improving the quality of my life.



Yesterday, a Black man was almost lynched near Lake Monroe near Bloomington, IN. Today, it was revealed that a list of hundreds of Klu Klux Klan members from 1924 in [Hamilton County](#), would be made public, soon. The list was discovered in 1995 and given to the Hamilton County Historical Society. As a side note, I once worked with a descendant of the Klan Leader [D. C. Stephenson](#), who was tried for murder in Hamilton County in 1925. In the 1920's Indiana was at the national center of Klan activity.

In the last three days, I've become aware of several dots, that only I can recognize and connect. Hamilton (the founding father, and the Indiana County) the sneaky side deals of Jefferson, slavery, [police patrols](#), the KKK, lynching, and the grandparents I never met.

The Brown Surname Migration 1850 - 1950



The route of the M&O completed before the Civil War (Doster and Weaver 1987).

The Brown Surname migrated from Alabama through Mississippi, through Tennessee to Illinois. My Great Grandpa Brown was born in Alabama. All I have that documents this is the 1880 census where he lived with his wife Kizzie and my mother's favorite uncle James in West Point Mississippi. On that census Robert Brown said that he was born in Alabama, as was his father. The accompanying map shows the M&O railroad origination in Mobile, going through West Point Mississippi, going through Kenton, Tennessee, where my grandparents

lived. My Great uncle Jim, settled in Tamms, Illinois (north of Cairo).



Robert Brown

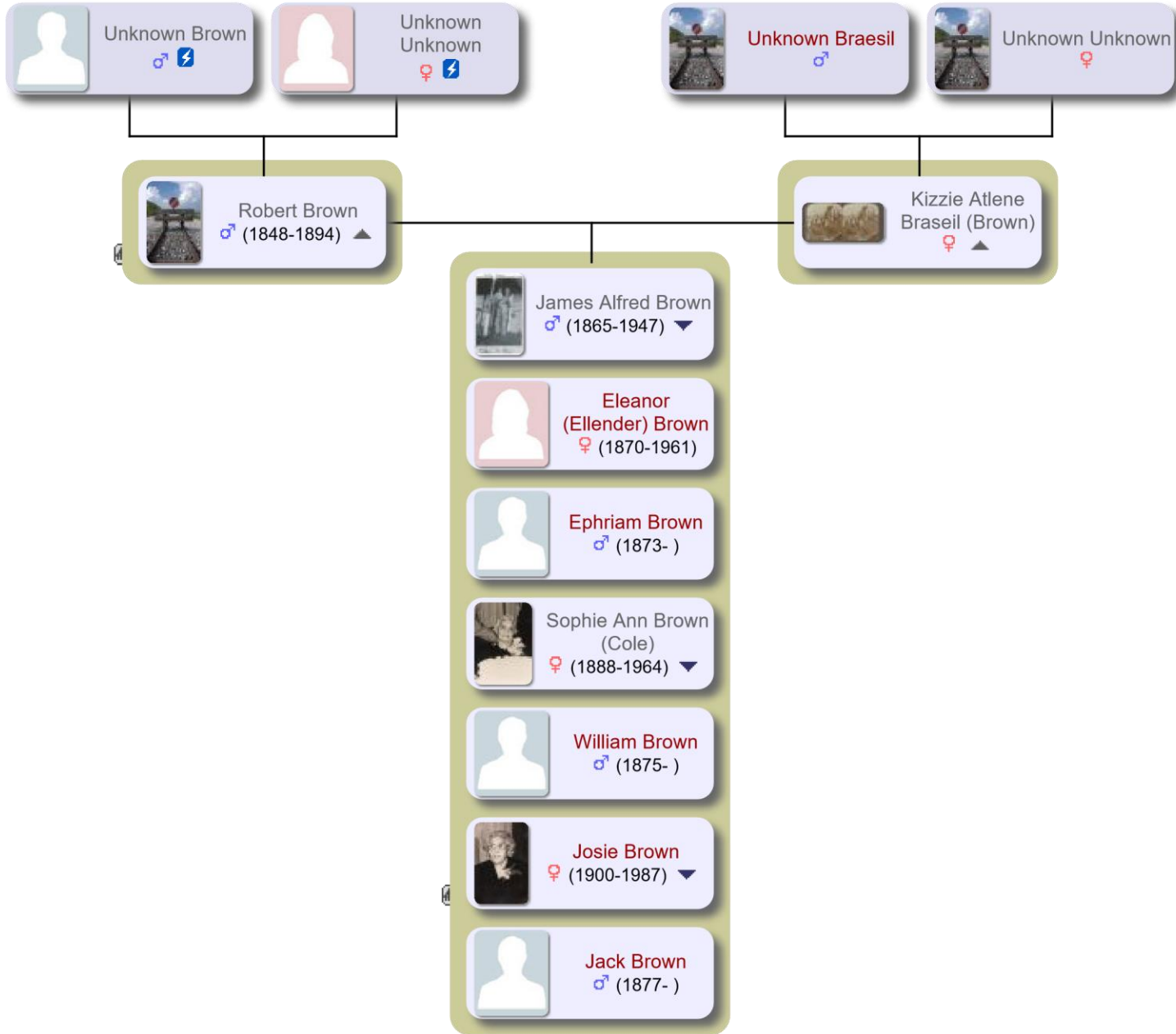
♂ 1848 - 1894 (46 years)

