

1887-88

Pottawatoni

Schools--Pottawatoni

Buff. Antine--Pottawatoni

Food--Pottawatoni

...--Pottawatoni

...--Pottawatoni

Field Worker: Hazel H. Haralson
April 1, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mrs. Ellen Peltier (Pottawatomie Indian) ^{Three-fourths}
705 Comanche
Norman, Oklahoma

BORN Kansas
August 24, 1850

PARENTS Father, Vieux, Paul
One-half French, One-half Pottawatomie Indian
Mother, Angeline Vieux
Full Blood Pottawatomie Indian

Nearly eighty seven years ago a band of Indians moved from Wisconsin to Kansas. There were six girl babies borned on the way down and I was on of them. I was told I was borned at a river called Red River or Red Creek. That was in August, 24, 1850. My mother died soon after reaching Kansas and my Uncle Lewis Vieux and his wife kept me for a while then I was placed in a Catholic school at St. Marys Kansas run by Sisters of Charity.

We were punished severely for speaking our own language while in school. In the summer during vaction I was allowed to spend a small part of it with my people. It was on one of these first trips that I remember seeing the soldiers of the Civil war going by my uncles a lot. He operated a toll bridge on the Vermillion River and the soldiers crossed there going to Fort Riley or Fort Trowley (?). He lived at Manhattan then came Ogden and Junction City. My uncle had lots of fat cattle and hogs. They would come up, go into the lot, shoot down a couple of hogs and a fat steer put a rope around their neck and go dragging them off. My uncle collected for them and the toll at the Fort. He charged

fifty cents toll for the big guns, wagons, etc., of the soldiers. My uncle had a large farm and they would take feet and so forth from him too.

I had two good ponies there at my uncles and I always rode a lot when I would be allowed to go home. I like my pacing pony best. I often rode races with other girls. We went quite a ways to church and raced going and coming. I always won. On one race I lost my bonnet as I was racing my bonnet sailed out into space and lit on a big sunflower too tall to reach. We would see it and laugh about the dressed up sunflower every Sunday.

On one trip home several families went on a buffalo hunt. We were gone about three weeks and had several deer and a buffalo.

They dried the buffalo meat on a trestle made of green wood. It was cut in strips and then plaited. They kept turning it over and over until it was completely dried. On this trip one of the women made the bread and she would always go down to the creek and wash her thigh real clean and after her dough was ready to knead she would pull her clothes up and use her clean thigh to knead the bread on. It was baked on the hot earth where the fire and ashes had been raked to one side then raked over it to furnish heat for the top. I remember it was fine bread. You could see it raise as it baked.

I married John Paltier, who was half French blood and half Pottawatomie Indian blood. He was very thrifty- a hard worker and good farmer.

He worked as a stone mason at first in Kansas for a

contractor named Jones. We lived at Wamego, Kansas and had to pay eight dollars a month for a house.

About this time we made two trips to Oklahoma to pick out the land we wanted when the land was allotted. We had five boys to get land and my husband and I both received 160 acres each. When the land was allotted we were allotted the land my husband had picked out. It was two miles north and six miles east of Lexington. The boy's land was scattered but our 320 acres was all in one block. We were given some thing over \$200.00 and with this we bought team, wagon and harness, cow and chickens. We added to this and when my husband died we had lots of hogs, turkeys, chickens, cows, geese guineas and our horse stock.

When we first came to this country the wild turkeys were so plentiful we would cook only the breast and throw the rest away but as the white people came it was "Boom, boom" here, there and yonder and what game they did not kill was frightened away.

I had three brothers, Dave, Charlis and Paul. My only sister was named Charlotte.

I have six boys. I have my husband's picture and he has been gone fourteen years or more.

I was advised to smoke a pipe to cure dyspepsia and have used it for thirty five years.

Since my husband's death my youngest son lived with me until his death and I have lived with my children since then.
