

Joel Buchanan Moore

Jan. 9, 1881 - Aug. 12, 1952

Born at Comanche, Indian Territory. This is located in Stephens County, Okla. and Duncan is the county seat. It is possible he should have been on Indian tribal rolls, and may have some relatives or "interest" in land there, We have never investigated -

I know he had one brother named George. I also believe there was another boy but cannot remember a name. I knew two sisters, Mary & Ida. Mary was eldest - she was married first to a man named Winchester and they had two sons, Amos & Johnny. As far as I know Johnny can be reached by mail at Locust Grove, Okla. Her second husband was Simpson Nance & they had a daughter - Mae Snyder - a diamate son Lloyd Nance. They both lived at the parents old home in Sapulpa

the last I heard of them -
probably 8 or 10 years ago.

Ida's husband was Will
Boynston. I remember Annie, Ed,
Wesley & Faye - but think there
were more than that! My mother
could tell you of them. I think
Faye (Cue) still lives at Sepulpa.
Wesley was a Pentecostal preacher &
lived in northern Calif. the last
I heard from them. His wife,
Rosie is one of the sweetest people
who ever lived & could probably tell
you much more about the family
than anyone else - she took care of
the parents when they were ill &
waited on all the rest. I think she
had been in the family since she
was 14. Mama might know
Wes & Rosie's address.

I will try to get in touch
with Mae & Lloyd (also Faye) and
see what else I can learn.

Grandma & Grandpa were married in 1900 -

Their first child, Laura Bertina died of pneumonia at 10 mos. old & was buried near Comanche. Of course Aunt Celia (Lily Lucille) was next - then Mary Walsie - Dorale Richard - & Shirley L. E.

Grandma always said that Grandpa's mother was the daughter of an Indian Chief & his father a white man. When they married, she left the tribe and then later they must have lived with the tribe - or very near - because Grandpa was raised as an Indian. He said when he was 4 yrs. old they threw him in the creek (& the water was icy) & he either swam or drowned. The theory seemed to be that if they didn't learn to swim, they weren't worth saving! (I STILL don't swim! ha ha) He told of his own little tomahawks & bow and arrow, & of living on what he found in the woods.

I do wish I could remember the Indian language he taught me - very little, and then only because I pestered him. He always seemed to want to hide that part of his life - and since hearing how people thought "half-breeds" were contemptible, etc. I now understand why. I've always been tremendously proud of our heritage and don't believe a man ever lived who was "better" than my grandpa!

I could write all night, just relating incidents and things I heard them talk about. But I never attached any importance to relatives I didn't see - so never paid any attention to that! I wanted to hear "pig tales" and Indian stories! (Just like a kid!)

I'll write some letters, and let you know what I find out -
Love & prayers - Esther