

KOTAY, STEPHEN

INTERVIEW

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Ethel B. Tackitt  
Investigator.  
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Stephen Kotay, Saddle Mountain Kiowa County, Oklahoma. Through Interpretation by his great-nephew, Bruce Lone Wolf, relates a story of his life. Full blood Kiowa Indian.

I was born on the Washita River north of the present town of Carnegie. At that time there was no town or settlement of white people in the country and my people who were full blood Indians of the Kiowa Tribe did not count time like we do now; therefore I do not know in what day or month I was born but from the count of time which others of my people give me I am sure that I am seventy years old.

My father's name was Wolf's Breast or Wolf's Stomach and I cannot give any interpretation of the name into English for the reason that I never heard any.

When I was very little so I was told by my people my father was captured by soldiers and taken to Fort Sill and put in prison because he was a very great warrior and went on many fights against the white people; he with many other young Kiowas would not be civilized. They wanted to live like their people had always lived.

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He was kept in prison for a long time and then my people said that the soldiers sent him to a prison that was on an island, som where in the East, I never knew where but after awhile they said that he had died in the prison.

My mother's name was Bent After Good and as she was just a woman, there is nothing to tell about her, except that she helped make the home and get the food and looked after me.

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When I could first remember, my people used to live in the eastern section of this country and passed through the valley in which Lone Wolf is situated on their trips from the Northern part of the Territory to Fort Hill. We seldom crossed North Fork of Red River because that was the whiteman's country.

The grass was very high and thick all over the country but my people thought that the very best part was in the Elk Creek valleys. Here the grass grew wonderfully well and our ponies were always driven there for the winter.

Our food was mostly fresh meat and then there were many buffalo, deer, antelope, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and many smaller birds. My people were great

hunters and the Government also gave us some food. The Government gave us some blankets and we had buffalo robes and hides of many kinds. The Government gave us cloth like linen, which we used some for clothing.

I grew up like all the Indian boys of those days, riding, hunting and fishing, mostly on the Washita River.

Early in life I professed Christianity and united with the Baptist Church. I count this the biggest thing in my life. I have continued to live in the Church and to take active part. At present, I am a deacon in the church and attend regularly. I own a farm between Saddle Mountain and the town of Sedan and we make our living there. Many of my people live about there and we are citizens of Oklahoma, ride in automobiles and live like other people.

I sell pecans and produce off my farm.