Relationship to John Gilbert Moore, Sr



Robert Brown is the great grandfather of John Gilbert Moore, Sr

Robert Brown / Kizzie Atlene Braseil (Brown) (F253)



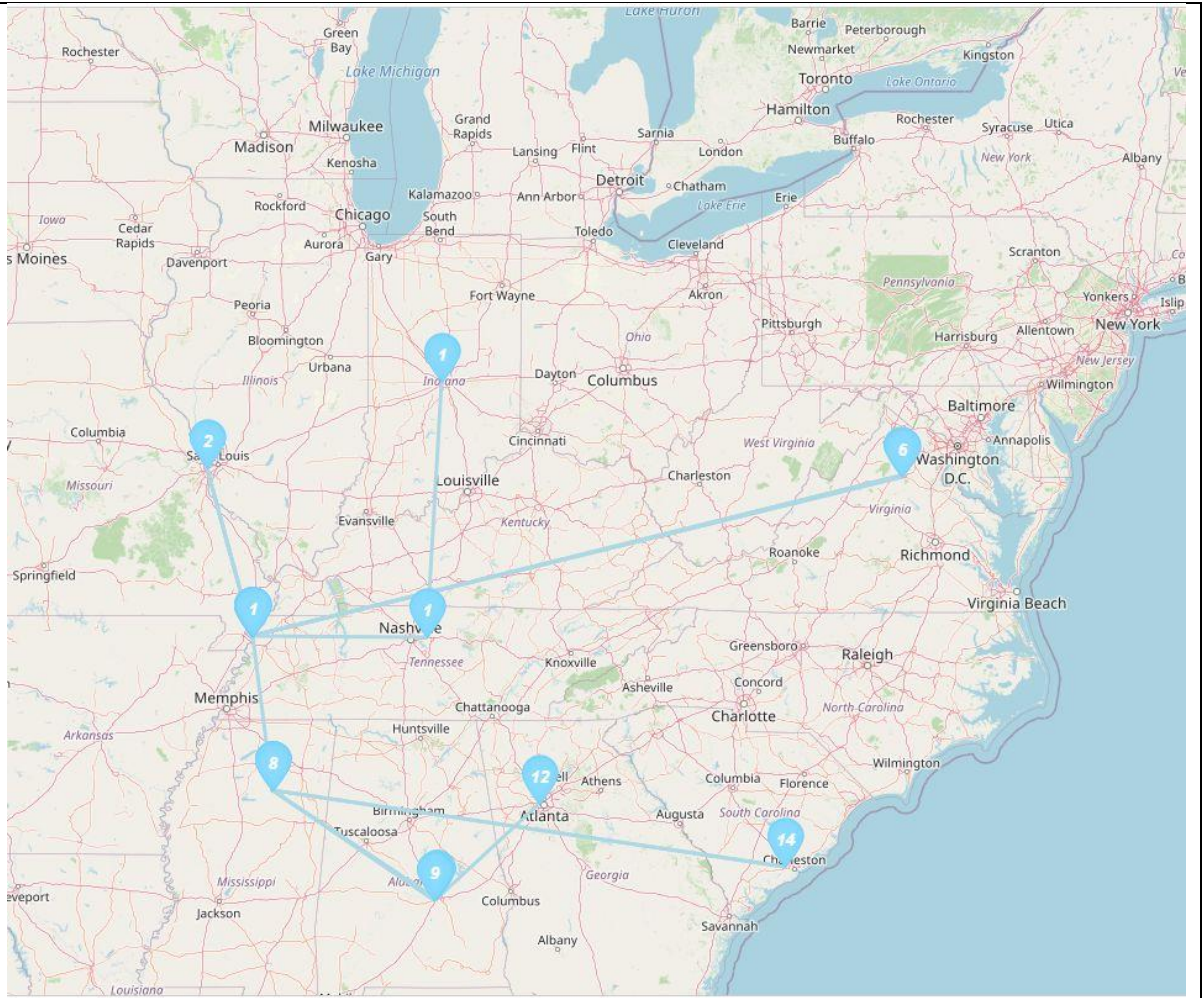


Robert Brown

1848 - 1894 (46 years)

| | | |
|----------------------|---|---|
| Born | 1848 | Alabama |
| Gender | Male | |
| Died | 1894 | |
| Notes | Robert Brown was born in Alabama (see 1880 West Point MS census). He was a blacksmith, he was the father of James, Eleanor, Josie, and Sophie. He died and was buried in West Point. James was a railroad worker who moved the family to Kenton, Tenn to work on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. He was later transferred to Illinois and worked until he was 80 years old. | |
| Father | Unknown Brown | |
| Mother | Unknown Unknown | |
| Family | Kizzie Atlene Braseil (Brown), b. West Point, MS | |
| Children | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> + 1. James Alfred Brown, b. Abt 1865, West Point,, Mississippi , d. Abt 1947, Tamms,,Illinois (Age ~ 82 years) 2. Eleanor (Ellender) Brown, b. Abt 1870, d. Bef 1962, West Point,, Mississippi (Age ~ 91 years) 3. Ephriam Brown, b. Abt 1873, West Point, Clay county Dist 1, MS 4. William Brown, b. Abt 1875, Dish, MS + 5. Sophie Ann Brown (Cole), b. 15 Jul 1888, Mississippi , d. 15 Jul 1964, Kenton,Gibson,Tennessee (Age 76 years) 6. Jack Brown, b. Abt 1877, Dish, MS 7. Josie Brown, b. 1 Jan 1900, West Point,, Mississippi , d. Bef 1987, St. Louis, , Missouri (Age 86 years) | |
