

The Road Not Taken: Discovering a World I Never Knew

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Abstract: The purpose of this paper is two-fold. The first discusses the life of an extraordinary social worker, Howard Chandler Walkingstick, who was a member of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. He worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in primarily nine Western states serving numerous tribes for 30 years before retiring and receiving the Distinguished Service Award from the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall. Afterwards, he worked for the State of Oklahoma for another ten years before retiring. He was a recipient of many awards, all in recognition of his many accomplishments on behalf of his work with Indians and non-Indians. The second purpose of this paper is a reflection on how my relationship with Howard for three years until his death impacted me personally and the direction of my professional career. Howard became a dear friend akin to a wise uncle, as he educated me about his life and family and his work. This, in turn, led the author to complete extensive research and publishing on various aspects of the Cherokee Nation.

Keywords: American Indian, Cherokee Nation, Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In the fall of 2000 *Reflections: Narratives of Professional Helping* published in their Special Section on American Indians an article titled "Opening Doors for First Nations' Peoples" by Walkingstick and McCullagh (2000). Now, 15 years later I share how meaningful and significant my relationship was with Howard for three years until his death on August 24, 2002, and the impact of the education that Howard imparted to me about himself, a Cherokee, and particularly his father, Simon, who was a leader in the Cherokee Nation. Included are Howard's recollections of important events in his life. Our conversations literally changed the direction of my professional life and my writings. It has been, and continues to be, a life-changing journey. Over the three years we had together, Howard and I became close friends, and he was akin to a revered, wise uncle. Often, Howard and sometimes Galela, his sister, on special occasions would write me and sign "Your dear friends, Galela and Howard."

I am an Irish-American who was born in the Bronx in 1936 and grew up in Queens, New York, beginning in 1939 on a block where all the families but one had immigrated to the United States from Ireland, Germany, and Italy as my parents did in the late 1920s with the goal of owning their first home. I was a social worker, counselor, and an attorney, among many jobs held over a lifetime of work beginning at age eight delivering newspapers daily in Queens. I was not a social scientist, but a professor of social work when I first spoke with Galela and Howard. As I was preparing on June 23, 1999, to

write an article on school social work in the 1930s, I chanced upon the names of about 25 school social workers who were employed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which were published in a National Association of Visiting Teachers Newsletter in 1935. One name, Galela Walkingstick, stood out from the others. At that time she was reported as working in Stilwell, Oklahoma. I was intrigued and wondered what Indigenous Peoples were located in eastern Oklahoma, thinking that she possibly could have been a member. When I discovered that the Cherokee Nation had their headquarters in Tahlequah, I called the Nation's headquarters and asked if a Galela Walkingstick had been a member of the Cherokee Nation. Assuming that she was likely not a member or possibly had died, I was stunned when the response was, "Yes, she is a member." Almost speechless, I explained that I was a professor and my purpose for the call, and then asked if I could speak with her. She responded: "I will call her and let you know." Soon, she called back and gave me Galela's phone number.

The following day I spoke by phone with Galela and her brother, Howard Walkingstick, both able to talk with me using their speakerphone. After a 30-year career with the Bureau of Indian Affairs as social workers and a number of years employed by the State of Oklahoma, they retired to Holdenville, Oklahoma, each living in their separate homes and both having never married. Howard again retired in 1993 after having served as the Director of Public Assistance and Staff Development, directly reporting to the Oklahoma State Welfare Director. They invited me, based solely on our two-hour

phone conversation, to meet with them in Holdenville.

I had planned to attend a conference at Tulsa in September and thought how meaningful it would be to write about a school social worker who was a Cherokee and also worked in the 1930s for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Prior to my trip I obtained additional information about most of the other Bureau school social workers employed in the Western states with the expectation that I would continue writing about school social workers. My wife always thought that she was of Cherokee blood but without haven't done any of the necessary genealogical research and thus no proof. Yet I wondered. If she were also Cherokee then our son would be also. Having never been to Oklahoma or spoken to someone who is Cherokee I was curious, intrigued, excited to begin this journey with no clear expectations of what to expect other than authoring an article on Galela Walkingstick. As demonstrated below my chance encounter with Howard literally, in time, not only changed the direction of my scholarship but, more importantly, my appreciation for Cherokee peoples and their institutions and, over time, other tribes.

First Visit With Howard and Galela

In early July 1999 I received a letter from Howard stating: "You are welcome to our 2 homes. I have a tremendous Indian collection in my home (3 bedroom brick). . . .It has a huge Indian tipi in [my] backyard made & set-up by Indians (Kiowa-Choctaw) & lots of trees, flowers You may come and stay anytime" (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, June 4, 1999). That September I flew to Tulsa, rented a car, stayed overnight at a motel, and then drove to Holdenville and met Howard and Galela at her house around noon. We had a long and pleasant lunch, and later I began to interview Galela and Howard. Howard and Galela each gave the author written permission to obtain a copy of their personnel records during the time they were employed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which the author later received.

Howard gave me his home for four days while he stayed with his sister. I interviewed both Howard

and Galela each day, and I continued to interview Howard by phone almost weekly for a year after my visit. All the interviews were tape recorded with their permission. On the last day of my visit Howard, then 84 years, brilliant and articulate, talked for six hours into my tape recorder. Both willingly shared stories of their professional lives, discussed their father's and aunts' education at the Cherokee National Male and Female Seminaries, as well as their careers, and the history of their people, the Cherokees. Howard and I became friends, and we talked often until his death on August 24, 2002.

From the beginning Howard and I connected while Galela was quieter and more reserved. Howard had a keen intellect, was charismatic, enthusiastic, humorous, and engaging. He often recalled events regarding Galela's career with the Bureau and thus I spent most of the time with Howard. As I listened to Howard and especially on the last day of my visit I realized that I was in the presence of a truly remarkable man and an extraordinary social worker who continued as a volunteer after his retirement. We became friends. I do not believe it mattered to him that I am an Irish American.

During that first visit Howard drove us to historic Park Hill, once the home of the legendary Chief John Ross and many other notable Cherokees who moved to Park Hill beginning about 1836, including the Reverend Samuel Austin Worcester and his family who arrived on December 2, 1836 (Foreman, 1948). We visited the Cherokee Nation's Heritage Center, once the site of the Cherokee National Female Seminary which burned to the ground on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1887 (Starr, 1993). At the Center there was one sculpture, *Exodus*, which instantly captivated me. Created by Willard Stone (1916-1985) from a "block of native walnut," he, in his own words, reflecting on his people's exodus, known as the Trail of Tears, "tried to capture the tragedy, heavy load of sorrow and heartache being overcome by a courage and determination seldom, if ever equaled by any race in history against such heavy odds" (Boatman, n.d., p. 23). Howard had begun educating the author into a world I never knew.

