George First Rider of the Blood Reserve was born in 1904. He had no formal schooling but became an accomplished horseman and worked for a time on the rodeo circuit. After working as a farmer he ended up in jail as a result of alcoholism and theft. He attributes his reform to his conversion to Christianity. He prides himself on his ability as a storyteller and on his knowledge of Blood culture, particularly the holy societies many of which he joined as a young man.

HIGHLIGHTS:
- Very vague origin myth.

NOTE: The title of this document is misleading, as it has nothing to do with the Horn Society.
George First Rider: Okay, I am going to tell a story about a different subject. I am going to tell a story about those legends. This is different.

This man, his name was mentioned to me but I lost the name. This woman's name is Snake Child. That is the name of the woman, but I lost the name of the man. They are the kind of parents their children die; they don't live. They were quite old when they had the last child. The child was a boy.

The boy was the only child of his parents and he lived. The
people of the past did not have many horses yet, but they had horses when this occurred. The man did not have very many horses. So they lived. The boy was over the age of ten and he is going around by himself.

The boy had pets. His pets were white-tailed (ferruginous) hawks, two of them. Today they were camping down along the river. He went down along the river. He walked on and on. In the past -- it's still like that today -- before the swallows migrate they will leave their second set of chicks behind; swallows hatch twice in a year. He saw the swallow nests. He threw rocks at the nests and knocks them down with the little chicks and he picks up the little birds.

He feeds his pets with gophers. So he went on. He had a lot of food for his pets, then he went back home. It was said the sun was halfways, as the people in those times don't have watches. The sun was halfways in the day. There was no wind, it was a nice day. He carried the little swallow chicks which he took for his birds. He went straight right where the camps were. While he was walking he heard a noise so he stopped. As he stood there a big rabbit took refuge between his feet. That's what we call those big white rabbit; the bush rabbits are different. The big rabbit was panting; he was just looking at it. Suddenly he heard a sound from above him.

The old men that were telling stories, one's name is Sun Chief, Eagle Speaker, Dog Child, Striped Wolf, Scraping White and Capturing Around was the oldest and the other one's name Calf Bull. I (First Rider) heard these eight men; they told the story the same way.

When he heard the sound from above him, he looked up. It was a peregrine falcon. The bird was hovering in midair and the rabbit was sitting between his feet panting. Suddenly the bird above sang.

NOTE: There are no words in the song of peregrine falcon.

The falcon told him, "My son, step away from him. I determine to get him. I've been chasing him ever since this morning. I will eat it." The big rabbit also sang.

NOTE: There are no words in the rabbit song.

The rabbit told him, "My son, don't step away. He is right. He started chasing me this morning. He flies and he cannot catch me. If I survive, all that run on earth are my children, so the people will be all your children." The Falcon also spoke. He said, "Son, step away from him so I will eat him. All that flies are my children, the people will be all your children."

He got worried. "Which one shall I obey, the peregrine falcon or the big rabbit?" He stood there thinking. Suddenly he had an idea. He dumped the little birds on the ground. He told
the falcon, "You have been chasing him ever since this morning. His body must be really spoiled; his meat is spoiled from being chased. Here are all various kinds of birds. Here, eat them. The rabbit is spoiled so don't eat him." He took the rabbit and put him under his robe and went away with it. He did not go very far when the falcon flew down and started to eat the birds; he had satisfied the bird. When he got back down to the river he looked for a safe place for the rabbit so he put the rabbit down under a pile of wood and he told the rabbit, "Now you will look for safety from here. Now you are on your own."

He went home and his pet birds had nothing to eat. Nothing happened when he slept. He slept again and nothing happened. He slept again and nothing happened. On the fourth night the peregrine falcon approached him. The peregrine falcon told him, "Here are my headpieces." The headpieces were the main tail feathers of a peregrine falcon; the feathers were tied together. The peregrine falcon told him, "All the birds are my children, so your own kind will be all your children." The peregrine falcon told him, "I have no weapons, but here is my ax." The ax was the beak of the peregrine falcon. "So I give you that. You will kill people with it. The people will be all your children."

After the peregrine falcon got through talking to him, he saw the big rabbit. The rabbit told him, "The peregrine falcon has given you something. I (rabbit) will also give you something. All that run on earth are my children. Now these are my ears. You will have them for headpieces. Your running and your swiftness. All that run on earth are my children, so your own kind will be your children."

He was not given a gun to use, he was given an ax and a dagger which he will fight with; so he woke up. Time went on and he came up to a rabbit and he killed it. He took its ears; he gave the ears to his mother who was an old woman. She tanned the ears. He also killed a peregrine falcon and he took the main feathers. He put the feathers and the rabbit ears together. He had a paint bag with a yellow paint in it so he put his headpieces in the paint bag. He got an ax and a dagger. It was not time for him to fight in a battle.