| Photos | | End of the line ancestor |
| | | Voters at the "Sugar Shack" in Peachtree, Alabama, 1966 Within months of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 being signed, a quarter of a million African American voters were registered to vote. This photograph of a polling place in Alabama reflects the unprecedented numbers of voters that turned out. African Americans "flock to this polling place in rural, Blackbelt, Alabama 5/3, as they vote in large numbers for the first time in history. Typical of rural polling places is the "Sugar Shack" a small store in Wilcox County where Negroes outnumbered whites almost 3 to 1." |
| Histories | | My Pandemic Journal for June 2020 My reflections on various dates throughout the years, and my thoughts on events of June 2020 |
| Census Images | | 1880 Census, West Point, MS |

Descendants or Robert Brown
 Descendants chart drawn by James Brown 2019



[Click here for interactive map of Cole-Brown direct ancestors](#)

The marker labeled 9 is placed in the center of the state because I think it is Mobile, all I know is he was from Alabama. Notice the connection between AL, MS, and TN.

How I knew Great GrandPa Brown was born in Alabama? In 1880 while living in Mississippi with his wife Kizzie, he told the census takers he was born in Alabama as his father was. (Click image to enlarge and see line 46) So, it seems some of those folks lined up at the Sugar Shack in 1966 may have been some of my long lost cousins.