Later that day Howard drove Galela and me a short distance to Tahlequah where the Cherokee Nation has its headquarters, and I visited their gift shop,

had lunch, and purchased my first books pertaining to the Cherokees. We then drove to the campus of Northeastern State University and walked around Seminary Hall, the first building of Northeastern State Normal, which was once the Cherokee National Female Seminary, constructed in Tahlequah and dedicated on May 7, 1889, with the “grandest public demonstration ever witnessed in the Cherokee Nation” (The Arrow, 1889, p. 2). The Seminary building and 40 acres were sold to the State of Oklahoma on March 3, 1909 to serve as the Northeastern State Normal School (currently Northeastern State University) (The Herald, 1909).

On our last day together at his home on September 27, 1999, I asked Howard numerous questions, and for six hours Howard responded. Selected responses follow. These first responses pertain to life growing up in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. General topics are bolded and Howard’s responses are indented.

High School Education in Okmulgee

I really enjoyed the glee club. Really, I had a good singing voice. . . . It gave me rich experiences to intermingle with students who I might not have in class. . . . I used to grade papers for an algebra teacher and chemistry teacher. . . . I was sort of a teacher’s assistant. . . . I took French and I loved it. . . . I took all of the chemistry that I could. I loved art. I took a class one year in art. I wanted to go over to the business field and I took typing and bookkeeping. As life went on this was very good for me. This gave me the foundation at least I could do secretarial work. My sister became the first valedictorian in the Okmulgee High School of Indian blood. This was somewhat a hard decision for the school. Were they going to give it to a non-Indian or to my sister, who is of Indian blood? She really showed Indian. She had long black hair, her skin coloring was tan, not from the sun. I had some tan coloring, but I could pass for anything really. And my sister is going to get this. I will see to it if she deserves it, if she doesn’t then I won’t push. My father wouldn’t have done this

because he was a quiet, un-disturbing person . . . but my mother was a pusher. In history and English I would have friends, wealthy friends, non-Indian, sitting beside me or wanting to sit beside me because they didn’t study and would want to look off my paper and I would let them so they could pass. I did grade papers for those classes as well in English and in History. It was helping other people and really this is the background for me as I became a social worker in later life. Helping people to help themselves. I saw nothing wrong with it. I was a pretty frail little thing, pretty sickly. . . . I took extra hours and this helped me to move forward quicker than others. I started high school at age 12 and graduated at 16 years. . . . I was selected to be on the National Honor Society, which my sister was also. . . . My IQ was tremendously high (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, September 27, 1999).

Howard’s interest in social work, as noted above, began while attending the local high school. After receiving his Associate of Arts degree he began working for the Bureau of Indian Affairs under the supervision of Mrs. Vera Harmon, a school social worker, who introduced him to the profession of social work. Other factors that may have led him to social work included his sister, Galela, who became a social worker in 1935 after attending the MSW program at the University of Minnesota for one year. Also, while working for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, DC, he became friends with Lucile Ahnawake Hastings, a social worker, and the daughter of Congressman William Wirt Hastings. During Howard’s deployment in Chicago he lived at Hull House and volunteered while continuing to work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. After World War II Howard lived at Chicago Commons, another settlement house, and continued to volunteer. He appeared destined to become a social worker and continue with the Bureau of Indian Affairs as a social worker.

Howard’s Reflections on going to Washington

Howard applied and was one of four accepted to work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, DC. He began on September 23,

1935 as a Junior Clerk. Howard also enrolled at George Washington University, taking six to nine hours each semester after work. The following year he was initiated into the Tau Kappa Epsilon (TKE) fraternity. A long-time member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, he shared with me a copy of the TKE Educational Foundation 1998 Annual Report in which he was featured as “A Distinguished TEKE.” Reflecting in 1998 on his TKE membership Howard remarked: “The key to my success is from my fraternity days with strong determination and imagination; things that are established in fraternal living. I have benefitted tremendously over the years from the rich and social experiences from my early days in Tau Kappa Epsilon.” The article’s closing sentence captured Howard’s life: “Going strong at 84, Howard Chandler Walkingstick, a Teke for life, vows to be of service until the end” (Tau Kappa Epsilon, 1998).

I was asked if I would have tea at the White House every Saturday afternoon with other college students. I said that I would. There were students from all the colleges from D.C. visiting with Eleanor Roosevelt. Just being in the White House was an experience. It wasn’t like a tourist thing. They knew you were coming and the cards, you just went in and were cleared. It was a new thing for me and really I was not fearful. Somehow I never get scared of anything. I would tackle anything and do the best I can. We came back and one or two others from George Washington would sit in the corner in the Union and talk about it and laugh. . . . I found this to be a stepping stone for me just to be around the president’s wife and everybody. You learn from everyone, even the students; you learn from each other (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication September 27, 1999).

I was rushed [by several fraternities]. But I saw a fraternity that I wanted to join even more and I thought I could make a big contribution to its growth. So I joined Tau Kappa Epsilon. . . . I became the social chair for the fraternity in due time. Then eventually before I knew it, I was the social

chair for all the fraternities. [Howard detailed how with others he planned a “huge inter-fraternity prom.”] We had to arrange for a big dinner for all the fraternity brothers and their dates, who had to be from a sorority. I wasn’t dating a girl from a sorority, but I had to find one that would go with me and be my escort, and I did. I was so surprised one Sunday when I was reading the Washington Post. I saw “Walkingstick,” in big letters, “leads the big fraternity prom”. . . . It got my name out all over the country and I would get calls from all over the place, because of the name, I think. . . . I was used to getting dressed up in a tux. After work I would change into a full dress or a tux and go to an embassy or a legation party. My name was brought to the attention of the other fraternities from the Washington Post article. It was nothing for me to go to these parties and asked to speak. [Howard continued to reminisce.] My life is just filled with fond, fond memories of Washington, DC (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, September 27, 1999).

World War II, MSW Education, and Social Work Practice

Howard was transferred to Chicago with others with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, became a resident and volunteer at Hull House, joined the United States Army in June 1943, and was discharged in April 1946. He returned to Chicago and to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He became a resident of Chicago Commons and volunteered every night for the settlement house. That fall in late September 1946 Howard began his graduate social work education at The University of Denver and completed all course work in one year, but not the thesis requirement, which was accepted in 1949, and Howard was awarded an M.S.W. on December 9, 1949. (Walkingstick & McCullagh, 2000, pp. 10-13). After completing the required course work at the University of Denver, Howard returned to South Dakota, and then was assigned to New Mexico for 2 ½ years. He was headquartered at Albuquerque and he was responsible for all of New Mexico, and he also worked in Colorado and Utah. He worked with Navajos, Pueblos, Mescalero Apache and Jicarilla Apache

(Walkingstick & McCullagh, 2000, pp. 14-16). Reflecting on his work in New Mexico with the Apaches Howard remarked:

