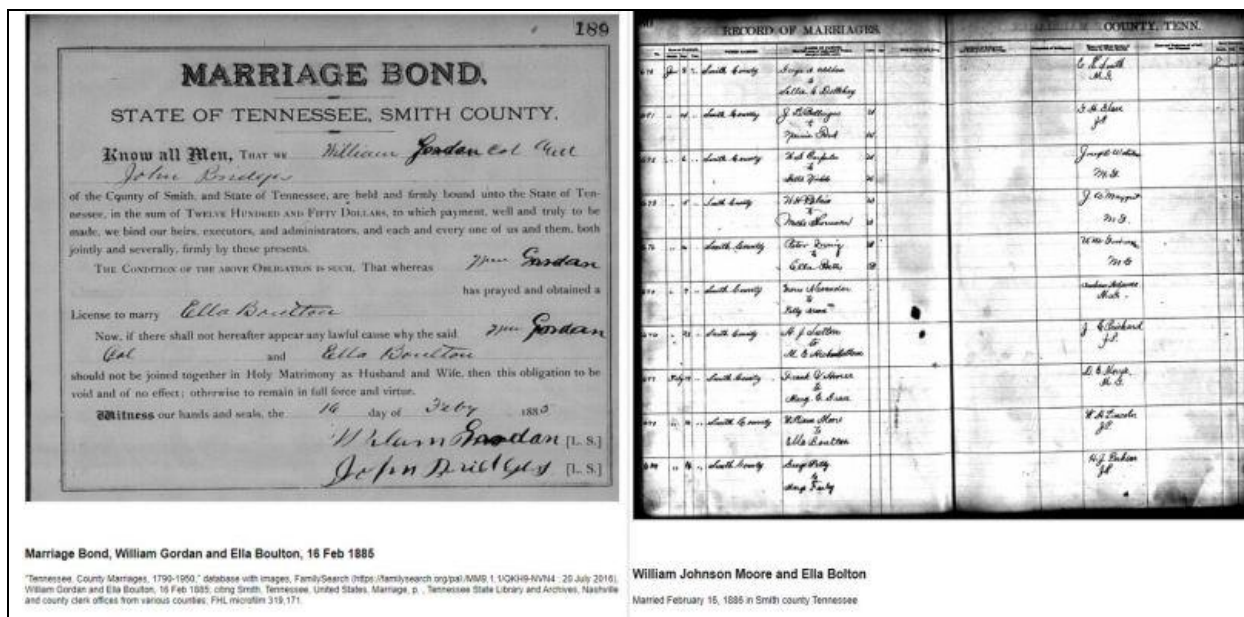


It's a hot July afternoon as I sit on my front [porch](#) drafting more thoughts on the family history book I'm still drafting. I had taken the month of June off to pursue other projects. Last night we watched the musical "Hamilton"; yep I'm ready to start writing again — thank god mine doesn't have 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](#).

STATE OF DEATH		Indiana State Board of Health	
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH		CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
County of <u>Madison</u>	Township of <u>Reuber</u>	City of <u>Indianapolis</u>	Street <u>427 Agnes St.</u>
*FULL NAME <u>William J. Moor</u>		Date of Birth <u>June 8, 1926</u>	
SEX <u>Male</u>	RACE <u>Negro</u>	MARRIED <u>Married</u>	DATE OF DEATH <u>June 11, 1928</u>
I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from <u>Oct 5, 1927</u> to <u>June 11, 1928</u>			
Did I last see him <u>conscience</u> on <u>June 1, 1928</u>			
and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>4 A.M.</u>			
The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows:			
<u>Cardio-Vascular renal disease</u>			
*Occupation <u>Invalid</u>			
BIRTHPLACE OF DECEASED <u>Middleton Tenn</u>			
BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER <u>Gilbert Jordan</u>			
BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER <u>Smith Co Tenn</u>			
BIRTHPLACE OF SPOUSE <u>Smith Co Tenn</u>			
NAME AND ADDRESS OF PHYSICIAN <u>Dr. H. H. Moore</u>			
NAME AND ADDRESS OF FUNERAL HOME <u>Hooper Bros</u>			
DATE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL <u>6-11-28</u>			
EMBALMER'S LICENSE No. <u>428</u>			

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

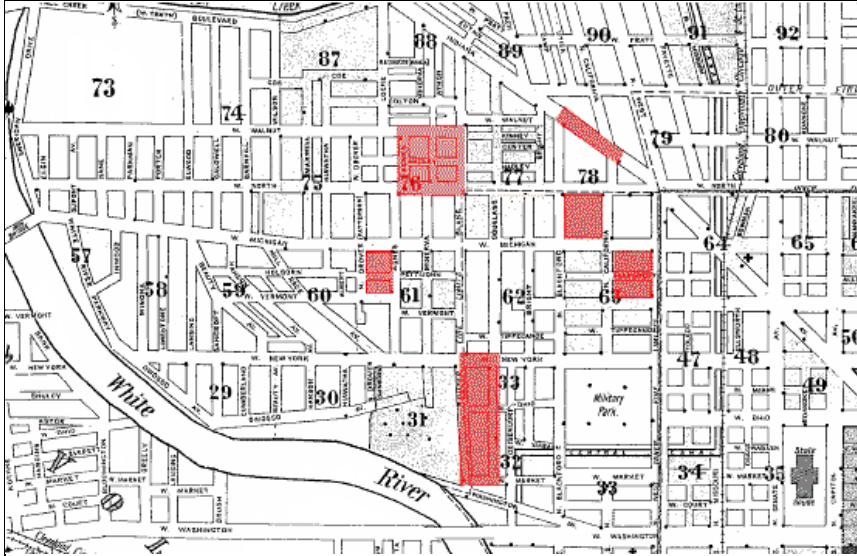
retired, I began to study genealogy, and eventually prepared a research plan. In my research plan, I said my paternal grandparents were probably born, married, and died in Tennessee. Thirty years after my mother told me what she knew, I was able to confirm that what she thought was maybe true was actually 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.