His name is Low Horn. He went on a raid, he stole some horses. The horses that he stole, one was a pinto. He gave the horse to his mother. He told his mother, "This will be your pack horse." The pinto mare had a colt with a black spot on the back; it was a gelding. The old woman had a horse with a colt right from the start.

When the colt was two years old Low Horn broke it and he (Low Horn) trained it to run. His favorite friend's name is Bull Robe; he stays with him in his home. His friend got a horse, it was a chestnut bay. That's Bull Robe. They trained their horses in running. The horse with a black spot on the back was a fast runner but the chestnut bay was faster.
They did not go on the warpath with their horses. They met Eastern Crees. Low Horn made a use of his headpieces; he killed an Eastern Cree with his ax. Low Horn and his friend Bull Robe took souvenirs from him. Another time he (Low Horn) killed a Crow Indian with his ax, so he (Low Horn) gradually gained fame. They went on a buying trip into the United States.

Low Horn was alone in his father's home, some South Peigan Indians came into his home. They told him (Low Horn), "Why didn't you go out? Maybe you have nothing to trade with." "No, I (Low Horn) have nothing to buy with." The Peigans were drunk. One of them stuck his knife into the ground, the other one laid his quirt down. One of them told Low Horn, "Do you know why my friend never leaves his quirt?" He (Low Horn) told him, "Yes, if we have a slow horse we get used to whipping a horse so I think that is why he loves his quirt." Now the Peigan Indian bragged about his friend. He told him (Low Horn), "No, pretty near all people's horses around this continent have been whipped with that quirt." "Yes," said Low Horn. Then the other one spoke. He said, "Do you know why my friend never leaves his knife?" Low Horn told him, "People that eat a lot never leave their knives because they use them to cut their meat." The Peigan Indian said, "No. The ropes of the people around this continent must have been pretty near all cut with that knife because he cuts the ropes of tethered horses of various enemies."

The Peigan Indian started to tease Low Horn as he was starting to be a chief. They told him, "Have you ever cut the rope of a tethered horse? Have you ever whipped a horse?" They were about to strike him (Low Horn). He took his ax, the ax that he kills with, he (Low Horn) walked to the door and sat down. He told them, "My young brothers, you have finished singing. Now I (Low Horn) will sing. Low Horn had the flap over the door so they can't run out. The South Peigan Indians were highly intoxicated. Low Horn sang at this point. So he (Low Horn) sat at the door. He was sharpening his ax and he sang:

"That Eastern Cree Indian, I just killed him with my axe."

The South Peigan Indians jumped. They were almost kissing him. They knew then that it was Low Horn. They told him, "O elderly brother, don't harm us. We are drunk, that is why we said obtrusive words to you. Elderly brother, please pity us, don't kill us." But he (Low Horn) sang some more.

"This time I am going to kill a Peigan Indian."

The Peigan Indian cried. He (Low Horn) pretended to take something out of his reach and the Peigans ran out. He (Low Horn) illustrated himself at this point. Okay, he (Low Horn) is the vicious one. The horse with a black spot on his back was the chief of all the horses. Okay, his friend Bull Robe, the chestnut bay was too fast.
They were on the warpath. A rider was seen and a prairie deer (jumping deer) was seen standing. The rider dismounted and shot the deer and broke its leg. The rider ran to his horse and mounted; his horse was a white horse. He chased the prairie deer which had its leg broken by a shot. He had no trouble in catching up to it and he killed it. When he started to butcher the deer he (Low Horn) told his friend, "My friend, Bull Robe, let me ride your horse and you ride my horse as his horse is so fast. I (Low Horn) will kill him and you take his horse. I will just kill him and you will take his gun." He (Bull Robe) told his friend, "No, that is my horse. I will kill him and you can take his gun."

Low Horn told him (Bull Robe), "You are my playmate and what trouble is it that you should refuse me. Let me kill him. Let me ride your horse." They gave each other four chances. Low Horn told him (Bull Robe), "Okay, run on the right side of him. The way he shot it's obvious that he has a long barrelled rifle. Run on his right side. When he aims at you, just run away with his rifle." The horses got into formation and they charged him. Chestnut Bay was far out in the lead and next was Black Spot On The Back. When they got halfways, the man got haunted. He turned around and stood there for a while. He walked to his horse and mounted and he lifted his rifle and waved the people that were charging to come faster. Chestnut Bay was in the lead and next was Black Spot On The Back. Behind him were all the riders. The man ran away from his attackers. As a shot was fired, it was said that the bullet sank into the leg. As Chestnut Bay ran up on top of the ridge the rider was close; behind was Black Spot On The Back. He (Low Horn) was shouting at his friend (Bull Robe), "On the right side, on the right side." He (Low Horn) told his friend (Bull Robe), "Go right close to him so you will spoil his aim."