I did what I thought was social work, what I've been taught in school. A lot of group work. Group work with the Mescalero Apache, mostly children and heads of families, but the men would be out herding sheep. Nomadic, they didn't live in houses, they just moved from place to place with their kids. Also, on the other side near Santa Fe the Jicarilla and I did a lot of group work. I had to call in advance. I had the Superintendent get the people into his office. I would call from Albuquerque to tell him I wanted to see so-and-so. They were nomadic; they herded sheep and they didn't collect materialistic things. (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 16, 2000)

[Howard's work with the 19 Pueblos]. I visited families, visited those in nursing homes, visited those who were sick. It's a regular home visit. Sometimes there would be someone sick in the home and I was alone not with the nurse. If I felt like the person needed to be seen by the doctor at the hospital clinic, then I would refer them to the pueblo clinic. Big clinics and a big nursing home at the pueblos. Beautiful nursing homes. The Indians lived to be real elderly. I visited them at the nursing homes to see if they were getting care, if they wanted something. They were run by the Indian Health Service. Each pueblo had its own money. They weren't poor. Days schools there too. We visited the schools to see if there were any problems with children in the schools. Once I put on a program at one of the schools. . . . About Indians beyond their areas. Telling them how the Sioux lived. Over toward El Paso, Texas there were the Mescalero Apaches. And they did have boarding schools. A bit more progressive. I visited boarding schools all the time. The kids got homesick or had special problems, where they wanted to get a letter to their parents. I would sit down and help them write a letter (H. C.

Walkingstick, personal communication, February 17, 2000).

Howard completed a study with two anthropologists on the youth of the Southern Ute tribe that had been awarded 33 million dollars, a judgment award for the loss of land. The Bureau of Indian Affairs didn't want the money spent hog-wild. So we came up with a plan and how it would be spent. A lot would be for good, constructive causes. As a social worker, I was to put the plan into effect (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 16, 2000).

I asked Howard: "As you think about this part of your life in New Mexico and you now have your MSW what do you remember as your most important accomplishments?"

I organized with two other people the first New Mexico welfare conference [in Albuquerque at the University of New Mexico] and the Native American was predominant and he was in the majority and not in the minority [in New Mexico] which gave it a good background to get that conference organized and let the Indian stand out. Pueblos in particular (H.C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 17, 2000).

"Other accomplishments, Howard?" I asked.

Well, I thought it was good to integrate the local hospital and the Indian Office put up a certain amount of money for integration of beds in the hospital for those of Indian blood. It was an accomplishment. And to this day the Indians have a certain number of beds in that hospital and they have to take them. The top person and I had many meetings with many organizations about integrating the hospital and it finally came to be (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 17, 2000)

When I asked again about his accomplishments in New Mexico, Howard responded:

I thought also an accomplishment was being a consultant of the Child Welfare League of

America where I was really helping them to [develop a plan for] the admission of the people of Indian blood in schools of social work. I really think that it's important. Traveled everywhere and made big speeches. Like Seattle, Washington and they had one on racism. That was to open the doors for those of Indian blood and my primary focus was to get them into areas of social work. I served as a consultant just for the sole purpose to get Indian students in the school of social work so they would work with some of their own people. I went to Washington University and Washington State, Arizona University and Arizona State and New Mexico University. I spoke to classes and I would talk about Indian families and Indian people. They loved it. I really think it was a big one. That really opened the doors for Indians.

By about 1970, when he retired after 36 years of service, Howard had "served approximately 35 tribes, pueblos, and villages in nine states." Gridley (1971) described his service in saying that he provides a vigorous leadership for those he contacts, and has contributed greatly to the alleviation of differences between state welfare programs and the federal government. . . . (p. 462). Howard also was a consultant and technical supervisor in the early 1970s to Indian agencies in selected counties in western Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska. He was also a liaison to the Alabama-Coushatta tribe in Texas (Gridley, 1971, p. 462).

When Howard was near his proposed retirement at age 55, he was brought to Washington, DC for final interviews to become the Director of Social Work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, but finally declined stating that he was close to retirement and that he would be unhappy in Washington, DC. He received the Bureau's highest honor, the Distinguished Service Award. He next was employed by the Oklahoma State Department for 12 years and then retired and became a community leader (Walkingstick & McCullagh, 2000, pp. 16-19). These comments are snapshots of Howard's life as a social worker with the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

A Mason for 50 years

During the Fall Reunion on October 6, 1999 at the McAlester Scottish Rite Masonic Center Howard was honored with a 50-year pin. Howard joined the Masons at Fort Thompson, South Dakota in 1949, and then in 1964 joined the McAlester Scottish Rite "and shortly thereafter earned his 32 degree" in Yankton, South Dakota.

Howard stated, "The Masons are for helping others and I think it's a wonderful thing that I've been able to be with them for so long" (Mathes, 1999). "Such an accomplishment means a 50-year dedication of the highest standards of ethics and morality" (McAlester Scottish Rite Masonic Center, 1999). Elizabeth Gaberino, a resident of Holdenville, on October 15, 1999, sent a note congratulating Howard: "'Congratulations' on your fine record with the Masons. I can attest to your being kind and good to others, always willing to help a good cause. God smiles down on you with happiness" (E. Gaberino, personal communication, 1999). Howard remarked:

I am to receive their 50 year pin and not many Masons with a 32nd or 33rd degree live to receive this award. . . . The Masons is based on the Bible. . . . It's giving of yourself with biblical teachings behind and within your frame of mind. It's helping people to help themselves and never let a fellow Mason to be in need but to help them. It's really Christianity, the Bible. I received my 50 year pin in the Blue Lodge. I went off of an Indian reservation to a neighboring white community. I was the only Indian going into the Blue Lodge. I was appalled when I went to the reservation to learn that the Mason's neighboring the reservation didn't have a Native Indian in the Lodge and I was not accustomed to that because I was going into the ones in Virginia and didn't get to finish and this is where George Washington, our first president received his in the Blue Lodge.

Howard began sponsoring Indians who were accepted as Masons (Walkingstick & McCullagh, 2000, pp. 19-20).

Walkingstick Family Cemetery

When Joe Scaper, Jr. first met Howard, based on his background, Joe was apprehensive about how Howard would treat him. Joe shared his first encounter: “Cousin Howard had an instinct, a gift that was completely beyond me. When we met, it was as if he waved my prejudice away with a flick of his wrist like so many dandelion seed in the wind. My cautious nature was simply no match for the love of all people that emanated from Howard. Within a short time we became very close. It seemed that we had known each other all our lives. We were definitely kindred souls” (J. Scaper, personal communication, July 26, 2014).

In May 2001, Joe Scaper and Michael Walkingstick Gregory brought Howard to the old Walkingstick cemetery on Walkingstick Mountain to support Howard, but “it was Howard who somehow found the strength to uphold all three of us as the full import of the desecration at the cemetery hit us” (Scaper, 2001). Joe Scaper, in response to the shock of the totally destroyed Walkingstick family cemetery wrote “Sacred Ground,” a poem. In part it reads:

Perhaps one day you too will have your own
small piece of land.