Back to the grandparents I never met. My grandmother Ella Bolton Moore was said to have been born in “Indian Territory”, I haven’t found a birth certificate for Grandma Ella, but over time “Indian Territory” would have many meanings. However, I did find Ella and William’s marriage documents. The marriage documents provide the confirmation of my mother’s story that William Moore was born William Gordon, and when given a chance he changed his last name to make it easier for his siblings to find him. In Tennessee in the 1880’s marriage documentation involved two documents several months apart; Ella had a marriage bond with William Gordon and at the time of the marriage grandpa’s name was William Moore.

My mother was all but certain that Grandma Ella died and was buried in [Detroit](#). I was able to find Grandma Ella in the [1930 census](#); living in what is now the site Bankers Life Stadium in downtown Indianapolis. No mention of Grandpa William; yes, both of my grandfathers are named William. In 2017 I found William Moore’s death certificate. That year we located his grave and had a marker installed. And as I am told, was my favorite phrase when I was a kid was “and you know what”.

William Moore’s address listed on his death certificate was 427 Agnes. As a kid I recall visiting my aunt who lived on Paca Street near Indiana avenue. My sister mentioned that another aunt lived near there as well. Today July 6th 2020 the day I’d hope to resume work on my book project; I discover that 458 Agnes was the subject of an [archeological study](#) because the property is now the site of IUPUI. The catalyst of my actually starting to write my book was attending a reading of the [1619 project](#) at [IUPUI](#) a few blocks away from where grandpa used to live.



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>

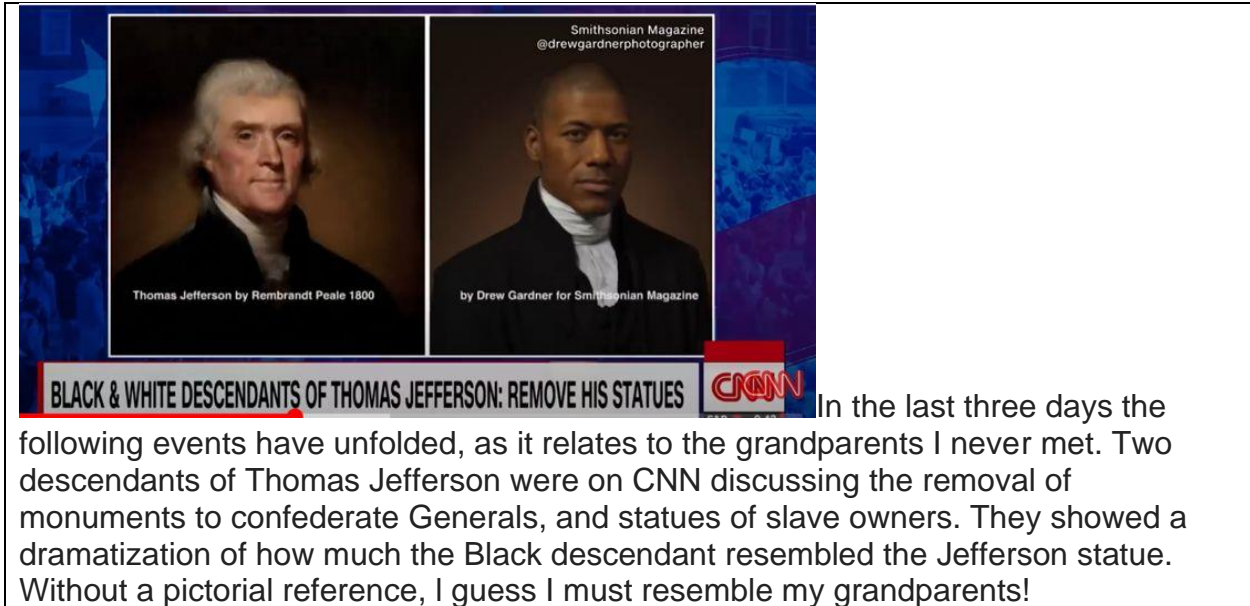
While his address was 427 Agnes, the focus of the study was 458 Agnes, and their study period ended in 1920 because the 1930 census wasn't available at the time of the study, most of what was found certainly would apply to the "life and times" of my grandfather. It's intriguing to contemplate what role 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](#).

[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 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.