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her time and geographical region through her writings that live on after her. I think if we look at little bit at Mari Sandoz and her experiences in Lincoln and some of her writings, it tells us a bit about the kind of writer that Mari Sandoz was. She lived not far from the Capitol Building, in the upper story of a house at 1226 "J" Street. That provided her with a view of the Capitol as it was being constructed. She dried her hair on the porch of that building and watched the Sower hoisted to the top by cable and crane. In later life, sitting in her apartment in New York City, Mari Sandoz thought of the Nebraska prairies and wrote her Love Song to the Plains. Her major works include, as I've already mentioned, Old Jules, but also Crazy Horse, Cheyenne Autumn, The Buffalo Hunters, and The Cattlemen. Also, Son of a Gamblin' Man. How did Sandoz feel about Nebraska? A message from her to all of us was written for the bulletin board of one of the schools in Nebraska and it was published by the Nebraska State Historical Society in Nebraska History in 1939. Sandoz says, "I wish I could make you see the region as it must have looked to the free-moving Indians when spring at last ran swift and green along the slopes, bringing new grass for winter gaunted ponies, and for the buffalo that would soon move like a dark cloud out of the horizon. I would like to make you see Nebraska as it must have looked to the trail-weary eyes of the early settlers, coming from far and strange lands in search of home, and freedom from want and oppression for themselves and their children. But I have no words to give these things reality. I cannot even hope to express my own feelings for Nebraska which, to me, means not just the land within the broad confines of our state today, but rather the older territorial area, spreading from the Missouri to the mountains, from the Cimarron country to Canada. To me this is Nebraska. This and the thousand things that come suddenly to mind when I am far away. A recollection of slow golden autumn hanging along the breaks of the Missouri, the dark velvet of spring, plowing seen through the haze of evening with wild geese honking southward overhead, the cedars of the high plains standing dark against a thunder cloud, the tall, white tower of our Capitol, reaching into the mists of night. In your keeping lies the heritage of a vision followed by your fathers the wide world across, a vision of a land free from intolerance and oppression and want. Guard this heritage well." Mari Sandoz. I don't think, although this is primarily an opportunity to honor Mari Sandoz, I did get a call from Cozad which I would like