Perhaps, in a few years, or in a few
centuries,

Someone will stop by and place a flower,
or a feather on your land out of respect.

Perhaps, they will gently place a stone on
your land to honor you, and then carefully
back away.

I hope that no one disturbs your Sacred
Ground,
and I hope that you will not disturb the
Sacred Ground of others.

On another visit Howard, Joe, and Michael, and I traveled to Walkingstick Mountain, owned by a non-Cherokee, to visit the Walkingstick family cemetery, which was in complete and total disarray, and actually destroyed beyond

recognition as a cemetery. As I looked around what was once a cemetery, I was appalled at the utter disregard for this Cherokee cemetery. We devoted the day to erecting an iron fence and then placing all the broken and falling head stones into what was hoped would become a protected area. The area was essentially land for grazing cows, who may have trampled on the stones in the Walkingstick family cemetery. I had only been to cemeteries related to deaths in my family, all of which were well maintained. I was quietly shocked and dismayed as we worked to make sense of the headstones before placing each stone within the newly constructed fence. Since then, visiting cemeteries where Cherokees rest has occurred on each subsequent trip, which may seem surprising, but it is my way of being with Cherokees—many of the names on tombstones I now know—resting for eternity. Michael Walkingstick Gregory (2001) said it well in May 2001 when he, Howard, and Joe, met to visit three family cemeteries, including the destroyed cemetery on Walkingstick Mountain. “Three distant family members met together for the first time to walk the ground of their ancestors, to feel the wind in their faces and strain to hear the voices of the ones who went before them.”

Later Visits

On another trip Howard, Michael Walkingstick Gregory, and I traveled to Anadarko to visit the National Hall of Fame for Famous Americans Indians which features busts of 41 members of numerous First Nations, including Howard’s father, Simon R. Walkingstick (Bowen, 2008). Another world I never knew existed came into sharp relief as we stood by the bust of Howard’s father mounted on a red granite pillar. Howard proudly shared memories of his father and particularly his early and significant accomplishments as a graduate of the Cherokee National Male Seminary on June 30, 1887 (Starr, 1993) and his many later accomplishments (McCullagh, 2001).

The induction ceremony for Simon Ralph Walkingstick occurred on May 8, 1999, with the dedication of the portrait in bronze of Howard’s father. The dedication began with the Lord’s Prayer in sign language by Eva Lu Russell, a member of the Kiowa Nation, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance, Welcome, and introductions

of board members and guests. The Walkingstick family and sculptor were then introduced, which was followed by a War Dance. A dedicatory address was delivered by a grandson of Simon Walkingstick. The unveiling was done by Howard, the Master of Ceremonies, and Kiowa War Mothers and was followed by a Smoking Ceremony. The dedication was concluded with a prayer in sign language by Eva Lu Russell. Simon R. Walkingstick's portrait in bronze joined such memorable leaders as Jim Thorpe, Sequoyah, Geronimo, Will Rogers, and many others (Baird, 1999; *The Anadarko Daily*, 1999; *The Okmulgee Daily*, 1999). During this trip Howard shared his father's framed diploma with me when I stayed in his home. It was a proud moment for Howard that his father was being recognized for his many accomplishments.

Howard's Community and Church Involvement and his book, *Cycles of Life*

Howard was a Life Member, on the Board of Directors in 1998-1999, and 2nd Vice President of the Holdenville Society of Painters and Sculptors Art Center (1999). In 1999 he was also the Director and Host of a Garden Party at his home. Galela was a Past-President and Howard and Galela were listed as the only "Benefactors." Howard's home was a mini-museum of pottery, baskets, sculpture, paintings, dream catchers, drums, various artifacts by Cherokee artists, and many walking sticks. In 1999 Howard completed his book, *Cycles of Life: Learn from their lives: the Walkingsticks* (Walkingstick, 1999). It was a special occasion for Howard when he donated a copy of his book to the Director of the Grace Pickens Library in Holdenville. He was featured on the front page of the *Holdenville Daily News*. The article was titled "Walkingstick Leads Life Opening Doors and 'Donates Written Legacy to Library.'" Howard remarked: "People should be proud of what they are. . . . The American Indian has come a long way in my lifetime, and all races enjoy affiliation with their heritage group. I think that Native Americans need to get involved in their local community, but still maintain their heritage proudly" (Baird, 1999). The dedication, on the inside last page of an autographed copy of *Cycles of Life* to the author read, in part, "I am a Grandpa Moses writing so

late in life, memories of excitable experiences among people and more so the Native American Indian people, nationwide as well as other minorities." On page one, Howard wrote: "Helping Others is Our Motto," and that was how he lived his life.

While at Anadarko we met the editor of *The Anadarko Daily News*. She and I had some quiet time during which she asked me write a short paper on his father, Simon R. Walkingstick (1868-1938), a full blood as determined by the Dawes Commission. Another path was taken, which resulted in an article titled "Simon R. Walkingstick: A Cherokee of Conviction and Courage" (*The Anadarko Daily*, 2001). Simon's grandfather, Archibald Scrapper, and great-uncle, George Washington Scrapper, crossed the Trail of Tears, were officers during the Civil War, and had been elected to various political offices in the Cherokee Nation (Starr, 1999). Simon R. Walkingstick was the son of Thomas Walkingstick and Betsy Scrapper, the daughter of Archibald Scrapper.

On February 4, 2001, the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany, Howard sang The Lord's Prayer at Barnard Memorial United Methodist Church in Holdenville. A member wrote: "Thank you for making Sunday a special spiritual day. The solo was a very gracious way of setting the tone for worship. You are very special to many people. Thanks again - May the Lord continue to take care of you" (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 11, 2001). In June 2001, Galela and Howard made a sizeable donation to their Methodist Church in Holdenville for youth-members and non-members-to attend Egan Camp and Retreat Center in Tahlequah for a week, which was one their many efforts to help youth. Those who attended sent a note to Howard stating, "Thank you so much for providing expense money for us to attend Camp Egan.

We had a really great time! Thank you for being so kind & generous" (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, June 17, 2001). Again, on April 28, 2002, the Fifth Sunday of Easter, Howard sang the Lord's Prayer during the Services to honor "Native American Awareness Sunday." Howard, in a note to the author, stated: "Church packed" (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, ca.

May 6, 2002; Barnard Memorial United Methodist Church, April 28, 2002).

