

another one--Essequana--he was a Lipan-Apache--talked fluent Mexican, Comanche and Apache. His name was Essequana (Es<sup>1</sup>kwana). He knew all those places, like San Antoine, and all those southwest Mexican towns-- Eagle Pass--he talked fluent Mexican. I wish I could talk as good Mexican as he did.

(Where did he live?)

He lived up around Indianahoma.

(Did you ever talk to him yourself?)

Oh yeah. I talked to him. He used to--- His daughter--no..... His wife was the mother of my cousin's wife, Monatachi, married to his step-daughter. And he had a son named Ross. Ross Sutton--he was in our Fort Sill army. I got acquainted with him through that. He used to come over here to Geary to attend meetings with us. He's one of Quanah Parker's close friends.

(Did you ever attend a meeting that he was attending?)

Oh yeah. Yeah. He run meeting one time at Mount Scott. And I watched him all through the night. He's as steady--he sits steady and he just never showed no emotion or no effect of peyote--just pray and sit and then drummer talked to him and he wouldn't look at him--he just..... And then the cedar man talked to him and he wouldn't--he was strictly attending to his business. And every time the drum came to him to sing he'd pick up his feathers. He always had a black handkerchief spread in front of him. That's a great symbolism among the Plains Indians--the black handkerchief. And he'd always have that black handkerchief and when he put his feathers down he'd cover them up with that black handkerchief. When it was time to sing he'd open that black handkerchief up and get his feathers out and he'd put that black handkerchief--lift it up and shake it and put it in his lap. While he used to sing. Eagle feathers. When he'd get through he'd pass it on and put that black handkerchief down and put that feathers down and cover it up with it. I watched him.