

Amelia Jordan:

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Age: 54.

My mother died when I was about 6 or 7 years old and I had two sisters and a brother. My father gave all of us away for adoption to different families. My father's last name was Wheelock, and I was adopted to Mr & Mrs Peter Swamp. They were quite elderly people, and had no children. I was sent to the mission day school, and I attended the school all winter. The following winter I was sent to the Government Boarding school and I went there two terms, then I was sent to Tomah Indian school, and I was there three years then I returned home. My foster mother had died during the winter. I was very fond of her because she was good to me, and although my foster father was very good to me, it was not the place for me <sup>to stay</sup> so I next signed up to go to Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania. I stayed there five years. I

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was sent to work for some Pennsylvania people, and I stayed one year. I could not learn for some reason. I learned to talk English fluently, but I was slow to learn anything. I guess I did not know how to study, any way I made a slow progress. I stayed at Carlisle as long as I could. I had no incentive to come home, because I had no home as it were, and I was having a good time there with all my friends, and school mates.

I was at Carlisle during the time Major Mercer was superintendent of Carlisle and the rules of the school were lax, and the students were more interested in social activities than in their studies. He had social gatherings every Saturday night, and we were allowed to dance and the boys and girls were allowed to sit down together and visit. In the winter time they flooded the pond and we had nice ice for skating, and they used to allow the girls to go skating after study hours for one hour. Of course the boys were there too. In

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previous years the girls were never allowed to go out at night, excepting when they went from their quarters to the school building, auditorium, or gymnasium, and they had to line up like soldiers in the army. Do you wonder that I had no inclination of leaving California? But when some of my girl friends started to get ready to come home to see their parents, or relatives, I tried to think of some one whom I could come back to. I could not make up my mind. At last I thought of my father. He was married again. I came home with the rest of the Creidas in 1909. How well I remember that year. I was really coming away from school, and I could really do as I please. I was seventeen years old and I felt so grown up. My father let me stay there but he was like a stranger to me. I helped with the house work, and whenever I wanted to go any where I got ready, and went. I was actually doing as I pleased, and it was a grand

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and glorious feeling. During the summer my friend and I worked in Green Bay for some rich folks. We used to come to Oneida, and attend all the dances, and festivities. We had some Oneida boy friends. In the fall my girl friend went back to Carlisle, and I felt lonesome for a while, because I knew I could not go back. My friend was a Senior and expected to graduate the following spring. I worked all winter, and early in the Spring I got off the train at Oneida with another girl. As we stepped off the train I noticed a young fellow standing near by. I had never seen him before, but I knew he was <sup>an</sup> Oneida. He kept looking at me so I gave him a smile as I went by him. A little while after he started to talk to us, and as we walked down the road he walked along with us. He was going the same way. He came to his home before we did, and he said "Good Bye" and we went on. The following

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Sunday he came to my place, and invited me to go out for a ride in a top-buggy. He had a nice driving team, and he was jolly, and I am the same, so I guess we suited each other in that respect. In the meantime I had found out who he was and no doubt he knew who I was. Anyway I knew I was not related to him. It was a quick romance, and that summer we were married. I had a little money at the agency left to me from my father's father who had died while I was still at Carlisle. He built a small house on seven acres of land that my husband bought. He had not planned how we were going to make our living. The other married people were getting along some way so we thought we ought to be able to get along too. My husband used to work for his father and other farmers around us. White people had started to settle on the reservation. My father-in-law had his 90-acre farm