On March 1, 2001, Howard received a letter thanking him: "This note is to give you a great big thanks! Thank you for the money you gave me at Christmas; I applied it toward the purchase of my favorite cologne. Thank you for the books you gave me, also. I keep them at school and read them during my duty time in 'In-School-Suspension.' You are a talented writer! . . . Finally, thank you for providing special music at church. You are a dear" (unknown author, personal communication ca. February 26, 2001). Another letter that Howard received on March 2, 2001 again thanking Howard: "We want to thank you for the journal and for the song (Lord's Prayer) at _____'s [name not included] celebration. Both were very impressive. You have been such a good friend to us. All your hard work has brought _____ [name not included] a lot of recognition and it would not have happened without you. Thank you for everything" (unknown author, personal communication, ca. February 27, 2001).

Howard Received the Ga-du-gi Award

The Cherokee Nation honored Howard with the Ga-du-gi Award on October 15, 2001, which means working together on behalf of the Cherokee people. I had nominated Howard and was present at the Tribal Council meeting when The Honorable Chad Smith, the Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation presented Howard with a "a piece of Cherokee pottery and a plaque to signify his accomplishments for the Cherokee people and other Indian nations." Chief Smith remarked: "The results of Howard's work on behalf of Indian communities have had a tremendous positive impact. . . . Howard believes that his purpose in life has been to serve the Creator. He has given time and money to promote Indian causes and help Native Americans" (Chavez, 2002). One of his cousins, Michael Walkingstick Gregory, after the ceremony presented the author with a walking stick personally crafted with inlaid bead work, which hangs in my office in appreciation for having recommended Howard for the Ga-du-gi Award.

On October 31, 2001, Howard wrote Chief Chad Smith the following and also gave the author a copy:

As you know, I received from you the "Ga Du Gi Award," October 15, 2001.

This occasion is one of two highlights in my life; the other the Distinguished Service Award presented to me by the Secretary of the Interior, June 8, 1967. I have received numerous forms of awards during my lifetime, but none like the two mentioned above.

The Cherokee Award I will always cherish and hold dear to my heart; it is from my people, the Cherokee. The setting, the Tribal Council meeting auditorium, I enjoyed with immense interest. The décor and seating style so exquisite. For years, I have collected Indian pottery from all over the States, where I had worked for the BIA. The Chestnut Burr Pot, Recreations of Sequoyah Pottery, is beautifully designed, the deep impressions of the thumb prints so well done prior to the firing of my pottery. I love it and it is now added to my tremendous collection of Indian artifacts.

While I write, I am playing a tape, "The Cherokees National Children's Choir." So, so peaceful and from the Creator's Children, The Cherokee way of Life and Spirit.

Peace and Grace, Chad
Wado,

Howard C. Walkingstick
The Cherokee Indian Writer

Other Awards and Acknowledgments

Howard was selected as an "outstanding American Indian Leader" for the fourth edition of *Indians of Today*. The editor and compiler, Marion E. Gridley, remarked: "Howard Walkingstick is one of the outstanding social workers of the country, and is also internationally recognized for his work. His eminent and humanitarian career, marked by an exceptional ability to work with Indian and non-Indian groups, has brought him a numbers of

honors.” Other honors are the following: “Who’s Who in Oklahoma, Who’s Who in the Southwest; Outstanding Personalities in the South; Dictionary of International Biography. . . Distinguished Service Award, Oklahoma Health and Welfare Association (Gridley, 1971, pp. 462-63). And, as mentioned, Howard received the Distinguished Service Award from the Secretary of the Interior.

The Ga-du-gi Award came from his people, the Cherokees. Howard grew up in the Creek Nation in Okmulgee, went to public schools, attended and graduated from universities when very few Indians were enrolled, and never learned to speak Cherokee. As Michael Walkingstick Gregory, a distant cousin, stated. “Howard and Galela’s generation were the first to decide to wholeheartedly follow the path of the mainstream American to prosperity and leave behind the beliefs, mores, language, and culture of their Cherokee ancestors. At the same time, they were staunch defenders of their fellow Indians and worked hard to lead them into a new age” (Gregory, 2014). Thus, the Ga-du-gi Award may have been his coming home to his people.

In September of 2001, Howard received a key to the city of Holdenville. Mayor Jack Barrett, who presented the key, remarked: “Every once and a while you meet an individual who gives more to the community than they take out. . . . Howard did not only give to the Art Center but he gave to the community also” (Pixler, 2001).

In early November in 2001, Howard mailed me a gift of a 3x4 foot photograph of himself complete with Indian headdress, which was taken in the rotunda of the Oklahoma State Capital while he was “introducing Miss Indian Oklahoma, a Cheyenne (Oklahoma) from Clinton, Oklahoma” (Walkingstick, November 3, 2001). The framed photograph hung in both his and Galela’s home, and he suggested that it should hang in my office (Walkingstick, November 3, 2001). It does.

How Howard Would Like to be Remembered

I think that my work will live on and people will know and I’ve written this book and it is helping to establish my permanence. And

also that dedication of our father’s there at Anadarko - that is another legacy that will help to have me live on. My name is inscribed along with Galela’s and our nephew on that monument and it won’t be forgotten and Howard won’t either. Howard’s not even going to be forgotten he still isn’t. (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, February 16, 2000)

I planted seeds that will grow, and I made a rich contribution. (H. C. Walkingstick, personal communication, March 19, 2000)

A Professional Life Changing Journey

Howard had impressed on me his father’s and aunt’s education at the Cherokee National Male and Female Seminaries, and that his father was a graduate, as he named others who graduated. Another path to take-to learn about the Male Seminary-took many years to collect and organize data before I could begin writing about it. A paper on the Cherokee Male Seminary football team was recently published (McCullagh & Schmidt, 2014), as well as another paper on the Male Seminary baseball team (McCullagh, 2015). I am currently finishing a manuscript titled *The Cherokee National Male Seminary (1851-1856): Board of Directors, Teachers, Pupils, Graduates, and Their Families who attended the Seminaries* (McCullagh, 2015). Howard mentioned during my first visit that his father, Simon, had graduated from the Male Seminary. I was intrigued and later began collecting and compiling information about the Seminary from various sources, primarily newspapers and Tahlequah newspapers.

A list of the graduates, both of the Female and Male Seminary, was published in the *History of the Cherokee Indians and Their Legends and Folk Lore*, authored by Emmet Starr, who had graduated from the Male Seminary on June 28, 1888, just one year after Howard’s father graduated. Both Seminaries were originally elite residential campuses of higher education for young Cherokee women and men. The first pupils began their studies in May 1851, and both Seminaries graduated their first pupils in February 1855 and again in February 1856, with three more graduating in October 1856 from the Male Seminary. The

Male Seminary closed in October 1856 and the Female Seminary closed in February 1857 for want of funds (Starr, 2008).

