

Bull used to sing: Ate oyate kiu tawa makiya ca. Yuha iyotin ye wakiye lo.

(My father gave me this nation to care for and I am trying to fulfill my task.)

I also told how I missed my boy and that I wanted Mr. Byrne to be my son. I told the Indians of the assistance of Mr. Byrne had given the boy of our tribe and that according to my judgment he had a very kind heart. After this the Indians again sang and danced for Mr. Byrne, after which we put an eagle feather on his head and everybody shook hands with him. The dance was a special dance: it was the adoption dance of the Fox Lodge, as I have said. Since I am the head of that lodge, I adopted my son through its ceremony. (17) The name Red Horn may have had its origin in an event in which the horn that a warrior became red because of blood. I don't know just where the name originated, but I believe it had its origin in a battle. I knew Red Horn was the best of men,

(17) Mr. Robert Byrne described the adoption as follows:

At the time of the commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of North Dakota celebrated in Bismarck the fourth of July in 1936, a number of Indians had come from Standing Rock Reservation to take part in the celebration.

The family of One Bull was housed at the earth lodge which stands on the Capitol grounds. On the afternoon of July 3, I visited the earth lodge to talk with the Indians who were there. Among them was a young Indian who had brought a truckload of Indians from Cannon Ball who were to take part in the Tribal dances that were given on certain down-town streets. This boy was in difficulty as his truck was so greatly damaged on the drive that it was apparent he would be unable to take his Indians back to have a part in their celebration the following day at Cannon Ball. The Indians had not received their pay from the City of Bismarck and were therefore unable to make provision for the necessary repairs on the truck. I took the driver of the truck downtown and secured for him the radiator and the necessary repairs and also made arrangements so that the fourteen Indians who accompanied him were fed before leaving the city that midnight.

On the following day One Bull sent word asking me to come to the earth lodge where they were living. I then learned that the young man whom I had assisted on the previous day was his grandson. One Bull seemed so grateful for what I had done that he wished to adopt me as his son. This, of course, is the highest honor which an Indian can give, and it meant a great deal to me.

Part of the ceremony of adoption was given on Broadway in Bismarck the following afternoon, and was completed on the following Sunday at the earth lodge. The adoption ceremony was brief and simple. As I do not understand the Sioux language I was unable to get the meaning out of One Bull's song, but throughout the song the Indian name given me, namely Heluta (Red Horn), was often repeated. In the ceremony of adoption One Bull removed a feather from his own headdress and presented it to me. This emblem I carried during the dances which were a subsequent part of the adoption ceremony. During the dance, in which each member of his family as well as myself took part, One Bull sang the song of adoption and beat the tom-tom as an accompaniment.