

smear charcoal with them and then they left three blue rings. That's what that sign language means. But the sign language for "child" or "mother" or "nursing" is this way--(fingers on left breast but as if something is being drawn out of the breast, three times)--"taken out." "Nursing." That's the difference. "Nursing" or "mother," "father," or "baby," or "cousin." So this boy went back to camp and tell them that some Indians were over there. Nice looking bunch of men. They ask him what tribe they were, and they tell him, "You boys go back and tell them to come over." They came back. They invited them to camp. When they got there, those men--that tribe was Mandans. They camp in rows. (According to the Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico, BAE Bulletin 30, the Hidatsa, rather than the Mandan, were known to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes as "tipis in a row."--jj) Like the old father and mother's tent and their son-in-law and daughter-in-law, and grandson--they camp in families in rows. So my father's brother-in-law told his brother, "Our brother-in-law come a long ways to explore these people here. I'm gonna give him a new name." Well, his brother asked him, "What you gonna give our brother-in-law?" "Row-of-lodges." Row-of-Lodges, you know. So that's how that name stuck.

JESS'S SCHOOLING AND HIS FATHER'S ACCIDENT

(What school did you go to?)

Well, I started to boarding school here at Darlington, by Fort Reno. I was there about five or six years. And my father getting on in years. He was hauling lumber from this town to the north of the river about five or six miles north for his nephew's house. He had one team and his nephew had one team and brother-in-law had one team. They were hauling lumber. Of course, there's some cottonwoods down along the river--where the river overflowed. My father was the last one. The other two, his brother-in-law and nephew was ahead of him where they cross the main river. So my father's wagon, with the lumber, skidded. You know how these