The men were destined to be leaders, and the young women “attending the Female Seminary believed they were destined for superior status: if not all May queens, then at least all rosebuds” (Reese, 1997, p. 87). About half of the Female Seminary graduates in 1855 and 1856 married men who had attended or graduated from the Male Seminary, and Chief Joel Bryan Mayes, who graduated in 1856, married three graduates (McCullagh, 2006; Starr, 1993). With the closing of the Female Seminary on February 11, 1857, the remaining pupils never had an opportunity to graduate, yet many married Male Seminarians. For instance, Mary America Scrimsher married Clement Vann Rogers, who had attended the Male Seminary. Clem Rogers, after a record of distinguished service, upon statehood, Rogers County was named after him (Starr, 1993). His son, Will Rogers, born on November 4, 1879, was a national celebrity before his untimely death on August 15, 1935, at Point Barrow, Alaska (McCullagh, 2006, Yagoda, 1993). Lulu Mayfield Starr, who graduated on June 29, 1993, married William Wirt Hastings who graduated from the Male Seminary on June 26, 1884. Among his many accomplishments and offices held, he was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives from 1915 to 1921, and again was elected and served from 1923 to 1935 when he retired (O’Beirne, 1892; Starr, 1993; Adair Family Reunion Book Committee, 2003).

I flew into Tulsa on another trip and drove to Claremore to visit the Will Rogers Memorial Museum and to meet with an archivist. The following day I drove to Oologah and then on to Dog Iron Ranch., the birthplace of William Penn Adair Rogers. Will, as he was known to everyone, was a movie star, a syndicated newspaper columnist, a Broadway star, an advisor to presidents of the United States, and so much more (Lowe, 1997, Will Rogers Memorial Museums (n. d.). Interconnections among the elite were common. For instance, at Claremore on June 29, 1899, Ida Mae Collins, the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. A. J. Lane, at her home

suggested that a club be organized for the young women living in Claremore. Eighteen girls were at her parents’ home that day. They chose the name of the club to be the Pocahontas Club. Later the neighborhood boys heard of the club, and Will Rogers, chosen as their spokesman, spoke to Ida Mae, the first elected president. At their second meeting the neighborhood boys, including Will Rogers, were made honorary members, and during the second year were voted in as active members (Pocahontas Club, 1949). “The names of those charter members read like a *Who’s Who* of early Claremore and Rogers County” (Indian Women’s Pocahontas Club, 1999, pp. 13-14). A number of the 27 charter members, all young women, and others who later joined, attended the Cherokee National Female Seminary, and several of the charter members continued or obtained their education in Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Tennessee, or in New England. The last Principal of the Cherokee Female Seminary was Arminta Ross Foreman, a charter member, who served from 1906 to 1909 when the Seminary was closed. Since Will Rogers’ death he has been remembered each year on his birthday by the Pocahontas Club. Also, one of the early presidents was Dr. Emmet Starr, who served as President from 1906 to 1908 (Indian Women’s Pocahontas Club, 1999).

Later I drove to Chelsea to spend quiet time at the gravesite of Clement Rogers (1839-1911), buried in the Chelsea Cemetery, as is his first wife, Mary America Schrimsher (1839-1890), and many of their children. I wanted to quietly respect him and acknowledge his many accomplishments and his wonderful family. As mentioned, both Clem and Mary America attended the Seminaries in the 1850s (Starr, 1993). Mary’s sister, Alabama, and Clem’s sister, Margaret Lavinia Rogers, both graduated in February 1856. Three of Clem and Mary’s daughters also attended, one of whom was Sallie Clementine, who graduated July 2, 1880 (Starr, 1993). Clement Rogers was a Captain of a company with the First Cherokee Mounted Volunteers, Confederates States of America, serving under Colonel Stand Watie. Captain Rogers later was a District Judge and a Senator, who was elected five times, serving the Cooweescoowee District in the Cherokee Nation. He was selected to serve on the Committee to Negotiate with Commissioners to the Five

Civilized Tribes, and, in 1907, he was the oldest member to serve on the Oklahoma State Constitutional Convention (Starr, 1993).

The Seminaries would not reopen until the 1870s, some years after the devastation of the Cherokee Nation by Cherokee men who chose both sides of the Civil War conflict. In early 1861, Stand Watie organized a company with the intention of cooperating with the Confederacy and became the Captain. On July 12, 1861, other companies that had been formed met and formed the Cherokee Mounted Rifle regiment, and Stand Watie was elected Colonel (Starr, 1993). The Confederate Forces in Indian Territory were led by Colonel, and later Brigadier General Stand Watie, the only Confederate General who was an Indian, and the last General to surrender his command of the First Indian Brigade of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi. The surrender, which occurred in the Choctaw Nation, on June 23, 1865, included men of the Cherokee, Seminole, Osage, and Creek Nations (Cottrell & Thomas, 1995). Stand Watie (1806-1871) was also selected as the Principal Chief at the second and final session of the Confederate Cherokee Convention. Clement Rogers, representing Cooweescoowee District, was a member of the convention (Starr, 1993). Grant Foreman, a well-known author, succinctly stated that "Most of the Cherokee Nation was now one vast scene of desolation, a heart-rending, graphic record of tragedy and suffering" (Foreman, 1942, p.131).

Emmet Starr's (1993) *History of the Cherokee Indians* has been an essential resource for my own research for more than a decade. A physician, Dr. Emmet McDonald Starr, practiced for five years, and then for the remainder of his life became the foremost historian and genealogist of his people. His modest grave stone at the Woodlawn Cemetery in Claremore, Oklahoma, simply states "Dr. Emmet M. Starr, Dec. 12, 1870 - Mar. 31, 1930, 'Cherokee Historian,' Roll 2423" (Mechling, 2001). Dr. Starr had enrolled and was approved for membership in the Cherokee Nation. His card number was #890, and his roll number was 2423. Both the card and roll number were assigned to Dr. Starr by the Dawes Commission, or known by its official name, The Final Rolls of the

Citizens and Freedmen of the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory. The Commission was named after Henry L. Dawes, from Massachusetts, who had just retired from the United States Senate and was selected to chair the Commission from 1893 until his death in 1903 (United States Congress, 2005). An account of the allotment system and its tragic impact on the members of the "Five Civilized Tribes"- Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole- was well told by Angie Debo (1940).

When Emmet Starr was 31 years old, about 1902, the Dawes Commission determined that Starr was Cherokee by blood, and that it was one-fourth. His father, Judge Walter Adair Starr (1845-1906), was determined to be one-eighth Cherokee by the Dawes Commission, and Emmet's mother, Ruth Ann Alberty, née Thornton, may have been three-fourths. The Commission was authorized by Congress in 1893 to allot land to each Indian so that eventually assimilation by the Five Nations would occur within the dominant culture. The Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole Nations' governments would eventually be abolished. On November 16, 1907, Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory became a state named Oklahoma when "President [Theodore] Roosevelt signed a proclamation declaring Oklahoma to be a state of the Union" (Foreman, 1942, p. 316).

