

THE INDIAN SPECIAL

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The Indian special by Estelle Aubrey Armstrong

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ESTELLE AUBREY ARMSTRONG

**THE
INDIAN SPECIAL**

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BY

ESTELLE AUBREY ARMSTRONG



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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PUBLISHER

TO MY COUSIN
CYNTHIA

263706

*"Ye say that all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoe has vanished
From off the crested wave.
That 'mid the forest where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout—
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."*

*We say their sons are with us yet,
Armed for the fray as of yore;
In workshop, on gridiron and diamond
They gather our scalps by the score.
They lower fair Harvard's proud crimson,
Our Marathon win with a shout—
We'll leave their name on our waters,
For we cannot wash it out.*

THE INDIAN SPECIAL

CROW RIVER BOARDING SCHOOL,
SOUTH DAKOTA

OCT. 24, 19—.

MY DEAR :

I am in an appreciative mood to-day. I have been thinking how thoroly I could sympathize with old Pete Tatreau; you know he was drafted during the late—not the latest—unpleasantness and during his first battle was heard to remark with considerable emphasis that he wished he was at home under the bed eating the neighbor's cat. Speaking for myself, I think I could find a more congenial occupation, but the spirit which prompted the slightly strange desire appeals to me very strongly. Even that dreary, dried-up old town you and I call 'home' looks remarkably good to me from my present view point, the Crow River Boarding School.

From the days when I read "Our Wild Indians" by day and dreamed touching scalping scenes at night, I have known that Fate, as she collected and mixed together, one by one, the ingredients which were to compose my particu-