He (Bull Robe) rode at a considerable space from him, the rider aimed his rifle at him and he (Bull Robe) wheeled his horse around. He (Low Horn) was shouting at his friend, "You must be loco, you must be loco. Get close to him and run away with his rifle."

He (Bull Robe) ran up to him again and when he got up to him the rider aimed at him and he (Bull Robe) reined his horse around again. Low Horn whipped Black Spot On The Back and he ran up to the rider. The rider aimed his rifle at Bull Robe and he reined his horse around again. Black Spot On The Back has got up to him as the white horse is now limping.

As Bull Robe reined his horse around again, Low Horn told him, "You must be loco." Bull Robe said, "Wait, my friend, I want to have my bowel movement." So Bull Robe jumped down from his horse. Low Horn got up to the rider. As the rider aimed at him he (Low Horn) took his rifle away from him and he (Low Horn) killed him with his ax.

Bull Robe told his friend (Low Horn), "Leave some for me." He
Low Horn) had taken the rifle and the horse. The rest of the riders came. Low Horn told Bull Robe, "Don't go near the corpse." The rest of the riders scalp the dead man and took whatever weapons he had. Low Horn quit his friendship with Bull Robe because Bull Robe was a coward, so Bull Robe was not his relative any more. This Bull Robe is the one that owned the Wolf Chestnut Bay. Later on was the time when Low Horn was encountered by the enemy. Before Low Horn was encountered by the enemy he gained a lot in his war exploits, the people that he killed with his ax.

The time he (Low Horn) was encountered by the enemy, they went on the warpath on foot. This is a river. That is where the massacre of Low Horn and his men occurred. There were no survivors. The one that survived fell in a crevice on the way; he crawled into it. This was the one that went for help. So that is where the massacre of Low Horn took place. We are telling the Cree story of Low Horn. All we know about Low Horn is that his clothes were all shot off from him and he was burnt black from gunshots. He (Low Horn) almost killed the man who speaks Blackfoot; his name is Snow On His Back. These are stories from the Crees. The one that went for help ran home when it was dark, and Low Horn was being encountered by the Crees. The one that went for help ran all night and all day, and night came again. He got to the camps in the morning. The people were notified and they went up in arms ready for action and they charged.

The one that went for help was given a smoke. He said, "I should not smoke. Low Horn and his men may be massacred by now or they may be alive yet." So there was a puzzling moment at this point. It was said that this happened when the chokecherries were ripe. Low Horn's father and mother decorated Low Horn's horse with a black spot on his back; they decorated the horse just the way Low Horn rides his horse. It was said that the old man's tipi was on the southwest side of the camps. The old man went around the inside of the camps and sang his war song. The song was Low Horn's favorite song. The song must be a very old song.

WAR SONG - there are no words in the war song.

"Low Horn must have lied to me. He told me, 'Don't worry about me, we die the hard way.' Low Horn said, 'When I die the day will change.'" When the old man stops talking he sings again.

WAR SONG

The old man said, "I never worry about Low Horn. Low Horn said, 'I don't even worry. We die the hard way. When I die the day will change.'" Then he starts singing again. Him and his wife were just walking slowly around the camps. It wasn't mentioned how many songs he sang, the storytellers just said that he was singing. When he got back to his tipi, the horse was not unsaddled yet, a dark cloud was sighted up in the skies.
and the thunder roared. This was at the point when the chokecherries were ripe. A snowstorm came. It was said only the rocks were not blown out. All the tipis were blown down except Low Horn's father's tipi. The snow didn't cover the ground, it melted as soon as it hits the ground. The storm travelled on.

The old man came out again and walked around the camps. The horse's mane was cut and its tail was cut short. In the past the tails of people's stallions are not trimmed. It is said that it affects their running. The old man walked around the camp again.

WAR SONG:
"Low Horn (child), it's not fun that I am not going to see him."

And he starts singing again.

"Low Horn (child), it must be fun that I am not going to see him."

When the old man and wife came back to their tipi they wept. The people were just looking at them. The old man took his knife out from its sheath, the old woman took her knife out from its sheath, then they hugged each other. The old man told his old woman, "We live by our son who is going to provide us with food, who is going to transport us. We might as well not live." Then they kissed each other, they stuck their knives in each other at the base of the neck and they let their knives go and they parted with blood coming out from their mouths. Then the people ran up to them. There they laid. They stabbed each other; they were just like being killed by the enemy.

Now I (First Rider) will close my story at this point. I will tell the other story sometimes because the tape is coming to the end. That is all.

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