One of the first two United States Senators representing the state of Oklahoma was Robert Latham Owen (1856-1947), a Cherokee (Harlow, 1928; Brown, 1985). He had been a teacher, and then the principal of the Cherokee Orphan Asylum between 1879 and 1881 (*The Advocate*, 1880; *The Advocate*, 1881). His mother, Mrs. Narcissa Owen, was a music teacher at the Asylum when her son was the principal, and later she was the music teacher at the Cherokee National Female Seminary for four and one-half years in the early 1880s (Owen, 1907; *The Advocate*, 1880, *The Advocate*, 1882a, *The Advocate*, 1882b, *The Advocate*, 1883).

An early Cherokee Member of Congress was William Wirt Hastings, who graduated from the Male Seminary on June 26, 1884 (Starr, 1993). One of his daughters, Lucile Ahnawake, chose social work as her profession. With an

undergraduate degree from Vassar College and a master's degree from the University of Chicago's School of Social Service Administration, Ahnawake worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs from August 1, 1942, until her retirement in 1968. Ahnawake was awarded a "Unit Citation for Meritorious Service from the Department of the Interior for her services on the Navajo Reservation" while also working to improve housing for Indians (Adair Family Reunion Book Committee, 2003, pp. 139-140). Howard Walkingstick, who also had worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was a friend and colleague. Ahnawake (1899-1986), who did not marry, is buried at the apex of the Tahlequah City Cemetery in the family gravesite. The Hastings family gravesite is easily noticed as a miniature of the Washington Monument is at the site of William Wirt Hastings's grave with other family members. I devoted many hours to walking, taking photographs, and marveling at the many leaders who rest for eternity on the apex of the Tahlequah Cemetery.

One, Mayme Jane Starr, interred not far from the Hastings' plot, who received an excellent education graduating from the Female Seminary and later Forest Park University in Saint Louis, returned as the Fourth Assistant Teacher at the Female Seminary, her alma mater, in September 1901. She died after a failed operation on her appendix. At the age of 22 years, 8 months, and 26 days her life ended, a tragic death. Her first cousin, Eldee Starr, who had an equivalent education, took over her job, and continued to live a long life, and she rests not far from Mayme in the Tahlequah City Cemetery (McCullagh, 2013).

Next to the William Wirt Hastings Indian Hospital is a cemetery, named after Stick Ross, a freedman. I toured and photographed a number of gravestones and noted that there were many unmarked graves. Stick Ross was Joseph "Stick" Ross, a Cherokee Freedman, born into slavery and owned by Principal Chief John Ross until the slaves were emancipated. Stick Ross later became a civic leader and also donated the land that once was a slave cemetery (Newton, 2008). There is no grave stone for him or his wife, Nancy, but there is a memorial marker for his

contributions as a "Tahlequah pioneer and civic leader" (Jackson, 2011). It was another discovery for me that some Cherokee men of wealth brought their slaves from the South to the Cherokee Nation. In February 1863, the Cherokee Nation, by an Act of the National Council, abolished slavery. Article 9 of the 1866 Treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Nation affirmed that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in the Cherokee Nation (Starr, 1993).

Subsequently, and for the first time in 1869, the Superintendent of Education located two schools for "Negroes" in the Tahlequah District. Over time more schools for "Colored" children were established, including the Colored High School which opened in 1890. Realizing the paucity of publications, McCullagh and Schmidt (2010) published *The Cherokee National Colored High School: Superintendents, Principals, and Teachers*, and McCullagh (2008) published *Educating Negro Children in the Cherokee Nation: Primary Schools and Teachers-1869-1907*. The article included a listing of all the schools by district, when they opened and closed, and the name and ethnicity of the instructors when known. Another table listed all the teachers of the Cherokee Nation Freedmen Schools and other schools, taught by semester.

While the Tahlequah newspaper infrequently reported on activities of "Negroes," deaths that were published almost always indicated their race as Negro or Colored. Of the 284 reported deaths that were published, homicides were the cause of death for 65 percent (McCullagh & Saffold, 2007). This article included all the reported death notices, of which about 10 percent could be considered obituaries and another 26 percent constituted a minimal notice. I believed that it was important for 21st Century readers to be aware of such notices (McCullagh & Saffold, 2007).

Historic Cemeteries

During each of my seven visits to primarily Eastern Oklahoma-the home of the Cherokee Nation-I also visited cemeteries, some of which are noted above. I share those experiences with you as I attempted to leap back in time to the 1830s up to the early twentieth century. I began with Okmulgee Cemetery in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, where Howard

(1915-2002), Galela (1910-2005), and their parents Simon R. (1868-1938), and Rebecca (1883-1975), are buried. Howard took me to the cemetery one day to point out where he would be buried just as I, in the summer of 2013 with a cousin, pointed out to us where my wife and I would be buried in the St. Patrick's church cemetery in Green Castle, County Tyrone, Northern Ireland next to and nearby my father's side of the family-aunts, uncles, cousins, and grand-parents and great-grandparents.

Howard died in his 87th year while I, now 79 years of age, rush to finish up a number of papers and books with the full realization that my time at the University and my life journey will end. I have made plans to donate my extensive collection of books, microfilms, and thousands of documents for use by others. It has been and continues to be an exciting journey and I continually thank Howard for our time together and the direction he facilitated in opening many doors for me just by being with him and sharing many stories. Indeed, I think of Howard almost daily and miss our weekly conversations. He was akin to an elder who helped guide me.

In Park Hill, now a hamlet but once a thriving community, there are three historic cemeteries that I often visited and where I photographed many tombstones. Worcester Mission Cemetery, Park Hill Cemetery, and the Ross Cemetery - all relatively close to each other - are the resting home for many of the leaders and supporters of the Cherokee Nation. The Honorable Alice M. Robertson (1854-1931), the granddaughter of Reverend Worcester and the second woman to ever serve in the United States Congress, referring to Worcester Cemetery remarked, "There is no acre on earth in Oklahoma which means so much to the history of the state" (Foreman, 1948, p. 177).

The Reverend Samuel Austin Worcester (1798-1859), missionary to the Cherokee Nation in Georgia, the most prominent to be buried in the cemetery that bears his name, was remembered by Altheas Bass (1936) in her *Cherokee Messenger*. Reverend Worcester died on April 20, just 61 years old, and was buried at Park Hill next to his first wife, Ann Orr, who

died in 1840, as well as his second wife, Erminia Nash, who rests at the foot of his grave (Ballenger, 1953). Bass' final words were:

Even now, to the third and fourth generation, they remember that a good man came among them, and cast his lot with theirs. When they were sick, he was their physician; when they were in trouble, he suffered imprisonment for them; when they were exiled, he shared their banishment. Words, of which he was so great a master, were not needed for the lesson he taught them. They learned a way of life from him, and they have not forgotten it. (Bass, 1936, p. 345)