"Negroes at polling place, as they vote in large numbers for the first time in history." Peachtree, Alabama.; 5/3/1966; Source: Record Group 306, National Archives 5/3/1966;

A picture of my aunt Mary, the only person mentioned on that 1920 census record that I have a picture and video of.



child of Rev. William D. and Edwards.



Earlier this month, we laid Joyce's aunt Dorothy Thorne to rest. Dorothy was the youngest Alice

This June I received a picture of my oldest cousin Charles, who is a

proud Dad on Father's Day 2020.



CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2020!



David DeBow
AS: Information Technology
AS: GS-Science & Math



My

reflection of June 6, 1966 started this and the celebration of our family's newest graduate will provide the end of this journal entry for June 2020. Another highlight of the month was seeing our youngest granddaughter Ayani crawl and begin to pull up to try to stand and

A story needs a beginning, middle and end. To finish up the middle, I should mention that I was initiated into Kappa Alpha Psi on December 7, 1968. It would be well into the next millennium before the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941 would not be the leading story on December 7th. In 1971, on September 11, I was wed to my beautiful bride Joyce, several years later on that same date the USA was attacked by Islamic terrorists. And yes, on June 19, 1919, my [aunt Fannie died](#) of Tuberculosis [Spanish Flu probably]

We end with a salute to the Class of 2020, [James Moore](#) and [David DeBow](#).

Here's a peek at what my days were like before we knew we were in a pandemic, my journal for February 12, 2020.

It was [Ayani's](#) first Valentine's Day

I was compelled to buy a festive bibb for her, at a grocery store, something I would never do. When I got home, I remembered that I had forgotten the oil to fry the fish in. Since I had not gotten in my walk today, I thought I'd just walk around the corner to get the oil. Did I mention we were expecting a winter snowstorm? Joyce had cautioned me to wear a heavy coat, I did, but the snowflakes were the large, picturesque ones. On my way back from the store I passed a young woman holding a baby, for a long moment, it crossed my mind that I could give her the eight dollars and change I had so hurriedly shoved in my pocket at the checkout at the Dollar General Store. The thought of turning back to the young mother, passed as I recalled an earlier conversation, I had in the Barber Shop about the use of credit cards in the shop, and how few people carry cash nowadays. As I walked almost a block; swoosh, the bus came by. I was so relieved that I didn't have to have an awkward moment with the young lady waiting at the bus stop with her baby to force my eight bucks on.

My mind drifted back to my encounter at the Barber shop. The patron before me had paid with a credit card and asked if the shop was happy with their credit card provider, the response turned into a mini sales cold call. Over the years, I have not been much of a talker in the barber chair, however, I had not been in the shop for over a year. After the prior patron left, and Lee finished up my cut, he said he wanted me to read something before I left. A little earlier I had mentioned that I don't take the paper because the service is so bad, Lee had commented that service was more important than price. Lee showed me a laminated enlarged copy of an article about the Cheatham and Moore Barber Shop in the January 17, 2020, Indianapolis Recorder.

As I read the article, I began to chuckle, as many of the longtime (25 and 40 years) customers commented on what a wonderful shop Cheatham and Moore's was. The title of the article was about the "no profanity" policy of the shop. I chuckled because I've been going to that shop for over sixty years and recall Deacon Cheatham back on Clifton Street, when a haircut costs fifty cents. I mentioned to Lee that we have a Family History site, and I'd post the article on our site. He asked about Albert Jr, who still gets a cut there from time to time.

I note this because the passage of time in just one of our ancestors involves such change, that has to be adapted to by us. In 1955 SOMEBODY would have given that young mother a ride, that SOMEBODY would have been someone that that young mother would have trusted. Many things were wrong in 1955, but several things were right then because WE made them right.

Now and Then.....





Early in
December I
took a
[walking
tour of
Indiana
Avenue](#), it
brought
back so
many

remembrances of my family. How much things have
changed, now I'm the old guy.

Copyright 2020