

side of the head to hold the feather. If the warrior had killed an enemy, he was entitled to wear a red feather.

For a long time after I killed that eagle I could hear his voice calling my name. Yes, I was about thirty years old when I killed that eagle. I killed only that one in all my life and I felt I was punished for it. There is a belief among Indians that if a man kills an eagle he will lose his eldest son. Now, we had only the one boy, the one that I had adopted. He lived only a few more years after I shot that eagle. Only a man who cannot have children (a sterile man) should kill eagles.

I always wanted a boy in our family, but it seemed we could not have any because I had shot that eagle. After my four-year-old boy died, I looked for a boy that I might adopt wherever I went. Years went by but I never found any. In 1936 I was invited to Bismarck to take part in the North Dakota Golden Jubilee. We were celebrating the event on the Fourth of July. One of our young men got into trouble and we heard that Mr. Robert Byrne, who was then Secretary of State of North Dakota had helped him out of his difficulty. I heard of his kind deed and when I saw Mr. Byrne (Plate III) I felt that he was the man I wanted to take to replace my lost boy. I felt he had the right kind of heart; that is why I wanted to adopt him as my son. I asked the chiefs of the Reservation who were present at the celebration what their opinion was in the matter. They agreed that it was satisfactory with them that I should adopt Mr. Byrne in Bismarck since we could not perform the adoption ceremony among the Indians down in South Dakota where our homes were. That evening it was announced from a platform that had been erected for a performance in front of Broadway Drug Store that I would adopt Mr. Byrne. So it was in the eyes of the public that Mr. Byrne became my son. We gave him the name Red Horn. We held the ceremony -- the adoption ceremony of the Fox Lodge -- on a Sunday morning. The Indians present sang a song in the Sicux language. I sang the song that Sitting