Reverend Worcester, ordained a minister of the Congregational Church in 1825, began his missionary work with his wife, Ann Orr, at Brainard Mission in Tennessee, and then moved to New Echota, Georgia two years later, where he translated the Bible into the Cherokee syllabary created by Sequoyah. This was published in the first issue on February 21, 1828, in the *Cherokee Phoenix*, the "first aboriginal newspaper in the United States" (Foreman, 1936, pp. xiv-xv). It continued publication until May 31, 1834, when it "was suspended by the authorities of Georgia" (Foreman, 1936, xv-xvi). Arrested in 1831 with other missionaries for failing to obtain a permit and take an oath of allegiance to the State of Georgia, he, along with the others, was to be imprisoned for four years in the Georgia Penitentiary. Chief Justice John Marshall delivered the Court's opinion in the famous case of *Worcester v. Georgia*, which was decided by the United States Supreme Court in 1832. The Court held for Reverend Worcester stating that "The act of the state of Georgia . . . is consequently void" (Prucha, 1991, pp. 60-62). Reverend Worcester was eventually released from prison, left Georgia, and in 1836 arrived at Park Hill to continue his work among the Cherokees. A few other noteworthy persons are buried in the Worcester Cemetery. Their names and brief notes of many are included in the cited publication (Tyner & Tyner-Timmons, 1970).

I have trekked over the Ross Cemetery in Park Hill many times. Chief John Ross, for whom the cemetery is named, died in Washington on August 1, 1866, and was originally interred in Brandywine

Cemetery in Wilmington, Delaware, in the Stapler family plot. The Cherokee National Council subsequently decreed that the remains of the Chief should be returned to Park Hill. Three men, including his nephew, William Potter Ross, were directed by the National Council to return the coffin. In early May 1867, the remains were returned, and the coffin was placed in the Male Seminary, where it lay in state until June 1 to allow the Nation to pay tribute to the deceased Chief. He was reinterred in the Ross Cemetery not far from his Rose Cottage, his once palatial home. Now there is no trace of it (Moulton, 1985, Moulton & Ross, 1978).

Many Ross family members are interred at the Ross Cemetery, including Eliza Jane Ross (1825-1894), niece of Chief John Ross and sister of Chief William Potter Ross. She was the first Cherokee to teach at the Cherokee National Female Seminary in the early 1850s and was an Assistant Teacher when the Seminary closed on February 11, 1857. During the Civil War she lived at the George Murrell House in Park Hill and was in constant fear of Confederate soldiers. Elizabeth Ross recounted the time when Stand Watie, later promoted to Brigadier General, broke down their front door and then a locked door leading to the dining room, and the Confederate soldiers took what they could. At another time, the Confederate soldiers set the house on fire and took all their money. Somehow Eliza Jane put the fire out and found ways to eat. Her brother, William Potter Ross, graduated from Princeton University and held many leadership positions, including Chief of the Cherokee Nation, whereas Eliza could only attend Female Seminaries. If she had lived in the Twentieth Century, I thought she also could have matriculated at Princeton or another elite university. I wrote an article on her life and the times in which E. Jane Ross, a teacher and a courageous woman, lived (McCullagh, 2009). These cemeteries, and many others in the Cherokee Nation, are the lifeline that connects Cherokee families to their beginnings in the Indian Territory. They are a significant part of the Nation's history and culture.

Conclusion

Fifteen years later, after that fateful day when I chose to call Galela Walkingstick, there have been, and continue to be, so many different pathways that I took and will continue to take, each opening up another world of the Cherokee Nation in Eastern Oklahoma. My new awareness became an unfolding as I listened to Galela, but primarily Howard until his death three years later. I then read books, journal articles, and significantly-over time-purchased at least 60 microfilms primarily from the Oklahoma Historical Society that included all extant issues of the newspaper published in Tahlequah, all of the Cherokee Nation papers pertaining to education, and newspapers from other cities (Muskogee, in particular), all of which I read for more than a decade. During subsequent trips, I spent days at the University of Oklahoma Western History Collections, Tulsa University Library, Northeastern State University archives, Bacone College library and special collections, the Oklahoma Historical Center, the Talbot Library and Museum, and the Will Rogers Library in Claremore. Over the years, I have written, e-mailed, and spoken to specialists in Cherokee history and genealogy along with archivists, staff, and many librarians and staff whose specialty included Cherokee genealogy. Many more resources were discovered and utilized which I continue to use to this very day.

The focus of my writings pertained to Cherokees who were primarily mixed-blood, educated, often held leadership positions such as educators, attorneys, physicians, land owners, and elected officials. Their lives took place within a larger context: early contact with Europeans in the South; the beginnings of more formal education by missionaries; the beginnings of the Cherokee Nation's public primary school education in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma); the beginnings and endings of the Cherokee National Male and Female Seminaries, both which opened in May 1851; Sequoyah's development and use of the Cherokee alphabet, or syllabary; the Trail of Tears for the Cherokees in 1838-1839; the Civil War which divided and destroyed the Nation; the emancipation of slaves; and the eventual creation of the State of Oklahoma in 1907. With the publication of newspapers in primarily the Cherokee Nation and

the official records maintained by the Cherokee government, it became possible and feasible to learn of the lives of some of the more elite Cherokees, and then to write about their public lives. My intent has been to recover information about the lives of Cherokees and their educational institutions (public primary education, the Seminaries, and the Colored High School) for both Cherokees and the Freedmen's children. The Cherokee Nation adapted many times and has thrived into the 21st Century. From the Nation's own journey over the 19th and 20th centuries, I have highlighted Cherokee social workers and educators, while also noting the heroic efforts by missionaries, particularly Reverend Worcester.

As Howard and I talked and became friends, little did I realize how my life would change-how I would take a path that has been not only a meaningful educational experience, but also one that has consumed almost all of my time with the reading of microfilm and many books and articles, traveling to Oklahoma many times, and writing for publication to share with others. I hope my published contributions will lead to a greater understanding and appreciation of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. I miss Howard, and I think he would be pleased that I took a different direction in my personal and professional life, and that it has made an amazing difference, a life-changing journey that continues.

On May 10, 2002, Howard wrote: "*Jim, I want you to know your kindness made all the difference* (note on the card). I want you to know this my good friend before it's too late. Fondly, old Stick, Howard." Earlier, on February 26, 2001, Howard talked about his death and his financial affairs. He said: "I will be buried in a white beautiful casket and white is purity in Christ. Not virginity. Purity in Christ and my minister will mention this" (H. C. Walkingstick, February 26, 2001). His death came on October 24, 2002. I was one of four he chose to deliver a eulogy on his behalf. My final words: "Howard's time came too soon, but he will be welcomed by God, his Savior. I miss my dear friend. I miss his magnetic personality. I miss his enthusiasm, his essential goodness and acceptance of others. I miss his quickness, his wit, his fantastic

memory, his zest for living, and so much more." I didn't say, and wish I had: "Thank you for letting me enter your life and your families' lives, and educating me about your life and your family's life and so much more. Thanks for becoming a dear friend."

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